

Scene 1

SAM is at a booth, jotting down notes from his laptop. Someone sits down across from him. He looks up to see RUBY.

RUBY

Hello, Sam.

SAM

You've been following me since Lincoln.

She shuts his laptop and steals a French fry.

RUBY

Not much gets by you, huh? *[biting the fry]*
These are amazing. It's like deep-fried crack.
Try some.

SAM

[leaning closer] That knife you had -- you
can kill demons with that thing?

RUBY

Sure comes in handy when I have to swoop
in and save the damsel in distress.

SAM

Where'd you get it?

RUBY

SkyMall.

SAM

Why are you following me?

RUBY

I'm interested in you.

SAM

Why?

RUBY

Because you're tall. I love a tall man. And
then there's the whole anti-Christ thing.

SAM

Excuse me?

RUBY

You know: generation of psychic kids, Yellow-Eyed Demon rounds you up, *Celebrity Deathmatch* ensues. You're the sole survivor.

SAM

How do you know about that?

RUBY

I'm a good hunter. So, Yellow Eyes had some pretty big plans for you, Sam.

SAM

"Had" being the key word.

RUBY

Oh, yeah, that's right. Ding, dong, the demon's dead. Good job with that. Doesn't change the fact that you're special. In that Anthony Michael Hall, ESP-vision kind of way.

SAM

No. No, that stuff's not happening anymore. Not since Yellow Eyes died.

RUBY

Well, I'm thinking you're still a pretty big deal. I mean, after all that business with your mom.

SAM

What about my mom?

RUBY

You know, what happened to her friends...

SAM stares, confused.

RUBY

You don't know? You have got a little bit of catching up to do, my friend. So, why don't you look into your mom's pals and then give me a call, and we'll talk again.

She grabs his hand, writing her number on his palm, then stands to leave.

RUBY

And by the way, you do know there's a job in this town, right?

Scene 2

SAM

They're dead. All of them. All my mom's friends — her doctor, her uncle. Everyone who ever knew her, systematically wiped off the map one at a time. Someone went through a hell of a lot of trouble, trying to cover their tracks.

RUBY

Yep — the Yellow-Eyed Demon.

SAM

So, what's your deal? You show up wherever I am, you know all about me, you know all about my mom.

RUBY

Hey, I already told you. I'm just—

SAM

Oh, right. Yeah, yeah, just a hunter. Just some hunter who happens to know more about my own family than I do. Just tell me who you are.

RUBY

Sam...

SAM

Just tell me who you are.

RUBY

It doesn't matter—

SAM

Just tell me who you are!

Beat.

RUBY

Fine.

RUBY blinks her eyes once, and they become completely black: she's a demon. Startled,

SAM steps back, reaching for his bag. Her eyes return to normal.

RUBY

Think twice before going for that holy water.

SAM

Just give me one reason I shouldn't.

RUBY

I'm here to help you, Sam.

SAM

Is that some kind of joke?

RUBY

God's honest truth, or whatever.

SAM

You're a demon.

RUBY

Don't be such a racist. I'm here because I
want to help you. And I can, if you trust me.

SAM

Trust you?

He brandishes the holy water flask.

RUBY

Sam, calm down.

SAM

Start talking. All those murders -- what was
the demon trying to cover up?

RUBY

I don't know.

SAM

What happened to my mother?

RUBY

I honestly don't know. That's what I'm trying
to find out. All I know is that it's about you.

SAM

What?

RUBY

Don't you get it, Sam? It's *all* about you.
What happened to your mom, what happened
to her friends — they're trying to cover up what
he did to *you*. And I wanna help you figure it out.

SAM

Why would you wanna help me?

RUBY

I have my reasons. Not all demons are the same,
Sam. Not all of us want the same thing. Me?
I wanna help you from time to time. That's all.
And if you let me, there's something in it for you.

SAM

What could you possibly—

RUBY

I can help you save your brother.