

RIGBY & DEVON

by

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OVER THE PITCH BLACK we hear the BEEPS of BUS HORNS and CHIRPS of CAR ALARMS...

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

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To the thunderous tone of Gorillaz's 'Rhinestone Eyes' we can see a snowy suburb. From a non-descriptive house we hear...

KARA DONOVAN (O.S.)
OH MY GOD, Rigby Daniels has a
girlfriend in high school!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Three YOUNG ADULTS and their TEENAGE FRIEND sit around a small kitchen table.

CALEB CULLEN (22), sips his cup of coffee, trying not to choke due to laughter.

CALEB
Really? Cool! Is she hot?

KARA DONOVAN (20), sips her coffee, sits it down. She leans in toward us.

KARA
Like, how are old are you now,
twenty-three? Twenty-four?

RIGBY (O.S.)
I'm nineteen, you smart ass.

CALEB
And you're going out with a high
school girl? Nice, nice.

JENNA (17), takes a sip from her coffee and places it down, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

*

JENNA
Wow! Did you guys kiss yet? Was it
good? Did you french her?

RIGBY DANIELS (19), fresh faced with smooth raven hair, drinking coffee.

*

RIGBY
Geez Jenna, you seriously need
decaf. Almost, and if we did... it
wouldn't be any of your business.

*
*

CALEB
Yeah, okay, have you even done
anything with her yet?

RIGBY
Yeah, we held hands actually.

KARA
Well... aren't you just the little
happy camper?

*
*

CALEB
What's her name, anyway?

RIGBY
(grins)
Devon. Devon Graham. She's awesome!

*

Jenna's eyes widened, excited. She takes another sip of her
coffee.

JENNA
Cool! How'd you meet her?

RIGBY
Well, you see, it goes a little
something like this...

Rigby grins as he prepares to tell a cool little story:

INT. BUS -- DAY

DEVON GRAHAM (17) and MOIRA SMITH (17), her friend, sit on
the bus side by side in the back.

TEXT: "ONE WEEK EARLIER..."

MOIRA
Have you found a new boytoy yet?

Devon rolls her eyes at her question, shakes her head.

DEVON
No. I don't jump straight on the
next guy like you, Moira.

MOIRA

Hey, don't knock it. It works for me.

DEVON

Yeah... and the whole school knows how loose you are.

Moira elbows her hard. Devon laughs, holding her arm.

MOIRA

Think you're funny, don't cha?

In retaliation, Moira knocks Devon's bookbag onto the floor, spilling her books. Moira cracks up, Devon shoots her a look.

DEVON

When we get off the bus, you're so dead...

*
*

Devon slides off the seat and crouches down as she starts to pick up her books. A hand comes into frame, picking up a book and handing it to her.

RIGBY (O.S.)

Here you go.

DEVON

Thanks.

Devon looks up, fall silent. A sweet smile appears on her lips.

It's Rigby. He's come to her rescue. A heroic smile appears on his face as he looks down at her. Moira stops laughing, blushes, giggles sweetly as she watches them.

Rigby crouches down in front of Devon, and helps her with the rest of her books.

RIGBY

Hey.

DEVON

Hey.

Devon is totally infatuated with Rigby. Rigby has an interest in her. Sparks are bound to fly.

RIGBY

I'm Rigby, Rigby Daniels.

He holds his hand out to her. Devon looks down at his hand, takes hold of it, shaking it.

DEVON

Devon. Devon Graham. It's nice to meet you.

RIGBY

(grinning)

Nice to meet you too.

These two soooo want each other. It can't be denied. Look at them. They're friggin' starry-eyed. *

Rigby hands her the last book. Devon goes to grab the book, and lightly touches his hand. She looks up at him, blushes brightly. Rigby's grin grows. It's official: they want each other badly.

KARA (V.O.)

What? That's it?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Back in the kitchen, Rigby sighs, shakes his head.

RIGBY

No. Now, if you stop interrupting me, then maybe I can finish the story. *

Kara sits back, puts her hands up, as if she was held up at gunpoint.

KARA

Whooooooooa, sorrrrrrrrrry. Continue.

RIGBY

Thank you.
(sips his coffee)
So, like I was saying...

CUT TO:

INT. BUS -- DAY

TEXT: "BACK TO THAT DAY..."

Devon takes her book from Rigby and places it in her bag. Moira giggles as she watches the moment unfold before her. Rigby stands, places himself in a seat nearby. Devon slides back onto her seat next to Moira. A smile remains on her face. *

Rigby looks out the window next to him, continuing to smile. He's thinking about her, we can tell.

Moira nudges Devon, getting her attention.

MOIRA

Talk to him. Invite him to the party.

DEVON

(shakes her head)
What? No! He's not into me, besides... I'm trying to get over Derek.

MOIRA

And what isn't a better way to get over Derek than to invite a really hot guy to a party with you?

Devon sighs, frustrated. She knows Moira won't quit until she does something. She shakes her head.

DEVON

Are you really going to make me do this?

MOIRA

(grins)
You're damn right I am.

DEVON

(sighs)
Fine. I'm going...

Devon gets up and slides into the seat with Rigby. Moira watches, excited. Rigby turns to Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Hey...

RIGBY

(smiles)
Hey.

Devon coughs nervously. She can't believe she is about to do this. And she goes in for the kill. *

DEVON

There is something I wanna ask you. You see... my friend, Moira, and I are going to a party later... And I was curious to know if you... wanted to go with us later?

Rigby thinks on what has been said to him, and smiles.

RIGBY

(nods)

Yeah... Sure. I'll go with you guys. I've been looking for a party to hit up for a while.

Devon smiles, relieved. She's trying to stop herself from bursting out in happiness.

DEVON

Cool. Tell you what... Let me write down the address of the party and we can meet up there.

RIGBY

Alright.

As Devon reaches into her bag, we...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Back to the kitchen as everyone looks at Rigby...

CALEB

So... are you going to tell us about the party?

RIGBY

Uh... I was getting to the part, actually.

CALEB

Oh... sorry about that.

Kara sip her coffee, leans in.

KARA

It couldn't have been that easy...

Rigby sips his coffee, shakes his head.

RIGBY

Actually, it wasn't. And I'll tell you why...

As he prepares to continue with the story we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

TEXT: "LATER THAT NIGHT..."

A BLACK SEDAN pulls up in front of a nice, two story house. The driver's side door swings open as Rigby gets out. He arms the alarm and heads up to the house. As he reaches the door we...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Rigby stands with his back on the wall, red plastic cup in hand.

RIGBY
(to self)
This party sucks ass... Where are they?

He looks around for the girls, wondering just where the hell are they. He sighs, walks off. He makes his way through the packed party, he sees a KID sitting on the stairs.

RIGBY (CONT'D)
Hey.

KID
'Sup?

RIGBY
I'm Rigby.

KID
I'm Damian. Nice to meet you, bro.

The two of them give each other a pound. Rigby takes a seat on the stairs.

RIGBY
Have you seen these girls, Devon and Moira?

Damian thinks for a moment, running the names through his head.

DAMIAN
Devon Graham and Moira Smith? Nah, I haven't, but I did hear that they were suppose to be coming here.

Rigby nods, a little disappointed that they haven't arrived yet.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I know they live a couple blocks away from here so they should be here soon.

A glimmer of hope appears in Rigby's eyes. He's excited.

RIGBY

Cool. Catch ya later.

The two guys pound it, then Rigby's out, heading back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Rigby scans the party, looking for the girls, well... mostly Devon. As his search continues, his eyes WIDEN. They're here!

Devon and Moira are standing in the front doorway, pulling off their jackets. Devon is dressed to impress, looking a lot better than she did earlier that day. She's stunning, GORGEOUS.

Rigby CRUSHES his cup, speechless. All he can do is watch her from his spot. Damn, she looks hot!

KARA (V.O.)

Oh god, I think I'm gonna barf...

RIGBY (V.O.)

Shut the hell up, you!

Devon scans the party for Rigby. She is very eager to find him. He's the only thing that she cares about at the party. She spots him, and a smile appears on her face. She waves to him.

Rigby snaps from his dumfounded state and waves to her. He then makes his way through the party and approaches her. A smile forms on his lips as he continues to approach her.

Devon's smile widens when Rigby finally reaches her. Moira smiles as she watches the two of them. They're so cute together.

RIGBY

Hey there.

DEVON

Hey. You remember Moira, right?

RIGBY
Yeah, of course.
(waves to Moira)
Hey.

MOIRA
(waves)
Hey.
(to Devon)
Well, I'm gonna leave you two
alone. Have fun.

Moira heads off with a smirk. Devon chuckles, shakes her head. Rigby laughs.

DEVON
Interesting, isn't she?

RIGBY
Yeah, you don't have to say that
twice.

The both of them fall silent, due to their nervousness. The both of them look around before one of them breaks the silence.

DEVON
So...

RIGBY
So...

DEVON
Let me get a drink and then we can
go talk for a while?

RIGBY
(nod)
Sure.

DEVON
Ok, come on.

The two of them head off through the party, going to the kitchen to get a drink.

TEXT: "AND FOR THE REST OF THE PARTY..."

Series of quick shots as Rigby accompanies Devon into the kitchen to get a drink, the two of them dance within in the crowd back in the living room, they sit on a couch, talking, and finally wind up...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STEPS, HOUSE -- LATER

Outside, sitting on the steps in their jackets.

RIGBY

You know... for a while I thought
you weren't gonna come... I thought
I was gonna be stuck here.

Devon turns toward him, eyeing him.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

That party sucked epicly before you
got here.

DEVON

(smiles)

Well, I'm glad I was here to save
you. I don't think it would be good
if you would've died of boredom.
That would've sucked.

RIGBY

(laughs)

Epicly.

They both laugh. After the laughter dies down, they look at each other, fully taking in each other's appearance. Rigby smiles. Devon blushes, looks away. Rigby chuckles, scoots closer to her.

Devon looks back to see that Rigby has gotten closer to her. He gently takes her hand into his. She looks into his eyes, mesmerized. A beautiful moment is unfolding between them.

The two of them lean towards each other, preparing for a kiss. Devon is distracted by the sound of a car. She looks over.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- CONTINUOUS

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A WHITE COUPE pulls up, and parks behind Rigby's car. TWO GUYS get out of the car, look up at the house.

EXT. STEPS, HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Devon's eyes WIDEN as she recognizes the two guys. Apparently this isn't good.

TEXT: "OH CRAP!"

Rigby notices this, looks to the guys, looks back to Devon.

RIGBY
What's wrong?

DEVON
(lies)
Uh... Nothing. Everything's fine.

TEXT: "LIAR!"

DEVON (CONT'D)
You know what? I'm think I wanna
head back inside. You wanna come?

RIGBY
(shrugs)
Sure. Why not?

Devon quickly stands, pulls Rigby up to his feet in a hurry,
and they head back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Rigby and Devon get their jackets off and throw them into the
closet nearby. The two of them then head over to a couch
where a girl is seated in her boyfriend's lap as they MAKE
OUT. Rigby and Devon simply ignore this as they seat
themselves on the couch.

RIGBY
So... You havin' a good time?

DEVON
So far, yeah. You?

RIGBY
Yeah, everything's better now.

As the two of them keep talking, the two guys from outside
finally enter. The both of them are tall, dark, and athletic.
They pull off their jackets and put them in the closet.

Devon looks over to see them, clearly not happy.

DEVON
Oh crap.

RIGBY
What is it?

Rigby follows her line of sight and he notices the two guys
that were outside. He then looks back to her.

RIGBY (CONT'D)
You know those two?

DEVON
(nods)
Yeah. One of them is actually...

RIGBY
Is actually...

DEVON
My... ex.

The taller one of the two of them smooths his hair, grinning.

TEXT: "DEREK CARMICHAEL. 18. THE EX-BOYFRIEND. RATING: DB FOR DOUCHEBAG."

Rigby is quite surprised at this point. Why would she ever go out with a guy like him? He really doesn't seem like a nice guy. He has jerk-off written all over his face.

RIGBY
You're ex? Do I wanna know why you two broke up?

Devon notices Derek and his buddy make their way through the party.

DEVON
I'm not so sure...

Derek recognizes Devon and he grins. He begins to make his way over towards Rigby and Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Crap. I'll tell you later.

RIGBY
Okay then...

Derek and his buddy are finally in range with them. He grins at Devon, completely ignoring Rigby.

DEREK
Hey there, Dev.

Devon is clearly not happy to see him there.

DEVON
Hi, Derek.

Saying his name makes her sick to her stomach. She's repulsed by him. And he just doesn't care. Rigby sits there, watching as the conversation between them unfolds.

DEREK

I didn't know you were gonna be here. If I would've known I would've been here sooner.

Devon looks away, aloof. Enigmatic.

TEXT: "WHATEVER!"

DEVON

If I would've known that you were gonna be here, I wouldn't have came.

Derek sighs, frustrated. He can't take her attitude towards him.

DEREK

Oh come on. Why do you gotta be like that?

Devon shoots a withering look at Derek.

DEVON

You're kidding, right? Why don't you think about the reason why I broke up with you...

DEREK

And why was that, exactly?

DEVON

Oh, I don't know... Maybe it's because you're a total prick?!

Derek doesn't like this too much. He growls lightly.

DEREK

Why do I have to be a prick, Devon?

DEVON

Because you are one!

DEREK

Keep your voice down!

That's it, Rigby needs to intervene. He doesn't like how this is going. He stands. *

RIGBY
Okay, this isn't going anywhere good. Derek, I think maybe you should leave Devon alone and get a drink or something.

Derek looks to his pal before looking back to Rigby.

DEREK
And who the hell are you, exactly?

RIGBY
Rigby Daniels. Devon's with me.

DEREK
(raises a brow)
Rigby, huh? Your name's pretty gay, you know that?

RIGBY
Not as gay as your hair.

Derek doesn't like this... He doesn't like this one bit. He steps closer to Rigby, their faces mere inches away from each other.

DEREK
You wanna go?

RIGBY
(shakes head; raises hand)
I don't want any trouble --

Derek shoves Rigby. Rigby restrains himself as best as he can.

DEREK
Yeah, well, you got it.

Devon stands up, gets between the two boys. She doesn't want this to get out of hand. *

DEVON
Come on, this isn't necessary.

DEREK
Shut up, Devon. Stay out of it.

RIGBY
Don't talk to her like that.

DEREK
What the hell are you going to do about it, fag?!

Derek shoves Rigby as Devon tries her best to stop him. Rigby gets a little angry and pushes Derek back. Some of the party-goers notice what's going on now. They start watching. Springing from the crowd comes Damian from earlier.

DAMIAN

If you two are gonna fight, take it outside.

Devon looks between them, worried.

DEVON

I'd prefer it if you guys didn't...

Derek ignores Devon's request as he gets closer. He has a brutal fire within his eyes.

DEREK

(to Rigby)

Me... you... outside. Now!

Derek storms off, followed out by his buddy. Rigby makes his way to the door. Devon takes hold of his arm.

DEVON

Rigby, please don't go out there. I know that you're better this. Plus he's just an asshole...

Rigby stops, looks back at Devon. She's pleading with her eyes. He looks away from her and heads to the door.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Rigby...

Rigby stops at the door, conflicted. He doesn't know whether to go back to Devon, or confront that douchebag Derek. He takes a breath and heads out. Devon is disappointed...

PARTY-GOER

FIGHT!!!

A CROWD OF PARTY-GOERS head out the door to see the brawl that is about commence. Moira passes Devon, looks back at her, then heads out the door. Devon stands in the living room by herself, alone...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD, HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone is out on the front lawn, gathered around for the main event: Rigby vs. Derek.

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Derek is standing in the middle of the circle, waiting for Rigby to face him. Rigby heads down across the lawn. He looks at the crowd as they open up the circle to let him in. Derek stands in the middle, arms crossed over his chest as he watches him.

Everything slows down as "(Don't Fear) The Reaper" by Blue Oyster Cult begins to play. Although inaudible at this point, Rigby turns as his name is called. He stops and turns around. Devon stands in the doorway, jacket on. She's ready to leave. *

He looks back to Derek, who is waiting for him as the crowd CHEER and INSTIGATE. Rigby stops, running over all of the possible outcomes of his next decision in mind. Fight or flight is starting to kick in now. So what's it going to be?

TEXT: "YOU ALWAYS HAVE A CHOICE..."

Devon is now at Rigby's side, worried. She gently takes his hand into her's, gently squeezing it. She looks up at him, as he looks into her eyes...

TEXT: "NO MATTER WHAT..."

Everything speeds up once again as Rigby heads down the lawn, pulling Devon along behind him. She looks over to Derek as he watches them, sneering. They continue down the lawn, heading towards Rigby's car. AUDIO BLEEDS back in as the two finally make it to the car. *

DEREK

Come on! What's the matter? You're chicken shit? Come on!

Rigby simply ignores Derek as he unlocks the door and lets Devon in the car. He makes his way over to the driver's side and looks up at Derek. The exchange glares before Rigby gets in the car.

Derek snorts, makes his way back to the house. The disappointed crowd follows behind him.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Rigby looks over to the house through Devon's window as they sit in the car. He places a hand on the shifter as he looks to Devon. She knows that what he did was tough and she is glad that he made the right decision. She gently rests her hand on his as they sit there in silence.

CALEB (V.O.)
Wait, so you didn't fight him?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the kitchen *is* sitting on the edge of their seats. They *are* hooked by the story that *has* been told. It *is quite* entertaining for them.

*
*
*

Rigby sips his coffee as he sits back in his seat.

RIGBY
Nope...

JENNA
Why not?! That would've been an epic fight. You could've at least thrown it in there for fun!

RIGBY
(chuckles)
Because that would've defeated the whole purpose behind telling you everything. Besides... I don't do fiction. You wanna story, go read Stephenie Meyer.

Kara, who is all of the sudden reading "Eclipse" by Stephenie Meyer, looks around, throws the book under her chair and acts like nothing has happened. She sips her coffee and coughs.

KARA
You were saying?

Rigby deadpans Kara, sips his coffee.

RIGBY
ANYWAY...

JENNA
What did you guys do after the party?

RIGBY
Anything that two normal, American teenagers would do...

INT. PIZZA JOINT -- NIGHT

Series of quick shots as Rigby and Devon enjoy themselves over slices of pizza. The ordeal at the party is now behind them. They only care about now, themselves **and being together**. Nothing can erase the smiles from their faces now. *

*RIGBY (V.O.)
We went for pizza...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD, DEVON'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rigby and Devon walk up to the front door, hand in hand. They turn to each other to say their good-byes. The two of them embrace each other in a hug.

*DEVON
Tonight was an interesting night.
Probably the most interesting night
of my life...*

*RIGBY
Yeah, well, I was hoping the night
would've turn out better...*

Devon reaches up a hand and softly places it against Rigby's cheek, as if she could easily shatter him. Rigby rests a hand **against** her's. *

*DEVON
I don't think the night could've
turned out **any better**.* *

A sweet smile creeps onto Devon's lips. It's infectious, Rigby can't help but smile now. Devon places a gentle KISS against his cheek and steps to the front door, unlocking it. She looks back at him, faintly smiling.

*DEVON (CONT'D)
Good night.*

*RIGBY
Good night. I'll call you tomorrow.*

*DEVON
(grins)
You better.*

Rigby nods as a grin appears on his face. He then about faces and makes his way back to his car. Devon stands in the open doorway as she watches Rigby make his way back to his car.

He gets into the car, starts it, then pulls off. Devon lingers in the doorway for a *moment* before she finally steps inside, closing the door. *

*RIGBY (V.O.)
Then I took her home...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The story is done. The gang is still sitting at the table. Caleb is nodding continuous, Jenna is sitting in awe, sipping her coffee, and Kara is asleep, *snoring* as loud as a chainsaw in a cave. Rigby, Jenna and Caleb look at Kara as she sleeps, shake their heads. *

*JENNA
So, when are we going to meet her?*

DING DONG. It's the doorbell ringing. Jenna and Caleb look to each other before their eyes fall back onto Rigby. He looks down at his watch.

*RIGBY
Now, I guess. I'll get it.*

Rigby gets up, picks up his coffee, and heads out the kitchen. Jenna and Caleb exchanges looks, quickly rise from their seats, and head out the kitchen. Kara is left in the kitchen, sleeping.

CUT TO BLACK.

END?