

JUNO

by
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EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE- 5:00 P.M. (GLORIOUS SUNSET)

JUNO MacGUFF stands on a placid street in a nondescript subdivision, facing the curb. It's FALL. Juno is sixteen years old, an artfully bedraggled burnout kid in a Catholic school uniform. She winces and shields her eyes from the glare of the sun. The object of her rapt attention is a battered living room set, abandoned curbside by its former owners. There is a fetid-looking leather recliner, a chrome-edged coffee table, and a tasteless latchhooked rug featuring a roaring tiger.

JUNO (V.O.)
It started with a chair.

INT: MOLD-0-RIFFIC SUBURBAN BASEMENT- NIGHT

Juno, in a basement den illuminated with strands of Christmas lights, facing a boy hidden by shadow. He's sitting in an overstuffed chair. She slowly, clumsily lowers herself onto his lap.

A candle burns in an empty bottle of Boone's wine cooler. An insufferably dramatic emo band drones on a portable tape player.

WHISPERED VOICE
Do you know how long I've wanted
this?

JUNO
Yeah.

WHISPERED VOICE
Wizard.

EXT: CENTENNIAL LANE (STILL SUNSET, STILL GLORIOUS)

A DOG barks, jarring Juno back to reality.

JUNO
Quiet, Banana. Hey, shut your gob
for a second, okay?

We see a teacup poodle tethered in the yard a few feet away from the abandoned living room set. The dog yaps again.

JUNO
This is the best discarded living
room set I've ever seen.

She swigs from an absurdly oversized carton of juice and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

At that, an eccentric elderly woman emerges from the house, gesticulating wildly.

LADY

You'll have no use for that chair.
Got a bum spring, it does. Hard on
the fanny. I've never trusted it. I
didn't trust Bobby Kennedy, and I
didn't trust that chair, neither.

JUNO

I bet they both saw tons of ass.

LADY

Can you believe that sunset?
Glorious! Sunsets are Jesus's
paintbox!

JUNO

Jesus must like orange.

LADY

Jesus likes all the colors except
Mexican.

JUNO

Right. Hey, can I have this stuff?
I need some adult furniture to
impress my man friend.

LADY

Suit yourself. I'd love to be rid
of it. That chair can burn in
blazes with...Catholic whore nuns
and...the bastards who put mercury
in my tuna...

She trails off into a senility-induced monologue.

JUNO

Magnificent! I'll be back with my
dad's van, say, nine o'clock?

Juno turns and marches down the street, pumping her arms like a jogger and chugging intermittently from the huge carton of juice. We watch her breathlessly navigate this network of Petunia Lanes and Hydrangea Circles, clearly on a mission.

We follow Juno as she charges down a series of picturesque middle-class side streets. She flashes a hitchhiker's thumb at a passing SUV. It SLOWS to a crawl. A TEENAGE ASSHOLE rolls down the passenger-side window, leering.

TEENAGE ASSHOLE
(mimicking Juno's thumbs up)
"Aaaaay! Sit on it!"

JUNO
I was hitching a ride, *pork sword*,
not auditioning Fonzie's.

TEENAGE ASSHOLE
Ooh! You burned me so hard! I'm
going to need cooling ointment! In
the burn unit to which I'm sent!

The SUV roars away in a cloud of smugness and exhaust.

JUNO V.O.
Most of the guys that go to my
school are boners. They think being
loud is the same thing as being
funny. But the funniest person I
know is also the quietest: Paulie
Bleeker.

Finally, a panting Juno arrives at DANCING ELK DRUG on the main drag of her small Minnesota suburb, Dancing Elk. The automatic doors of the store part to reveal her flushed serious face. She carelessly flings the empty juice container over her shoulder and onto the curb. A gang of HIPPIES near the entrance glare at her.

She enters the DRUGSTORE

INT. DRUGSTORE

ROLLO, the elderly drugstore clerk, sneers at Juno from behind the counter. He wears a T-shirt that says "World's Most Adequate Grandpa" and a polyester uniform vest.

JUNO V.O.
That's Rollo. He's older than the
world's first shopping mall. He's
been working here since I was in
plastic pants, and now he's here to
witness another kind of shame.

ROLLO

Well, well. If it isn't MacGuff the Crime Dog! Back for another test?

JUNO

I think the last one was defective. The plus sign looked more like a division sign.

Rollo regards her with the intense skepticism only a crusty old man can muster.

JUNO

I remain unconvinced.

ROLLO

This is your third test today, Mama Bear. Your eggo is preggo, no doubt about it!

An eavesdropping TOUGH GIRL wearing an oversized jacket and lots of makeup gapes at Juno from the beauty aisle.

TOUGH GIRL

Three times? Oh girl, you are way pregnant. It's easy to tell. Is your nipples real brown?

A pile of stolen COSMETICS falls out of the girl's jacket and clatters to the floor.

TOUGH GIRL

Balls!

Juno crosses and crosses her legs awkwardly, hopping. It's obvious she has to use the bathroom urgently.

ROLLO

Maybe you're having twins. Maybe your little boyfriend's got mutant sperms and he knocked you up twice!

JUNO

Silencio, old man. I just drank my weight in Sunny D. and I have to go, pronto.

Rollo sighs and slips her the bathroom key. She RACES down one of the aisles.

ROLLO

Well, you know where the lavatory is. (Calling after her) You pay for that pee stick when you're done! Don't think it's yours just because you've marked it with your urine!

JUNO

Jesus, I didn't say it was.

ROLLO

Well, it's not. You're not a lion in a pride!

(To his wife, MINNIE, a stooped old woman manning the photo counter)

These kids, acting like lions with their unplanned pregnancies and their Sunny Delights.

INT: DRUGSTORE BATHROOM

In the dim, reeking public bathroom, Juno hovers over the commode with her boxer shorts around her ankles. She clumsily tries to use the pregnancy test.

We see the test box sitting on the sink. It's a TeenWave Discount Pregnancy Test. The accompanying outdated package photo is of a shrugging 80s teen with a resigned expression. The fine print on the box reads "From the makers of Sun-Glitz Lightening Hair Spritz!"

INT. DRUGSTORE (FRONT COUNTER)

Juno holds the developing test in her hand and slaps the open test box on the front counter. Rollo scans it and bags it indifferently.

JUNO

Oh, and this too.

She places a giant licorice Super Rope on the counter.

ROLLO

So what's the prognosis, Fertile Myrtle? Minus or plus?

JUNO

(examining stick) I don't know.
It's not...seasoned yet. Wait. Huh.
(MORE)

JUNO (cont'd)
Yeah, there's that pink plus sign
again. God, it's unholy.

She shakes the stick desperately in an attempt to skew the
results. Shake. Shake. Nothing.

TOUGH GIRL
That ain't no Etch-a-Sketch. This
is one doodle that can't be undid,
homeskillet.

ROLLO
You know, back when I was a pup, we
had ways of keeping our women from
getting in the family way. My
Minnie used to douche with soda pop
after intercourse, and then do a
handstand. Didn't you, Minnie?

Cut to MINNIE. She nods deafly, smiling.

ROLLO
Of course, we have nine wonderful
children. Fifteen grands, and a
great-grand on the way. Children
are like a miracle! A great and
horrible miracle!

JUNO
Well, good for you and Soda
Popinksy over there. Not so good
for me.

Juno pushes a few bills and coins across the counter, and
turns to walk out of the store.

ROLLO
Tell that little sister of yours I
said hello.

JUNO
She's scared of you, man. She says
you smell like medicine. And gravy.

MINNIE
It's that Michael Jordan cologne I
bought him!

EXT: CENTENNIAL LANE- DUSK

Juno walks slowly and dejectedly up the street to her house,
gnawing on the Super Rope.

She stops and loops the Super Rope over a low-hanging tree branch, contemplating how to fashion a noose.

The MacGuff house approaches. The yard is a wild tangle of prairie grass and wild flowers.

INT: MACGUFF HOME, FRONT ENTRY

Juno's three year-old sister LIBERTY BELL races to the door to greet her. The interior of Casa MacGuff is a classic wallpapered nightmare with priscilla curtains and framed Anne Geddes prints on display.

JUNO V.O.

That's my sister. My father named her Liberty Bell because she was born on September 11th. Well, actually she was born on the 13th. But my stepmom had a false contraction on the 11th, which sent my dad into a patriotic reverie, which in turn caused him to name my poor, innocent sister after a famous bell.

FLASHBACK to Mac MacGuff holding up his naked newborn daughter in the birthing suite.

MAC

See? They both got a crack!

(We RETURN to the scene in progress.)

LIBERTY

Hi Juno! I'm wearing big girl panties today. Incredible Hulk!

Liberty pulls her dress over her head to reveal sagging briefs, and staggers around blindly.

JUNO

He looks pretty credible from this angle.

Juno's father, MIKE "MAC" MACGUFF snorts derisively and shuts the door behind Juno. He wears an American flag T-shirt that says "RED, WHITE, AND BOO-YAH!" and camo-print Zubaz.

MAC

Where have you been, Junebug?

JUNO

Can I borrow the Previa tonight,
Dad? It's kind of intensely
important.

MAC

Does it involve school or your
civic duty?

JUNO

It involves getting an abandoned
living room set from Mrs. Rancek
and moving it piece by piece onto
Paulie Bleeker's front lawn.

MAC

That sounds heavy.

JUNO

I'm going to call Leah and see if
she'll help me.

MAC

Take my lifting belt just in case.

JUNO

Thanks, Dad! You're a monster of
rock. Right up there with B.T.O.
and the two surviving members of
Badfinger.

LIBERTY

What about me?

JUNO

You're cool too, Liberty Bell.

LIBERTY

(Incoherent toddler squawk)

INT: JUNO'S BEDROOM- 7:00 P.M.

Juno's BEDROOM is decorated with classic rock posters: Led
Zeppelin, T-Rex, the Sweet.

She picks up a hamburger-shaped phone to call her best
friend, LEAH.

JUNO V.O.

Leah has been my best girl friend
since the seventh grade.

(MORE)

JUNO V.O. (cont'd)

But last year, she sort of morphed into a different person. For one thing, she got really hot. Like, T.V. hot. HBO hot.

We see LEAH as she exists in Juno's mind, wearing a crisp cheerleading outfit and combing her long hair. LEAH snuffs out a CIGARETTE and lights another one.

JUNO V.O.

She started wearing those bras that click in the front. For easy access. To her boobs.

We see a bra being fastened between adolescent breasts with an efficient "click."

JUNO V.O.

She's kind of...I don't know. Like, when I told her I had sex with Bleeker, she was like...

LEAH

(in flashback) Were you on top? I was on top with Mike last night. Being on top is *ballistic*. It makes it a lot easier to time and control your orgasm. So were you?

Juno dials Leah's number.

INT: LEAH'S BEDROOM- CONCURRENTLY

LEAH's room is plastered with the sentimental junk that certain girls love to hoard. The PHONE rings.

LEAH

(answering phone) Hello?

JUNO

I am a suicide risk.

LEAH

Is this Juno?

JUNO

No it's Morgan Freeman. Got any bones that need collecting?

LEAH

Geez. Okay, hey Junebug.

JUNO
(in low tones) Dude, I'm pregnant.

LEAH
What? Honest to blog?

JUNO
It's Bleeker's.

LEAH
Der! Whose else would it be?

JUNO
(defensive) Well, I had sex with
Habib! Seven times, in fact.

LEAH
Yeah, six months ago before he
dumped you and went to Stanford.
Besides, I wouldn't boast about
mounting Habib, even if he was your
first. That guy masturbates to
cartoons.

JUNO
They're called *hentai*, and it's not
even an abnormal thing in Japan.
Listen, did you even hear me? I'm
pregnant. Like our moms or
teachers. Pregnant!

LEAH
Maybe it's just a food baby. Did
you have a big lunch?

JUNO
It's not a food baby. I took three
pregnancy tests today. I am
definitely up the spout.

LEAH
How did you even generate enough
pee for three pregnancy tests?

JUNO
I drank like ten tons of Sunny
Delight. Anyway, yeah. I'm
pregnant. You're shockingly
cavalier.

LEAH
Is this for real?

JUNO
Unfortunately, yes.

LEAH
Oh my God! Oh shit! Fuck! Phuket
Thailand!

JUNO
That's the kind of emotion I was
looking for in the first take.

LEAH
Well, are you going to go to
Havenbrooke or Women First for the
abortion? You need a note from your
parents for Havenbrooke.

JUNO
I know. Women First, I guess. The
commercial says they put women
first.

LEAH
Want me to call for you? I called
for Becky last year.

JUNO
Eh, I'll call them myself. But I do
need your help with something very
urgent. Orange alert.

LEAH
I'm here for you, sweet tits.

JUNO
I need you to help me move an
abandoned living room set onto
Bleeker's lawn.

LEAH
That's a ten-four.

EXT: WINDSOCK LANE- 10:30 P.M.

Leah and Juno struggle to drag a recliner across a well-
manicured suburban lawn. They make a formidable team.

LEAH
Heavy lifting can only help you at
this point.

JUNO
That is sick, man.

LEAH
This whole thing is mondo bizarro.
What if Bleek's parents wake up?

JUNO
Oh yeah, right. Carole and Gunther
are so catatonic. "So, Juno, are
you enjoying school? Did you get
bored and fuck our son while we
were in Salzburg, Austria? That's
nice."

Leah busts a gut laughing. It's a stunningly accurate
portrayal of Bleeker's parents.

LEAH
You were bored? Is that how this
blessed miracle came to be?

JUNO
Nah, it was a premeditated act. The
sex, I mean, not getting pregnant.

LEAH
When did you decide you were going
to do Bleeker?

JUNO
Like, two years ago, in Spanish
club.

LEAH
Aha! You love him.

JUNO
It's extremely complicated, and I'd
rather not talk about it in my
fragile state.

She hefts a coffee table with her bare hands. She's wearing
her father's LIFTING BELT.

LEAH
So, what was it humping Bleeker's
bony bod?

JUNO
It was magnificent, man!

INT: MACGUFF FAMILY VAN, 11:00 P.M.

Leah and Juno sit in absolute silence, drinking ridiculously large slushies. Leah wears a paper fast food "crown," and her shirt is inexplicably off.

INT: MACGUFF HOME, FRONT ENTRY

Juno closes the door quietly behind her. She picks up a decorative URN near the door and promptly horks into it.

EXT: WINDSOCK LANE- 6:30 A.M.

PAUL BLEEKER steps onto the front porch of his house for early morning track practice. Bleeker is a frail sixteen year-old kid who looks fourteen. He wears a cross country uniform that reads "DANCING ELK CONDORS." He is eating some kind of microwaved snack gimmick.

Bleeker is startled to discover that Juno is outside waiting for him. She has somehow arranged the living room set on the front lawn, and is seated in the armchair, smoking a pipe officiously.

JUNO

Hi Bleeker. Guess what? I'm pregnant.

Stunned silence. Juno pops up the footrest of the recliner and leans back comfortably.

BLEEKER

Should you be smoking?

JUNO

Come on, Bleek. You know my pipe is my mistress in times of stress.

BLEEKER

I guess so.

BLEEK fidgets.

What are you going to do?

JUNO

What are you eating?

BLEEKER

Uh, it's a Croissant Pouch? It's like a Pizza Pouch, except the outside is made of, um, croissant material?

JUNO

That's a nutritious breakfast.

BLEEKER

Beats pipe tobacco.

The Dancing Elk Prep cross country team runs past Bleeker's house in a thundering herd, wearing a motley assortment of warm-ups. Their momentum stirs the crackling fall leaves. They wave and holler at Bleeker and Juno.

JUNO V.O

When I see them all running like that, with their *things* bouncing around in their shorts, I always picture them naked, even if I don't want to. I have intrusive thoughts all the time. My therapist gives me Anafranil and Luvox to suppress my obsessions, but it doesn't work. I still see pork swords.

BLEEKER

I'm supposed to be running.

JUNO

I know.

There is an awkward silence.

BLEEKER

So, what are you going to do? About being pregnant, I mean.

JUNO

I thought I might, you know, nip it in the bud before it gets worse. Because I heard in health class that pregnancy often results in an infant.

BLEEKER

Yeah, typically. That's what happens when our moms and teachers get pregnant.

JUNO
So that's cool with you, then?

BLEEKER
Wizard. Uh, cool. Yeah, go ahead.
Do what you need to do.

JUNO
I'm real sorry I had sex with you.
I know it wasn't your idea.

BLEEKER
Whose idea was it?

JUNO
I'll see you at school, O.K.?

She mounts her bicycle and waves before riding off.

BLEEKER
(to nobody in particular) Whose
idea was it?

INT: HALLWAY, DANCING ELK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Juno rummages through her locker, which is plastered with photos of Leah and Bleeker, plus a giant photo of Dee Snyder in his heyday.

She grabs a dilapidated physics textbook. A few pages slip out. The same ASSHOLE who harassed her as she walked to the drugstore passes by in the hallway.

TEENAGE ASSHOLE
Hey, your book fell apart!

JUNO
Yeah.

TEENAGE ASSHOLE
It must have looked at your face.
PWAH!

He high-fives his klatch of buddies and moves along.

JUNO V.O.
The funny thing is that Steve
Rendazo secretly wants me. Jocks
like him always want freaky girls.
Girls with horn-rimmed glasses and
fat arms and Goth makeup.
(MORE)

JUNO V.O. (cont'd)

Girls who play the cello and wear
Converse All-Stars and want to be
children's librarians when they
grow up. Oh yeah, jocks eat that
shit up. They just won't admit it,
because they're supposed to be into
perfect cheerleaders like Leah.
Who, incidentally, is into
teachers.

We see LEAH at the far end of the hallway, talking animatedly
with a paunchy middle-aged teacher.

LEAH

(from a distance) Me too! I love
Woody Allen!

INT: PHYSICS CLASSROOM/LAB

STUDENTS bustle in, as the TEACHER tries to maintain order.
Juno heads toward her desk and sets down her bag.

MR. TINKER

People! We're doing our
photomagnetism lab today, so find
your partner and break out into
fours.

Juno looks up and meets eyes with her longtime lab partner:
Bleeker. Sound the gong of awkwardness!

Juno and Bleeker head separately over to an available lab
station and unpack their bags in silence.

JUNO

(breaking the ice) Well! Nothing
like experimenting.

BLEEKER

I did the prep questions for this
lab last night. You can copy my
answers if you need to.

He slides a piece of graph paper in front of Juno without
looking at her.

JUNO

Oh, I couldn't copy your work.

BLEEKER

But you copy my work every week.

JUNO

Oh yeah. I'm kind of a deadbeat lab partner, huh?

BLEEKER

I don't mind. You definitely bring something to the table.

JUNO

Guts? Charisma? The faint smell of marijuana?

BLEEKER

Something like that.

The other two LAB PARTNERS, a humorless couple, join them at the station.

JUNO

So, who's ready for some photomagnificence?

GIRL LAB PARTNER

I have a menstrual migraine, and I can't look at bright lights today.

GUY LAB PARTNER

Amanda, I told you to go to the infirmary and lie down. You never listen.

GIRL LAB PARTNER

No, Josh, I just don't take orders. Not from you and not from any man.

GUY LAB PARTNER

You know, you've been acting like this ever since I went up to see my brother at Mankato. I told you, nothing happened!

GIRL LAB PARTNER

Something happened. Because your eyes? Are very cold? They're very cold, Josh. They're lying eyes.

GUY LAB PARTNER

What? My eyes are not lying!

GIRL LAB PARTNER

Yes they are, Josh. Since Mankato, they have been lying eyes.

Juno and Bleeker observe the argument like tennis spectators, fascinated by the dynamics of a real couple.

BLEEKER

Okay...I'm going to set up the apparatus. Juno, want to get a C-clamp out of that drawer?

JUNO

Isn't that the drawer where we found the human finger bone?

BLEEKER

Yeah. I think Ms. Munch brought that back to the biology room. Either that or it was confiscated as evidence.

JUNO

(rummaging through lab drawer) Is this an owl pellet? Oh God, it's definitely organic!

She flings the offending item onto the table.

GIRL LAB PARTNER

I'm going to the infirmary.

GUY LAB PARTNER

Good. Call me when you're off the rag.

GIRL LAB PARTNER

Fine. Call me when you learn how to love one person and not cheat at your brother's college just because you had four Smirnoff Ices and a bottle of Boone's Farm Snow Peak Peach!

GUY LAB PARTNER

Good, I'll be sure to do that, Amanda. I'll make a note of it.

He furiously scrawls a fake memo in his notebook.

JUNO

Snow Peak Peach *is* the best flavor of Boone's. It's a leg-spreader, right, Bleek?

Bleeker NODS in reluctant agreement.

GIRL LAB PARTNER stalks off dramatically.

Juno flicks the mysterious owl pellet at Bleeker as a tentative peace offering.

Bleeker shakes his head and rifles through his textbook.

INT: JUNO'S BEDROOM- AFTER SCHOOL

Juno dials a telephone number scrawled in ink on her palm.

JUNO
(talking along with voice prompt)
"Para instrucciones en Espanol,
oprime numero dos."

She presses a few buttons in succession.

JUNO
Yes, hello, I need to procure a
hasty abortion?...What was that?
I'm sorry, I'm on my hamburger
phone and it's kind of awkward to
talk on. It's really more of a
novelty than a functional
appliance.

She SMACKS the phone a couple of times.

JUNO
Better? Okay, good. Yeah, as I
said, I need an abortion, two
...sixteen...Um, it was
approximately two months and four
days ago that I had the sex. That's
a guestimate. Okay, next Saturday?
Great.

She hangs up the phone.

JUNO V.O.
I hate when they use the term
"sexually active." What does that
even mean? Can I deactivate
someday, or is this a permanent
state of being? I guess Bleeker
went live that night we did it. I
guess he hadn't done it before, and
that's why he got that look on his
face.

We flash back to the scene in Bleeker's basement. We see Bleeker's face as he scores a run with Juno: comically shocked, wide-eyed, and drained of all color.

INT: MACGUFF DINNER TABLE, 6:00 P.M.

Juno, her father MAC, her stepmother BREN, and LIBERTY BELLE sit at a very typical kitchen table, eating dinner.

JUNO V.O.

My family is abnormal, I guess, but in a very normal way.

We see MAC shoveling food into his mouth.

JUNO V.O.

My dad used to be in the Army, but now he's just your average HVAC specialist. He and my mom got divorced when I was five. She lives on a Havasu reservation in Arizona with her new husband and three replacement kids. Oh, and she inexplicably mails me a cactus every Valentine's Day. And I'm like, "Thanks a heap, Coyote Ugly. This cactus-gram stings even worse than your abandonment."

We see BREN cutting up LIBERTY'S food diligently. She's wearing a football sweatshirt over a turtleneck, and sporting the classic Minnesota mom bouffant.

JUNO V.O.

That's my stepmom, Bren. She owns a nail salon called Bren's Tens and she always smells like methylmethacrylate. She's really cool, though. Totally fair for a stepmom. Even right after she had Liberty Bell, she never forced me babysit or anything.

Liberty wails in protest, waving her fork overhead.

JUNO V.O.

Technically, she wouldn't allow me to babysit.

MAC

So Juno, how did your maneuver go last night?

JUNO V.O.

Which maneuver, sir? The one in which I moved an entire living room set from one lawn to another, or the one in which I cleared a sixty-four ounce blue slushie in ten minutes?

BREN

(in her strong city accent) Juno? Did you happen to barf in my urn? Mac, you know that nice urn by the front door, the one I got up in Stillwater? I found some weird blue shit, I mean stuff, *gunk*, in there this morning.

JUNO

I would never barf in your urn, Brenda. Maybe L.B. did it.

We see Liberty Bell blithely pouring bacon bits onto her dinner.

MAC

Liberty Bell, if I see one more Baco on that potato, I'm gonna kick your monkey ass.

EXT: WOMEN FIRST CLINIC, 1:00 P.M.

Juno trudges toward the front entrance of the clinic. There is a lone ABORTION PROTESTER, a teenager of Indian descent holding a hugely oversized sign that reads "NO BABIES LIKE MURDERING."

LONE PROTESTER

(chanting in extremely shy, accented voice) All babies want to get borned! All babies want to get borned!

Juno recognizes the PROTESTER as a classmate of hers.

JUNO

Uh, hi Prishanti.

PRISHANTI

Oh, hi Juno. How are you?

JUNO

Good. I'm good. (pause) Did you finish that paper for Worth's class yet?

PRISHANTI

No, not yet. I tried to work on it a little last night, but I'm having trouble concentrating.

JUNO

I can sell you some of my Adderall if you want.

PRISHANTI

No thanks. I'm off pills.

JUNO

Wise move. I know this girl who had a huge crazy freakout because she took too many behavioral meds at once. She took off her clothes and jumped into the fountain at Ridgedale Mall and she was like, "Blaaaaaah! I'm a kraken from the sea!"

PRISHANTI

I heard that was you.

JUNO

Well, it was nice seeing you.

She continues on toward the clinic entrance.

PRISHANTI

(calling out) Juno!

JUNO

(turning around) Yes?

PRISHANTI

Your baby probably has a beating heart, you know. It can feel pain. And it has fingernails.

JUNO

Really? Fingernails?

She considers it, then pushes open the clinic door.

INT. WOMEN FIRST CLINIC, RECEPTION DESK

The receptionist sits behind a pane of bulletproof glass. The waiting room is semi-crowded, occupied mostly by pregnant women, teens and ill-behaved children.

PUNK RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Women First, where women are trusted friends. Please put your hands where I can see them and surrender any bombs.

Juno flashes her best jazz hands.

JUNO

Hi. I'm here for the big show?

PUNK RECEPTIONIST

Your name, please?

JUNO

Juno MacGuff.

The receptionist raises a pierced eyebrow and arranges some paperwork on a clipboard.

JUNO V.O.

She thinks I'm using a fake name.
Like Gene Simmons or Mother Teresa.

The receptionist hands Juno the clipboard and a pen.

PUNK RECEPTIONIST

I need you to fill these out, both sides. And don't skip the hairy details. We need to know about every score and every sore.

Juno nods.

The receptionist reaches into one of those ubiquitous women's clinic CONDOM JARS, and holds up a fistful of purple rubbers.

PUNK RECEPTIONIST

Would you like some free condoms?
They're boysenberry.

JUNO

No thank you. I'm off sex.

PUNK RECEPTIONIST

My partner uses these every time we have intercourse. They make his balls smell like pie.

JUNO

Congrats.

She takes a seat in the WAITING ROOM and rifles through a pile of old magazines. The magazine selection is unmitigated crap; lots of "mommy mags" and old-lady rags.

She selects an issue of *Family Digest* and flips through for a few moments. Suddenly her eyes grow wide.

Juno rises and BOLTS out the door.

EXT: LEAH'S HOUSE, 1:30 P.M.

Juno rings the doorbell breathlessly. Leah answers.

LEAH

What are you doing here, dumbass? I thought I was supposed to pick you up at four.

JUNO

I couldn't do it, Leah! It smelled like a dentist in there. They had these really horrible magazines, with, like, spritz cookie recipes and bad fiction and water stains, like someone read them in the tub. And the receptionist tried to give me these weird condoms that looked like grape suckers, and she told me about her boyfriend's pie balls, and Prishanti Patel was there, and she told me the baby had fingernails. Fingernails!

LEAH

Oh, gruesome. I wonder if the baby's claws could scratch your vag on the way out?

JUNO

I'm staying pregnant, Le.

LEAH

Keep your voice down dude, my mom's around here somewhere. She doesn't know we're sexually active.

JUNO

What does that even mean? Anyway, I got to thinking on the way over. I was thinking maybe I could give the baby to somebody who actually likes that kind of thing. You know, like a woman with a bum ovary or something. Or some nice lesbos.

LEAH

But then you'll get huge. Your chest is going to *milk*tate. And you have to tell everyone you're pregnant.

JUNO

I know. Maybe they'll canonize me for being so selfless.

LEAH

Maybe they'll totally shit and be super mad at you and not let you graduate or go to Cabo San Lucas for spring break.

JUNO

Bleeker and I were going to go to Gettysburg for spring break.

LEAH

(sighing) Come on in.

Juno walks into Leah's posh bourgeois home.

A DOG sniffs her hand.

JUNO

Hi, Penicillin!

She cuddles PENICILLIN enthusiastically.

LEAH

Well, maybe you could look through those adoption ads in the paper? I see them all the time in the classifieds.

JUNO

People really place ads in the newspaper?

LEAH

Oh yeah. "Desperately Seeking Spawn." They're right by the ads for like, iguanas and terriers and used fitness equipment. It's legit.

JUNO

Oh, no way. I can't scope out wannabe parents in the classifieds! That's tacky. That's like buying clothes at the gas station.

INT: LEAH'S FRILLY BEDROOM LAIR

Juno and Leah pore over the adoption ads in the newspaper. Cheerful music plays on Leah's bangin' system.

LEAH

Look at this one "Wholesome, spiritually wealthy couple have found true love with each other."

She glances up to see if Juno is paying attention.

"All that's missing is your bastard."

JUNO

(reading the comics section) *For Better or For Worse* is the spookiest comic ever. They age in real time. Remember when their dog died?

LEAH

You're not listening to me. This is more important than your gay Canadian funnies.

JUNO

No, I heard you. I just can't give the baby to people who describe themselves as "wholesome." I'm looking for something a little edgier.

LEAH

What did you have in mind, a family of disturbed loners who are into gunplay and incest?

JUNO

I was thinking a graphic designer, mid-thirties, and his cool Asian wife who dresses awesome and plays bass. But I'm trying to not be too particular.

LEAH

All right, how about this one? "Healthy, educated couple seeking infant to join our family of five. You will be compensated. Help us complete the circle of love."

JUNO

Yeesh, they sound like a cult. Besides, they're greedy bitches. They already have three kids! Do they want a family or a water polo team?

LEAH

Hey, Juno. Juno! Look at this one.

She points to the paper and motions for Juno to look. Juno scans the ad silently.

JUNO

This one.

We see the ad. It contains a photo of a couple with ambiguous Mona Lisa smiles. It reads "Educated, successful couple wishes to..."

JUNO V.O.

They were Mark and Vanessa Loring, and they were beautiful even in black and white.

INT: BLEEKER'S BEDROOM (CONCURRENTLY)

Bleeker lies on his bed in his track uniform, listening to a 45 of the same emotional punk ballad that played when he and Juno went all the way.

He stares between the pages of his embossed Dancing Elk Prep YEARBOOK.

We see the object of his gaze is Juno's black and white YEARBOOK PHOTO. Next to it, we see that she had written: *Hey Bleeker! Spank off to this with motion lotion. Just kidding (kind of). Your best friend, Juno.*

He picks up the phone. It's the same HAMBURGER PHONE Juno has. He reconsiders and puts it down.

There's a KNOCK on the bedroom door.

Bleeker's MOM pokes her dowdy head inside.

BLEEKER'S MOM

Paul? Are you coming downstairs to eat?

BLEEKER

I don't think so.

BLEEKER'S MOM

You ran eight miles today, Puppy.

BLEEKER

I'm not hungry, oddly.

BLEEKER'S MOM

But it's breakfast for supper. Your favorite, Paulie. I made French toast and sausage. Patties, not linkies, just like you like it.

Bleeker places his hand silently on his stomach.

BLEEKER'S MOM

Juno MacGuff called while you were out running. She wants to know if you're coming to her little coffeehouse performance on Saturday.

BLEEKER

Thanks for the message.

BLEEKER'S MOM

You know how I feel about her.

BLEEKER

You've mentioned it about fifty times.

BLEEKER'S MOM

I just hope you don't consider her a close friend.

Bleeker's mom gives up and closes the door.

We see that Bleeker is clutching a pair of PANTIES in one hand, which he slowly releases as the 45 ends.

INT: MACGUFF KITCHEN- SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Bren and MAC are formally seated at the kitchen table. Bren is drinking a weight loss shake. Leah is standing nearby for reinforcements. Juno paces nervously, trying to suss out how to break the massive news.

JUNO

I have no idea how to spit this out.

BREN

Hon, did you get expelled?

JUNO

No. The school would probably contact you in the event of my expulsion.

BREN

Well, I was just asking. It seemed plausible.

MAC

Do you need a large sum of money? Legal counsel?

JUNO

No, no, I'm definitely not asking for anything. Except maybe mercy. Like, it would be really great if nobody hit me.

MAC

What have you done, Junebug? Did you hit someone with the Previa?

LEAH

Best to just tell them, man. Rip off the Band-Aid and let it bleed.

JUNO

I'm pregnant.

Bren and Mac are predictably speechless. Bren knocks her head softly on the table.

JUNO

But I'm going to give it up for adoption. I already found the perfect people. They say they're going to pay my medical expenses and everything. I promise this will all be resolved in twenty-odd weeks, and we can pretend it never happened.

BREN

Oh God...

JUNO

I'm so sorry, you guys. If it's any consolation, I have heartburn that's like, radiating down to my kneecaps and I haven't gone number two since Wednesday. Morning!

BREN

(interrupting) I didn't even know you were sexually active!

Juno cringes upon hearing her most-hated term.

MAC

Who is the kid?

JUNO

The baby? I don't know anything about it yet. I only know it's got fingernails, allegedly.

BREN

Fingernails? Really?

BREN

No, I mean the father! Who's the father, Juno?

JUNO

Oh. It's, well, it's Paulie Bleeker.

Bren and Mac burst into shocked laughter.

JUNO

What?

MAC

Paulie Bleeker? I didn't know he had it in him!

BREN
(giggling) He just doesn't look,
well, virile.

LEAH
I know, right?

MAC
Okay, this is no laughing matter.

JUNO
(indignant) No, it's not. Paulie is
virile, by the way. He was very
good in...chair.

Leah fires a *be quiet* glance at Juno.

MAC
Did you say you were thinking about
adoption?

JUNO
Yeah, well, there's this couple
who've been trying to have a baby
for five years. Leah and I found
them in the classifieds by the
exotic birds section. They have a
real lawyer and everything, and I'm
going to meet with them next
weekend.

BREN
Junebug, that is a tough, tough
thing to do. Probably tougher than
you can understand right now.

JUNO
Well, I'm not ready to be a mom.

MAC
Damn skippy, you're not! You don't
even remember to give Liberty Bell
her breathing meds.

JUNO
Once! And she didn't die, if you
recall!

BREN
Honey, had you considered, you
know, the alternative?

Leah and Juno exchange glances.

JUNO

No.

BREN

Well, you're a brave young lady.
You're made of stronger stuff than
I thought. You're a little Viking!

JUNO

Cool it.

BREN

First things first, we have to get
you healthy. You need prenatal
vitamins. Incidentally, they'll do
incredible things for your nails,
so that's a plus. Oh, and we need
to schedule a doctor's appointment.
Find out where you're going to
deliver.

JUNO

The term "deliver" is so weird. Can
we not say "deliver"?

LEAH

How does "crap it out" sound?

MAC

Juno, I want to come with you to
meet these adoption people. You're
just a kid. I don't want you to get
ripped off by a couple of baby-
starved wingnuts.

JUNO

Sure, Dad.

Mac nods, satisfied, then contemplates the situation
dismally.

MAC

I thought you were the kind of girl
who knew when to say when.

JUNO

I have no idea what kind of girl I
am.

BREN

(sensing tension) Why don't you
girls go upstairs for a while? I
think Mac's gonna blow.

Juno and Leah hightail it upstairs.

MAC

Just tell it to me straight, Bren.
Do you think this is my fault? Her
mother's fault?

BREN

I think kids get bored and have
intercourse. And I think Junebug
was a dummy about it. But we have
to move on from here and help her
figure it out.

MAC

I'm not ready to be a Pop-Pop.

BREN

You're not going to be a Pop-Pop.
And Juno's not going to be a ma.
Somebody else is going to find a
precious blessing from Jesus in
this garbage dump of a situation. I
friggin' hope.

MAC

(conspiratorially) Did you see it
coming when she sat us down here?

BREN

Oh God yeah. But I was hoping she
was expelled or into hard drugs.

MAC

That was my first instinct too. Or
D.W.I. Anything but this. And I'm
going to punch that Bleeker kid in
the weiner the next time I see him.

BREN

Oh Mac, no! He's a sweet kid. You
know it wasn't his idea.

Mac shrugs in agreement.

INT: CAFE TRISTE (COFFEEHOUSE/PERFORMANCE SPACE)

CAFE TRISTE is the hangout of choice for the all-ages set in
town. Juno is performing tonight. She sits on a stool, with
her BASS GUITAR plugged into a practice amp, singing.

At a nearby table, Leah and Bleeker watch in silence.

JUNO

(singing) I made zub-zub with
Paulie Bleeker, and now I'm real
knocked up...

Bleeker covers his face. Leah pats his head sympathetically.

JUNO

(singing) He filled me up with
Bleeker batter, and now I'm real
effed up. I don't know what to do,
I don't know what to say, I'm gonna
miss the Winter Dance, but that's
okay. Because Bleeker wouldn't go
with me anyway. He's obviously sort
of aaaaaan-gry.

Bleeker's face is stoplight red.

Juno stops and bows. The sparse CROWD applauds.

JUNO

(into mic) That song was about
Paulie Bleeker from the track team.
He's sitting right over there.
Thank you.

EXT: FRONT PORCH OF THE LORINGS' HOUSE, 6:00 P.M.

Mark and Vanessa Loring have an impressive, though generic McMansion. The entire yard is unlandscaped soil. Mac presses the doorbell while Juno chews her nails uncomfortably. Both look mortified as they wait for someone to greet them.

VANESSA opens the door. She's a pretty, meticulous woman in her early thirties. Very Banana Republic.

VANESSA

Hi! I'm Vanessa. You must be Juno
and Mr. MacGuff. I'm Vanessa.

JUNO

Vanessa, right?

MAC

Thanks for having me and my
irresponsible child over to your
home.

VANESSA

Oh no. Thank you.

INT: LORING HALLWAY

Vanessa awkwardly leads them into her home.

VANESSA

Can I take your coats?

JUNO

Sure.

She takes off her hooded sweatshirt and thrusts it into Vanessa's arms. Vanessa eyes it dubiously.

INT: LORING LIVING ROOM

MARK LORING sits in the austere LIVING ROOM with a woman in a business suit. He is boyishly attractive and in his mid-thirties. He rises immediately upon seeing Juno and Mac.

MARK

Hi. I'm Mark Loring, and this is our attorney, Gerta Rauss.

JUNO

(in exaggerated, growling German accent) *Geeeerta Rauuuss!*

Vanessa and Gerta look alarmed, but Mark hides a grin.

Mac seizes Mark's hand and pumps it heartily.

MAC

I'm Mac MacGuff, and this, of course is Juno.

MARK

Like the city in Alaska?

JUNO

No.

MARK

Okay. Well, let's sit down and get to know each other a bit, shall we?

VANESSA

I'll get drinks. What would everyone like? Pellegrino? SoBe?

JUNO

A Maker's Mark, please. Up.

MAC

She's joking. Junebug has a wonderful sense of humor, which is just one of her many genetic gifts.

JUNO

I also have good teeth. No cavities. We now have fluoridated water in Dancing Elk.

She bares them frighteningly to demonstrate. Mac grabs her jaw and tilts her head from side to side as if exhibiting a horse.

Vanessa stares, unflappable.

MAC

We'll both just have water, please.

Mac and Juno join Mark and Gerta Rauss on the couch.

GERTA

So, Juno. First off, how far along are you?

JUNO

I'm a junior.

Gerta Rauss chuckles.

GERTA

No, I mean in your pregnancy.

JUNO

Oh. Uh, my stepmom took me to the doctor yesterday and they said I was fifteen weeks.

Vanessa enters with the refreshments on a tray.

VANESSA

Oh, that's marvelous. So you're well into your second trimester, then?

JUNO

Yeah, apparently. I'm due on May 4.

VANESSA

The tough part's over for you. I mean, my friends always tell me the first trimester is the hardest.

JUNO

Yeah, but I hardly noticed it. I'm more worried about the part where they have to order me a special school uniform with an elastic panel.

VANESSA

I think pregnancy is beautiful.

JUNO

Well, you're lucky it's not you.

Vanessa's expression darkens.

MARK

(clearing throat) Well, let's talk about how we plan to do this thing.

JUNO

Well, I just have the baby and give it to you, right?

GERTA

Mark and Vanessa are willing to negotiate an open adoption.

MAC

What does that mean?

GERTA

It means they'd send updates, photos, let Juno know how the baby is doing as he or she grows up. Of course, her legal rights would be terminated.

JUNO

Whoah. I don't want to see pictures. Can't we just kick it old school? I could just put the baby in a basket and send it your way. You know, like Moses in the reeds.

MARK

Technically, that would be kickin' it Old Testament.

Mark and Juno lock eyes.

JUNO

Yeah. Yeah! The way people used to do it. Quick and dirty, like ripping off a Band-Aid.

GERTA

Well, then we agree a traditional closed adoption would be best for all involved, then?

JUNO

Shit, yeah. Close it up.

Vanessa is clearly ecstatic.

MARK

Obviously, we'll compensate you for your medical expenses.

VANESSA

(brusque) Are you looking for any other compensation?

JUNO

Well, no...I'm not going to sell the baby. I just want it to grow up with people who are ready to love it and parent it. I'm in high school, man. I'm ill-equipped.

VANESSA

You're doing an amazing and selfless thing for us.

MARK

Vanessa has wanted a baby since we got married.

VANESSA

I want to be a mommy so badly!

Juno and Mac stare at her.

MAC

How come?

VANESSA

Well, haven't you ever felt like you were born to do something?

MAC

Yes. Heating and air conditioning. Speaking of which, I hope you guys have a good HVAC technician for a home this palatial. You got a forced air furnace?

MARK

I'm not sure...

VANESSA

Well, I was born to be a mother. Some of us are.

JUNO

Mark, are you looking forward to being a dad?

Mark is caught off guard.

MARK

Sure, why not? I mean, every guy wants to be a father. Coach soccer and help with science projects and...I don't know, fatherly stuff.

JUNO

Every guy?

MARK

Most guys.

JUNO

Guys in high school like my friend Paulie?

MARK

Probably not Paulie, no.

VANESSA

Well, shall we start looking over the paperwork? Gerta has already drafted the preliminary papers.

JUNO

Can I use the facilities first? Being pregnant makes you pee like Seabiscuit.

VANESSA

Sure. The powder room down here is being renovated, but you can use our master bath upstairs.

JUNO

Thanks.

INT: LORING ENTRYWAY

Juno heads into the foyer and up the stairs. We see posed PHOTOS of Mark and Vanessa in the stairwell. Their house is beautiful, but frigid.

Juno RUBS her arms, shivering.

INT: LORING MASTER BATHROOM

The Loring's bathroom is huge. Juno FLUSHES and goes to the double sink to wash her hands. She opens the overhead cabinet and sees VANESSA'S things. She spritzes on some perfume and examines Vanessa's expensive grooming items. There's a crinkled tube of LUBE in the cabinet. Juno picks it up, fascinated. She rubs a drop of it between her hands and runs it through her hair like pomade.

INT: LORING HALLWAY (UPSTAIRS)

Juno opens the door and instantly BUMPS into Mark Loring.

JUNO

Whoops! Yikes, I didn't expect to see you up here.

MARK

Sorry. I was just getting something.

JUNO

Did your wife send you up here to spy on me?

MARK

What? No! Do we come off as that paranoid?

JUNO

Well, you don't just invite a random pregnant teenager into your house and leave her unsupervised. I could be a total klepto, for all you know.

MARK

I don't get a klepto vibe from you.
Evil genius? Perhaps. Arsonist?
Wouldn't rule it out.

JUNO

I did steal a squirt of Vanessa's
perfume. What do you think?

She holds her WRIST up to Mark's astonished face.

MARK

Clinique Happy. Frankly, it smells
more convincing on you.

JUNO

Isn't Vanessa happy? I'm giving her
the gift of life, after all. And
she doesn't even have to be there
when the baby comes out all covered
in...

MARK

Viscera?

JUNO

Blood and guts.

MARK

We'd better get back downstairs
ASAP.

Juno mocks his use of "ASAP" silently.

JUNO

(halting) Wait a minute. Is that a
Les Paul?

Juno is staring at a ROOM with the door slightly ajar. We see
GUITARS mounted on the wall, and the edges of posters.

MARK

Oh. That's, that's my room. Vanessa
lets me have a room for all my old
stuff.

JUNO

Wow, a whole room in your own
house? She's got you on a long
leash there, Mark.

MARK

(bemused) Shut up!

INT: MARK'S "SPECIAL" ROOM, MINUTES LATER

The walls are plastered with POSTERS of early-90s alt rock bands. (Mudhoney, Jane's Addiction, Sonic Youth, etc.) Mark removes his LES PAUL from its moorings and hands it to Juno.

JUNO

It's beautiful. I've always liked Gibson better than Fender.

MARK

What do you play?

JUNO

An Ibanez. (She coughs)

Mark SNORTS derisively.

JUNO

What? It's a classic Flying V, Snake Venom Chartreuse. *Totally* metal.

MARK

Sorry. I swear I'm not a gear snob.

Juno turns the guitar over, examining it closely.

JUNO

So the neck and body are like one solid piece?

MARK

Yeah.

JUNO

What happens if you break the neck? That'd be a massive bitch to replace.

MARK

You're telling me. I used to play in a really tight band back when I lived in Chicago, and one night we opened for the Melvins...do you know who the Melvins are? No? Well anyway, I busted this guitar onstage. It cost me \$800 and a dime bag to have it fixed.

JUNO

When was this, like 1996?

MARK

1993. I'm telling you that was the best time for rock and roll.

JUNO

Nuh-uh, 1972! All my favorite bands are from the arena rock era.

MARK

Arena rock is bloated bullshit. Those guys were a bunch of dinosaurs.

JUNO

You're just too young to remember it. You weren't there, so therefore you can't understand.

MARK

You weren't even alive!

VANESSA appears in the doorway.

VANESSA

Honey, you're showing off your guitars? Now?

MARK

Oh. Um, yeah. Juno just wanted a closer look at Kimberly here.

JUNO

Your guitar is named Kimberly?

MARK

Yes.

JUNO

That's all right. My bass is named President Roosevelt. Franklin, not Ted. Franklin was the one with the polio.

VANESSA

Well, can you guys join us downstairs ASAP? Gerta's got some important stuff to go through yet.

Mark puts the guitar back on the wall. He and Juno exit the ROOM, chastised. Vanessa glowers at Mark.

INT: LORING FOYER, ONE HOUR LATER

Juno and Mac have put their coats on and are in the process of leaving. Gerta hands Juno the DOCUMENTS. Vanessa and Mark trail behind.

GERTA

So, look those over and give me a call at my office if you have any questions. Mac, you have my card.

MAC

I think I have about five of 'em now.

VANESSA

Juno, we'd really appreciate us if you could keep us updated on any appointments, ultrasounds, that kind of thing.

JUNO

Oh. Sure, of course you'd want to know how your kid is cooking.

VANESSA

You really think you're going to go ahead with this?

Mac STARES at Juno gravely.

JUNO

Yeah. For sure. I like you guys.

Juno looks at Mark.

MARK

Great. Great news. Well, you guys drive safe, and we'll hear from you soon, all right?

MAC

All right, take care of yourselves.

Juno and Mac exit. Mark shuts the door.

SILENCE in the foyer. Mark, Vanessa and Gerta stand MOTIONLESS.

Vanessa buries her head in her hands and weeps hoarsely.

EXT: DANCING ELK PREP SOUTH LAWN- MORNING

It is now WINTER. The TRACK TEAM jogs in formation over a hill on the Dancing Elk campus, leaving tracks in the snow. Those bastards never stop running.

EXT: DANCING ELK PREP TRACK AND FIELD- DAY

Bleeker is running alone on the track. His exhalations are icy puffs in the air. Bleeker's friend VIJAY jogs up alongside him. Vijay is a solemn, skinny boy, much like Bleeker.

VIJAY

Hey man.

BLEEKER

Oh, hey Vijay.

VIJAY

Did you hear Juno MacGuff is pregnant?

BLEEKER

Yup.

VIJAY

Just like our moms and teachers!

BLEEKER

Yup.

VIJAY

Did you hear it's yours?

BLEEKER

Yup.

VIJAY

What a trip, man.

BLEEKER

I don't really know anything about it.

VIJAY

You should grow a moustache. You're a real man now.

BLEEKER

I can't grow a moustache. It never comes in evenly.

VIJAY

Me neither. But I'm going to stop wearing underpants in order to raise my sperm count. See you.

VIJAY jogs off. Bleeker SLOWS to a stop and wipes the sweat from his face.

INT: DOCTOR'S OFFICE (ONE MONTH LATER) - AFTERNOON

Juno is lying down with her BELLY exposed. An ULTRASOUND TECHNICIAN is using a Doppler device to view the contents of her burgeoning bump. Juno is noticeably BIGGER. Bren and Leah ooh and ahh at the resulting image.

ULTRASOUND TECH

There we have it. Would you like to know the sex?

LEAH

Aw, please, Junebug?

JUNO

No. No, I definitely don't want to know.

ULTRASOUND TECH

Planning to be surprised when you deliver?

JUNO

I want Mark and Vanessa to be surprised, and if I know, I won't be able to keep myself from telling them and ruining the whole thing.

ULTRASOUND TECH

(condescending) Are Mark and Vanessa your friends at school?

JUNO

No, they're the people who are adopting the baby.

ULTRASOUND TECH

Oh. Well, thank goodness for that.

BREN

Wait, what's that supposed to mean?

ULTRASOUND TECH

I just see a lot of teenage mothers come through here. It's obviously a poisonous environment for a baby to be raised in.

Juno, Leah and Bren become immediately defensive.

JUNO

What if the adoptive parents turn out to be evil molesters?

LEAH

Or stage parents!

BREN

They could be utterly negligent. Maybe they'll do a far shittier job of raising a kid than my dumbass stepdaughter ever would. Have you considered that?

ULTRASOUND TECH

No...I guess not.

BREN

What is your job title, exactly?

ULTRASOUND TECH

Excuse me?

BREN

I said what is your job title, missy?

ULTRASOUND TECH

I'm an ultrasound technician, ma'am.

BREN

Well I'm a nail technician, and I think we both ought to stick to what we know.

ULTRASOUND TECH

What are you talking about?

BREN

You think you're special because
you get to play Picture Pages up
there?

Bren gestures to the ULTRASOUND MONITOR.

BREN

My three year-old daughter could do
that, and she is not the brightest
bulb in the tanning bed! Go back to
night school and learn a real
trade!

The ULTRASOUND TECH exits in a huff.

JUNO

Bren, you're a dick! I love it.

EXT: LORING HOUSE, 4:00 P.M. (AFTER SCHOOL)

Juno rings the doorbell, shifting her weight in the cold.

MARK answers the door, dressed in dated GRUNGE finery: ripped
jeans, rock tee, flannel shirt, etc.

MARK

Juno? Wow, I didn't expect to see
you here.

JUNO

I've got something really cool for
you guys. Is Vanessa here?

MARK

No, actually she's working late
tonight. Come in. Please.

JUNO

Okay.

Mark and Juno SMILE at each other.

INT: LORING KITCHEN.

Mark leads Juno into the kitchen, where he pours two drinks.
The STEREO blares in the background.

MARK

Is a Ginseng Cooler all right with
you?

JUNO

Sure. What is it with you rich people and your herb-infused juices?

MARK

You know, I'm not sure.

JUNO

Speaking of wealth, why aren't you at work?

MARK

I mostly work from home. I'm a composer.

JUNO

Like Johannes Brahms?

MARK

No, more commercial stuff.

JUNO

So...commercials?

MARK

Well, yeah. Yeah, sadly. Have you seen those commercials for Titanium Power men's deodorant?

JUNO

(singing) Titanium Power! Get more snatch by the batch!

MARK

I wrote that.

JUNO

You're kind of a sellout, aren't you? What would the Melvins say?

MARK

You know, you came a long way out here not knowing if anyone would be home.

JUNO

I kind of felt like going for a long drive, and I figured I'd just stick this in the mailbox if no one was around.

She holds up a manila envelope.

MARK

What is it?

Juno retrieves a dark, glossy sheet from the envelope. It's her ULTRASOUND.

JUNO

Behold! The very first photo of your future child.

MARK

You're kidding!

Mark EXAMINES the ultrasound, baffled.

JUNO

I think it kind of looks like my friend, Paulie.

MARK

(squinting) Is he bald and amorphous?

JUNO

No, he's the dad.

Mark looks jolted, as if it's the first time he considered that her baby might have a father.

MARK

Can you tell if it's a boy or a girl?

JUNO

The doctor can tell, but I decided not to know. I want it to be a big surprise.

MARK

Well, it can really only go two ways.

JUNO

That's what you think. I drink tons of booze so you might get one of those neuter babies.

MARK

(chuckling) If Vanessa heard you say that, she'd kill you.

JUNO

I know. I'm just kidding. My stepmom is forcing me to eat really healthy and do prenatal yoga. She won't even let me stand in front of the microwave or eat the red M&Ms.

MARK

Good for her, I guess.

JUNO

So what have you done for this kid?

MARK

Vanessa started on the baby's room. So far all she's got is this antique rocking chair that's been in her family for generations.

JUNO

That's so L-HOP.

MARK

What's L-HOP?

JUNO

Little House on the Prairie.

MARK

You need to work on your attitude, young lady.

JUNO

My 'tude is sterling.

MARK

Wait...do you hear that?

A new SONG has begun on the stereo. Mark CLOSES his eyes in ecstasy.

JUNO

What is it?

MARK

It's only my favorite song. It's Sonic Youth doing "Superstar" by the Carpenters.

JUNO

I've heard the Carpenters before. Chick drummer and freaky dude. Not unlike the White Stripes.

MARK

You haven't heard the Carpenters
like this. Listen.

Mark grabs the STEREO REMOTE off the kitchen counter and
turns up the volume to a roar. Mark and Juno stand in silence
in the kitchen. Mark MOUTHS along with the lyrics.

MARK

(lipsyncing) *Don't you remember you
told me you loved me, baby...*

JUNO

Hey, I like this.

MARK

This album is all Carpenters covers
by alt-rock bands. It's called *If I
Were a Carpenter*. It is God. I'll
rip a copy for you before you
leave.

JUNO

You don't have to do that.

MARK

Hey, it's the least I can do. What
did you say your favorite band was?

JUNO

I didn't. But it's a tie between
60s Pink Floyd and 70s Pink Floyd.

MARK

Yeah, I definitely need to make you
some CDs. At least while my kid is
hanging out in there.

He gestures at Juno's burgeoning paunch.

JUNO

What, you don't want me exposing
your sprog to classic rock?

MARK

Drink all the booze you want, just
ease up on the Floyd, okay?

Juno gives him the finger.

Mark walks over to the stereo in the LIVING ROOM, takes out the CD and carries a stack of DISCS over to the computer for copying. He's got a Carpenter's disc, the "No Alternative" charity compilation, and Mother Love Bone.

JUNO

I really need to get going once you copy those discs.

MARK

Right, right. Of course.

Juno spots a VHS TAPE on the kitchen counter and picks it up.

MARK

(seated at computer) Oh, I just found that online like, last week. I'm going to watch it tonight.

JUNO

The Wizard of Gore?

MARK

It's Herschel Gordon Lewis. He's the ultimate master of horror.

JUNO

I think Dario Argento is the ultimate master of horror, but what do I know?

Mark SWIVELS AROUND slowly on his desk chair, surprised.

MARK

Argento's good, but Lewis is way more fucked up. We're talking buckets of goo. Red corn syrup everywhere. And fake brains up the yin-yang.

JUNO

(examining the tape box) Allow me to be frank...

MARK

No, please, I want to be Frank. You can be Gail.

JUNO

(smirking) Frankly, this looks really stupid.

MARK

No. You have to see it to believe it.

INT: LORING DEN

Mark and Juno are watching Mark's HORROR MOVIE and drinking root beer floats. They're sitting dangerously close on the SOFA.

JUNO

So, have you and Vanessa thought of a name for the baby yet?

MARK

Well, sort of. Vanessa likes Madison for a girl.

JUNO

(aghast) Madison? Isn't that kind of...I don't know, gay?

MARK

God, pretentious much? I guess everyone should have a mysterious name like Juno, huh?

JUNO

My dad went through this phase where he was obsessed with Greek and Roman mythology. He named me after Zeus's wife. I mean, Zeus had other fucks, but I'm pretty sure Juno was his only wife. She was supposed to be really beautiful but really mean. Like Diana Ross.

MARK

(nodding) That suits you.

JUNO

Uh, thanks. Anyway, he did my little sister one worse. He named her Liberty Bell.

MARK

I pray you're joking.

JUNO

Oh no, I'm totally cereal. Ever since we invaded Iraq, he's all about patriotic duty and Bush Junior and all that jingoistic bullcrap.

MARK

I take it you don't feel the same way?

JUNO

Fuck Bush. But I love my dad.

MARK

Where's your mom?

JUNO

You mean my real mom? She lives in a yurt somewhere in Buttfuck Arizona. She's a hippie tard.

MARK

Very well. Do you have any other political affiliations?

JUNO

Well, I obviously can't vote yet, but I heard the Libertarian Party wants to legalize heroin and distribute it in giant trucks. Smackmobiles, basically. Just like the ice cream man. You hear (she hums "The Entertainer") playing outside, you run out and get your fix. Except instead of a Choco Taco, it's heroin. Horse. Dope. I can get behind that.

MARK

To be honest, I thought you were a conservative. Not many disgraced teenage girls elect to actually have their babies.

JUNO

I weighed my options. But after all this, I'm glad I didn't, you know, get rid of it. I want to have it. For you guys.

MARK

You're something else.

JUNO
(watching movie) This is even
better than *Suspiria*. You've got
good taste in slasher movies, Mark.

MARK
Here's to dovetailing interests.

They CLINK glasses. Juno rests her hand on her slightly
rounded stomach and sighs contentedly.

A door slams upstairs. Vanessa's home.

MARK
Vanessa. Shit, you better get out
of here.

JUNO
Why? What the big deal?

MARK
Nothing. She just hates when I sit
around watching movies and 'not
contributing.'

JUNO
I'll handle this.

INT: LORING LIVING ROOM (EVENING, MOMENTS LATER)

Vanessa sets her BRIEFCASE down in the hallway and ventures
into the living room.

VANESSA
Mark?

Juno intercepts her breathlessly, clutching the ULTRASOUND
photo. Mark trails behind her.

Vanessa JUMPS and makes a strangled sound.

VANESSA
Juno! You startled me. Uh, what are
you doing here.

JUNO
I have the most beautiful, profound
thing to show you. It's such a
miracle, I could just die!

She hands the ULTRASOUND to Vanessa and drapes her arm around
her affectionately. Juno has a black belt in phony.

VANESSA

Oh my God...

JUNO

There he/she is. Doctor Xiao says the baby is in perfect health. Doesn't it look like it's waving? It's kind of like it's saying "Hi, Vanessa. Will you be my mommy forever and ever? Pwease?"

VANESSA

Yeah. Yeah, it kind of does.

MARK

Juno was nice enough to bring this by for us.

JUNO

I came over as soon as I got that cold ultrasound goo off my pelvis. My stepmom verbally abused the ultrasound tech so we were escorted off the premises.

VANESSA

Oh, that's great.

She can't divert her gaze from the photo.

JUNO

Cuddly, huh?

VANESSA

Sure...Juno, your parents must be wondering where you're at.

JUNO

Naah. I'm already pregnant, so they figure nothing worse could happen to me. I gotta bounce anyway. It was nice seeing you guys again.

She waves and heads for the door.

MARK

Let me get your coat.

Vanessa looks STRICKEN as Mark helps Juno into her hoodie.

EXT: PAULIE BLEEKER'S HOUSE- 9:00 P.M.

Juno parks her PREVIA on the street. She walks up to the house and rings the doorbell.

BLEEKER'S MOM answers, visibly annoyed.

JUNO V.O.

Bleeker's mom was possibly attractive once. But now she looks a hobbit. The fat one that was in *The Goonies*.

BLEEKER'S MOM

Hi Juno. What can I do for you?

JUNO

I borrowed Paulie's physics notes in school today. I'm pretty sure he needs them back, or his grade could plummet to an A minus.

BLEEKER'S MOM

Fine. Come in.

INT: PAULIE BLEEKER'S BEDROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Juno cautiously enters Bleeker's bedroom after knocking once. Bleeker is sitting on his bed, studying like the tortured brainiac he is. He looks up, startled.

JUNO

Hey, don't concentrate so hard, man. I think I smell hair burning.

Bleeker smiles faintly.

BLEEKER

What's up?

JUNO

I just wanted to come over. You know, say hi. I miss hanging out with you on school nights.

BLEEKER

I miss it too.

He nervously cracks open a container of ORANGE TIC-TACS and pours them into his mouth.

JUNO V.O.

Orange Tic-Tacs are Bleeker's one and only vice. When we made out, the day I got pregnant, his mouth tasted really tangy and delicious.

JUNO

So, I didn't get, you know, the *rhymes-with-momortion*.

Bleeker glances at Juno's midsection, embarrassed.

JUNO

No duh, right?

BLEEKER

I sort of noticed that you kept getting pregnant-er, yeah.

JUNO

I went to the clinic, but I choked. It was probably for the best. There's going to be a private adoption now. These married people in Saint Cloud are going to be the parents.

Bleeker is visibly relieved.

BLEEKER

Really? Are they cool?

JUNO

Yeah, the guy is super cool. His name is Mark and he's into old horror movies and he plays guitar. I actually hung out with him today.

BLEEKER

Is that normal?

JUNO

Probably not. Listen, I haven't told anyone that you're, you know, the father.

BLEEKER

Yeah, Leah took care of telling everyone.

JUNO

(aghast) What a furburger. God, Leah has such a big mouth.

BLEEKER

It's fine with me. The guys at school think I'm some kind of demigod now. I just don't want my mom and dad to find out or they'll take me off their car insurance.

JUNO

I asked my dad and Bren not to narc us out to your folks, so we should be cool.

BLEEKER

Oh. That's a relief.

Juno walks over to the BED and sits down next to Bleeker.

JUNO

I'm going to really start looking like a dork soon. Will you still think I'm cute if I'm huge?

BLEEKER

I always think you're cute. I think you're beautiful.

Juno is caught off guard by his sincerity.

JUNO

Jesus, Bleek.

BLEEKER

Well, I do.

The song playing ends, and another one begins. It's "the song," the track that Bleeker and Juno both recognize from the infamous night in the basement.

JUNO

Holy crap, I just felt the baby kick. Here, touch.

BLEEKER

Really?

Bleeker lays his hands tentatively on Juno's belly.

BLEEKER

Oh yeah. Is that a fist or a foot?

JUNO

I hope it's not a tail.

Bleeker and Juno CHUCKLE, falling back into their old rhythms.

Bleeker leans in as if to kiss her, but Juno either doesn't notice or doesn't want to notice.

JUNO

I wish Mark was here to feel this!
He would think it was so twisted.
We watched this movie today that
was like ten times bloodier than
the surgery channel.

BLEEKER

Who's Mark?

JUNO

Oh, he's the baby's dad.

BLEEKER

Oh.

JUNO

He's hilarious.

BLEEKER

Hey Junebug, when all this is over
we should get the band back
together again.

JUNO

Yeah. Sure. Once Tino gets a new
drumhead we should be good to go.

BLEEKER

We could get back together too.

JUNO

I think I like someone.

Bleeker nods sadly.

JUNO

I like you too, Bleek, I do. But
things are really complicated right
now.

BLEEKER

That they are.

JUNO

What about Katrina De Voort? You
could go out with Katrina De Voort.

BLEEKER
I don't like Katrina.

JUNO
I totally heard you did.

BLEEKER
I don't. Katrina smells like soup.
Her whole house smells of soup.

JUNO
Look, I'd better get home before
Dad and Bren call the fuzz on me.
Did you do that paper for
Litovsky's class yet?

BLEEKER
No, I've been having trouble
concentrating.

Juno reaches into her pocket and whips two tablets at
Bleeker. They hit him in the forehead.

Bleeker gropes the bedspread, trying to retrieve the PILLS.

BLEEKER
Adderall?

JUNO
No, some new ADHD med called
Laserex or Focusal or something. If
it gives you dry mouth or soft
boners, stop taking it, okay?

BLEEKER
Yeah, for sure.

JUNO
See ya, Bleek.

Bleeker gazes WISTFULLY at Juno as she leaves his bedroom.

INT: MACGUFF KITCHEN- 10:00 P.M.

Bren sits at the kitchen table with a mug of coffee and an
issue of *Dog Fancy*.

Juno enters nonchalantly, drinking a giant slushie.

BREN

Where the hell have you been,
Junebug? You'd better cough up a
good explanation this time!

JUNO

I drove to St. Cloud to show Mark
and Vanessa the ultrasound. And I
wound up staying for a couple of
hours.

BREN

A couple of hours? Honey, you had
no business going over there in the
first place. What were you
thinking?

JUNO

They said they wanted to know about
this stuff. They said to keep them
updated, so I did!

BREN

You could have mailed it to them.
Why would you drive an hour and a
half out to East Jesus, Nowhere
just to show them your ultrasound?

JUNO

I don't know, I just did. And then
Mark and I watched *The Wizard of*
Gore and he burned me some CDs of
weird music from when I was a kid.

BREN

That was a huge mistake. Dangerous,
even. You can't overstep your
boundaries like that again. What
must Vanessa think of all this?

JUNO

Listen, Bren-duhhh, I think you're
the one overstepping boundaries.
You're acting like you're the one
who has to go through this and get
fat and give birth for no real
reason. Besides, Vanessa's a total
bitch. She's not fair to Mark. She
treats him like crud and she
doesn't let him do anything!

BREN

You don't know either of them, and you don't know jack about the dynamics of marriage. You know, I really thought you'd be mature enough to handle this, but I guess I was wrong again.

Bren rises to leave, clutching the *Dog Fancy* magazine.

JUNO

(gesturing to the magazine) We don't even have a dog!

BREN

Yeah, because you're allergic to their saliva. I've made a lot of sacrifices for you, Junebug. And in a couple years you're going to move out and I'm going to get the pair of Weimaraners I've always wanted.

JUNO

Wow, dream big!

BREN

Oh, go fly a kite.

Bren STORMS out of the kitchen.

Juno heads over to the URN by the door and defiantly pours the remains of her blue slushie into it.

INT: MARK'S "SPECIAL" ROOM, LORING HOUSE- AFTERNOON

Mark sits on a beat-up bachelor sofa and plucks his beloved Les Paul.

Vanessa KNOCKS and enters. Her hair is pulled back and spattered with yellow PAINT. She's dressed in old clothes.

VANESSA

(ebullient) I think I'm just about finished.

MARK

With what?

Vanessa's face FALLS. She's covered in FRIGGIN' PAINT, it's obvious "what."

MARK

Oh, the nursery. I can't wait to see it.

He resumes PLAYING GUITAR.

VANESSA

Well, great news: You don't have to wait. You can see it right now.

Mark glances up at her.

MARK

Just a minute.

INT: NURSERY- SECONDS LATER

Mark and Vanessa stand SILENTLY in the nursery. The walls are painted a warm yellow. A single ANTIQUE ROCKING CHAIR sits in the corner. Vanessa beams proudly.

VANESSA

I decided to go with Custard instead of Candle. It seemed more gender-neutral. Once we get the baby, God willing, we can choose a more decisive palette.

MARK

Why do people think yellow is gender-neutral? I don't know one guy with a yellow bedroom.

VANESSA

(desperate) Please.

MARK

What?

VANESSA

I'm really excited about this. Please pretend you're excited, too. Pretend we're like normals.

MARK

Was that a burn? I can never tell.

VANESSA

It's not actually. No sarcasm intended; I'm being sincere for once.

(MORE)

VANESSA (cont'd)

I really want you to pretend that you're excited. *Thrilled* would be nice.

Mark complies, stiffly putting his arm around her. He's not trying.

MARK

I am thrilled.

VANESSA

Good. That was good. I'm about 65% convinced.

MARK

That's like a 5% improvement over last Saturday.

VANESSA

Give or take.

MARK

I'm really trying to inhabit the character.

Vanessa SMILES sadly.

MARK

That wall over there needs something.

VANESSA

I was thinking a family picture. That was my first instinct, at least.

Mark regards Vanessa gravely. He's got something URGENT to tell her.

EXT: DANCING ELK PREP EAST LAWN- EARLY MORNING

A bed of brightly-colored FLOWERS blooms instantly in time-lapse fashion.

The flowers are instantly TRAMPLED underfoot by the collective feet of the Dancing Elk Track Team on their morning run.

INT: HALLWAY, DANCING ELK PREP- MORNING

Leah and Juno walk to class together.

LEAH

God, you're getting massive. How many months is it been now?

JUNO

Almost eight. You wouldn't believe how weird I look naked.

LEAH

I wish my funbags were that big.

JUNO

No, you don't. I have to wear this big mom bra that looks like a surgical garment. It's nineteen kinds of wrong.

LEAH

What does Bleeker think of your sudden hugeness?

JUNO

I don't know. He doesn't talk about it. We don't bring it up.

LEAH

You guys haven't had kinky sumo sex or anything, have you?

JUNO

No! Gross.

LEAH

Hey, at least it's risk-free. Did you hear Bleek is going to prom with Katrina De Voort?

JUNO

Katrina? Pfft, no way. He doesn't like Katrina. It must be a pity date.

LEAH

(shrugging) He asked her. I heard they were going to Benihana, then the prom, then to Vijay's parents' cabin.

JUNO

Bleeker told me Katrina's whole house reeks of soup!

LEAH

Oh, it totally does. I was there for her birthday about four years ago and it was like Lipton city. But you know, guys have endured worse things for nookie.

JUNO

There's no way in hell they're having sex or even holding hands.

LEAH

I wouldn't be so sure about that. He did it with you. He's a man now.

JUNO

Yeah, well, Bleek trusted me. We're best friends. We were best friends.

LEAH

Are you jealous? I thought you said you didn't care what he did.

JUNO

I'm not jealous, and I don't care. I just know he doesn't like Katrina and I don't think he should toy with her emotions like that. She seems so nice and all.

LEAH

Okay Juno, I'm really convinced.

JUNO

Prom is for wenises, anyway. Once you're old enough to go, it's not cool anymore.

INT: DANCING ELK PREP ACADEMY, BLEEKER'S LOCKER, NOON.

Bleeker over to retrieve a book from his open locker. He's wearing plastic LAB GOGGLES and a lab coat over his track uniform. Juno MARCHES up to him, belly leading the way.

JUNO

Are you honestly and truly going to prom with Katrina De Voort?

BLEEKER

Um, hi?

JUNO

Leah just told me you were going with her.

BLEEKER

Yeah, I did ask her if she wanted to go. A bunch of us from the team are going to Benihana, then the prom, then Vijay's parents' cabin.

Juno is clearly AFFRONTED.

BLEEKER

(meekly) We're getting a stretch limo.

JUNO

Your mom must be really glad you're not taking me.

BLEEKER

You're mad. Why are you mad?

JUNO

I'm not mad. I'm in a fucking great mood. Despite the fact that I'm trapped in a fat suit I can't take off, despite the fact that everyone is making fun of me behind my back, despite the fact that your little girlfriend gave me the stinkeye in art class yesterday...

BLEEKER

Katrina's not my girlfriend! And I doubt she was giving you the stinkeye; she just looks like that all the time.

A GIRL strides past (obviously KATRINA) with a sour look aimed squarely at Juno.

JUNO

Whatever. Have fun at the prom with Soupy Sales. I'm sure I can think of something way more cool to do that night. Like I could pumice my feet, or go to Bren's dumb Unitarian church, or get hit by a ten-ton truck full of hot garbage juice. All those things would be exponentially cooler than going to the prom with you.

She starts to walk away.

Bleeker takes a deep breath.

BLEEKER
You're being really immature.

JUNO
(turning around) What?

Bleeker BRACES himself and pushes up his lab goggles.

JUNO
That's not how our thing works! I
hurl the accusations and you talk
me down, remember?

BLEEKER
Not this time. You don't have any
reason to be mad at me. You broke
my heart. I should be royally
ticked at you, man. I should be
really cheesed off. I shouldn't
want to talk to you anymore.

JUNO
Why? Because I got bored and had
sex with you one day, and then I
didn't, like, marry you?

BLEEKER
Like I'd marry you! You would be
the meanest wife ever. And anyway,
I know you weren't bored that day
because there was a lot of stuff on
TV. *The Blair Witch Project* was on
Starz, and you were like, "Oh, I
want to watch this, but we should
make out instead. La la la."

JUNO
Forget it, Bleek. Take Katrina the
Douche Packer to the prom. I'm sure
you guys will have a really
bitchin' time!

BLEEKER
(searching for a comeback) Yeah,
well...I still have your underwear.

JUNO
I still have your virginity!

BLEEKER
(looking around, panicked) Oh my
God, SHUT UP!

JUNO
What? Are you ashamed that we did
it?

BLEEKER
No...

JUNO
Well at least you don't have to
walk around with the evidence under
your sweater. I'm a fucking planet!

Juno picks up her BACKPACK dejectedly and slides it over her
shoulder. She's about to walk away, when...

BLEEKER
Wait, let me take that.

JUNO
Huh?

BLEEKER
You shouldn't be carrying that
heavy bag. I'll take it.

JUNO
Oh. It's fine. What's another ten
pounds?

She turns around, wipes TEARS off her cheek (making sure no
one sees) and continues down the hallway.

INT: MACGUFF FRONT ENTRY- 3:30 P.M. THE SAME DAY

Juno arrives home from school, hauling her bookbag and
looking winded. We see, for the first time, the EXHAUSTION of
being pregnant and maintaining a regular school schedule.

She drops her bag next to the infamous PUKE URN and wanders
into the living room before flopping onto the couch,
overwhelmed by fatigue.

A telephone near the couch rings shrilly four times. Juno
IGNORES it.

ANSWERING MACHINE GREETING
(Bren's voice) Hi, you've reached
the Tough Stuff MacGuffs!
(MORE)

ANSWERING MACHINE GREETING (cont'd)

We're out having fun as a family,
so please leave a message and leave
out the B.S. 'Bye!

MARK'S VOICE

(nervous) This message is for Juno?
Um, this is Mark Loring.

Juno DIVES for the phone.

JUNO

Hi! Yeah, I'm here...Nothing right
now. Absolutely nothing.

We see Mark on his end of the connection, hanging out in the
kitchen.

MARK

Did you like the CDs?

JUNO

Yeah, they were quaint.

MARK

Quaint?

JUNO

When you're used to the majesty of
classic rock, everything else
sounds kind of thin by comparison.

MARK

You need to lend me some of your
discs and...you know, prove it.

Juno BRIGHTENS instantly.

JUNO

It's on like Saigon, dude. When do
you want me to come?

MARK

You don't need to come all the way
out here. It's a pretty gnarly
drive.

JUNO

I'm not doing anything right now.

INT: LORING MASTER BATHROOM- AN HOUR LATER

Mark Loring grooms himself carefully, combing his hair back and fiddling with the collar of his flannel shirt. He glances downward and ADJUSTS his crotch self-consciously.

The DOORBELL rings. It's Juno.

Mark hurries down the stairs and opens the door, facing Juno. Her hands are full of CDs, and she's looking radiantly knocked-up.

JUNO

I come bearing your musical education.

MARK

I'm dying to see what you've got to teach me.

Juno takes off her coat to reveal her Dancing Elk Prep uniform. Her plaid skirt has a hideous drawstring waistband to accommodate her growing belly.

MARK

Wow. They make you wear that?

JUNO

Well, this is the maternity version. Bren ghetto-rigged it for me once I popped. Pretty ugly, eh?

MARK

I like the effect of the belly. It undermines the the whole religious thing nicely.

JUNO

I still tell people I'm a virgin.

MARK

Aren't you?

JUNO

Ha! You wish.

MARK

So, let's hear this stuff.

JUNO

(furtive) Is Vanessa coming home soon?

MARK

I can never be sure if Vanessa is going to come home at all, but today I'm pretty sure we're safe.

JUNO

Is she boning her boss or something?

MARK

God, no. She just doesn't like me. Come with me for a sec. I have to show you something great.

INT: LORING BASEMENT

The Loring's basement is dank, cluttered unfinished and unattractive, much like Paulie Bleeker's. Mark pulls a chain to illuminate a bare bulb.

JUNO

Oh, Mark! Is this the baby's room? It's beautiful!

MARK

Hilarious. No, I just keep all of my old comics down here, and I want to show you one of them.

JUNO

Oh God, you're one of those guys...

MARK

You're gonna like this, I promise.

Mark RUMMAGES through a cardboard box in the corner.

MARK

(extracting a bagged COMIC from the box) Here it is.

He shows the COMIC to Juno. It's called "Most Fruitful Yuki," and depicts a pregnant JAPANESE GIRL kicking ass and taking names.

JUNO

"Most Fruitful Yuki"? What is...Hey, she's a pregnant superhero!

MARK

Isn't that great? I got it a few years ago when I was in Japan with my band. She reminds me of you.

Juno examines the comic. "Most Fruitful Yuki" does resemble her.

JUNO

Wow, I actually feel like less of a fat dork now.

MARK

Most Fruitful Yuki is bad ass, man. You should be proud to be the same condition.

JUNO

I am, I am.

She throws a mock KARATE KICK in Mark's direction.

MARK

You can keep it. You probably need a souvenir of this whole debacle.

Juno is sincerely pleased.

JUNO

Hey, thanks! You know, I'd say the same for you, but you're getting the ultimate souvenir.

Mark laughs uncomfortably.

JUNO

Okay, now for the music. I brought *Momentary Lapse of Reason*, which is the most underrated Pink Floyd disc. A lot of people think their newer stuff sucks, but those people are stupid muffs.

MARK

Go on, put it in. There's a player down here.

He plugs in a battered portable CD player in the corner.

Juno puts in the CD and skips ahead to her favorite track, "Learning to Fly." The song fills the room.

MARK

Oh, I actually know this one.

JUNO

You do?

MARK

Yeah, they played it at one of my high school dances. I...Yeah, I remember it perfectly. I slow danced with Cynthia Vogel. She let me place my hands on her buttocks, which is probably why the memory is so crystalline.

JUNO

Oh man, I can just picture you slow dancing like a dork!

She mockingly places her hands on Mark's waist and moves back and forth stiffly.

MARK

No, I put my hands on your waist. Then you put your arms around my neck. That's how we did it in '88.

Mark puts his hands on what remains of Juno's waist. She drapes her arms around his neck self-consciously.

JUNO

Oh, okay. Like this. I've never been to a dance.

MARK

Really?

JUNO

Only cool kids and nerds go to dances.

MARK

What are you?

JUNO

I don't know.

They SWAY slowly to the music. Juno's belly bumps up against Mark.

MARK

I feel like there's something between us.

They laugh.

JUNO

Did Cynthia Vogel put her head on
your shoulder?

MARK

I think she did, yeah.

Juno rests her head on Mark's chest. Her expression is
fraught with CONFLICT.

They dance in SILENCE for a few moments, then stop moving.
Mark pulls Juno as close as he possibly can, given her
expanding girth.

JUNO

(quietly) Oh, wow.

MARK

I'm leaving Vanessa.

JUNO

What?

MARK

I am. I'm getting my own place in
the city in a few weeks. I've got
it all planned out. You don't know
how long I've wanted this.

Juno lifts her head from Mark's chest, shocked.

JUNO

No!

Mark is SILENT.

JUNO

No. No, you definitely cannot do
that, Mark. That's a big, fat sack
of no!

MARK

Why?

Juno PULLS AWAY from him, frantic.

JUNO

Because that isn't the way it
works. That isn't what we agreed
on.

(MORE)

JUNO (cont'd)

You guys have to take care
of...this! You are the chosen
custodians of the big-ass bump!

She GESTURES wildly to her belly. Suddenly, something matters
to her far more than the approval of an older guy.

MARK

But I thought you would want
this...

JUNO

I want you guys to adopt the
Buglet. I wanted everything to be
perfect. Not shitty and broken like
everyone else's family. Listen,
once I have the baby, Vanessa is
going to finally be happy, and
everything will be all right.
Believe me on this one! You can't
welsh out on me now.

MARK

A baby is not a panacea. It's not
going to fix everything. Besides, I
don't know if I'm ready to be a
father.

JUNO

(aghast) But you're old!

MARK

How do you think of me, Juno? What
is this? What is this happening
right now?

JUNO

I don't know. I just liked being
your friend. I sort of liked
becoming furniture in your weird
life.

MARK

This (he gestures to the dank
surrounding room)...this is what my
life has become. Stuff in boxes
boxes. Stuff underground. Is that
so appealing to you?

JUNO

Yeah, I guess...Is this my fault?
Is Vanessa mad at you because of
me?

MARK

That's not the point. We're just not in love anymore.

JUNO

Yeah, but didn't you love Vanessa when you married her? If you love someone once, you can love them again, I know it. My friend Leah has gone with the same guy, like, four times. You're just not trying.

MARK

I'm such an idiot. I can't believe what an idiot I am.

He PACES over to the wall and KICKS it softly.

JUNO

(crying) Please don't get a divorce! God, Mark, just do me a solid and stay with your wife.

MARK

God, you're so young.

JUNO

Not really. I'm sixteen. I'm old enough to tell when people are acting like total a-holes!

MARK

You'd better leave.

JUNO

Once I leave, I'm never coming back ever again.

MARK

Me neither.

Juno shakes her head in disbelief and bolts up the stairs, SOBBING.

EXT: LORING HOUSE- EARLY EVENING

We see Juno run out of the house, clutching her unwieldy belly and crying. She wipes her nose on her sleeve and hurries toward her car.

At this moment, Vanessa pulls into the driveway in her glossy BMW and climbs out of the car, watching Juno with a baffled expression.

Juno runs past Vanessa and gets into her beat-up car, which is parked curbside.

Vanessa slowly heads toward the house, still eyeing Juno, her face creased with concern.

INT: JUNO'S CAR- CONCURRENTLY

Juno's breath comes in quick puffs. She resolutely wipes the tears from her cheeks and starts the car.

JUNO V.O.

I thought regular people were
different than high school people.
Now, I think I was wrong. Nobody
ever knows what to do, so what's
the point of doing anything?

She pauses for a moment, then begins RUMMAGING in the glove compartment.

JUNO V.O.

But maybe once you realize that,
you can make the one lucid decision
that redeems all the stupid shit.

She fishes a pen out of her knapsack, balances a piece of scrap paper on her belly, and starts scrawling a note.

INT: LORING LIVING ROOM

Mark is seated on the couch. He looks especially flushed and disheveled amid the pristine backdrop of the living room.

Vanessa walks in and drops her purse. She slowly walks over to the couch, shaking her head.

VANESSA

I just saw Juno run out of here.

MARK

She was running? Oh God...

VANESSA

What's going on?

MARK

I told her that you and I were getting divorced.

VANESSA

(calmly) Are we?

MARK

I thought that's what we said we were doing last night.

VANESSA

Yeah, but we've had that conversation a hundred times. The decision rarely sticks.

MARK

I think this time is for real.

VANESSA

I kind of figured that, too.

She FLOPS down next to her husband. It's the most comfortable we've ever seen them together. Both look relieved.

MARK

I found a place today,

VANESSA

Already?

MARK

Don't worry, it's not great. It's got one of those stacked-unit washer/dryers you hate.

VANESSA

Oh, I do hate those.

MARK

I know.

VANESSA

The dryer capacity sucks.

MARK

But it saves space. You could always just do smaller loads.

VANESSA

I guess, but what about linens and comforters?

They STARE at the wall, speechless and defeated.

VANESSA

I wanted a baby so bad. So bad. So
fffffucking bad.

We can tell Vanessa RARELY SWEARS. She buries her head in her hands.

MARK

I know you did.

There's a LOUD, DESPERATE KNOCK on the front door.

EXT: LORING FRONT PORCH- SECONDS LATER

Mark opens the door. It's Juno, of course. She shoves a folded PIECE OF PAPER into his hand and waves.

JUNO

See you, I guess.

She GRINS through her tears and stumbles away without animosity.

MARK

Wait...I'm sorry.

INT: LORING LIVING ROOM- SECONDS LATER

Mark walks back into the living room, where Vanessa waits. He unfolds the paper.

VANESSA

What is it?

MARK

It looks like a bill from Jiffy
Lube. Wait.

He turns the bill over to discover a scrawled NOTE from Juno.

Mark READS the note silently with a flummoxed expression. A slight, barely perceptible expression of RELIEF appears on his face.

VANESSA

(agitated) What? What is it?

MARK

It's for you.

He offers the Jiffy Lube invoice/note to Vanessa. She hesitates before taking it.

EXT: MACGUFF HOUSE- 7:00 P.M.

Juno parks her car and walks up to her house. There's a porch light on for her, and the place looks cozy and inviting.

JUNO V.O.

I never realize how much I like my home unless I've been somewhere really different for a while.

She picks a CROCUS from the unkempt garden near the porch and sniffs it. She lifts her shirt and tickles her belly with it. Then she tucks the flower into her unkempt hair.

INT: MACGUFF KITCHEN- 7:02 P.M.

Mac is sitting alone at the kitchen table, eating from a bucket of fried chicken. One of Bren's weight loss shakes sits opened next to his meal.

Juno enters.

JUNO

Hi Dad.

MAC

Hey, big puffy version of Junebug. Where have you been?

JUNO

Dealing with stuff way beyond my maturity level. Where is everyone?

MAC

Bren took Liberty Bell to her tot ice skating class.

JUNO

Tot ice skating? Tots can't ice skate. Liberty Bell's still getting the hang of stairs.

MAC

No, but you know Bren. She dreams big.

JUNO

Yeah, she does.

MAC

You look a little morose, honey.
What's eating you?

JUNO

I'm losing my faith in humanity.

MAC

(tearing into a drumstick) Narrow
it down for me. I'm pretty focused
on my chicken right now, so I need
you to put it simple.

JUNO

I guess I wonder sometimes if
people ever stay together for good.

MAC

You mean like couples?

JUNO

Yeah, like people in love.

MAC

Are you having boy trouble? I gotta
be honest; I don't much approve of
you dating in your condition,
'cause...well, that's kind of
messed up.

JUNO

Dad, no!

MAC

Well, it's kind of skanky. Isn't
that what you girls call it?
Skanky? Skeevy?

JUNO

Please stop now.

MAC

(persisting) Tore up from the floor
up?

JUNO

Dad, it's not about that. I just
need to know that it's possible for
two people to stay happy together
forever. Or at least for a few
years.

MAC

It's not easy, that's for sure.
Now, I may not have the best track
record in the world, but I have
been with your stepmother for ten
years now, and I'm proud to say
that we're very happy.

Juno nods in agreement.

MAC

In my opinion, the best thing you
can do is to find a person who
loves you for exactly what you are.
Good mood, bad mood, ugly, pretty,
handsome, what have you, the right
person will still think that the
sun shines out your ass. That's the
kind of person that's worth
sticking with. The kind of person
who'll help you shoulder the load.

A wave of REALIZATION crosses Juno's face.

Mac dunks a hushpuppy in the diet shake, oblivious to his
daughter's admiration.

JUNO

I sort of already have.

MAC

Well, of course. Your old D-A-D!
You know I'll always love support,
no matter what kind of mess you're
in.

He nods toward her belly.

MAC

Obviously.

Juno LAUGHS and hugs her father, planting a smooch on his
cheek.

JUNO

I need to go out somewhere for just
a little while. I don't have any
homework, and I swear I'll be back
by ten.

She salutes and DASHES out of the kitchen.

MAC
You were talking about me, right?

MONTAGE

INT: DANCING ELK DRUGSTORE- 8:00 P.M.

Rollo, the infamous drugstore clerk, hands Juno several bulging plastic bags at the register. We can't see what she's just purchased. Rollo plants his hand on Juno's belly, and she SOCKS him on the arm.

EXT: LEAH'S HOUSE- 8:10 P.M.

Juno rings the doorbell, summoning Leah. Leah gets her coat and quickly exits with Juno. They're clearly on one of their missions.

INT: LORING BEDROOM- 8:45 P.M.

Vanessa Loring is curled up in the fetal position on the bed. She's still dressed, and the lights are on. Nearby Mark quietly packs a suitcase.

We see the NOTE still crumpled in Vanessa's hand. She smiles enigmatically.

EXT: RANDOM SUBURBAN STREET- 9:00 P.M.

The car SPEEDS past a mailbox that clearly reads "De Voort." Juno leans out the back window of the moving car and CREAMS the mailbox with an aluminum bat. She and Leah whoop with laughter.

EXT: WINDSOCK LANE- 9:30 P.M.

Juno and Leah get out of the car and stride confidently toward Bleeker's house, Reservoir Dogs in parochial school uniforms.

END MONTAGE

EXT: BLEEKER'S HOUSE- 6:30 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING

Bleeker steps out of the house for his usual early-morning run.

He looks down to see a message scrawled in chalk on the stoop: "BLEEKER- CHECK THE MAIL."

He walks down to the end of the driveway, and is startled to see that the regular mail is sitting on top of the box. He opens the latch on the mailbox.

At least one hundred containers of ORANGE TIC TACS come pouring out in an colorful deluge. They spill out onto the driveway.

Bleeker blinks.

A DOG barks.

INT: DANCING ELK PREP, JUNO'S LOCKER, 8:50 A.M.

Juno is rummaging in her disastrously messy locker. Bleeker approaches her shyly from behind and taps her shoulder. He's wearing his track uniform and consuming a container of Tic Tacs.

JUNO

Oh. Hi.

BLEEKER

Did you put like a hundred things of Tic Tacs in my mailbox?

JUNO

Yeah. That was me.

BLEEKER

Why?

JUNO

Because they're your favorite. And you can never have too much of your favorite one-calorie breath mint.

She BLUSHES.

BLEEKER

Well...thanks. I think I'm pretty much set until college on the Tic Tac front.

JUNO

You know, I've been thinking. I'm really sorry I was such a huge bitch to you.

(MORE)

JUNO (cont'd)

You didn't deserve that. You never deserve any of the poo I unload on you.

BLEEKER

You know it's okay.

JUNO

Also, I think I'm in love with you.

BLEEKER

What, you mean as friends?

JUNO

No, for real. I think you are the coolest person I've ever met. And you don't even have to try.

BLEEKER

I try really hard, actually...

JUNO

No, you're naturally smart. You always think of the funniest things to do. Remember when you passed me that postcard during physics class, and it was addressed like, "Junebug MacGuff, Row 4, Third Seat From the Blackboard"? And it said, "I'm having fun in Puerto Rico- wish you were here"? That was hilarious.

BLEEKER

(pleased) I was just bored. I only think physics is awesome like, 80% of the time.

JUNO

Plus, you're the only person who doesn't stare at my stomach all the fucking time. You actually look at my face. And every time I look at you, the baby starts kicking me super hard.

BLEEKER

It does?

Juno presses Bleeker's hand against her belly. He draws it away quickly.

BLEEKER

Wizard!

JUNO

I think it's because my heart
starts pounding when I see you.

BLEEKER

Mine too.

JUNO

Basically, I'm completely smitten
with you, and I don't care if I'm
making an ass out of myself right
now, because you've seen me make an
ass out of myself a million times,
and you still want to be my friend.

BLEEKER

Well, yeah. You're the best friend
I've ever had, even when you're
being kind of evil.

JUNO

That's all I need from you. That's
more than I could ever ask for.
You're just golden, dude.

BLEEKER

I think it would be apropos if we
started making out now.

JUNO

Okay.

Bleeker and Juno KISS, oblivious to the crowd in the hallway.
Bleeker drops his BOOKS to cover his crotch (after all, he's
wearing flimsy nylon track shorts.)

In the distance, we see STEVE RENDAZO (the kid who always
TORMENTS Juno) regarding the makeout session with a sad,
envious expression.

LEAH walks past en route to class, sees Juno and Bleeker
kissing and does a double take.

LEAH

(disgusted) You know, you can go
into early labor sucking face like
that!

Juno gives her the FINGER, not breaking the clinch with
Bleeker.

Leah sighs, then notices her favorite teacher.

LEAH
(flirtatiously) 'Morning, Carl! Did
you watch *Raymond* last night?

INT: MACGUFF T.V. ROOM- EVENING

Juno and Bleeker are sacked out on the couch, watching the
tube. Bleeker MASSAGES Juno's swollen feet.

Bren enters the room holding the phone.

BREN
Junebug, it's for you.

She covers the receiver.

BREN
(whispering loudly) It's Vanessa
Loring!

JUNO
(whispering even louder) I'll take
it!

Bren helps Juno off the couch. Juno leaves the room for
privacy.

INT: MACGUFF FRONT ENTRY- MOMENTS LATER.

JUNO
(into phone) Hi, it's me...Fine.
Good.

In the background, Liberty Bell PEERS into the PUKE URN and
attempts to overturn it onto her head.

JUNO V.O.
It seemed like after that night,
things started moved at hyperspeed.
It's like a birthday party from
when you were little: you remember
them, but they happened so fast.

We see VIDEO of Juno as at a children's party, She wears a
paper hat and mugs for the camera. The footage seems to move
at 30X.

INT: LORING HOUSE, NURSERY- NIGHT

Vanessa Loring sits in the old rocking chair, feeding her baby. The nursery is decorated in such a way that we know the baby is a boy. Vanessa ROCKS the baby.

JUNO V.O.

It ended with a chair.

Vanessa's expression is one of total bliss. The baby reaches up and grasps her thumb.

PAN past the nursery wall, the wall Mark thought needed "something." There's a framed note on the wall. It looks like it was handwritten on the back of Jiffy Lube bill.

We see that it says. "Vanessa- If you're still in, I'm still in. Call me. Juno."

JUNO V.O.

It really didn't hurt that bad having him. The best part was when I peed on Leah during labor. Bren offered to massage my perineum and I was like, "I don't know what that is, but no." Afterwards, Bleeker came with flowers. He didn't want to see the baby, but neither did I, really. We both knew he wasn't ours.

Vanessa lifts the baby up onto her shoulder and pats him.

JUNO V.O.

I think he was always hers.

INT: DOWNTOWN APARTMENT- AFTERNOON

Mark Loring UNPACKS his belongings in a bare, airy room. He's wearing a Pink Floyd T-shirt. He tears open a box of COMICS with a butter knife, and sees "Most Fruitful Yuki" sitting on top.

He lays that one aside, then dumps the remainder of the comics on the floor. He spreads them around with his foot, smiling faintly at this personal act of rebellion.

JUNO V.O.

I heard Mark finally got his own place where he can geek out and be himself. Vanessa says he's still only got one room for his stuff.

PULL BACK to reveal that that while Mark is technically in "one room," it's an enormous loft overlooking the city of Minneapolis.

JUNO V.O.

But it's a massive improvement, I guess. I never saw him again.

Mark tosses clothing on the floor with impunity.

EXT: LORING HOUSE (BACKYARD)- SPARKLING SUMMER AFTERNOON

Juno wheels her bicycle out of the detached garage. She waves goodbye to Bren, who is playing in the yard with two WEIMARANERS.

Bren looks almost as happy with her dogs as VANESSA looked with her baby.

JUNO V.O.

Bren finally got her godddamn Weimaraners. I told her to forget about my severe allergy to Weimaraner saliva. She deserves to be happy after all she's done.

Juno SCRATCHES hives on her neck and shoulders, clearly allergic to the dogs, and mounts her bike cheerfully.

JUNO V.O.

Besides, I figured she needed some consolation, because Liberty Bell turned out to be the crappiest ice skater of *all time*. The kid is a friggin' train wreck on the ice. Remember when Midori Ito fell into the camera box at the World Amateurs in '91? Liberty Bell is worse than that. She brings shame on our house.

Liberty Bell, adorable as ever, DANCES blithely on the grass in an ice skating costume.

EXT: WINDSOCK LANE- MINUTES LATER

Juno rides her bike aggressively down the street. Her BASS GUITAR is slung over her shoulder in a gig bag. She's obviously not pregnant anymore. She looks happy, but older.

Bleeker rides up alongside her, slinging a guitar as well.

JUNO V.O.

Bleeker and I finally got our band back together after a yearlong hiatus.

As they tear down the street on their bikes, they pass the Dancing Elk TRACK TEAM, still running in outrageously skimpy shorts and bandanas.

Juno and Bleeker RIDE up to a garage where a band is setting up. A kid tunes his guitar, while another guy (TINO) sits at a drum kit.

JUNO V.O.

We're called Elizabeth Smart Aleck after that Mormon chick with Stockholm syndrome. We're really good. We even have a groupie.

We see LEAH sitting crosslegged on the floor of the garage, dressed provocatively, and inexplicably eating a corn dog.

JUNO

(hopping off her bike) Tino! I love your new drum head. Did you paint that yourself?

Tino's drum head is lovingly painted with a truly awful and offensive design.

TINO

Yeah. Me and Reese stole some shit from the art room!

REESE

The tempera paint made us high.

BLEEKER

So should we try the new cover we worked on last time?

Juno slings on her bass.

JUNO
Mag-fucking-nificent.

GUITARIST
That's in E, right?

Tino BANGS his sticks together for a four-count.

The band starts playing a fast, energetic punk tune. It's an unconventional cover of "Learning to Fly" by the Floyd. Juno thumbs her bass and sings poorly, but enthusiastically.

She and Bleeker exchange glances as they play. They smile ambiguously.

Pull out to reveal the surrounding green suburb buzzing with life and summer activity.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END