

"JUNO"

By Diablo Cody

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EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - DUSK

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. 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. BLEEKER HOUSE - MOLD-O'-RIFFIC BASEMENT - NIGHT

FLASHBACK - Juno approaches a boy hidden by shadow. He's sitting in an overstuffed chair. She slowly, clumsily lowers herself onto his lap.

A 60's Brazilian track plays from a vintage record player.

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

JUNO  
Yeah.

WHISPERED VOICE  
Wizard.

EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - CONTINUED

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 (V.O.)  
This is the most magnificent 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.

BEGIN ANIMATED TITLE SEQUENCE:

Juno marching down various street, pumping her arms like a jogger and chugging intermittently from the huge carton of juice. We watch her breathlessly navigate suburbia, clearly on a mission.

EXT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

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 Juno's flushed serious face. She carelessly flings the empty juice container over her shoulder and onto the curb. A group of DROPOUTS with skateboards near the entrance glare at her.

She enters the DRUGSTORE.

INT. DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS

ROLLO, the eccentric drugstore clerk, sneers at Juno from behind the counter. He wears a polyester uniform vest.

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 intense skepticism.

JUNO

I remain unconvinced.

Rollo pulls the bathroom key out of reach.

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! I just drank my weight in Sunny D. and I have to go, pronto.

Rollo sighs and slips her the bathroom key. Juno 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 himself)

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

## INT. DRUGSTORE - BATHROOM - DAY

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 - DAY

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. 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.

ROLLO

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

## EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - EVENING

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.

Juno trudges toward her HOUSE. The yard is a wild tangle of prairie grass and wild flowers.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Juno's BEDROOM is decorated with punk posters: The Damned, The Germs, the Stooges, Television, Richard Hell, etc. She picks up a hamburger-shaped phone to call her best friend, LEAH.

INT. LEAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

LEAH  
(answering phone)  
Yo-yo-yiggity-yo.

JUNO  
I am a suicide risk.

LEAH  
Is this Juno?

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

LEAH  
Only the one in my pants.

JUNO  
(in low tones)  
Dude, I'm 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.  
And you're shockingly cavalier.

LEAH

Is this for real? Like for real, for  
real?

JUNO

Unfortunately, yes.

LEAH

Oh my God! Oh shit! 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 Now for the  
abortion? You need a note from your  
parents for Havenbrooke.

JUNO

I know. Women Now, I guess. The  
commercial says they help women now.

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.

EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - NIGHT

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

LEAH

So, 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, a year ago, in Spanish class.

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - SPANISH CLASS - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Bleeker and Juno are sitting at their desks, listening to a teacher lecturing about spanish. Bleeker discreetly pushes a POSTCARD to Juno with his foot. She picks it up off the floor, reads it, then looks at Bleeker, who is watching the teacher obediently.

EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - NIGHT

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 like humping Bleeker's bony bod?

JUNO

It was magnificent, man!

INT. BLEEKER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CU of Bleeker putting on double socks in his Car-Bed.

CU of Bleeker putting on his sweat bands.

CU of Bleeker applying Runner's Glide.

INT. KITCHEN - BLEEKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

CU of a CROISSANT POCKET warming in the microwave.

EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - MORNING

PAUL BLEEKER steps onto the front porch of his house for early morning track practice. 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, chewing a pipe officiously.

JUNO

Hey Bleek.

BLEEKER

Hey, cool tiger. Looks proud.

JUNO

Yeah, I swiped it from Ms. Rancick.

BLEEKER

Cool.

JUNO

Your shorts are looking especially gold today.

BLEEKER

My mom uses color-safe bleach.

JUNO

Go Carole.

(a beat)

So, guess what?

BLEEKER

(shrugs)

I don't know...

JUNO

I'm pregnant.

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

BLEEKER

I guess so.

(fidgeting)

What are you going to do?

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.

EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - CONTINUED

BLEEKER

I'm supposed to be running.

JUNO

I know.

There's an awkward silence.

BLEEKER

So, what do you think we should do?

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

Yeah, wizard, I guess. I mean do what you think is right.

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?

EXT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - DAY

Juno pushes her crappy bike into the bike rack and winds a lock around it. In the background, a group of 3 NERDS play a

live-action RPG.

NERD

You did not! You don't have the armor.  
That Orc Armor you bought from the  
wizard doesn't have the power level  
to parry my hit!

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Juno tries to push through the masses, but the throng of  
students is thick and unwielding.

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Juno rummages through her locker, which is plastered with  
photos of Leah and Bleeker, plus a giant poster of Iggy Pop  
in his heyday.

She grabs a dilapidated physics textbook. A few pages slip  
out. STEVE RENDAZO (the same asshole who harassed her as she  
walked to the drugstore) passes by in the hallway.

STEVE RENDAZO

Hey, your book fell apart!

JUNO

Yeah.

STEVE RENDAZO

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 vegan footwear  
and Goth makeup. 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.

We see Steve looking back at Juno for a brief second with mixed feelings.

JUNO (V.O.)

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, KEITH.

LEAH

(from a distance)

Me too! I love Woody Allen!

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - DAY

STUDENTS bustle in, as the teacher, MR. TINKER 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

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

Charisma?

BLEEKER

Or something.

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 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 cold, 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?

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 just one person and not cheat at your brother's college just because you had four Smirnoff Ices and a bottle of Snow Peak Peach flavored Boone's!

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. Right, Bleek?

Bleeker reddens and continues constructing the apparatus. GIRL LAB PARTNER stalks off dramatically.

Bleeker shakes his head and rifles through his textbook.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Juno examines a large ad in the newspaper that depicts a distraught TEEN GIRL clutching her head in a moment of staged conflict. The ad reads: "Pregnant? Find the clinic that gives women choice. Women's Choice Health Center."

Juno picks up her hamburger phone and dials. For a moment, she attempts to copy the melodramatic pose from the ad, checking herself out in the mirror.

JUNO

(talking along with  
voice prompt)

"Para instrucciones en Espanol, oprima  
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 guesstimate. Okay, next  
Saturday? Great.

She hangs up the phone.

JUNO (V.O.)

I hate it when adults use the term  
"sexually active."

INT. HEALTH CLASS - DAY (FLASHBACK)



A HEALTH TEACHER in slo-mo puts a condom on a banana.

JUNO (V.O.)

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.

INT. BLEEKER'S HOUSE - MOLD-O'-RIFIC BASEMENT - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)

We see Paulie's face at the moment of his deflowering: he's comically wide-eyed with shock.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Juno, her father MAC, her stepmother BREN, and LIBERTY BELL sit at a very typical kitchen table, eating dinner. MAC shovels food while chatting about his day.

MAC

You should have seen this octopus furnace. I had to get out my Hazmat suit just to get up in there...

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...

PHOTO: ARIZONA TRAILER PARK

JUNO (V.O.)

...with her new husband and three replacement kids. Oh, and she inexplicably mails me a cactus every Valentine's Day.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - DAY

PILE OF NEGLECTED CACTI festering in a corner of Juno's room.

JUNO (V.O.)

And I'm like, "Thanks a heap, Coyote Ugly. This cactus-gram stings even worse than your abandonment."

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

BREN is cutting up LIBERTY'S food diligently. Her nails are brilliant, holding the silverware.

JUNO (V.O.)

That's my stepmom, Bren...

INT. BREN'S WORKROOM - DAY

Bren stitches a needlepoint pillow of a dog.

JUNO (V.O.)

She's obsessed with dogs...

EXT. BREN'S TENS - DAY

Bren's nail salon in all its glory.

JUNO (V.O.)

...owns a nail salon called Bren's Tens...

INT. BREN'S TENS - DAY

Bren chats up a customer as she applies a fresh coat.

JUNO (V.O.)

...and she always smells like methylmethacrylate.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Liberty Bell coughs pitifully as Bren leans over her plate.

MAC

So Juno, how did your maneuver go last night?

JUNO

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 speaks in her strong city accent.

BREN

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'S CHOICE CLINIC - DAY

Juno trudges toward the front entrance of the clinic. There is a lone ABORTION PROTESTER, a teenager of Asian 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 Su-Chin.

SU-CHIN

Oh, hi Juno. How are you?

JUNO

Good. I'm good.

(pause)

Did you finish that paper for Worth's class yet?

SU-CHIN

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

JUNO

You should try Adderall.

SU-CHIN

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!"

SU-CHIN

I heard that was you.

JUNO

Well, it was nice seeing you.

She continues on toward the clinic entrance.

SU-CHIN

(calling out)

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

JUNO

Really? Fingernails?

She considers the concept, then pushes open the clinic door.

INT. WOMEN'S CHOICE CLINIC - RECEPTION - DAY

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's Choice, 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.

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 lots of "mommy mags" and health related periodicals. She selects an issue of Family Digest and gingerly flips through for a few moments.

Then she looks over and notices the FINGERNAILS of a nearby teen, who looks as nervous as she does. The girl bites her thumbnail and spits it onto the floor.

Juno looks away, but immediately notices another waiting woman, who absently scratches her arm with long fake nails. Suddenly, she sees fingernails EVERYWHERE. The receptionist clicks her nails on the front desk. Another woman blows on her fresh manicure. Everyone seems to be fidgeting with their fingers somehow. Juno suddenly looks terror-stricken...

CUT TO:

PUNK RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me, Miss MacGoof?

There's no answer. We see that Juno's chair is EMPTY.

The receptionist cranes her neck and sees the front door drift shut. Juno's figure recedes into the distance as she tears off down the street, running as fast as she can.

EXT. LEAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Leah's front door swings open to reveal a breathless Juno standing sheepishly on the porch. Leah sighs.

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 Su-Chin Kuah 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 milktate. 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 sighs, as if there's no helping her nerdy friend.

LEAH

Well, maybe you could look at one of those adoption ads. I see them all the time in the Penny Saver.

JUNO

There are ads? For parents?

LEAH

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

JUNO

Come on, Leah. I can't scope out wannabe parents in the Penny Saver! That's tacky. That's like buying clothes at the Pump n' Munch.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Juno and Leah are sitting at a bench in a park. They slurp giant blue slushies and sift through a pile of Penny Savers.

Juno has her pipe with her.

JUNO

The Penny Saver sucks.



LEAH

Yeah, but it sucks for free.

They turn the pages in silence for a moment. Their lips and teeth are Windex-blue.

LEAH

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

(checks to see that  
Juno is paying  
attention)

"All that's missing is your bastard."

JUNO

(reading a different  
page)

There's a guy in here who's giving away a piano. Free for the hauling! We should put it in Bleeker's yard.

LEAH

You're not listening to me.

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!

LEAH

Hey, Juno. Juno! Look at this one.

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

We see the ad. It contains a photo of an attractive 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.

EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - PAULIE'S WINDOW - NIGHT

We see Paulie's bedroom window – festooned with childish curtains – and the light on inside.

INT. BLEEKER'S HOUSE - PAULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bleeker lies on his Car-bed in his track uniform, listening to the same LP from 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 a sloppy, handwritten message from Juno. We hear Juno's voice reading the message:

JUNO (V.O.)

Hey Bleeker! Spank off to this with motion lotion. Just kidding (kind of.) Your best friend, Juno.

Bleeker 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 HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bren and MAC are seated on the couch. 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

Oh, God...

JUNO

But I'm going to give it up for adoption. I already found the perfect people.

Leah presents the Penny Saver photos of the Lornings.

JUNO

They say they're going to pay my medical expenses and everything. I promise this will all be resolved in thirty-odd weeks, and we can pretend it never happened.

MAC

You're pregnant?

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  
Nails? Really?

MAC  
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

We found them in the Penny Saver by the exotic birds section.

Bren looks understandably alarmed. Juno hastily attempts to make the situation sound more legitimate.

JUNO

But they have a real lawyer and everything. 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 babystarved 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. LORING HOUSE - DAY

Music plays as we see SPARSE IMAGES OF VANESSA LORING'S HANDS preparing the house for Juno's arrival –

Sprucing a vase of FLOWERS.

Straightening a FRAMED PHOTO of the Loring's.

Dusting off a table with one of those WETNAPS for furniture.

Lining up a shelf of BOOKS.

EXT. LORING NEIGHBORHOOD - PREVIA - DAY

The Previa cruises slowly into the Loring's fancy gated community. Mac pulls over and parks on the curb.

EXT. LORING HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

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

Hello. Thank you for having me and my irresponsible child over to your home.

VANESSA

Oh no. Thank you. Come on in.

INT. LORING HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

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 who sets it on a bench.

JUNO

Wicked pic in the Penny Saver, by the way. Super classy. Not like those other people with the fake woods in the background. Like I'm really going to fall for that, you know?

VANESSA

You found us in the Penny Saver?

MARK LORING appears next to Vanessa. He's a boyishly attractive guy in his mid-thirties.

He glances sheepishly at Vanessa upon hearing the Penny Saver mention, then extends his hand to Mac and Juno.

MARK

Hi. I'm Mark Loring. I'm the husband.

INT. LORING HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark and Vanessa usher Juno and Mac into the austere, spacious living room. A woman in a business suit sits on the couch with a briefcase in her lap.

MARK

This is our attorney, Gerta Rauss.

JUNO

(in exaggerated,  
growling German accent)  
Geeeerta Rauuuss!

GERTA

(straight)  
Nice to meet you.

Mac seizes Mark's hand and pumps it heartily.

MAC

I'm Mac MacGuff, and this, of course,

is my daughter Juno.

MARK

Like the city in Alaska?

JUNO

No.

MARK

Cool. Well, let's sit down and get to know each other a bit.

VANESSA

I'll get drinks. What would everyone like? I've got Pellegrino, Vitamin Water...

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 finally got fluoridated water in Dancing Elk.

She bares them frighteningly to demonstrate.

Vanessa stares, unflappable.

MAC

We're fine, thank you.

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

No, I mean in your pregnancy.

JUNO

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

Vanessa enters with the refreshments on a tray.

VANESSA

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

JUNO

Yeah, apparently. I'm having it on May 4.

VANESSA

The tough part's almost over for you. I mean, my girlfriends always tell me the first couple months are the hardest.

JUNO

Yeah, but I hardly noticed it. I'm more worried about the part where I have to start wearing jeans with an elastic panel in the front.

VANESSA

I think pregnancy is beautiful.

JUNO

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

Vanessa's looks to the ceiling.

MARK

(clearing throat)

So, let's discuss how we're gonna 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

(protective)

Wait. What does that mean?

GERTA

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

JUNO

Whoah. I don't want to see pictures. I don't need to be notified of anything. 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

Are you looking for any other compensation?

MAC

Excuse me?

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 be parents. I'm in high school, dude. 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

You don't say.

VANESSA

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

MAC

Yes. Heating and air conditioning.

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, help with science projects and... I don't know. Fatherly stuff.

Mac casts a subtle, dubious glance at Mark.

VANESSA

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

JUNO

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

VANESSA

Sure. The powder room down here is being re-tiled, but you can use the master bath upstairs. Go up, then turn left and on your right...

JUNO

Room with a toilet, got it.

INT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY/STAIRS - DAY

Juno heads into the foyer and up the stairs. We see a posed photo of Mark and Vanessa in the stairwell. Their house is beautiful, but frigid. Juno rubs her arms, shivering.

INT. LORING HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

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 toiletries. She spritzes on some perfume and examines the more 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 HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Juno opens the bathroom door and instantly BUMPS into Mark.

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 like paranoid yuppies or something?

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? Maybe. Arsonist? Wouldn't rule it out.

JUNO

I did steal a squirt of perfume. What do you think? It's Clinique Happy.

She holds her WRIST up to Mark's twitching nostrils.

JUNO

Smell those sparkling topnotes!

Mark inhales.

MARK

Am I supposed to feel happy now?

JUNO

You should be happy, Holmes. I'm giving you and Vanessa the gift of life. Sweet, screaming, pooping life! And you don't even have to be there when the baby comes out of me 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 into a room with the door slightly ajar. We see GUITARS mounted on the wall, and the edges of posters.

MARK

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

JUNO

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

MARK

Shut up.

INT. LORING HOUSE - MARK'S "SPECIAL" ROOM - DAY

The walls are plastered with FRAMED POSTERS of early-90s alt rock bands. (Mudhoney, Jane's Addiction 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  
I rock a Harmony.

MARK  
(holding back a chuckle)  
Oh.

JUNO  
What? I'm a pawn shop rocker.

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

Juno turns the guitar over, examining it closely.

JUNO  
What is that, Mahogany? What happens if you crack the neck?

MARK  
Tell me about it. 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?

JUNO  
(lying)  
Yeah.

MARK  
Well, we were playing with them and I busted this guitar onstage. It cost me \$800 and a dime bag just to have it fixed.

JUNO  
When was this, like '96?

MARK

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

JUNO

Nuh-uh, 1977! Punk Volume 1. You weren't there, so you can't understand the magic.

MARK

You weren't even alive!

INT. LORING HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vanessa, Mac and Gerta Rauss are waiting in awkward silence for Juno and Mark to return. Mac notices a brand new PILATES MACHINE sitting in its packaging in a corner of the room.

MAC

So. What's that thing?

VANESSA

A Pilates machine?

MAC

What do you make with that?

VANESSA

You don't make anything. It's for exercising.

INT. LORING HOUSE - MARK'S SPECIAL ROOM - SAME

Mark and Juno tool around on the guitars unplugged. They play little riffs. He teaches her a couple chords.

INT. LORING HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

MAC

My wife just ordered one of those Tony Little Gazelles off the TV, you know, from the guy with the ponytail?

Vanessa and Gerta have no response.

MAC

That guy just doesn't look right to

me.

Suddenly, a shriek of AMP FEEDBACK, followed by loud, discordant GUITAR STRUMMING can be heard drifting down from upstairs. Vanessa's looks to the ceiling.

VANESSA  
(to her guests)  
Will you excuse me?

INT. LORING HOUSE - MARK'S SPECIAL ROOM - DAY

Mark has strapped on the Les Paul and is playing and singing. "Doll Parts" by Hole.

JUNO AND MARK  
(quietly singing  
together)  
"Yeah, they really want you... they  
really want you... they really do."

Building together.

JUNO AND MARK  
(singing together and  
connecting)  
Yeah, they really want you... they  
really want you... and I do to.  
(both blush)

VANESSA appears in the doorway. Juno immediately puts down the guitar. Mark doesn't notice her immediately.

MARK  
(passionate singing)  
I WANT TO BE THE...  
(notices Vanessa)  
Oh, sorry honey...

Mark clumsily puts down the guitar and stands up.

VANESSA  
You guys are playing music?

MARK  
Juno just wanted a closer look at

Kimber here.

JUNO  
Your guitar is named Kimber?

MARK  
Yeah.

JUNO  
That's all right. My axe is named  
Roosevelt. After Franklin, not Ted.  
Franklin was the hot one with the  
polio.

VANESSA  
I think Gerta is waiting for us  
downstairs with some important stuff  
for us to go over.

Mark hangs the guitars back on the wall. He and Juno exit  
the room, chastised. Vanessa looks to Mark in question.

VANESSA  
Didn't mean to interrupt the jam  
sessions.

INT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY - DAY

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.

VANESSA  
Juno, we'd really appreciate it if  
you could keep us updated on any  
doctor's appointments, ultrasounds,  
other things of that nature.

JUNO  
Oh. Sure. Of course you'd want to  
know how your kid is cooking.

VANESSA

So, then, 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.

VANESSA

How sure? Percentage-wise, would you say you're 80% sure, 90% sure?

Mark seems visibly embarrassed by Vanessa's manic demeanor.

JUNO

I'm going to say I'm 104% sure.

VANESSA

Oh really?

JUNO

Look, if I could give it to you now, I would. But it probably looks like a Sea Monkey at this point, so I think we should leave it in there for a while until it gets cuter, you know?

MAC

I think that's a great idea.

MARK

That's great, right? Stellar 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. All is silent in the foyer. Mark, Vanessa and Gerta stand motionless. Gerta pumps her fist triumphantly, trying to create a mood of celebration.

GERTA  
(overly aggressive)  
All RIGHT!

Vanessa buries her head in her hands and weeps hoarsely.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MORNING

It is now WINTER. The TRACK TEAM jogs in formation, leaving tracks in the snow. Those bastards never stop running.

EXT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - TRACK - 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 STOPS and wipes away his sweat.

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - HEAD OFFICE - DAY

We're looking over Juno's now FIVE MONTH PREGNANT BELLY to a school administrator filling out a slip.

Juno takes the slip, turns around and smiles all the way out.

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Juno exits the head office and bumps into Bleeker.

BLEEKER

Hey Juno... A couple of us are going to the cineplex after school to donut that movie with the guy with eighteen kids.

JUNO

Sorry, Bleek... Going for my ultrasound. Gotta note and everything.

BLEEKER

Okay, cool.

JUNO

I'll try to drop by later.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

SPLOOGE! We see ultrasound goo being squirted onto Juno's exposed pregnant belly. An ULTRASOUND TECHNICIAN is using a Doppler device to view the contents of her burgeoning bump. Bren and Leah ooh and ahh at the resulting image.

The tech takes measurements and types them into her database.

ULTRASOUND TECH

That's the feet...

ALL THREE

Oooh...

ULTRASOUND TECH

And there's a hand...

The monitor reveals the baby's head.

ALL THREE

(various)

Check that out... No way...

BREN

(dreamily)

Would you look at that?

LEAH

Check out Baby Big-Head. That kid is scary!

JUNO

Hey, I'm a sacred vessel. All you've got in your belly is Taco Bell!

LEAH

Touche.

JUNO

(gazing at the monitor)

It is really weird looking. It's like it's not even real. I can't believe there are saps who actually cry at these things.

Juno and Leah look at BREN, who is dabbing her eyes discreetly.

BREN

What? I'm not made of stone.

ULTRASOUND TECH

Well, there we have it. Would you like to know the sex?

LEAH

Aw, please Junebug?

JUNO

No way. 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

How do you know I'm so poisonous?  
Like, 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 five year-old daughter could do that, and let me tell you, she is not the brightest bulb in the tanning bed. So why don't you go back to night school in Manteno and learn a real trade!

The ULTRASOUND TECH exits in a huff.

JUNO

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

INT. JUNO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juno lays in bed checking out the ULTRASOUND PRINT OUT.

EXT. LORING NEIGHBORHOOD - PREVIA - AFTERNOON

The Previa drives into the front gate of Mark and Vanessa's exclusive community. A sign on the gate reads "Glacial Valley."

EXT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY - AFTERNOON

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

MARK answers the door, dressed in a t-shirt and jeans.

MARK

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

JUNO

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

MARK

No, she's working late tonight. She's trying to accrue some extra time off for when, you know...

He gestures awkwardly to Juno's belly.

JUNO

Right. I hear they can be kind of a time-suck.

MARK

Come on in. You wanna Ginseng Cooler?

JUNO

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

MARK

I don't know. Something to do with the four-packs...

(adding)

...They're not bad.

INT. LORING HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

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

JUNO

Why aren't you at work?

MARK

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

JUNO

No shit. Like Johannes Brahms?

MARK

No, more commercial stuff.

JUNO

Like what?

MARK

Commercials.

JUNO

Oh.

MARK

Have you seen those ads 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

They'd say you came a long way out  
here not knowing if anyone would be  
home.

She holds up a manila envelope.

JUNO

Come on, you're going to want to sit  
down for this.

INT. LORING HOUSE - DEN - AFTERNOON

As they move into the living room, Juno sits down and motions  
for Mark to join her on the couch.

JUNO

Park it, dude.

Mark sits down. With great fanfare, Juno retrieves a dark,  
glossy sheet from the envelope. It's her ULTRASOUND.

JUNO

Behold, good sir! 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  
(joking)  
Oh, 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. He stands up and holds the photo up to the light critically.

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 scary neuter-babies that's born without junk.

MARK  
Junk?

JUNO  
You know... it's parts...

MARK  
I know what junk is.

JUNO  
(teasing)  
Yeah?

MARK  
We definitely want it to have junk.



JUNO

Well don't worry about it. My stepmom is forcing me to eat really healthy. She won't even let me stand in front of the microwave or eat red M&Ms. Hope you're ready.

Mark chuckles.

MARK

Wait...do you hear that?

A new SONG has begun. Mark closes his eyes in ecstasy and walks toward the stereo. Juno follows him toward the source of the music, looking perplexed by how happy he is.

JUNO

What is it?

MARK

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

JUNO

(excited)

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

(lipsynching)

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

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

JUNO

I didn't. But it's a three-way tie between the Stooges, Patti Smith and the Runaways.

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.

Mark walks over to his music collections and starts pulling CD's. He's got a Carpenter's disc, the "No Alternative" charity compilation, and Mother Love Bone.

Juno spots a VHS TAPE on the coffee table and picks it up.

JUNO

(reading title)

The Wizard of Gore?

MARK

(distracted)

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

JUNO

Please. Dario Argento is the ultimate master of horror.

Mark SWIVELS AROUND slowly on his desk chair, surprised.

MARK

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

JUNO

(examining the tape box)

Frankly, this looks kind of stupid.

Mark gives a look - "Oh, Really?"

INT. LORING HOUSE - DEN - AFTERNOON

We see some particularly memorable footage from The Wizard of Gore.

Mark and Juno are watching the movie and drinking root beer floats. They're sitting dangerously close on the sofa.

JUNO

(watching movie)

This is even better than Suspiria. You've got decent taste in slasher movies, Mark.

MARK

Here's to dovetailing interests.

He raises his mug in a toast and Juno clinks it awkwardly.

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 lays, but I'm pretty sure Juno was his only wife. She was supposed to be really beautiful but really mean. Like Diana Ross.

MARK

That suits you.

JUNO

Uh, thanks.

MARK

You know, not many teenage girls in your situation would actually go through with this.

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.

A door suddenly 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. I'm really good at diffusing mom-type rage.

Juno jumps up and rushes out.

MARK

Wait... aww, crap!

INT. LORING HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Vanessa slides her BRIEFCASE off her shoulder and ventures into the living room. She's struggling to carry some oversized shopping bags.

VANESSA

Mark? Are you home? I want to show you some things I picked up.

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

JUNO

Hi Vanessa!

Vanessa JUMPS and makes a strangled sound.

VANESSA

Juno! God, you startled me. What are you doing here? What's wrong?

JUNO

Nothing...

VANESSA

Then what's going on?

JUNO

I went to the doctor today.

Vanessa is obviously entertaining some worse-case scenarios. Her eyes are wide and she's uncharacteristically ruffled.

VANESSA  
Is the baby okay?

JUNO  
Sure. It's the right size and  
everything. I even saw its phalanges  
today! Check this...

She holds the ULTRASOUND up to show Vanessa and drapes her  
arm around her.

VANESSA  
What...

JUNO  
This is the baby. Your baby.

Vanessa drops the shopping bags, sick with relief.

VANESSA  
Oh my God...

JUNO  
(kindly)  
Doesn't it look like it's waving?  
It's kind of like it's saying "Hi,  
Vanessa. Will you be my mommy?"

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  
(distracted)  
Oh, that's great!

She can't divert her gaze from the photo.

JUNO

See? Nothing to worry about.

Vanessa chuckles tightly, clearly embarrassed by her show of emotion.

INT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - DAY

Vanessa and Mark walk Juno out. Juno peers at some shopping bags from various kids stores.

JUNO

Hey, what kind of swag did you score?

MARK

Yeah. Mall madness, huh?

VANESSA

Oh it's just some stuff I picked up.  
For, you know, the baby. Babies need  
a lot of things. I want everything  
to be just right.

JUNO

I thought people got all that stuff  
at baby showers. When my stepmom had  
my sister I remember she got about a  
million presents. They were all lame  
though, so I wasn't jealous.

MARK

I doubt anyone's throwing us a shower.

JUNO

Why?

VANESSA

Um, I think people are kind of unsure  
about the situation because it's  
not, you know, set in stone.

JUNO

What do you mean? You mean...

(aghast)  
Do you think I'm going to flake out  
on you?

VANESSA  
No, no, I don't think that, Juno.  
It's just that, we went through a  
situation before where it didn't  
work out.

Juno glances at Mark and again at Vanessa. Vanessa looks  
embarrassed.

MARK  
Cold feet.

JUNO  
You should have gone to China. I  
heard they give away babies like  
free iPods. They shoot 'em out of  
those T-shirt guns at sports events.

VANESSA  
(abruptly)  
Right. Well, Juno, your parents must  
be wondering where you are. You might  
want to head home.

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  
(to Juno)  
Hey, don't forget your bag.

Vanessa looks pain-stricken as Mark helps Juno with her bag.

EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - NIGHT

Juno kicks the snow off her shoes before she enters.



INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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?

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? Why are you going up there in the first place?

JUNO

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

BREN

You could have sent it to them. Why would you drive an hour out to East Jesus, Nowhere?

JUNO

I don't know, I just did. And while we were waiting for Vanessa, Mark and I watched The Wizard of Gore and he burned me some CDs of weird music. He's kind of cool.

A beat as Bren absorbs this.

BREN

That was a mistake, Juno. Mark is a married stranger. You overstepped a boundary.

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  
huge and push a baby out of your vag  
for someone else. Besides, who cares  
if he's married? I can have friends  
who are married.

BREN

It doesn't work that way, kiddo. You  
don't know squat about the dynamics  
of marriage.

JUNO

You don't know anything about me!

BREN

I know enough.

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, Juno. And in a  
couple years you're going to move  
out – and I'm getting Weimaraners.

JUNO

Wow, dream big!

BREN

Oh, go fly a kite.

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

EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - NIGHT

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

BLEEKER'S MOM answers, visibly annoyed. Her eyes drift down to Juno's middle.

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.

She steals another glance at Juno's belly.

INT. BLEEKER HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bleeker's mom escorts Juno wordlessly up the stairs and down the hallway to Paulie's bedroom. Juno discreetly tries to charge ahead of her, but her expanding middle prevents her from getting past Bleeker's mom. They share an extremely awkward moment wedged side-by-side in the narrow hallway.

Bleeker's mom nudges past Juno and knocks on Bleeker's bedroom door. The door has a cheesy racecar-themed decoration hanging on it that says PAULIE'S VRROOOM! It looks like something a 5-year old might have.

INT. BLEEKER HOUSE - PAULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paulie is on the floor surrounded by old quizzes, studying like the tortured brainiac he is. Mrs. Bleeker opens the bedroom door. Juno appears. Paulie jumps, startled.

JUNO

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

Bleeker smiles faintly.

BLEEKER'S MOM

Ten minutes.

She closes the door halfway and leaves. Juno rolls her eyes and pulls the door shut entirely.

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.

INT. BLEEKER HOUSE - "MOLD-O'-RIFFIC" BASEMENT - NIGHT

CU ON BLEEKER'S MOUTH AS HE KISSES JUNO FOR THE FIRST TIME

INT. BLEEKER HOUSE - PAULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bleeker glances at Juno's midsection, embarrassed.

BLEEKER

So, it looks like you're getting pregnant-er these days.

JUNO

Yeah. Um, I hooked up a whole private adoption thing. These married people in Saint Cloud are going to be the parents.

Bleeker is visibly relieved.

BLEEKER

Really? What are they like?

JUNO

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

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

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.

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

Were we together?

Bleeker picks at the carpet, dejected.

BLEEKER

Well, we were once. You know, that time.

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.

EXT. LORING HOUSE - DAY

The house is covered in fresh snow.

INT. LORING HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY

Mark and Vanessa stand silently in the nursery. The walls are primed slate gray. A single ANTIQUE ROCKING CHAIR sits in the corner. Vanessa beams proudly and holds two paint samples up near the wall.

VANESSA

What do you think? Custard or Cheesecake?

MARK  
They're yellow.

VANESSA  
Well, I wanted to pick something gender-neutral for now. Once we get the baby, God willing, we can create a more decisive palette.

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

VANESSA  
I think I'm leaning toward Custard in this light. I don't know. I should paint a small area...

MARK  
Or you could just wait a couple months. It's not like the baby's going to storm in here any second and demand dessert-colored walls.

VANESSA  
What to Expect says that readying the baby's room is an important process for women. It's called "nesting."

MARK  
Nesting, huh? Are you planning to build the crib out of twigs and saliva?

VANESSA  
You should read the book. I even flagged the "daddy chapters" for you.

MARK  
I just think it's too early to paint.

That's my opinion.

VANESSA  
And I disagree.

Mark shrugs, resigned.

Vanessa points to the nursery's largest wall.

VANESSA  
That wall is going to need something.  
Maybe we could put our first family  
picture there.

MARK  
Hm.

VANESSA  
Can you see it?

Mark stares at the wall, looking lost.

INT. RIDGEDALE MALL - DAY

Juno and Leah are walking through the mall, looking bored.  
Juno is wearing one of Mac's giant hockey jerseys in lieu of  
actual maternity wear. Leah gnaws on a giant cinnamon pretzel.

LEAH  
Yum. This pretzel tastes like a  
friggin' donut!

JUNO  
Share the love, Tits!

She wrestles Leah for the pretzel. Onlookers stare at them,  
appalled, as Leah puts Juno in a half-Nelson.

JUNO  
(to eavesdroppers)  
She's assaulting me! She's denying  
me fresh-baked goodness!

Leah claps a hand over Juno's mouth.

JUNO



(muffled)  
Hly shht!

LEAH  
What?

Juno drags Leah behind a pillar and peers out from behind it. They're watching a group of well-heeled women and their children shopping en masse. One of the women is pushing a toddler in an ultramodern stroller. And one of the women is VANESSA, looking vaguely detached.

JUNO  
(hushed)  
That's her. That's Vanessa Loring.

LEAH  
Of the Penny Saver Lorings?

Juno nods.

LEAH  
No way! She's pretty.

JUNO  
You sound shocked or something.

LEAH  
I just thought she'd look really old  
in real life.

The women gather near a play area, sip Frapps and loudly discuss their outfits for an upcoming party.

WOMAN #1  
And I was like, "No offense, sweetie,  
but nobody looks good in gauchos."

WOMAN #2  
Especially not with her build.

JUNO  
(mimicking the women,  
Peanuts-style)  
Wah-wah-waaah!

One of the little girls in the group tugs at Vanessa's sleeve. Vanessa happily follows the little girl over to their play area and begins to play energetically with her.

Juno watches intently, but Leah just snickers.

LEAH

She's gonna steal that kid for her collection.

JUNO

Right, seriously.

They watch Vanessa for a few more moments. The other kids wander over toward the play area while their mothers ignore them. Vanessa continues to entertain the children.

LEAH

Bo-ring!

Leah stands up. Juno lingers for a moment.

INT. RIDGEDALE MALL - ELEVATOR BANK - A HALF HOUR LATER

Leah and Juno approach the elevator.

JUNO

I want a huge cookie. And like, a lamb kebob. Simultaneously.

LEAH

God, Spermy. Must you always feed?

The elevator door opens, revealing... Vanessa.

VANESSA

Juno?

Juno tries her best to look enthused.

JUNO

Well hi Vanessa! What brings you to the mall today?

VANESSA

Just, you know, shopping with my

girlfriends.

LEAH  
You're gay?

Juno glares at Leah.

VANESSA  
(confused)  
No...

JUNO  
Please excuse Leah. She's mentally  
challenged.

VANESSA  
Oh, okay. So... how are you feeling?

JUNO  
Happy? Oh, you mean like, physically.  
I'm good. Look, I have a snooze button  
now!

She lifts her shirt and presses her popped-out NAVEL.

VANESSA  
That's great.

Vanessa is admiring the belly, when Juno grimaces.

JUNO  
Dude, it's moshing all over.

Vanessa looks confused.

JUNO  
(explains)  
It's kicking.

Vanessa nods in understanding then begins summoning the  
courage for an unusual request.

VANESSA  
Um... Juno, can I – Can I touch it?

JUNO

Are you kidding? Everyone at school is always grabbing at my belly. I'm like a legend. They call me the Cautionary Whale.

She grabs Vanessa's hand and plants it on her stomach.

VANESSA  
I can't feel anything.

Vanessa moves her hand, wanting desperately to feel the baby.

VANESSA  
It's not moving for me.

She says this as though it's an admission of failure.

JUNO  
Oh, you should try talking to it.  
They can apparently hear speech in there, even though it sounds all ten thousands leagues under the sea.

Vanessa kneels down next to the swell of Juno's belly.

VANESSA  
Hi. Hi, baby. It's me. My name is Vanessa. I can't wait to meet you.

Leah gives a look to Juno as if she's about to barf.

VANESSA  
Can you hear me sweet angel?

Vanessa looks like she's giving up hope. Then suddenly,

VANESSA  
Oh my God – It moved! I felt it!

JUNO  
(nods)  
Elbow.

VANESSA  
Wow! It's magical.

Juno smiles at Vanessa in awe of her genuine affection.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MORNING

The streets are covered in muddy, slushy snow. The mud is instantly TRAMPLED underfoot by the collective feet of the Dancing Elk Track Team on their morning run.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - BREN'S DESK - DAY

Bren cuts the top three inches off a pair of Juno's jeans. Then, using a sewing machine, begins attaching an elastic waistband.

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

We're behind that same WAISTBAND, as Juno walks through the students. Now, people seem to part the waters for the belly.

INT. LORING HOUSE - MARK'S "SPECIAL ROOM" - DAY

Mark has the Les Paul on his lap as he stares at the boards of an awful commercial.

CU - THE SCRIPT (storyboards). A kitchen scene with a kid eating a new breakfast product called – BRUNCH BOWLZ.

Annoyed and out of ideas, Mark begins an impromptu song...

MARK  
IF YOU'RE TIRED OF BREAKFAST  
BUT NOT HUNGRY FOR LUNCH,  
MICROWAVE YOURSELF  
A HEALTHY BOWL OF BRUNCH!

Mark drops his head, dejected. Then, the phone rings.

MARK  
(picks up)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JUNO

So, I've been spending a lot of time listening to that weird CD you made me.

Mark instantly smiles.

MARK

Oh really? What's the verdict?

JUNO

I sort of like it. I mean, it's cute.

MARK

Cute?

JUNO

Well, when you're used to the raw power of Iggy and the Stooges, everything else sounds kind of precious by comparison.

MARK

I imagine you have a collection of punk chestnuts to prove your point.

JUNO

Consider it your musical education.

MARK

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

JUNO

Okay, stop surfing porn and get back to work. Just wanted to say hi.

MARK

Go learn something.

Mark hangs up. Smiles.

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

CU on Juno's tray sliding along, picking up an odd combo of pregnant food.

Pull up to find Juno and Leah walking their trays to a table.

LEAH

God, you're getting huge. How many months has it been now?

JUNO

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

LEAH

I wish my funbags would get bigger.

JUNO

Trust me, you don't. I actually have to wear a bra now. And I have to rub this nasty cocoa butter stuff all over myself or my skin could get stretched too far and explode.

LEAH

Hot!

INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Juno and Leah are sitting inside an emptied awards case on the wall, eating their lunch.

Juno notices that the other kids in the cafeteria can't help but glance her way. Some look derisive, others are amused.

JUNO

God, why is everyone always staring at me?

LEAH

Well, you are kind of... convex.

She illustrates by making a rounded gesture near her stomach.

JUNO

Wow, someone's been actually doing her geometry homework for once!

LEAH

I don't have a choice. Keith's been

grading me really hard lately.

JUNO

Please do not refer to Mr. Conyers as "Keith," okay? My barf reflex is already heightened these days.

LEAH

Keith's hot.

JUNO

Eww, he's all beardy!

We see KEITH the teacher talking to some science kids in the background. He has a Wild America beard. He lifts a cup of coffee to his lips and slurps lustily.

BACK ON JUNO AND LEAH:

LEAH

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 Landing. But you know, boys 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.

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 SCHOOL - BLEEKER'S LOCKER - DAY

Bleeker retrieves a book from his open locker. 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 actually 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 of all time. 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 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.

EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - PREVIA - DAY

Juno climbs ungracefully into the van. She starts the engine, then pauses to dig through her backpack for something. She produces a brush and begins brushing her hair in the rearview mirror, examining herself self-consciously. She puts on some Dr. Pepper Lip Smacker and backs out of the driveway.

INT. LORING HOUSE - MARK'S SPECIAL ROOM - DAY

Mark is seated at the computer, surfing a horror movie website. He has the blank expression of a bored obsessive. The doorbell rings.

INT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY - DAY

Mark opens the door. Juno stands there, looking radiantly knocked-up. She holds a stack of CDs. Mark breaks into a grin.

MARK

Wow. That shirt is working hard.

JUNO

(furtive)

Is Vanessa here?

MARK

Nope. We're safe.

He and Juno smile conspiratorially.

JUNO

Cool.

MARK

Come on, I have something for you.

He gestures for Juno to follow him into the house.

INT. LORING HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

The Lorings' 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."  
It depicts a pregnant JAPANESE GIRL kicking ass and taking  
names.

JUNO

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

MARK

Isn't that great? I got it 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.

She throws a KARATE KICK in Mark's direction with a KEE-YA!

Juno is sincerely pleased.

JUNO

Okay, how about some tunes?

There's a battered portable CD player in the corner. Juno  
kneels down and pops in one of the discs.

JUNO

Now this first one is kinda slow.  
But it's Mott the Hoople so it's  
still totally rad and hardcore.

Juno puts in the CD and "All The Young Dudes" fills the room.

Mark Laughs.

JUNO

What?

MARK

I actually know this one.

JUNO

You do?

MARK

Yeah, this song's older than me, if  
you can believe that. I danced to it  
at my senior prom.

JUNO

That's almost interesting, Mark. Who  
did you dance with?

MARK

Her name was Cynthia Vogel and she  
was a good dance partner. Even let  
me put my hands on her butt.

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.

MARK

You've never been to a dance, have you?

JUNO

(casually defensive)

Only squares 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 rests her head on Mark's chest. They dance in silence for a few moments, then stop moving. Mark pulls Juno as close as he possibly can, given her expanding girth.

MARK



I'm leaving Vanessa.

JUNO  
(quiet at first)  
What?

MARK  
It's just not working out, but I'm  
getting my own place in the city...  
and I've got it all planned out.  
It's something I've wanted to do for  
a long time...

Juno backs away.

JUNO  
(growing)  
No.

MARK  
No?

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

MARK  
What's the matter?

JUNO  
This isn't what we agreed on. 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'd be cool if...

JUNO  
(interrupting)  
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!

MARK

A baby is 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

I... How do you think of me, Juno?  
Why are you here?

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. 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

out with the same guy, like, four times. You're just not trying.

Mark suddenly sees Juno for what she is – a teenage girl.

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

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!

Juno turns to leave, then shoots one furious look back at Mark.

JUNO

Oh and by the way, I bought another Sonic Youth album and it's the worst thing I've ever heard! It's just noise, man!

She bolts up the stairs, sobbing.

INT. LORING HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Juno reaches the top of the stairs and scrambles toward the front door, only to be intercepted by Vanessa, who's returning home from work, carrying her briefcase and a freshly purchased NURSING PILLOW. They nearly collide.

VANESSA

Juno? What's going on?

JUNO

Nothing.

It's obvious from Juno's tears and flushed face that she's lying. Vanessa instantly goes pale with fear, but she tries her hardest to seem serene and "together" in front of Juno.

VANESSA

(pretending to be  
calm)

Mark? Why is Juno crying?

JUNO

I'm not crying. I'm allergic to fine  
home furnishings. See you later.

She rushes toward the door.

VANESSA

Hold on.

Juno halts.

VANESSA

Juno, what's the matter?

MARK

She's hormonal. Right, June? It's  
just part of the whole process.

Juno looks totally betrayed. She doesn't respond. Vanessa looks at Juno's expression and knows Mark is lying.

VANESSA

What did you do?

MARK

I didn't do anything... I just...  
I've just been thinking.

VANESSA

(you've been thinking?)  
What?

MARK

Just thinking if this is really the  
right thing for us.

VANESSA

What are you referring to?

She knows exactly to what he's referring.

MARK

I've been just wondering if we're,  
you know, ready.

VANESSA

Of course we're ready. We've taken  
all the classes. The nursery. The  
books –

MARK

I know we're prepared. I just don't  
know if... I'm ready.

Juno's face continues to fall. Vanessa notices.

VANESSA

(to Juno)

Juno, don't worry about this. He  
just has cold feet. That's how boys  
are. The books all say the same thing.  
A woman becomes a mother when she  
gets pregnant. A man becomes a father  
when he sees his baby. He's going to  
get there. He'll get there.

Juno ain't buying it.

VANESSA

(to Mark)

Why don't we let Juno go home and we  
can discuss this later on, okay?

MARK

It all just happened so fast. We put  
that ad in the paper. I thought it  
would take months if, you know, ever  
and then – boom – Two weeks later,  
she's in our living room.

VANESSA

(quietly)  
She answered our prayers.

MARK  
(ignores the comment)  
Ever since, it's just been like a  
ticking clock.

This stops Vanessa. Juno looks offended.

VANESSA  
What are you saying?

A long hideous beat.

MARK  
It just feels a little like bad  
timing.

Another hideous beat.

VANESSA  
What would be a good time for you?

MARK  
I don't know. There's just things I  
still want to do.

VANESSA  
Like what? Be a rock star?

MARK  
Don't mock me.

Vanessa sighs. It's done.

VANESSA  
You're trying to do something that's  
never going to happen. And you know  
what? Your shirt is stupid. Grow up.  
If I have to wait for you to become  
Kurt Cobain, I'm never going to be a  
mother.

Vanessa looks defeated.

MARK

I never said I'd be a great father.

We hear the front door closing. Vanessa and Mark look over and notice that Juno has escaped the conflict.

EXT. LORING HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Juno runs up to her car sobbing. She struggles with the keys, but finally makes it into the Previa and drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The Previa slides off the road and comes to a stop on the shoulder.

INT. PREVIA - AFTERNOON

Juno buckles over the steering wheel, crying, unwinding for the first time since she became pregnant.

After a beat, she begins to gather herself.

INT. BLEEKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bleeker is sitting next to his bed, noodling on the guitar. He's playing a theme that we will soon recognise.

EXT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Juno lays on the hood of her Previa, contemplating her future. We push in close... when she gets an idea.

She hops off the hood and scurries into the Previa where she finds a crumpled up Jiffy Lube receipt. She unfolds it and pulls out a pen, ready to write something... a note?

EXT. LORING HOUSE - NIGHT

It's quiet after the storm. Inside, we see Vanessa sitting alone at her perfect dining room table, drinking a glass of wine.

INT. LORING HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa takes a sip and continues to let the days events

sink in. After a beat, Mark comes down the stairs to join her.

MARK

I called Gerta Rauss. She says she can represent both of us. They call it "collaborative divorce." It's apparently all the rage right now. And it's easy because we don't have children.

VANESSA

No, it's fine. Thanks for making the call, I guess.

Mark nods and sits down.

VANESSA

We're actually, finally doing this?

MARK

Looks like it, yeah.

VANESSA

Have you found a place to stay?

MARK

Yeah, downtown.

VANESSA

A hotel?

MARK

It's a loft.

VANESSA

(lightly teasing)

Aren't you the cool guy?

They STARE at the wall, speechless and defeated.

VANESSA

I wanted a baby so bad. So bad.

She buries her head in her hands.



MARK  
I know you did.

There's a LOUD KNOCK on the front door.

EXT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT

Mark opens the door. There's a folded piece of paper sitting on the doormat. He squints and sees Juno pulling away in the van.

Mark carefully unfolds the piece of paper – it takes a minute because of Juno's proficiency in "teen girl origami." He holds it up. We can see there's WRITING on the back.

MARK  
It looks like a bill from Jiffy-Lube.

Vanessa takes the note from his hand and turns it over, examining it.

VANESSA  
It's for me.

EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - NIGHT

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

JUNO (V.O.)  
I never realize how much I like being 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 HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mac is alone at the kitchen table going over the family finances while drinking one of Bren's weight loss shakes.

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

Think you can narrow it down for me.

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? Skeevey?

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.

A wave of REALIZATION crosses Juno's face.

JUNO

I sort of already have.

MAC

Well, of course. Your old D-A-D! You know I'll always be there to love and support you, no matter what kind of pickle 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. BLEEKER HOUSE - BLEEKER'S ROOM - NIGHT

We push in over Bleeker sleeping in his car-bed towards the window. We look out onto the lawn to find Juno and Leah running back to the Previa, hopping in, and screeching off.

EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - 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 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 smiles.

EXT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - TRACK - MORNING

Juno waddles toward the field. The guys on the track team, ridiculously arrayed as usual, are doing hurdler stretches. They stare at her quizzically. Bleeker spots Juno approaching and jogs up to the chainlink fence.

BLEEKER

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

JUNO

Yeah. That was me.

BLEEKER

Why?

JUNO

(blushes)

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

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. 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 Spanish class, and it was addressed like, "Junebug MacGuff, Row 4, Third Seat From the Blackboard"? And it said, "I'm having fun in Barcelona – wish you were here"? That was hilarious.

BLEEKER

I was just bored. I only think school 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.

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

Can we make out now?

JUNO

Okay.

Bleeker and Juno KISS, oblivious to the gawking track team guys in the background.

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

LEAH passes by, does a double take, then hurries up to the fence, rolling her eyes.

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.

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Juno is lying on her back on the bed, staring at the ceiling. She's more pregnant than we've ever seen her. She revs a Matchbox car against the slope of her belly and lets it roll. Juno suddenly sits up, looking thoroughly freaked. She pats her lap frantically and jumps off the bed.

JUNO

Dad!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - MAC'S WORK DESK - SAME

Mac looks up from the lure he's working on.

MAC (O.S.)

What?!

JUNO

Either I just pissed my pants or...

MAC (O.S.)

Or...

JUNO

Thundercats are go!

EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DAY

Mac, Bren and Liberty Bell rush out of the house. They pile into the Previa at breakneck speed. Juno waddles behind them, protesting.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

CU of Juno wearing a puffy surgical cap. She's being pushed down the hospital corridor in a wheelchair. She bursts into giggles. Pull back to reveal her that Leah is pushing her rather aggressively. Leah jokingly steers the wheelchair into a wall. Juno feigns whiplash.

Bren appears behind them and orders Juno out of the wheelchair, exasperated. She pulls off Juno's surgical cap.



Leah and Juno snicker.

INT. HOSPITAL - BIRTHING SUITE - DAY

We see Juno is in a BIRTHING SUITE at the hospital, pacing impatiently, bent over in obvious discomfort. She's wearing her Chuck Taylors and knee socks with her hospital gown. Leah and Bren stand nearby.

Juno doubles over in pain.

JUNO

(panicked)

Ow, ow, fuckity-ow. Bren, when do I get that Spinal Tap thing?

BREN

It's called a spinal block, and you can't have it yet, honey. The doctor said you're not dilated enough.

JUNO

You mean I have to wait for it to get even worse? Why can't they just give it to me now?

BREN

Well, honey, doctors are sadists who like to play God and watch lesser people scream.

Juno lets out a genuine shriek of pain.

BREN

(checking her watch)

Shit.

(To the doctor)

Hey, can we give my kid the damn spinal tap already?

INT. HOSPITAL - BIRTHING SUITE - LATER

JUNO (V.O.)

It really didn't hurt that bad having him.

We see Juno in the process of delivery, from her POV. Leah holds one of Juno's feet and Bren holds the other.

JUNO (V.O.)

The best part was when I peed on Leah during labor.

We see Leah holding Juno's FOOT, which is shaking. Leah's shirt is soaked. She rolls her eyes and mouths "Fuck you" at Juno. Juno's raised MIDDLE FINGER enters the frame.

JUNO (V.O.)

And then, out of nowhere, there it was...

The doctor reveals JUNO'S BABY BOY above the sheet.

JUNO (V.O.)

There he was.

Juno looks at the baby in awe, then her eyes begin to flutter... and she passes out.

EXT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - TRACK - AFTERNOON

Paulie Bleeker is running as fast as his legs can carry him on the Dancing Elk track. There's a very sparse crowd in the bleachers. As Paulie approaches the tape, his envious teammate Vijay looks on. Bleeker's mom is seated near Vijay, holding a video camera.

JUNO (V.O.)

I decided to not call Bleeker to tell him that I was having the baby. He had a big meet against Manteno and I didn't want him to get all worried about me and choke.

Paulie breaks the tape, winning the race. The fifteen or so people in attendance cheer.

VIJAY

(admiringly)

His legs are as swift as his seed.

MRS. BLEEKER

What did you say?

Bleeker pants at the finish line, dripping with sweat.

ANNOUNCER

P. Bleeker has just broken a district record in the 400.

Bleeker looks out at the BLEACHERS, scanning them for Juno.

She's not there.

JUNO (V.O.)

But he figured it out anyway.

Bleek takes off RUNNING toward the parking lot without stopping to explain. His mother stands up, confused.

INT. HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - DAY

A NURSE reaches into one of the maternity ward bassinets and gently lifts up a swaddled newborn baby.

The nurse turns and addresses an unseen spectator.

NURSE

Would you like to meet your son?

Pull back to reveal she's speaking to VANESSA, who stands, paralyzed, several feet away.

VANESSA

I have a son?

NURSE

(amused)

You are the adoptive mother?

VANESSA

I have a son.

NURSE

Healthy kid, too. Didn't waste any time getting out.

Vanessa reaches out for the baby and gingerly accepts him in

her eyes. She spends a few moments just looking at him.

She feels someone watching her, then looks up to see a Bren leaning against the doorway.

Vanessa blinks away her tears self-consciously.

VANESSA  
How do I look?

BREN  
(gently)  
Like a mom. Scared shitless.

Vanessa laughs.

INT. HOSPITAL - BIRTHING SUITE - DAY

Juno is curled up on her bed in the birthing room. The birth is obviously over; there's that air of stillness and accomplishment, a task completed. The doctors have cleared out. Mac sits in a chair next to the bed, looking like he's not sure what to say.

He holds up a deck of Playing cards as if to initiate a game, but Juno gently pushes his hand away. Their eyes meet. His expression is helpless, hers is utterly drained.

MAC  
Someday, you'll be back here, honey.  
On your terms.

Juno nods and swallows.

Over Mac's shoulder, a silhouette appears in the doorway. It's Bleeker in his track uniform.

Juno sees him and bursts into sudden, ragged sobs. Mac glances at her, alarmed. Paulie moves toward the bed. Mac clears his throat, gets up and leaves the room.

Paulie climbs onto the hospital bed and carefully puts his arm around Juno. She leans into him, letting herself go for the first time in months.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BIRTHING SUITE - EVENING

Juno lies on the bed. She looks rested and relaxed compared to her earlier crying jag, but her face is still pink and swollen. Bleeker is curled up next to her, still in his track uniform and spikes.

JUNO (V.O.)

Bleeker decided he didn't want to see the baby. Neither did I, really. He didn't feel like ours.

INT. HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - EVENING

We see Vanessa leaning over the bassinet, unable to take her eyes off the baby, touching it's hair reverently.

JUNO (V.O.)

I think he was always hers.

INT. LORING HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY

The nursery is perfectly decorated in Vanessa's immaculate taste. Nothing looks as though it's been touched. We see the antique ROCKING CHAIR sitting empty.

JUNO (V.O.)

It ended with a chair.

We pan past the wall Vanessa had said "needed something." There's a framed note on the wall. It looks like it was handwritten on the back of a Jiffy Lube bill. We see that it says: "Vanessa – If you're still in, I'm still in. Juno."

We move to the door and get a view of Vanessa's bedroom. We see her lying in bed with a burp cloth draped over her shoulder, feeding the baby. For the first time ever, Vanessa looks disorganized, unshowered – and incredibly happy. There are formula bottles on the bedside table and a bassinet pushed close to the bed. Obviously, she hasn't been away from the baby for a single moment.

The baby reaches up and grabs Vanessa's thumb. Vanessa glows with an expression of pure bliss.

EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DAY

It's a 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. She looks almost as happy with her dogs as VANESSA looked with her baby.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

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

JUNO (V.O.)

As boyfriends go, Paulie Bleeker is totally boss. He is the cheese to my macaroni. I know people are supposed to fall in love before they reproduce, but normalcy's not really our style.

As she tears recklessly down the street on her bikes, she passes the Dancing Elk TRACK TEAM, still running in outrageously skimpy shorts and bandanas.

Juno RIDES up to a garage where Bleeker is sitting, tuning his guitar.

EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - DAY

Juno bikes up to find Bleeker sitting on the stoop. She smiles and takes out her guitar. She sits across from Bleeker and pulls the pick out of the strings.

JUNO

Ready?

Bleeker nods.

Juno begins strumming her guitar and playing "Anyone Else But You," by the Moldy Peaches. Bleeker joins in. At first their playing is discordant, but suddenly it works.

BLEEKER

You're a part time lover and a fulltime friend. The monkey on your back is the latest trend. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

JUNO

Here is the church and here is the steeple. We sure are cute for two ugly people. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

BLEEKER

We both have shiny happy fits of rage. You want more fans, I want more stage. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

JUNO

You are always trying to keep it real. I'm in love with how you feel. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

BLEEKER

I kiss you on the brain in the shadow of a train. I kiss you all starryeyed, my body's swinging from side to side. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

JUNO

The pebbles forgive me, the trees forgive me. So why can't you forgive me? I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

JUNO AND BLEEKER TOGETHER

Du du du du du du dudu. Du du du du du du dudu. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you.

She and Bleeker exchange glances as they play. They smile ambiguously. Juno leans over and kisses Bleeker on the cheek.

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

FADE TO BLACK

THE END