INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bren and MAC are seated on the couch. 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?

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.

Juno 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.

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.

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. We found them in the Penny Saver by

the exotic birds section.

Bren looks understandably alarmed. Juno hastily attempts to 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 right 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?

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"? 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.