

YUNO

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OUT A WINDOW is a view of colonial style homes. House after house. Yard after yard. Full view of an American style neighborhood.

The view seen from inside a moving bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

In a local bus, YUNO McDUFF, sixteen years old, sits in the very back row. She's Asian, willful, eccentric, and nurses an excessively huge seven-eleven slurpee.

KAYLA, 16, blonde, spirited, sits beside her. Note her killer style ensemble of plastic pink earrings and multicolored tie die bracelets. She's so got the Southern Cali style.

Yuno's concentration is out the window, as Kayla slouches restlessly, examining her fingernails. Suddenly, Kayla inquisitively blurts:

KAYLA

Would you ever consider Evan Mac
as a hunnie?

YUNO (V.O.)

Here we go.

KAYLA

(relentless)

I mean, like, hunnie of the
utmost yummy variety.

YUNO

No.

KAYLA

But, could you ever see yourself
gnawing on his suck-able?

Yuno shoots a look of disgust.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Common, it's between you and me.

YUNO

No!

KAYLA

Really? Not even a nibble.

Yuno considers, gulps a mouthful of her drink.

YUNO

For how much?...

KAYLA

What do you mean how much?!

YUNO

I mean quanto dinero, is mucho yang going to be involved?

KAYLA

You fully think like a prostitute.

YUNO

I'm more of a feminist.

KAYLA

Well it's not for the money!
Just... because.

YUNO

My lips are not going near the part
he urinates out of for the goodness of
my heart.

Kayla flinches at the visual.

KAYLA

Well I totally would, like *Oh my Ghandi*. You know it's bigger than a nib-let.

YUNO

I imagine like a giant gulp.

KAYLA

Seriously... it must be golden.

YUNO

Eww.

Yuno looks ahead at an EDERLY WOMAN turning her head, her awareness on her and Kayla. Could she have just heard?

Indifferent, Yuno just swigs down some more slurpee.

KAYLA

He's into me you know. Kind of told me so.

YUNO

No he's not. He's dating Carrie. *Been* dating Carrie for *eight* months.

KAYLA

He's really not. Just last night at Baha Pringle's party, he stumbled my way and said to me "who's Carrie Adams?! I *know* I'm not dating a skank named Carrie Adam's. Who said anything about dating?"

YUNO

I bet. Dating and sticking his banana in her pikachu are two entirely different things.

KAYLA

(defensive)

He tells me it's a strange situation.

YUNO

I'm sure Chrissy Poo also thinks to himself what a *strange situation* he's in when Carrie's *labia* is inches from his lips.

KAYLA

I hate you Yuno Macduff. You and your cruel frosty sadistic heart.

Kayla sits in frustration, yuno scoots herself closer.

YUNO

I'm sorry... I can't help myself. I'm sure he told you last night how much he loved you, in his drunken slur.

Kayla quickly gets over it.

KAYLA

So where are we going?

Yuno's suddenly silent. Turns back to gaze out the window.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Common girl, what's going on?

YUNO

...I don't know if I can say. I wanted you with me. When it happens.

KAYLA

Oh, now you HAVE to tell me.

YUNO

Well, it's a secret-

KAYLA

And I'm your bestest friend!

YUNO

That in no way equals my coolness, just shows the amount of limited choices I have.

(then)

But getting rid of a secret is good. Keeping it is just a lot of hard work, ya know.

KAYLA

(egging her on)

Very hard.

YUNO

And when I tell you. *If* I tell you. It'll be like a release, I think. An very wicked discharge, where there's no more secret. And you're free to fly in the sky... where nothing bad can harm you.

KAYLA

(dubious)

...Exactly, no more badness. The

burden is gone. So...

YUNO

So, what?

KAYLA

Spill!

YUNO

(bothered)

I can't.

Kayla's at the edge of her seat. Maneuvers a pout. Yuno just looks back out the window again. A moment before she remembers herself and speaks.

YUNO

I told you I can't.

Kayla slouches back in her seat. Annoyed.

It's silent for a long moment...

Before, suddenly, Juno speaks in one massive discharge:

YUNO

(cathartic)

I'M PREGNANT WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S
COUSIN WHO OPENLY LABELS HIMSELF A
SWINGER AND AFTER THINKING I COULD
CHANGE HIS WAYS, HE LEFT ME BECAUSE
HE HAPPENS TO BE CRUSHING ON HER
OTHER FRIEND.

(sudden gasp)

He was kind enough to relay
the information but what wasn't so
kind, was - that I found all this out
the morning after I gave up my
then pop-able red cherry. Which leaves
me now... heart broken, and I'm sore.

KAYLA

Holy crap!

YUNO

Hold on I lied.

Kayla lets out a heavy breath.

YUNO (CONT'D)

This was five weeks ago. And - I did mention I might be pregnant, right? I'm not sure because it all just blurted out. Like word vomit.

Yuno nervously slurps another guzzle of her slurpee.

KAYLA

(another gasp)

Oh my **friggin** god. That's so not like you.

YUNO

I know, I know. I'm always the one laughing at the girls who spread gonorrhoea over the school or the cheerleaders who give it up to anyone with a letterman's jacket.

KAYLA

Then why'd you do it?

YUNO

He was in a mood. I was in a mood. And then we were in a mood.

(pleasant)

A very nice mood.

KAYLA

So you really did it.

YUNO

Yes, we did it.

KAYLA

And you took a test.

YUNO

I took the test. I took many tests. A cornucopia of tests. I water-falled over many pee sticks.

KAYLA

Shocking.

YUNO

Now not only do I hate myself for it
but now my family's gonna find out
and I'll have no place to live.
If only he wanted to be a doctor.

KAYLA

What does he want to be?

YUNO

(forlorn)

A guitarist.

Kayla makes a face of disgust.

KAYLA

And he hasn't called back?

YUNO

Negative.

KAYLA

Why are men such poo-heads?

YUNO

I don't know what to do. Everything's
gone to hell in a hand basket. And I
so laughingly say he thinks the
other girl is cuter than me. Nuh-uhh.

KAYLA

I bet. Wait - the best friend
isn't me is it?

YUNO

No.

KAYLA

K. Cause it just wouldn't make sense.
I mean *I* know the difference between
Chanel and Prada.

YUNO

Kayla!

KAYLA

Kidding, kidding. Gosh, don't go into labor.

YUNO

Funny.

KAYLA

I can make those jokes now. Cause, ya know, you're pregnant.

(off her look)

Is it too soon?...

Out the window, children run through front yards with beach balls and plastic baseball bats. Yuno thinks to herself. Her expression softens.

YUNO

But, it's not so bad. Right? Our kids could be musicians. He's really good at playing guitar. I like watching his hands string the chords.

(glowing a bit)

He has nice hands.

KAYLA

Fifty percent chance I guess.

YUNO

(Dreaming)

Or his eyes. He has sweet eyes.

KAYLA

Stand strong on the poo-head analogy. Incase he denies it's his baby. Be prepared.

YUNO

(a moment)

At least I know who the daddy is. That's good right?

KAYLA

You don't have to make any talk show appearances.

YUNO

Good.

Kayla sits erect, crossing her legs, lowering her voice register to sound more mature. Masculine. She reads from an invisible cue card like on 'Jerry Springer' or 'Maury Povitch.'

KAYLA

(a la Maury)

The results are in.

(...long pause...)

Yuno MacDuff, you are NOT the mother.

Yuno goes along. Does her best pretend devastated routine.

YUNO

NOO, but I saw it! I saw it come out! I was sure a hundred and ten percent!

KAYLA

Sorry kid.

The two break into hysterical laughter. The elderly turns her head again.

Then, Yuno yanks Kayla off her seat as the bus comes to a halt.

YUNO

Oh this is our stop! Let's go.

KAYLA

Okay okay. Stop pulling.

(then)

Hey, ya think he'll make a song about this?

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The two walk along a neighborhood sidewalk.

YUNO

First off, it's not like its completely my fault. My mom's a Mormon and my father's a Jew. It's like, pick a side, cause I'm confused. Ya know?

KAYLA

Let it all out.

YUNO

Okay, blaming others won't make my unborn parasite go away.

KAYLA

But it'll make you feel better.

(a moment)

Listen, it's okay. I'm sure he'll swoon over the news.

YUNO

Swoon? Do guys swoon?

KAYLA

He'll pass out.

(in a whisper)

He wore a condom right?

YUNO

He said he did.

KAYLA

Must've put it on wrong. It happens. I hear about it.

(then)

I wish I could get knocked up. That would be the best. I could get as fat as I wanted, fart whenever, sleep all day, nag at everyone and proudly eat strange shit like fries in ice cream.

YUNO

Yum, but, don't you do all that now?

KAYLA

I know, but at least I would
have a good reason!

YUNO

I don't think hasty teens like
us should look forward to raising
babies. Us teens need to stick to
emo music and Disney channel. So
we'll never grow up.

Kayla glimpses a puddle before Yuno, and urgently gestures
her arm out to stop her.

KAYLA

Watch out! It's slippy over there!

She walks around it.

YUNO

Slippy? You mean slippery?

KAYLA

No, slippy. See I'm formulating
a hippy teen speak, that combines
quirky vocabulary with unique
teen phrases and or slang.

YUNO

That'll catch like wildfire.

KAYLA

Yeah, I pondered the idea when
I saw this movie, about a teen
girl who got preggos after playing
human legos with a boy, and it
actually made it look like fun.

YUNO

I know what you're talking about.
Wasn't it called...

(she can't recall)

The name just -

KAYLA

Slips off the tongue. I know.

YUNO

It wasn't a common name.

They both reflect for a moment. When Kayla tugs at Yuno's arm.

KAYLA

Yuno...?

YUNO

No, I don't know. I'm trying to remember.

KAYLA

No I meant. Isn't this *his*...?

The two stand before a house, with two cars sitting in the driveway. One of them a *Z28 Camaro*. Shimmering and sparkly, recently waxed to perfection.

YUNO

Oh, his house? *Heck yeah* it is.

KAYLA

Wait a minute, are you telling him now?

YUNO

(point blank)

Oh, I lied. I already told him.

Kayla GASPS.

YUNO

He didn't take it so well. I mean I knew it was an obvious call to say he'll be shocked. But when he told me, and I quote, "to get my wide skank gold digging money hungry ass away from him," I knew I'd return for an encore. Only now I'm leaving my calling card.

Kayla GASPS again.

YUNO

That was SO a fake gasp.

KAYLA

Yeah I know. It's just hard to be surprised now.

YUNO

And honestly, what money does he make? Like he could pay for my rack enhancement surgery.

KAYLA

Pregnancy is a nature's rack enhancement surgery honey.

YUNO

That's one plus to this hell spawn.

KAYLA

So... okay. I'm catching a case of dumb blonde, what are we doing here then?

YUNO

We're trashing his baby.

KAYLA

He has another child!?

YUNO

No.

(re: car)

That Z28 Camaro he's constantly waxing.

KAYLA

(weary)

Oh... Yuno, I don't think it's a good-

YUNO

Yes!!

KAYLA

Okay you talked me into it. But he's not home is he?

YUNO

He's at Burger Barn right now. He

Just doesn't like to drive his car,
it's sole purpose is for show. I
think his brother's home though.

KAYLA

Holy cow, should we make a run
for it then?

YUNO

No, he's fat.

KAYLA

That's not nice. The world's best
care takers are fat people.

YUNO

I'm not making fun, I just mean... he
won't be able to move since he's large.
(then)
Shall we get started?

KAYLA

Affirmative.

Yuno starts to draw some objects from her purse. She speaks
while Kayla walks out of frame. Kayla scans the yard for
something in particular.

YUNO

I brought whip cream. And a few
cherries, for obvious reasons. And
we're gonna -

Suddenly Kayla returns into view with a MASSIVE GARBAGE CAN
in hand. She positions it overhead. Then THROWS it to the
car!

It CRASHES against the hood.

Yuno covers both ears, expecting an alarm... but nothing
comes.

Stunned silence. They both look at the newly formed bent in
the Camaro. Finally,

KAYLA
(hands in air)
ROCKSTAR!

YUNO
What are you thinking! That wasn't
an element in our plan!

KAYLA
I'm angry! Your baby has got my
hormones all out of whack.

YUNO
All I wanted was an excessively
bulky penis drawing on his hood!
You know what he's going to do
now. Call the -
(pause, then)
I thought this had an alarm.

KAYLA
(kicking the bumper)
It's trash.

YUNO
Yeah. But we're **not** violating his
property. Think what that's teaching
the baby. I won't put my child in a
position where he can't drop his own soap.

KAYLA
No, Yun0, you think about it. Your
baby won't have anyone to read him
bed time stories, or give him his
showers, or teach him baseball.

YUNO
(all the optimist)
I can do those things.

KAYLA
We'll he can't give fathers day
cards to you now can he?!

YUNO
Touche.

Kayla takes a grip of Yuno's arms. Says genuinely.

KAYLA

This is for you unborn miracle child.

There's something in Yuno. A fire in her eyes. And it's blazing. She reaches for the trash can. Holds it over her. And does a power stance. Akin Britney Spears.

YUNO

It's Yuno, bitch.

She throws it! And it CRASHES against the hood.

KAYLA

Common!

Kayla finds a recycle bin full of beer cans and bottles. They grab them, and yank it towards the car. Intense. Fiercely tossing them at the car.

YUNO

I'm powerful, and im beautiful,
and I don't need you to complete me!

KAYLA

And you're a tool!

MALE O.S.

HEY!

They both go pale with fear. They turn to see: THE BROTHER (21) in a constricted superhero t-shirt.

And indeed.. he is rather large.

YUNO

It's the juggernaut!

The guy starts to charge for them.

KAYLA

Skedaddle!

They flee off the yard, sprinting for their lives. The guy right on their derrieres.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
(in huffs and puffs)
Why is he showing his face in public?!

YUNO
I don't know! I thought he'd
be hibernating.

They continue down the street in their escape.

But the large man can't sustain his running. He gives up.
Nearly keels over. Breathing deeply.

KAYLA
Huzzah! Free Willy has K.O'd!

YUNO
Keep Running!

EXT. STREET CORNER -

The two turn a turn a corner, and come to a halt. Laughing
to no end. Yuno imitates her best Godzilla, falling to his
massive destruction.

YUNO
Ahhh! Arrghh!!

KAYLA
He was pwn'ed. And man now I'm
burnt out.

YUNO
Indeed that's what happens when you
have fun. Trashing your baby-daddy's
automobile. Doing good on the
shituation's life hands you.

They walk on.

YUNO (CONT'D)
You always tell me to live a
little, feel the fun.

KAYLA
Most definitely girlfriend.
Did you feel it?

YUNO
(content)

I felt it.

KAYLA
Then I'm proud. All this because
swingers never change.

They stroll the streets hand in hand. Overjoyed. Clearly
the high point of their day.

KAYLA
Can we sing the song?

YUNO
Umm, I'm not sure.

KAYLA
Please.

YUNO
Fine, don't see why not.

KAYLA
Yay! Ready...

There's a gleam in both their eyes. And then, they break
into song. Singing in unison:

KAYLA AND YUNO
DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW? DO THEY
WABBLE DO THEY FRO? CAN YOU TIE
'EM IN A KNOT, CAN YOU TIE EM IN
A BOW?

The rhythm prolongs as they persist forward towards town
and as we:

FADE OUT.