

- What...

- ALL: Aah!

(JOY GASPS)

(ALL EXCLAIM)

(TRUCK ENGINE STARTING)

- Okay, not what I had in \_\_\_\_\_.

(ALL SCREAM)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

JOY: Hey, look!

The Golden Gate Bridge!

Isn't that great?

It's not made out of \_\_\_\_\_ gold like we thought, which is kind of a \_\_\_\_\_, but still...

FEAR: I sure am glad you told me earthquakes are a myth, Joy. Otherwise I'd be \_\_\_\_\_ right now!

(CHUCKLES)

Uh, yeah...

WOMAN: Are you kidding?

Get out of the street!

- (CARS HONKING)

MAN: Oh, for Pete's sake! Move it!

- These are my kind of \_\_\_\_\_.

- (CARS HONKING)

DAD: All right, just a few more blocks.

- We're \_\_\_\_\_ to our new house!

- Step on it, Daddy!

- Why don't we just live in this \_\_\_\_\_ car?

We've already been in it forever.

Which, actually, was really lucky, because that gave us \_\_\_\_\_ of time to think about what our new house is going to look like!

What! Let's review the top five \_\_\_\_\_.

- Ooh! That looks safe!

- SADNESS: That one's nice.

Oh, this will be great for Riley!

JOY: Oh, no, no, no, no, this one!

DISGUST: Oh, Joy, for the last time, she cannot live in a cookie.

ANGER: That's the one!

It comes with a dragon.

JOY: Now we're getting close, I can feel it.

Here it is, here's our new house.

And...

Maybe it's nice on the inside.

(DOOR CREAKING)

ANGER: We're \_\_\_\_\_ to live here?

SADNESS: Do we have to?

DISGUST: I'm telling you, it smells like something \_\_\_\_\_ in here.

Can you die from moving?

Guys, you're overreacting.

Nobody is dying...

- A dead mouse!

- (FEAR SCREAMS)

ANGER: Great. This is just great.

DISGUST: I'm gonna be sick.

It's the house of the dead!

We're going to get rabies!

- Get off of me!

- (FEAR SCREAMING)

Hey. All through the drive, Dad talked about how cool our new room is.

- (FEAR SIGHS)

- Let's go check it out!

DISGUST: Let's go!

ANGER: It's gonna be great!

FEAR: Yes, yes, yes.

No, no, no, no, no.

DISGUST: I'm starting to \_\_\_\_\_ the dead mouse.

ANGER: Get out the rubber ball, we're in solitary confinement.

Riley can't live here.

- She's right.

- It's the \_\_\_\_\_.

FEAR: Really bad.

DISGUST: It's \_\_\_\_\_ the worst.  
DISGUST: It's the worst place  
I've ever been in my \_\_\_\_\_ life.  
Hey, it's nothing our butterfly curtains couldn't fix.  
I read somewhere that an empty room is an \_\_\_\_\_.  
- Where did you read that?  
- It doesn't matter.  
I read it and it's great.  
We'll put the bed there.  
JOY: And the desk over there.  
FEAR: The hockey lamp goes there.  
ANGER: Uh, put the chair there.  
JOY: The trophy \_\_\_\_\_ goes there.  
FEAR: Stars! I like that!  
JOY: Now we're talking!  
Let's go get our \_\_\_\_\_ from the moving van!  
DAD: All right. Goodbye.  
Well, guess what?  
The moving van won't be here until Thursday.  
- You're kidding.  
- Mmm-hmm.  
The van is lost? It is the worst day ever!  
DISGUST: That figures. The van is lost.  
You said it would be here yesterday!  
I know that's what I said.  
That's what they told me!  
FEAR: Mom and Dad are \_\_\_\_\_ out!  
ANGER: They're stressed out?  
FEAR: What are we going to do?  
- (ALL TALKING AT ONCE)  
- I've got a great idea!  
Did you even read the contract?  
Andersen makes her move.  
She's closing in!  
Hey! (LAUGHS)  
DAD: Oh, no, you're not!  
She's lining up for the shot!  
DAD: Coming behind you.

- DAD: Watch out! Watch out!  
- She shoots and she scores!  
- Yeah!  
- (ALL CHEERING)  
- Come on, Grandma!  
- Ha!  
"Grandma"?  
Uh-oh, she put her hair up, we're in for it!  
Whoo!  
- Hey, put me down!  
- (DAD LAUGHING)  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
(BELL DINGS)  
- (CELL PHONE RINGING)  
- Ah! Sorry.  
Hold on. Hold on.  
- Hello?  
- Wait. Wh...  
DAD: You're kidding.  
(SIGHS) All right. Stall for me.  
I'll be right there.  
The investor's supposed to show up on Thursday, not today!  
- (SIGHS)  
- I got to go.  
It's okay. We get it.  
You're the best. Thanks, hon.  
See you, sweetie.  
FEAR: Dad just left us.  
He doesn't love us anymore.  
That's sad.  
I should drive, right?  
Joy?  
What are you doing?  
Uh, just give me one second.  
Um, you know what I've realized?  
Riley hasn't had lunch! Remember?  
Hey, I saw a pizza place down the street.  
Maybe we could try that?

Pizza sounds -----.

- Pizza? That's good.

- Yes! Pizza!

FEAR: What the heck is that?

JOY: Who puts broccoli on pizza?

That's it. I'm done.

Congratulations, San Francisco, you've ----- pizza!

First the Hawaiians and now you!

What kind of a pizza place only serves one kind of pizza?

MOM: Must be a San Francisco thing, huh?

Still, it's not as bad as that soup.

- At that ----- in Nebraska.

- Oh, yeah.

The spoon stood up in the soup by itself!

RILEY: That was disgusting.

JOY: Oh, good. Family is running.

RILEY: Dad's got a steel stomach

The drive out was pretty fun, huh?

What was your favorite part?

Spitting out the car window!

Definitely not when Dad was singing.

Wearing a seat belt!

Oh! What about the time with the dinosaur?

- Oh, that's the one.

- Definitely!

DAD: Say cheese!

- Dad! Dad!

- Honey!

DAD: Now hold -----.

MOM: The car!

Stop! No, no, no! (GRUNTING)

(DAD GROANS)

(LAUGHS) Nice one, Joy.

I liked that time at the dinosaur.

- That was pretty funny.

- (MOM LAUGHING)

(GASPS)

Wait. What? What happened?

FEAR: She did something to the memory.

- What did you do?

- I just \_\_\_\_\_ it.

- That shouldn't make it change.

- Change it back, Joy!

- I'm trying.

- You can't change it back?

- No! I guess I can't!

- Good going, Sadness.

Now when Riley thinks of that moment with Dad, she's gonna feel sad.

- Bravo.

- I'm sorry, Joy.

I don't really know...

I thought maybe if you...

(STAMMERING)

Joy, we've got a stairway coming up.

Just don't touch any other \_\_\_\_\_ until we figure out what's going on.

- Okay.

- JOY: All right.

Get ready. This is a monster railing and we are riding it all the way down!

- Wait, what? What happened?

- (CLATTERING)

- (FEAR AND JOY GASP)

- A Core Memory!

Oh, no!

Sadness, what are you doing?

SADNESS: It looked like one was \_\_\_\_\_ so I opened it and then it fell out.

I...

Whoo-hoo!

It's just that...

I wanted to maybe hold one.

- FEAR: Joy!

- Whoa, whoa!

Sadness, you nearly touched a Core Memory.

And when you touch them, we can't change them back.  
I know. I'm sorry.  
Something's wrong with me.  
It's like I'm having a \_\_\_\_\_.  
You're not having a breakdown. It's stress.  
I keep making mistakes like that.  
I'm awful.  
- No, you're not.  
- And annoying.  
(STUTTERING) You know what?  
You can't focus on what's going wrong.  
There's always a way to turn things around, to find the  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Yeah. Find the fun.  
I don't know how to do that.  
Okay. Well, try to think of something funny.  
Um... Oh!  
Remember the funny movie where the dog dies?  
Oh. Yeah, that's not...  
What about that time with Meg when Riley laughed so hard  
\_\_\_\_\_ came out of her nose?  
(LAUGHING)  
Yeah. That hurt. It felt like fire.  
SADNESS: Ooh, it was \_\_\_\_\_.  
Okay, okay, don't think of that.  
Let's try something else.  
Uh, what are your favorite things to do?  
My favorite?  
Um... Well, I like it when we're outside.  
That's good. Like there's the beach and sunshine.  
Oh! Like that time we \_\_\_\_\_ Dad in the sand up to his  
neck.  
SADNESS: I was thinking more like rain.  
Rain? Rain is my favorite, too!  
We can stomp around in puddles.  
JOY: You know, there's cool umbrellas, lightning storms.  
SADNESS: More like when the rain runs down our back and makes  
our shoes \_\_\_\_\_.

And we get all cold, shivery, and everything just starts feeling droopy. (CRYING)

Oh, hey, hey. Hey, easy.

Why are you crying?

It's just like really the \_\_\_\_\_ of what we're going for here.

Crying helps me slow down and obsess over the \_\_\_\_\_ of life's problems.

(JOY SIGHS)

You know what? Let's, uh, think about something else. (GRUNTS)

How about we read some mind manuals, huh?

- Sounds fun.

- I've read most of them.

Well, have you read this one?

This seems interesting.

"Long Term Memory Retrieval,  
Volume 47"?

- No.

- Ooh, a real page-turner!

"Long Term Memory data selection "via channel subgrouping"?

See? Fun already! Oh, you lucky dog.

You're reading these cool things.

I got to go work. Life is so \_\_\_\_\_.

(SIGHS)