

The car emerges from a tunnel onto the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

TITLE CARD: INSIDE OUT

The car drives across the bridge. Riley looks out the window.

JOY (V.O.)

Hey look! The Golden Gate Bridge!  
Isn't that great?! It's not made  
out of solid gold like we thought,  
which is kind of a disappointment,  
but still!

The car drives past the Ferry Building.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

FEAR

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

Everyone eyes each other behind Fear's back.

JOY

Uh... yeah.

EXT. LOMBARD STREET - DAY

The car is stuck in traffic. Cars HONK and people YELL.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

ANGER

These are my kind of people!

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

DAD

All right, just a few more blocks.  
We're almost to our new house!

INT. HEADQUARTERS

ANGER

Step on it, Daddy!

DISGUST

Why don't we just live in this smelly car? We've already been in it forever.

JOY

Which, actually, was really lucky, because that gave us plenty of time to think about what our new house is going to look like! Let's review the top five daydreams.

Joy plugs in DAYDREAMS showing fantasy houses: tree house, water-slide house, etc.

FEAR

Ooh! That looks safe!

JOY

Ohh, this is will be great for Riley! Oh, no, no, no, THIS one.

A gingerbread house.

DISGUST (O.S.)

Ugh, Joy. For the last time, she cannot live in a cookie.

A castle.

ANGER

THAT'S the one! It comes with a dragon!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE - DAY

JOY (O.S.)

Now we're getting close, I can feel it. Here it is, here's our new house... and...

The car stops and Riley steps out.

REVEAL: a run-down Victorian. Nothing like the daydreams.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

Everyone looks slackjawed.

JOY

Maybe it's nice on the inside.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Riley steps inside. The room is dark, dusty, uninviting.

ANGER (V.O.)  
We're supposed to live here?

SADNESS (V.O.)  
Do we have to?

DISGUST (V.O.)  
I'm telling you, it smells like  
something died in here.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

A disgust memory rolls in.

FEAR  
Can you die from moving?

JOY  
Guys, you're overreacting. Nobody  
is dying--

DISGUST  
A DEAD MOUSE!!!

ON THE SCREEN: A dead mouse in the corner.

DISGUST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna be sick...

ANGER (O.S.)  
Great, this is just great.

FEAR (O.S.)  
Ahhhhh!! It's the house of the  
dead! What are we gonna do?! We're  
gonna get rabies!!!

Fear jumps into Anger's arms. Anger fires up the flames.

ANGER  
GET OFFA ME!!!

Fear runs around on fire. Joy puts him out with a fire  
extinguisher.

JOY  
Hey, hey, hey, all through the  
drive Dad talked about how cool our  
new room is. Let's go check it out!

FEAR/ANGER/DISGUST (O.S.)  
 You're right, Joy/Yeah!/That's  
 right!/Yes, yes, yes!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE

Riley dashes up the stairs.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's tiny. Depressing.

FEAR/DISGUST/ANGER (O.S.)  
 No, no, no, no, no./I'm starting to  
 envy the dead mouse./Get out the  
 rubber ball, we're in solitary  
 confinement.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

SADNESS  
 Oh, Riley can't live here.

ANGER	FEAR
She's right.	Really bad.
DISGUST	ANGER
It's the worst. It's absolutely the worst.	This house stinks.

Memories roll in: anger, disgust, fear.

JOY  
 Hey, it's nothing our butterfly  
 curtains couldn't fix. I read  
 somewhere that an empty room is an  
 opportunity.

ANGER  
 Where did you read that?

JOY  
 It doesn't matter. I read it and  
 it's great. We'll put the bed  
 there. And the desk over there...

Joy projects an IMAGINATION of Riley's furniture.

FEAR  
 The hockey lamp goes there...

ANGER  
Put the chair there.

                  DISGUST  
Well, the trophy collection  
goes there.

                  SADNESS  
Posters...

                  FEAR  
Stars! I like that.

                  JOY  
Now we're talking! Let's go get our  
stuff from the moving van!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE - DAY

Riley dashes down the stairs as Mom and Dad enter the house.  
Dad is on the phone.

                  DAD  
Alright. Goodbye.  
                  (hangs up; to Mom)  
Well, guess what? The moving van  
won't be here until Thursday.

                  MOM  
You're kidding.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

                  FEAR  
The van is lost?! This is the worst  
day ever!

ON THE SCREEN: Mom and Dad ARGUE.

                  MOM  
You said it would be here  
yesterday!

                  DAD  
I know that's what I said.  
That's what they told me!

\*

                  FEAR (O.S.)  
Mom and Dad are stressed out!

                  FEAR/ANGER/DISGUST/SADNESS  
They're arguing!/What are we going  
to do?/This is so stressful./What  
is their problem?

Joy runs to storage and grabs what looks to be a LIGHTBULB.

                  JOY  
I've got a great idea!

She clicks the IDEA into the console.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley's face lights up. Riley grabs her hockey stick. Puts a wad of paper in play.

MOM  
Did you even read the contract?

DAD  
Honey, you act like this is my fault--

\*

RILEY  
Andersen makes her move. She's closing in!

DAD  
(grabbing a broom)  
Hey! Oh, no you're not!

RILEY  
She's lining up for the shot!

DAD  
Coming behind you! Watch out!

She slides past him. Knocks the "puck" into the fireplace.

RILEY  
She shoots and she scores! Yeah!

INT. HEADQUARTERS

The Emotions cheer. Out the back window, Family Island runs.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RILEY  
(taunting Mom)  
Come on, Grandma!

MOM  
Ha! "Grandma?"

INT. HEADQUARTERS

JOY  
Uh-oh, she put her hair up, we're in for it!