

THE GOOD PLACE

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

written by

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PREVIOUSLY ON...

Having convinced THE JUDGE that his Good Place experiment made ELEANOR, CHIDI, TAHANI and JASON into better people, MICHAEL sends the group back to earth for a second chance at life. He and JANET observe the point totals of the four in the new timeline, but grow stumped when the four's ethical improvements quickly reverse into their old patterns.

Through a series of encounters, Michael begins to understand that the afterlife's point system is rigged. Consulting with NEIL, an afterlife accountant, Michael discovers that no human has gone to the Good Place in 521 years. Setting out to fix the points imbalance himself, Michael takes the group to Good Place's Correspondence Center, where he contacts THE COUNCIL. Frustrated that they won't take action, Michael surrenders and makes an appeal to The Judge.

After hearing an impassioned speech by Jason, The Judge reconsiders her stance on modern life. She allows him to run another Good Place experiment with four new humans, to be selected by Shawn and the Bad Place.

At the start of the second experiment, Michael crumbles under pressure. Eleanor is forced to step in and welcome the first new resident - JOHN - a gossip columnist who hounded Tahani in life. When the second resident - Chidi's ex SIMONE - arrives, the Soul Squad realizes they have a problem.

Although sympathetic, the Judge does not reverse her ruling. The experiment will proceed with the selected humans, even though they're designed to torture the Soul Squad. Chidi elects to erase his memory and start over, so the experiment has a chance to succeed, but he destroys his relationship with Eleanor to do so.

The season ends with Eleanor burying her pain and welcoming Chidi to the Good Place.

COLD OPEN

INT. GOOD PLACE WAITING ROOM - DAY

CHIDI ANAGONYE opens his eyes, blinks. He looks around him, taking in the minimalist waiting room.

CHIDI POV: on the wall, in huge green letters:

WELCOME! EVERYTHING IS FINE.

His brow twitches, a hint of a frown. Anxiety churns below the surface of his calm expression.

A door to his left opens, and ELEANOR SHELLSTROP emerges, backlit by a halo of golden light.

ELEANOR

Hi Chidi. I'm Eleanor. Come on in.

Chidi smiles, relaxing a little. He rises and follows her into --

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Eleanor slides into the desk chair, busying herself with loose files as Chidi takes a seat opposite. MICHAEL sits on a filing cabinet in the corner, sulking.

ELEANOR

How are you?

CHIDI

Um... Confused. But I think I'm okay.

ELEANOR

I'm sure you have a million questions. But I'm just going to cut straight to the point. Chidi Anagonye, ya dead.

CHIDI

I'm sorry, what?

ELEANOR

Ya dead. Donezo. A goner. Expired. Up the creek.

Chidi laughs nervously, drying his suddenly clammy palms on his trousers.

CHIDI

I can't be dead. I don't remember dying.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR

But ya did. And now you're here.
(beat, then with flair)
Welcome to the Good Place.

CHIDI

The Good Place?

ELEANOR

Heaven. Where all good people go.
Because you, Chidi, are a good person.
Your work helped people. *Really* helped
people. You can't imagine the kind of
impact it had on the universe.

Chidi leans back in his chair, exhaling a sigh of relief.

CHIDI

Wow. That's... amazing.

He smiles. Really smiles. And Eleanor's heart skips a beat.

ELEANOR

Yeah. You are.

Michael clears his throat, and gives Eleanor a knowing
glance.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

(recovering)
So, I suppose I should give you the
grand tour. Shall we take a walk?

She rises, rounding the desk and offering Chidi her hand.
After a beat's hesitation, he takes it.

EXT. GOOD PLACE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Chidi and Eleanor stroll through a picturesque town square,
while Michael trails behind. Cobblestone streets punctuated
with small shops, fountains, flowers, and cafes. A carbon
copy of their old Neighborhood.

CHIDI

So this is the afterlife? It's
different than I expected.

ELEANOR

Lemme guess. Too many frozen yogurt
shops?

CHIDI

There are a lot.

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ELEANOR

So what did you picture? When you thought of heaven? A musty ol' library full of books on moral philosophy and ethics? Aristotle and Plato waiting in the corner, ready to debate universal truths?

Chidi looks at her, a little unnerved. How does she know?

CHIDI

Actually, yeah.

ELEANOR

Hate to break it to you. They're in the Bad Place.

CHIDI

Really? Huh.
(beat)
Descartes?

ELEANOR

Bad Place.

CHIDI

Kant?

ELEANOR

Couldn't.

Eleanor makes a thumbs down motion, adding a fart sound with her tongue.

As Chidi opens his mouth to guess another --

MICHAEL

They're all in the Bad Place.

CHIDI

Okay, wow. Even Confucius?

Michael nods solemnly.

MICHAEL

Politics.

ELEANOR

Anyway, I'm sure there are loads of people in the neighborhood who would love your ethics lessons.

CHIDI

How many people are there, anyway? In the Good Place?

ELEANOR

Well this is just one Neighborhood. But 322, including you.

CHIDI

That seems like an odd number.

JANET appears next to them. Bing!

JANET

Actually, it's even.

ELEANOR

Janet?

JANET

I just came to let you know that your next resident is in the waiting room.

ELEANOR

What? Already?
(cursing)
Shirt.

CHIDI

Sorry?

ELEANOR

Janet, why don't you take Chidi to get some froyo?

(to CHIDI)

This will just take a minute. But relax, make yourself at home. We'll continue the tour a little later, okay?

CHIDI

(a little nervous)

Oh. Okay then. I'll, uh, just be here. With the lady who teleports.

JANET

Oh, I'm not a lady. I'm actually a complex algorithm built upon a framework of all the knowledge in the universe.

Chidi starts to sweat.

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JANET (CONT'D)

Think of me like Google. Except I don't need to steal your private information. I already know everything about you.

(beat)

Puffins.

Janet smiles. It's a little unnerving. And now Chidi is completely weirded out. That word means something.

ELEANOR

Okay. Well you two have fun.

JANET

(nodding towards a shop)

Come on.

Chidi's eyes say "help me", as Janet escorts him off. Eleanor stares after him. It's clear she doesn't want to leave.

MICHAEL

He'll be fine, Eleanor. He's a big boy.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Eleanor grabs the new resident's file from the pneumatic tube, and thumbs through it. It's all gibberish.

ELEANOR

Okay, guess we're winging this one too. We got this.

She cracks her neck and rolls her shoulders.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Let's go team.

INT. GOOD PLACE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michaels' office door swings open, and Eleanor emerges.

ELEANOR

Hi, I'm --

But her words catch in her throat. She gapes at the new resident before her.

GREG ENGELMAN (50s) sits on the waiting room couch. Good-looking, dressed sharp. A executive presence.

GREG

Eleanor?

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7.

PUSH IN on Eleanor's face. She looks like she's seen a ghost.

SMASH TO TITLES: **THE GOOD PLACE.**

END OF COLD OPEN

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ACT ONE

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Eleanor paces back and forth, panicked. Michael, TAHANI AL-JAMIL and JASON MENDOZA are gathered around the desk.

ELEANOR

I can't do this. Michael, I need you to be the Architect again.

MICHAEL

Just breathe, Eleanor. You can do this.

ELEANOR

I can't. You don't know who he is.

MICHAEL

No, I don't. But he's human. You've stood up to demons and celestial beings and didn't even flinch. What can one mortal man do?

ELEANOR

He's twice divorced. Sometimes kicks puppies. FaceTimes people in public. He microwaves kimchi in the office kitchen.

Eleanor exhales, a sigh that seems to drain her.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

And he can break you.

Transition to--

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY - FLASHBACK

In a parallel to the opener, a younger Eleanor sits on a couch in a minimalist, modern reception area. All clean lines and sleek design. Think Apple or Google.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I know it's hard to believe, but, despite my parents' best efforts, I was once an eager beaver who wanted to make her little smudge on the world.

On the opposite wall, in bright red font:

WELCOME! THE FUTURE AWAITS.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

STAFF bustle about in a frenzy. The RECEPTIONIST presses her HEADSET.

RECEPTIONIST

He's on his way. Tell everyone.

Eleanor nervously clutches her resume.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A TOWN CAR pulls up to the curb. The door opens, and a pair of shiny LEATHER SHOES hit the pavement. Move up the pressed, tailored designer suit to reveal--

A younger GREG ENGELMAN. Handsome, corporate, oozing shark-like energy. SUNGLASSES shade his eyes.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

Once upon a time, I wanted to be in marketing. And Greg Engelman was influential. Brilliant. One of the best ad men in the country.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

The OFFICE MANAGER, ANDIE, skirts by the reception desk.

ANDIE

He's early.
(eyeing ELEANOR, mouthing)
Who is that?

RECEPTIONIST

Don't even ask.

ANDIE

Alright, everyone. Batten down the hatches.

STAFF run off to their respective stations with nervous energy. Eleanor takes it all in.

DING! The elevator doors slide open. Greg whips off his shades, and stalks forward. Andie falls in step with him.

GREG

What did I tell you about cross-town meetings?

ANDIE

That you--

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GREG

Listen when I talk, Andie. It's like it's in one ear out the other with you. Jesus.

He stops short, eagle gaze fixed on Eleanor. She rises, awkwardly offering her hand for a handshake.

ELEANOR

Greg! Hi. It's such an honor to meet you.

Greg looks her up and down. Doesn't accept the handshake.

GREG

(to ANDIE)
What is this?

ELEANOR

(taken aback)
I... I'm Eleanor. I'm here to interview to be your assistant.

GREG

Tell me, why should I hire you, Elizabeth?

ELEANOR

(correcting)
Eleanor.

Greg moves closer to her, like a panther circling prey.

GREG

What can you do for me that no one else can?

ELEANOR

Well, I'm pretty flexible. Great attention to detail. 'No job too small' attitude.

GREG

That's not good enough, Emily.

She considers. Looks into his eyes, mustering her famous confidence.

ELEANOR

I can eat a large Dominos pizza by myself. I can rock that one verse from Eminem's "Rap God". I'm really good at hiding my double chin on Snapchat.

(MORE)

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

But more than that... I'm smart. I learn fast. And I will work very hard.

Greg smirks. He likes her gusto.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

And that's how I became his personal assistant. Emphasis on the personal. I did everything for him.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Eleanor, clad in an over-ear headset, balances a heavy stack of promo materials. Four to-go COFFEE CUPS are on top of that.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I got his coffee.

EXT. MANSION - DAY - FLASHBACK

Eleanor stands on the porch of a very nice suburban home. Manicured lawn, white washed. Expensive car in the drive way.

GREG'S WIFE ugly cries as she reads legal papers.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I divorced his wife.

INT. ELEANOR'S CUBICLE - LATE NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Eleanor's the last in the office. The lights are all off. There's only the blue light of her computer screen.

She's designing a pitch deck. Resizing font, adjusting art.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

And I did his job.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Eleanor sets up pitch boards for an car ad. Taking a step back, she admires her work. It looks great - she's talented.

Greg enters.

GREG

No no no, what is that?

ELEANOR

The boards. For today's meeting.

GREG

This isn't what I asked for.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR

Not quite. But I thought--

GREG

(seething)

"You thought". What have I always told you? Sex sells. People expect beautiful women when they see an ad. Whether it's Coke cans, fast food, or cars.

(he gestures to the boards)

A family? Some coastline? Boring.

(beat, then threatening)

If we lose this client, Evelyn, I'm coming for blood.

ELEANOR

(insisting)

Eleanor. My name is Eleanor.

GREG

Your name could be Elmo for all I care. You're a secretary.

(emphatically)

You. Don't. Matter. You will never matter. Not to me, not to anyone. Understand?

Eleanor tries to keep it together, but she looks like she's about to cry.

GREG (CONT'D)

Get out of my sight.

She bolts out of the room, sniffing. She runs by Andie, who looks somewhat pleased.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK

Greg pontificates in front of CLIENTS. Lays on the charm thick. Eleanor sits in the corner, holding a pen and paper. She looks broken.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

My parents believed in the worst in people. They didn't think anyone was good anymore. And I wanted to believe otherwise. I wanted to see the best in people. But Greg... he made me realize that my parents were probably right.

Even when the room reacts positively to her ideas, she can't even force a smile.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR (V.O.)
You know how I said that I hated
office Christmas parties? Greg's why.

INT. ELEANOR'S CUBICLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Festive red and green decorations drape over the wall of her cube. The sound of merriment can be heard elsewhere in the office.

Greg stops by, leaning on the divider. He looks pretty hammered.

GREG
Come on, we're doing Secret Santa.

ELEANOR
We have a deadline.

GREG
It can wait ten minutes.

He pinches her cheek. She huffs, and gets up.

INT. OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Everyone has a cup of something alcoholic. A buffet table is set with desserts, pizza, and a punch bowl. Greg taps on a glass, calling attention.

GREG
Alright! Everyone's here. Even the
Grinch! Try not to steal Christmas!

He gestures to Eleanor, who's in normal clothes. Everyone else has ugly sweaters and antlers, chuckling.

GREG (CONT'D)
Now, before we start the Secret Santa,
I want to take a moment to recognize
my secretary. Give it up for Eleanor!

There's polite claps. Eleanor is surprised he remembered her name.

GREG (CONT'D)
You know, Eleanor does a great job. If
you know what I mean.

He makes the blowjob motion. The staff laughs. Eleanor is repulsed.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR

Real funny.
(under her breath)
Fig.

She starts to head back to her desk.

GREG

Wait, wait! I haven't given you your
present yet.

He grabs her arm and pulls her in front of the crowd. Then,
shoves a large present into her hands. She rolls her eyes,
and claws at the wrapping. She opens the box, to reveal--

A Frederick's Silvana set. Picture the skimpiest lingerie you
can think of.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm Not-So-Subtle Santa. Thought you
could wear it to your "review" later.

ELEANOR

(scoffs)
Unbelievable.

GREG

(pointing up at the
mistletoe)
You owe me a kiss.

ELEANOR

I don't owe you anything. I quit.

She throws the lingerie back into his face and storms off.

INT. CALL CENTER - FLASHBACK

CHYRON: 2 WEEKS LATER.

We've seen this scene before. Eleanor interviews with
WALLACE, who presses a medicine bottle into her hand.

WALLACE

Between us, it's not FDA-approved, and
it doesn't technically "work".

ELEANOR

("yeah yeah yeah")
You need me to lie to old people and
scare them into buying this. I get it.
Which one is my desk?

Smash back to--

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Michael's sporting a fatherly look that's somewhere between pity and anger.

ELEANOR

You know, with Greg here, it's the first time this place has really felt like hell.

MICHAEL

Shawn's good.
(knowingly)
Upper management. Torture is their speciality.

ELEANOR

Yeah, no kidding.

TAHANI

But you know what? Who cares? He's bringing hell to us because he knows we're so close, Eleanor. So close we can almost taste it.

ELEANOR

My heaven would taste like hot dog water and the satisfaction of being right.

MICHAEL

For me, it's that first bite of a Chocolate Orange. You're not sure what to expect, and then boom! A palate orgasm.

She chuckles, wiping her nose on her sleeve. Looks towards the door. Towards the waiting room, and towards Greg.

ELEANOR

All this suffering. Is it worth it? Is heaven worth it?

MICHAEL

I don't know. But I want to.

TAHANI

Me too.

JASON

Me five.

Tahani, Jason and Michael give Eleanor a hug.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

TAHANI

Thatta girl. Now go give him hell!

Tahani's last words echo through the scene. "Give him hell". Push in on Eleanor's face, as complicated looking MATH EQUATIONS float by her face.

ELEANOR

(lightbulb)

Guys. That's it!

The rest of the group looks stunned.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

This is going to sound crazy, but stay with me.

(beat)

We have to torture them.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

We pick up right where we left off. Michael, Tahani, and Jason process Eleanor's big idea.

TAHANI

Beg your pardon?

ELEANOR

Not like the fire and brimstone way. But we know them. We know their weaknesses. Torture them, so they can't torture us!

MICHAEL

I'm not following.

ELEANOR

We were so focused on redeeming these new humans that we forgot what the theme of the original "Good Place" experiment was! Torture!
(beat, aloud)
Janet?

Janet pops in.

JANET

Yes, Eleanor?

ELEANOR

We're gonna need a whiteboard.

JANET

Okie dokie.

One appears in the scene. Eleanor is holding a marker.

ELEANOR

Michael, you chose the four of us because our incompatibilities "tortured" each other. You knew we would give each other hell, simply by being ourselves. And that's why you were so sure the Neighborhood Experiment would work.

She writes their names on a board.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I was chosen to torture Chidi. Tahani was chosen to torture me.

(MORE)

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Jason was chosen to torture Tahani.
And...Jason rounds us out.

JASON

Yeah baby!

She draws arrows, connecting the names.

ELEANOR

But Shawn isn't thinking like that.
Greg? Simone? John? They won't torture
each other because they weren't chosen
to. But I think, with some guidance,
they can.

She writes the names of the new humans in a separate column.
Begins drawing arrows, connecting the new humans to the Soul
Squad's names.

TAHANI

Where do you suggest we start?

ELEANOR

(smirking)
I have some ideas. Tahani, I'll need
you to work with John.

TAHANI

(strained)
Oh, wonderful.

INT. GOOD PLACE WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On Greg. He checks his watch, bouncing his leg restlessly.

The door to Michael's office opens, and Eleanor emerges.

ELEANOR

Hi, Greg. Come on in.

GREG

Jeez, finally. What the hell's going
on, Eleanor?

ELEANOR

I'll explain everything inside.

She waves him into the office. He rises, following her into --

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tahani, Jason and Janet are gone, and the whiteboard has been
reversed. Michael floats awkwardly by the edge of the desk,
eagle-eyeing Greg.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR

Take a seat, make yourself at home.

Greg does has he's told, but doesn't break eye contact with Michael.

GREG

Why is he looking at me like that?

ELEANOR

Oh don't mind Michael. He's new around here. Just transferred from cat heaven.

Michael hisses, retreating to a seat in the corner.

GREG

Cat heaven? So is this...?

ELEANOR

Yes. You're in the Good Place.

GREG

But don't you like, have to die to get to
(points up)
You know?

ELEANOR

You did. Gregory Engelman, ya dead.

Greg breaks into a laugh, clapping his hands. It goes on a beat too long.

GREG

Wait you're serious?

ELEANOR

Dead serious.

GREG

Oh my god.

He sinks down in the chair, in shock.

GREG (CONT'D)

How?

ELEANOR

(looking to MICHAEL)
Um...

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

GREG

And why are you telling me all this?
Isn't there like some God or something
that should be meeting me?

ELEANOR

That's not exactly how this works. But
I am the Architect.

GREG

You're in charge?

MICHAEL

(jumping in)
She's the best Architect we've had in
millennia. A real rising star.

GREG

(struggling)
That's... great!

ELEANOR

Let me show you around. I think you'll
really like it here.

She stands, and motions him towards the door.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Just... don't try to kiss me again.

INT. FROZEN FIESTA FROYO - MOMENTS LATER

A bright and cheery small business, painted in pastel shades
of green and pink. An off-brand Pinkberry.

ELEANOR

Did you know that we have 9 frozen
yogurt stands in this Neighborhood.

GREG

Ew. Why?

ELEANOR

People just love frozen yogurt.
(beat)
I recommend "Sticking Your Knife Into
A Fresh Can of Peanut Butter". It is
oddly satisfying. But "The Cheesy Dust
Left On Your Fingers After Eating
Doritos" is a strong second.

GREG

I think I'm leaning towards "White
Male Entitlement".

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

Michael approves his choice with a thumbs up.

MICHAEL

Classic. Getting a little stale
though.

GREG

I think it's perfect the way it is.

As Greg orders his froyo, Eleanor spots Chidi through the shop window.

ELEANOR

Hang on, I'll be right back.

Michael turns to see her chase after Chidi.

EXT. GOOD PLACE NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor pushes through a group of people.

ELEANOR

Chidi!

He doesn't hear her though, and continues walking.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Hey, Chidi!

Chidi pauses at the fountain, talking to someone. A woman, her face buried behind Peter Ulric Tse's "The Neural Basis of Free Will".

After a beat, he sits beside her. The book drops away to reveal SIMONE GARNETT.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

No. Not yet. You can't meet yet.

Simone laughs at something Chidi says, touching his shoulder. He smiles, drinking her in. Their spark more like a firework.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Can this day get any forking worse?

Widen to reveal JANET and Jason, in safari hats. They're watching Chidi and Simone, like Jane Goodall observing wildlife.

JANET

(narrating)

Here we have the male, initiating a courtship ritual.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

JASON

The Neighborhood is a battleground,
where only the sexiest will triumph.

Eleanor facepalms.

EXT. TAHANI'S MANSION - DAY

It's bright, a sunny mid-summer day. Birds chirp nearby as Tahani escorts JOHN WHEATON up the pathway to her extravagant manor.

TAHANI

I'm so glad you agreed to help me prep for the welcome party tonight. I think it's an excellent opportunity for us to get to know one another better, don't you think?

(beat, playfully punching his arm)

First step towards friendship, eh?

JOHN

Girl, you need the help. I would have been offended if you didn't ask. I mean, have you seen your outfits? Talk about Donna Karan 2015 resort line. Yikes.

He stops, looking up at the ostentatious, white-washed exterior of her manor.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God. Is this you? Stop. Hold the forking front door.

TAHANI

Is there something wrong?

JOHN

Oh hon. It's just so you.

He pats her shoulder in mock pity, as he prances towards the entrance. Tahani exhales, resolving to stiffen her upper lip and rise above it.

INT. TAHANI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front doors bang open as John blows through. A gay hurricane in makeover mode.

Gold and black balloons decorate the gilded atrium, which has been filled with several cocktail tables. An ice sculpture of a swan serves as the centerpiece of a long banquet table.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

JOHN

Tahani. You wound me.

TAHANI

I'm sorry, I what?

JOHN

This is where you want to host the soiree tonight? God, at least give me something to work with.

He goes around touching everything, much to Tahani's discomfort. She starts to ask him to stop, but eats her words.

TAHANI

(strained)

Well that's why you're here. It's a work in progress.

JOHN

It's gauche is what it is.

TAHANI

Yes, well, my estate is the largest in the Neighborhood. So it will just have to do.

JOHN

(matter-of-factly)

Mine's bigger.

Off Tahani's mortified look, smash to --

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

It's like the Taj Mahal had a baby with Versailles. It utterly dwarfs Tahani's mansion. A rose garden labyrinth stretches for miles behind his place.

JOHN

I present to you, Chez John.

His house seems to glow in the sunlight, dazzling and unreal. An actual CHOIR stands by the door, singing a heavenly chord. A red carpet rolls out the front door, unfurling with a poof of glitter. The words "Welcome Binch" are embroidered onto the plush.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do you know why my hedge maze is so big? It's full of secrets.

Tahani looks like she's about to cry.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

END OF ACT TWO

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ACT THREE

EXT. GOOD PLACE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Michael paces anxiously by the Froyo shop, wringing his hands. Eleanor's seated in a patio chair, sadly picking at her yogurt.

Chidi and Simone are still at the fountain, within view. Greg tries to chat up a female RESIDENT nearby.

ELEANOR

Michael? Buddy? Can you sit down?
You're wearing a hole in the
cobblestone.

Reluctantly, Michael sinks into the chair opposite.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.
(beat)
This is all my fault.

ELEANOR

It's fine. Obviously not ideal. But
we're making it work. We have to make
it work.

Michael can see she's deflecting.

MICHAEL

Do you want to talk about it?

ELEANOR

Talk about what, exactly? How
exhausting all of this is? How I had
to watch the man I love forget me? How
the universe seems to like forking me
at every turn?

(taking a bite of froyo)

Maybe this is all a sign that we're
not meant to be in the Good Place.

(tears forming)

I'm trying to hard to be good,
Michael. I just never thought it would
be so difficult.

He reaches across, and takes her hands.

MICHAEL

It is hard. Life sucks. And then you
die. And dying sucks.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR

You're just quoting one of those dumb motivational cat posters.

MICHAEL

They're a fountain of wisdom, you know. That's where you'll find universal truths. In the mouth of a kitten, dangling from a tree. "Hang in there!"

Eleanor scoffs, drying one of her eyes with her sleeve.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dying isn't a magic solution. Everyone thinks it is. Problems don't disappear, new ones just wait for you on the other side.

(beat)

But that doesn't mean you shouldn't try to make things better. Shouldn't try to be a good person. Because I think you're doing marvelously, Eleanor Shellstrop. Just look at all that we've accomplished, and it's all because of you.

She smiles, her lip betraying a slight tremble.

ELEANOR

Thank you.

MICHAEL

I mean it. Every word.

ELEANOR

Don't go getting all soft on me now.

Behind them, JANET pops into the scene.

JANET

Eleanor, Michael. The last human is in the waiting room.

ELEANOR

Wow they're just coming fast and furious today.

(beat, rising)

No rest for the weary.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eleanor flips a file open, scans it.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR

I honestly don't know what I expected.

She closes it, sliding it across to Michael. He adjusts his glasses.

MICHAEL

Alright, so our final human is...
(pauses for effect)
Drumroll, please?

Eleanor starts rapping her fingers on the desk, building up to...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Raymond Estavez Yacinto. The third.

Eleanor sits back. Huh.

ELEANOR

I don't know that name.

MICHAEL

Shawn chose him. There's definitely a connection to one of you.

He continues scanning the file. Lands on something, and blanches.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh no.

ELEANOR

What? What is it?

MICHAEL

(looking up)
It's Pillboi.

Off Eleanor's reaction, cut to--

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The SOUL SQUAD gathers in the office.

TAHANI

Pillboi. Jason's Pillboi? He's the last human?

MICHAEL

(nodding)
Afraid so. It's checkmate.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

TAHANI

But we can fix this, can't we? There must be something we can do. Erase their memories, or whatever?

ELEANOR

We can't neutralize any more members of the Soul Squad. And besides, Jason doesn't have much there to begin with.

JASON

Yeah!

MICHAEL

Eleanor has a point. Jason and Pillboi's lives are too enmeshed.

TAHANI

The Judge is on our side. She can do something about this, right?

MICHAEL

I wouldn't be too sure. Rules are rules. We have to work with this.

TAHANI

It's a bit unfair. Like fighting with our hands tied behind our backs, walking a tightrope over a lava pit.

MICHAEL

Typical Shawn. He loves the lava pit.

Eleanor paces, thinking. Rubs her chin in thought.

ELEANOR

We may have one last play here. But we'll be relying on Jason to make it work.

MICHAEL

(really?)
Our fates hang on Jason. Jason?

ELEANOR

It's not as bad as it sounds. Hear me out.

The group settles in, arms crossed.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

When I first arrived in the Good Place, Michael greeted me by my name.
(MORE)

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

It was only when he told me about my fake life and "good deeds" that I realized there was a mistake.

MICHAEL

You're proposing we pull an Eleanor on Pillboi?

ELEANOR

Exactly! Let him sweat.

JASON

But how's that going to work? Homie would know me anywhere. We're like Bortles and Kessler, baby!

Jason does one half of a secret handshake. It looks ridiculous. Then, he makes the sign of the cross over his chest, and kisses two fingers in a salute.

JASON (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Go Jags.

ELEANOR

Well that's where you come in, Jason. We're going to need you to be Jianyu again.

INT. GOOD PLACE WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On PILLBOI's eyes, as he blinks awake. Groggy, not all there. He takes in the room around him, settling on the large green letters.

WELCOME! EVERYTHING IS FINE.

The door to Michael's office opens, and Eleanor emerges.

ELEANOR

(warmly)
Hi, I'm Eleanor. Come on in.

EXT. GOOD PLACE NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Tahani walks arm-in-arm with Jason, on a casual stroll through the neighborhood square. Jason's back in his monk outfit.

TAHANI

I really hope this works.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

JASON

Eleanor's smart. Like really smart.
So, things will work out. I think.

TAHANI

I suppose you're right.
(beat)
I just feel so helpless. John's
planning the welcome soiree. And I'm
stuck baby-sitting.

JASON

Hey. I'm not a baby.

Tahani rolls her eyes.

Up the street, they spot Pillboi, Eleanor and Michael.
Pillboi blows his nose loudly. His face is puffy.

ELEANOR

Welcome to the Neighborhood, Raymond.
Can I call you "Ray"?

PILLBOI

My friends call me Pillboi.

ELEANOR

Pill boy? Was it because of all the
lobbying you did against big pharma on
behalf of the Children's Hospital?

PILLBOI

Um...

ELEANOR

(happy)
Oh, no I see. It was because of all
the medical breakthroughs you helped
along with your blood and bone marrow
donations.

PILLBOI

Sure, lady...

ELEANOR

Let's just stick with "Ray", shall we?

She pretends to make a note in his file.

PILLBOI

So this is supposed to be heaven,
right?

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

MICHAEL

Close enough.

PILLBOI

Then where are all the Dick's?

Eleanor blinks, biting back a smile.

MICHAEL

Beg pardon?

PILLBOI

Dick's. My heaven would be full of Dick's. Their wings are bomb. Best in Jacksonville.

Eleanor and Michael share an "OH" moment.

MICHAEL

(whispering to ELEANOR)
He's talking about a restaurant.

PILLBOI

Me and my buddy Jason, we used to eat Dick's all the time. It was the best.

He looks a little wistful.

ELEANOR

That sounds really nice.

Pillboi turns to say something to Michael, and notices Jason and Tahani approaching.

PILLBOI

Jason?

ELEANOR

Ah! Well if it isn't Tahani and Jianyu. Good to see you again. Settling in alright?

TAHANI

Wonderfully, Eleanor. Just wonderfully. We couldn't be happier.

She squeezes his arm playfully. Jason remains silent.

ELEANOR

(to PILLBOI)
Jianyu is a Tibetan monk. Took a vow of silence.

Jason smiles, nervous.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

PILLBOI

He looks just like my buddy Jason.

ELEANOR

I think he jut has one of those faces.
Black, yet chiseled. Like Kendall
Jenner.

Michael points to his watch. Clears his throat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

You know, we're throwing a sort of
welcome party tonight for all the new
residents. A kick off to an eternity
together. I hope to see you all there?

TAHANI

Wouldn't miss it! Isn't that right,
Jianyu?

Jason looks scared. He takes off running.

Pillboi gives Eleanor a confused look.

ELEANOR

He's a little rusty on social cues.
Too much time in the mountains.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BACKYARD - JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John's backyard has been transformed into an Imaginarium. There's a little bit of everything, from the sophisticated to the zany. Fairy lights bob above it all, creating a warm glow.

Tahani sweeps through like a Disney princess, welcoming guests as they pour in.

TAHANI

Hi! Welcome. Welcome. How are you?
Make yourselves at home.

As a COCKTAIL WAITER passes, she grabs a flute of champagne and downs it.

TAHANI (CONT'D)

Oh God. Moet & Chandon? We might as well be serving Charles Shaw.

John approaches, in Gucci glasses and pink boas. He's flanked by a TIGER and a bedazzled MANSERVANT.

JOHN

Isn't this great? I think I've finally outdone Kanye. He thought he got me with Ye 2018, but binch don't got Janet.

He Z-snaps, full-on channeling Elle Woods. Janet appears next to them.

JANET

Yes, John?

JOHN

Can we get Freddie Mercury? I'm feeling "Killer Queen".

JANET

I'll see what I can do.

She disappears into her void. Tahani rolls her eyes, and she grabs another flute off a passing champagne tray.

TAHANI

You know, this is just one party. You don't have to go totally crazy.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

JOHN

Mediocrity is your brand, Tahani. Own
it. But I don't settle for subpar.

He flicks his boa and sashays off. With a snap of his fingers, the manservant and tiger follow.

TAHANI

I know I'm already dead, but somebody
please kill me.

We trail John, as he weaves through the party. Eventually he runs into Eleanor, Michael and Greg.

ELEANOR

Oh! John! Just the man I was looking
for!

(beat)

Love the boa.

JOHN

Oh stop. You're too cute. It's
disgusting. What can I do you for,
doll?

ELEANOR

I actually wanted to introduce you to
someone. This

(gesturing to GREG)

Is Greg. He's your soulmate!

John looks Greg up and down. His eyes say it all.

JOHN

Is that so? Not really my type, but
hey, "when in Rome" ammiright?

GREG

He's my soulmate?

ELEANOR

Oh yes. It's written in the stars.

Greg looks up at the sky, looking like he's going to throw up.

JOHN

(to GREG)

I hope you're a swinger. I've got
quite the night planned.

He serves a knowing look at his manservant.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

GREG

(oh god)
I need a drink.

JOHN

You said it, sister. Shall we?

He offers his arm to Greg, who cringes as he takes it. The pair exit.

MICHAEL

Diabolical. I love it.

ELEANOR

Learned from the best.

She nudges Michael, smiling. Tahani and Jason join them.

TAHANI

Everything in place?

ELEANOR

The foundation has been laid. Now,
who's up for a little chaos?

EXT. STAGE - COCKTAIL PARTY - LATER

Eleanor climbs up onto the stage, tapping the microphone to grab the party's attention.

ELEANOR

Hello. Good evening, everyone. As you
all know, I'm Eleanor, and I'm the
Architect of this Neighborhood.

There's polite applause.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I'm actually pretty new to this all.
Thrown into the deep end, as it were.
But this place - our little community -
means a lot to me. I will work hard to
make sure everything's perfect.
Because you all really do deserve
this.

She looks pointedly at Greg. And then shifts her gaze to Chidi. Expression softening, she allows a genuine smile.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I'm doing this for you. Because you're
good people. So here's to eternity.

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"

Eleanor raises her glass, toasting. The party reciprocates, and everyone takes a drink.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Cheers. Enjoy the party!

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER

The Soul Squad gathers around Michael's desk as Michael pulls up his holographic computer screen. A live stream of the cocktail party plays in one window, while data and graphics provide readouts on the four new humans.

A large, red button appears on the desk. Neat letters spell out: **Nightmare Sequence.**

JANET
Ready when you are, Eleanor.

Eleanor looks around the circle, into the eyes of her friends. Her hand hovers over the button.

ELEANOR
Let the torture begin.

She slams the button.

EXT. GOOD PLACE NEIGHBORHOOD - MONTAGE

The ground rumbles, as a fault splinters across the town square. It snakes through the cocktail party, creating a rift.

Red lightning arcs across the sky, illuminating giant SHADOWS. As they float closer, we realize they're PILLS.

Everyone's clothes suddenly change into a bright shade of neon orange. But, like Eleanor in the pilot, Pillboi doesn't change.

As a RAID SIREN blares, we pull back to survey the full chaos. Which transitions to--

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - SAME

The computer screen. REVERSE on Eleanor, as she smiles.

ELEANOR
Welcome to the Neighborhood.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

"Welcome to the Neighborhood"