

CHUCK
"Chuck Versus the Reboot"

By
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CHUCK

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TEASER

INT. PITCH BLACK ROOM

Heavy breathing fills the dark space then quick TIGHT SHOTS of sweaty flesh, his and hers, cut into the blackness.

CLOSE ON: CHUCK's face, dripping with perspiration.

CHUCK

Do we have to do this in the dark?

CLOSER ON: SARAH's lips. She licks them.

SARAH

Yes. Focus.

She inhales then lunges forward with a sharp exhale. The sound of skin hitting skin is followed immediately by a grunt from Chuck then a thud as a body falls.

CHUCK

(winded, coughing)

I didn't know you played so rough.

SARAH

This isn't a game. Get me off.

CLOSE ON: Sarah's hands as they pin Chuck's wrists to the ground. He twists his arms, but her grip is secure.

CHUCK

I can't do this. Not to you.

SARAH

Focus.

CHUCK

Okay. Okay. Ah! Okay.

Body parts fly; grunts and moans ring through the darkness. Another clunk. A thud. Then silence.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Sarah?

SARAH
(gurgled)
Lights.

The lights flick on to reveal a low-key combat studio. Punching bags and sparring tools litter the background. In the middle is a sparring area where Chuck has Sarah on the floor, locked in a front knee strangle. He releases her.

CHUCK
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Chuck hops up to offer her a hand. Sarah takes the opportunity to roundhouse him back into a horizontal position. She stands over him with a smirk.

SARAH
Today's lesson?

CHUCK
Focus?

Sarah grins and nods. Chuck winces, but smiles up at her.

SARAH
Now, get up. We're already late.

EXT. WOODCOMB HOME - SUBURBS - DAY

A cozy cul-de-sac is home to cute little ranch-style homes.

CLOSER ON: A moving van parked in the driveway of a three-bedroom with attached garage and perfectly manicured lawn.

Chuck and DEVON carry a couch from the van to the house.

INT. WOODCOMB HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah and ELLIE sit together on the hearth of a fireplace. Unopened boxes and miscellaneous furniture are piled around them, but they are focused on a photo album.

SARAH
You guys took Karate?

CLOSE ON: A photo in the album of a young Ellie and Chuck, both dressed in karate uniforms. They both look happy.

ELLIE

I got all the way to green belt,
but Chuck asked for the cost of the
class in quarters.

Devon and Chuck come through a propped open front door.
Devon walks backward and with ease. Chuck huffs and puffs.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

To this day, Street Fighter is as
close to martial arts as Chuck
Bartowski's ever ventured.

Chuck eavesdrops as he and Devon set down the couch. Chuck
wipes his brow then plops down on the couch.

SARAH

Probably a good thing.

Ellie laughs. Chuck meets eyes with Sarah to share an
amused, private smile.

DEVON

Well, guys, Ellie and I really
appreciate your help today.

SARAH

It was our pleasure.

CHUCK

I still can't believe Dad got you
guys a house.

ELLIE

I still can't believe he's gone.

DEVON

He'll be back, babe. He left a
phone number and forwarding address
this time. Nothing to worry about.

Ellie puts on a smile.

ELLIE

Oh! Chuck. I need your help with
something in the kitchen. Come on.

She hops up and grabs his hand, pulling him out of the room.
Devon and Sarah look at one another awkwardly.

DEVON

(hushed)

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)
So, I've been meaning to ask. You
and Chuck are just undercover or...
really under the covers?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Boxes lay around the floor and on the counters. Chuck and Ellie enter. Ellie spins to face him, a smile on her face.

CHUCK
You're not going to offer me money
for the rent again, are you?

ELLIE
No. Unless you need--

CHUCK
(amused)
Sis. What is it?

ELLIE
I think, now that you have the
apartment to yourself, you should
ask Sarah to move in with you.

CHUCK
Oh. Oh... Hm. Living together?

He smiles and is momentarily lost in a happy thought.

ELLIE
Look at you, you're so in love.
(she grabs his shoulders)
And maybe if living together works
out, you two can be as happy as--

CHUCK
Ellie, don't you have a honeymoon
to unpack then re-pack for?

This sobers her. She takes a deep breath then smiles.

ELLIE
Think about the Sarah thing?

He nods. She grins then hugs him.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In front of the TV, CASEY and Sarah sit on opposite ends of the couch with Chuck in the middle.

CHUCK

I didn't know you guys were so into Must-See TV.

On the screen, GENERAL BECKMAN pops up. Casey and Sarah stand automatically. Casey drags Chuck up to his feet.

BECKMAN

Mr. Bartowski, welcome back. I hope the week off was... rejuvenating.

CHUCK

Oh, well, yeah. I mostly spent it helping Ellie and Awesome move so--

BECKMAN

Don't get too comfortable in your new bachelor pad.

Chuck glances at Sarah who shrugs.

BECKMAN (CONT'D)

Under the cover of "taking the next step in your relationship," Agent Walker will be moving into your apartment to closely monitor your new abilities so that we can fully understand the capabilities and boundaries of the new Intersect.

Casey raises his eyebrows and smirks. Sarah's jaw drops a little, but she recovers. Chuck peeks over at her.

BECKMAN

Agent Walker will also quit her current cover job at Orange, Orange. Castle is no more.

Casey grumbles. Chuck looks a little sad.

BECKMAN

Colonel Casey, spy organizations, legitimate and illegitimate, from every country in the world would kill for an agent like Bartowski.

CHUCK
Literally?

Casey elbows Chuck, hard.

BECKMAN
Be diligent.

CASEY
Yes, Ma'am.

The General nods and signs off. Chuck tilts his head.

CHUCK
Hey, did she call me "an agent?"

CASEY
No.

SARAH
Don't get ahead of yourself. She
was speaking in general terms.

CHUCK
No pun intended. Hah-haa...

Chuck looks back and forth between them, but neither laugh.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
But, seriously, guys. I think I'm
ready now. To be an agent. A spy.

Casey laughs loudly then abruptly exits the room. Chuck
turns to Sarah. His look is half puppy-dog, half cocky.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Come on, I'd make a great secret
agent. I have built-in intelligence
gathering tools. I know Kung-Fu
and... well, who knows what else.

SARAH
Which is why I'm moving in, Chuck.
To find out what else you know...
and can do. Now, if you'll excuse
me, I have to go pack.

They look at each other a moment. Chuck smiles.

CHUCK
You know, the General sorta stole
my thunder. I was already going to
ask you to move in with me.

Sarah looks down and smiles.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
'Cause, seriously, who wouldn't
want to live with Super-Agent
Charles Carmichael?

SARAH
Super-Agent?
(she rolls her eyes)
See you tomorrow, Chuck.

He grins and watches her leave the apartment.

INT. CHUCK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Chuck lies in bed asleep.

MORGAN (O.S.)
Hey? Chuck? You up, buddy?

Chuck rouses as Morgan climbs in through the window.

CHUCK
Morgan? Shouldn't you be on a plane
to Hawaii by now? Living the
Hibachi Chef dream?

Chuck gets out of bed.

MORGAN
A bachelor pad with my best friend
obviously supersedes any
aforementioned dreams. This is
going to be amazing, man!

CHUCK
Okay, slow down, buddy.
(he stalls then sighs)
I asked Sarah to move in with me.

MORGAN
I figured as much.

CHUCK
Then, why--

MORGAN
Dude, still five hours till
departure. Thought I'd stop by for
one last round of Call of Duty. You
know, for old time's sake.

Chuck's look is puzzled.

CHUCK
What's Call of Duty?

MORGAN
What's... right, funny.

Morgan chuckles as he pulls CALL OF DUTY 4 out of Chuck's collection and hands it to him. Chuck raises his eyebrows and flips the game over to read the back cover. He shrugs.

CHUCK
Hm. Okay. Let's play.

Morgan turns the system on. Both guys sit down on the edge of Chuck's bed. Morgan gets the game going as they chat.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
So where's Anna?

Morgan sighs as he hands Chuck a controller.

MORGAN
Love is a Battlefield, buddy.

Explosions from the game echo the point.

CHUCK
You had a fight?

MORGAN
Nah. I just heard that song on the way over. Anna's actually going to stay in town for a little while, save some cash then fly out to meet me. She may seem wild, but she's a surprisingly practical woman.

Chuck smiles at Morgan. Morgan starts a game. Chuck fumbles with the controller for a minute.

CHUCK
Which button for grenades?

MORGAN
(confused)
Right bumper. Same as always.

CHUCK
Cool. And... to reload?

Morgan tilts his head then sets down the controller.

MORGAN
Alright, man, I get it.

Chuck doesn't. Morgan stands up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
It's time for me to defamiliarize
myself with the childish things
that have been holding me back.
It's time... to move on.

Chuck sets his controller down and stands up, but has no
freaking clue what Morgan is talking about.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to miss you so much!

CHUCK
Ditto, buddy. Right back at you.

Morgan throws his arms around Chuck and squeezes tight.
Chuck hugs him back. After a second, Morgan steps back.

MORGAN
See ya, Chuck.

Morgan lingers a moment, then he climbs out of the room.
Sadness shows on Chuck's face, but then he gets distracted.
Chuck grabs games from his collection and holds them up to
his face one at a time, carefully analyzing each cover.

CHUCK
Yes... yes... yes...

He holds up the CALL OF DUTY 4 box. He closes his eyes and
then opens them, looking at the box with deep concentration.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
No.

Chuck looks from the game in his hand to the television.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
What the... ?

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. BUY MORE - DAY

JEFF and LESTER sit at the Nerd Herd desk with their chins propped up on their hands and blank looks on their faces. A green-shirted BIG MIKE walks up carrying a stack of DVDs.

BIG MIKE
Hey. Fellas?

No reaction.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)
Ay! Laverne! Shirley!

Jeff and Lester slowly move their eyes in his direction.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

They snap out of it, shaking their heads.

JEFF
We were trying to see if telepathic teleportation really is just a thing of the future.

LESTER
But I guess now we'll never know.

Lester gives Big Mike a pointed look. Beat.

LESTER
We have to resort to scientific experiments for entertainment without Morgan and Charles around.

BIG MIKE
They've only been gone for a week.

JEFF
Worst week of my life. Oh, well, except the week I spent on the lamb, trying to outrun the Mexican police after the donkey incident--

BIG MIKE
Look, you idiots don't know anything about boredom, okay? My hot mama is so depressed about her baby boy moving to Hawaii that the
(MORE)

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)
 most action I've seen lately has
 been on Cops.

JEFF
 (singing)
 "Bad boys, bad boys. Watcha
 gonna do? Watcha gonna do
 when they come for you?"

BIG MIKE
 I don't even want to know
 what it'll be like after
 her boy and his beard get
 on that airplane today.

JEFF
 (flashback)
 Ditch the tequila and run for the
 border! Pronto!
 (he giggles)
 Works every time.

LESTER
 There's still time to stop him.

JEFF
 Morgan is a man of honor. He'll
 never come back with El Diablo
 still at the helm.

He thumbs over his shoulder toward Emmett's office.

LONG SHOT: In his office, Emmett uses a feather duster on
 his desk then moves to the blinds. He looks around with a
 paranoid expression then closes the blinds.

LESTER
 I'm thinking now would be a good
 time to employ the good ol'
 bait-and-switch.

BIG MIKE
 Keep talking.

LESTER
 We tell Morgan that Emmett's gone.
 By the time he finds out the truth,
 he's already missed his flight.

Big Mike sets the DVDs down on the counter.

BIG MIKE
 I'm in. Let's do it.

EXT. DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Casey and Sarah run from the building. Suddenly, they are surrounded by MASKED MEN with guns. Casey draws his gun. Sarah strikes a martial arts pose. They are out-numbered.

Out of nowhere, Chuck flips into the scene. He starts fighting the men in a Chuck-Fu brawl. Sarah and Casey join in. The men pile up on the ground until none are left.

Chuck turns to Sarah and smiles proudly.

CHUCK

How was that for focus? Huh?

From behind him, the only conscious man starts to get up. Sarah spots him and kicks him back down. Chuck flinches, but Casey doesn't even notice. He's too busy grinning at Chuck.

CASEY

That was surprisingly not pathetic.

BAHMMER (O.S.)

Not bad, but you may have a little more trouble with me.

ERIC BAHMMER, Caucasian, balding and nondescript, walks up to them. He is dressed in a ridiculous kimono.

CHUCK

Hey, man, your grandma called. She wants her robe back.

SARAH

Careful Chuck.

Chuck smirks then charges Bahmmer, but before he reaches him, Bahmmer lets his robe slide off to reveal a bomb vest strapped to his torso. Chuck skids to a stop.

CHUCK

But, you know, I'm sure she wouldn't mind if you kept it just a little while longer.

Chuck bends to pick up the robe.

BAHMMER

I suggest you stay back.

Chuck looks up at Bahmmer's face and staggers.

FLASH: CIA files. Explosives expert. Pictures of blown-up buildings and dead bodies. Connected dots to a virtual simulation of LAX exploding.

SARAH

Chuck?

CHUCK

He plans to blow up the airport.
(to himself)
Oh my God. Morgan.

CASEY

Fulcrum?

CHUCK

No. Not yet. That's why he's doing this. His group is on the outskirts of The Ring and wants acceptance.

Bahmmer tilts his head, curious and fascinated.

CASEY

Damn, that's handy.

Casey points his gun at Bahmmer's head.

BAHMMER

Wait! My vest is rigged with contact explosives. If you shoot me and I hit the ground... boom.

Casey snarls and starts to lower his weapon.

CHUCK

Hang on, Casey.

Chuck looks at Bahmmer, his smile turning arrogant.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

He's lying.

Casey raises his gun.

SARAH

How can you possibly know that?

Casey grunts in agreement and lowers his weapon.

CHUCK

His right pinkie is twitching. It's his poker tell. He once lost \$356,214 in Reno because of it.

BAHMMER

How do you--

CHUCK

And fifty-three cents.

Bang. Casey shoots Bahmmer in the head. He falls to the ground unceremoniously. Chuck is momentarily queasy, but better when he looks away. He meets Sarah's gaze.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

See? No boom.

SARAH

What if you were wrong?

CASEY

Mission accomplished, Walker. Let's focus on the positive, 'kay?

Sarah watches as Casey pats Chuck on the back. She frowns.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Big Mike has his arm around Morgan's shoulder. Jeff and Lester walk behind. They high five then speak privately:

JEFF

Mission accomplished.

Lester grins.

LESTER

Bait accepted.

MORGAN

I can't believe you guys got Emmett to quit. This is amazing.

Jeff and Lester trade a nervous look, but shrug it off.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Casey and Chuck enter with Sarah tagging along behind.

CASEY

That was quite the show you put on today, Bartowski and, for once, I didn't mind having front row seats.

He holds his hand up for a high five. Chuck completes the move then looks over his shoulder at Sarah with his jaw dropped in surprise. Sarah feigns a smile.

CHUCK
Super-Agent Carmichael at your
service, my good man.

Chuck squeezes Casey's shoulder. Casey laughs gruffly. Sarah watches in near disgust.

INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

The once empty living room is now filled with boxes and furniture from Sarah's old place. She stands over one box, pulling small items out until she finds a framed picture.

CLOSE ON: the picture. Sarah and Chuck on Halloween.

Sarah smiles and traces her finger across Chuck's face.

CHUCK (O.S.)
I'm thinking about getting a cape.

Sarah shoves the picture back into the box.

SARAH
What?

Chuck walks up to her wearing a smile.

CHUCK
Super-Chuck needs a cape, I think.

SARAH
So now it's Super-Chuck? Great.

CHUCK
Well, you know, "Captain Awesome"
was already taken so...

SARAH
Listen, Chuck, you did well today.
The flashing and the Kung-Fu. But--

CHUCK
Did you see the Casey high-five?

SARAH
But, in this line of work, humility
is extremely important.

Chuck's face falls.

CHUCK

You think I'm unfamiliar with the concept of humility? I've spent the past two years being told to "stay in the car." I get humility.

SARAH

Then act like it. Because when you're a spy, you never know when it's all going to end...

Sarah looks away. Chuck steps up to her and puts a hand on her shoulder, looking at her very carefully.

CHUCK

(gently)

This is about Bryce, isn't it?

SARAH

This is about you, Chuck. Or the lack thereof.

Chuck drops his hand from her shoulder.

CHUCK

(hurt)

So I'm not me now? Is that what you're saying?

SARAH

I'm saying that "Super-Agent Super-Chuck" isn't the Chuck I know.

Chuck tilts his head.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The Chuck I know is the self-doubter who always needs an extra push to be great. The Chuck who had to be asked to be a hero.

CHUCK

(quiet, sarcastic)

Boy, that Chuck sounds like the coolest guy ever.

SARAH

"That Chuck" is the Chuck I fell in love with.

They stare at each other, both shocked by her words.

CHUCK

(awed)

There's a Chuck you fell in love
with?

A touched smile forms on his lips. She turns away.

SARAH

I know. Making girls fall in love
with you--another talent you can
let go straight to your head.

CHUCK

Actually, I don't think I've ever
heard anything more... humbling.

Sarah turns back to him, her eyebrows lifted. Chuck takes a
step toward her, looking at her intensely, lovingly.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

There's nothing up here...
(he points to his head)
that could ever compare...
(he takes her hand)
to how you make me feel in here.

Chuck slides her hand up to his chest, his heart.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I fell in love with you, too. And
whether I'm "that Chuck" or this
Chuck--a loser or a hero--I will
continue to be in love with you for
a long, long, long time.

Sarah stares at Chuck for a long beat. Then she's on him,
kissing him passionately. He kisses her back as they wrap
their arms around each other. They trip over boxes, fumble
with each others' clothes, and move toward Chuck's bedroom.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits in his bed, leaning against the wall with the
covers up to his chin. He looks frightened.

BOLONIA (O.S.)

Oh, Mikey. Thank you for bringing
mijo home where he belongs.

BIG MIKE (O.S.)

It was nothing... Ohh, but Bolonia,
I'll accept that as thanks.

Morgan cringes as Mike moans in pleasure.

INT. CHUCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bed, Chuck lays over Sarah, kissing her tenderly.

CHUCK
I've wanted this for so long.

Sarah laughs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I mean, not this. Well, okay, this,
but the rest of it, too. The rest
of you. The whole she-bang.

Sarah giggles. Chuck hides his face between her neck and shoulder then kisses her there. She closes her eyes.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Do you think Casey's--

SARAH
I pulled the plug.

CHUCK
I wonder if there's something I
could flash on to make me, you
know, better at...

Sarah opens her eyes, annoyance rising.

SARAH
Chuck?

Chuck brings his face to hers, their noses touching.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Focus.

He smiles as she kisses him. No more talking.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CHUCK'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Chuck and Sarah lay under the covers together. Chuck has his arm wrapped around Sarah, her arms intertwined with his. He slowly wakes up, nuzzling the back of her neck.

CLOSE ON: Chuck as his eyes snap open. He inhales sharply.

Chuck slips his arms back as he gently rises out of the bed. He stares at Sarah as if he has no idea who she is. He takes a step back and trips, but rights himself.

He takes a few steps around the bed to get a better view of Sarah. He looks her over, the panic growing on his face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck quietly closes the door behind him and leans against it. He runs a hand through his hair then notices his watch. He hits a button on the watch.

CHUCK
(whisper screaming)
Casey?! Can you hear me? Help!

No response. Chuck sighs and puts his face in his hands.

CASEY
What is it?

Chuck looks up, confused by Casey's quick arrival.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I don't take calls for help
lightly. What's wrong? And, it
better be more than morning breath.

CHUCK
There is a beautiful woman in my
bed. Maybe the most beautiful woman
I've ever seen, actually, but--

Casey cuts him off with a growl.

CASEY
You really called me over here to
brag about your conquests?

CHUCK
Conquest? She slept with me? You
really think she slept with me?

CASEY
Beats me. Walker cut my
surveillance--

CHUCK
Walker?

CASEY

But I'm assuming you did more than sleep, if you know what I mean.

Chuck is mortified.

CHUCK

No. I don't know what you mean. That's the problem, Casey. I have no idea how she got in my bed--

CASEY

Mmm hmm.

CHUCK

Or who she is or--

Casey lets out an inquisitive grumble.

CHUCK

How could I forget a woman like that, huh? Was I drinking? Was she drunk? That would explain a lot--except why I'm the one who can't remember anything.

The bedroom door opening behind him silences Chuck. A look of terror streaks his face. Sarah comes out, disheveled and sleepy. She spots Casey and blushes immediately.

CASEY

Morning, Agent Walker.

Chuck's eyes get wider. He mouths "Agent?" Panic mode.

SARAH

(embarrassed)

Hi, Casey.

Chuck's jaw drops. Super-panic mode.

CASEY

There may be a problem with the Intersect.

Chuck takes a quick peek at Sarah who is already looking at him with a knitted brow. He looks back at Casey and gulps.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sarah, now dressed, stands in the living room with Casey.

SARAH

You'll leave this part out of the report, right?

CASEY

Which part? The part where you slept with him or the part where he forgot all about it? Or the part where he has no idea who you are?

Sarah glares at him. A knock at the door grabs their attention. Casey grumbles, but exits down the hallway.

MORGAN (O.S.)

Chuck? Are you there, buddy? I think the Morgan Door is stuck again. What is with that?

Sarah makes her way to the door and opens it for Morgan.

MORGAN

Oh, Sarah.

Morgan pushes past her and looks around at all the stuff.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Wow, that was quick.

SARAH

Now isn't really a good--

CHUCK (O.S.)

Is there someone else here?

Chuck walks out, also dressed.

MORGAN

There you are, Chuck, thank God.

Chuck tilts his head, examining Morgan. Sarah watches him.

SARAH

Well, Morgan is your best friend, Chuck. It makes sense that he'd--

CHUCK

I know that Morgan's my best friend. I know Morgan. It's just that he's supposed to be on a plane to Hawaii, not standing in my living room. What's going on?

Chuck turns to Morgan for an explanation.

MORGAN

Last night was horrible. A huge, terrible, colossal mistake.

Sarah fidgets.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I should have just stayed with you and played Call of Duty. At least then I wouldn't have ended up back home to hear the biggest Big Mike and Mom lovefest yet. I think I need to bleach my ears after that.

CHUCK

Did you say Call of Duty?

Morgan nods. Epiphany rings on Chuck's face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Listen, buddy, I'm going to call you later and get all caught up on your extended mainland stay, but right now Age--er, uh, my girlfriend and I have to get all this crap unpacked so let me give you a call later, okay? You understand, right?

Before Morgan can react, Chuck practically shoves him out the door. When Morgan is out, Chuck turns back to Sarah.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm forgetting things.

Casey steps back into the room.

SARAH

(mumbled)

Maybe you should have considered "Captain Obvious" for your super-hero name.

CHUCK
We need to find my father.

They look around at each other, considering that thought.

INT. BUY MORE - DAY

Lester and Jeff stand around the Nerd Herd desk, slacking off with the rest of the Buy More crew.

EMMETT (O.S.)
Listen up, Nerds.

Lester and Jeff turn to him; everyone else straightens up.

EMMETT
Don't come looking for me today.

JEFF
Don't worry.

EMMETT
I will be in my office all day participating in an online training program for new managers.

LESTER
Oh, they're finally teaching you how to do your job?

EMMETT
If I hear of any hijinks while I'm gone, you'll be out of here faster than my new internet connection-- three megs down, baby.

He smirks like this should be impressive. Jeff chortles. Emmett narrows his eyes and purses his lips then heads back to his office. A beat.

MORGAN (O.S.)
Was that just Emmett? I thought you guys said he was gone!

LESTER
(hushed, to Jeff)
Switch. Switch! Switch!

Jeff and Lester spin in Morgan's direction.

LESTER (CONT'D)

No, no, no. We said we wanted you and Chuck to come back because we need your help to get rid of that pathetic Pee Wee Herman clone.

Jeff flashes a creepy grin and nods.

MORGAN

(confused)

No...

Jeff nods. Morgan looks back and forth between them.

JEFF

Don't you remember?

Morgan thinks. Lester tilts his head to examine Morgan.

LESTER

A little young for memory loss...

MORGAN

I don't have--I remember, okay. I just don't remember... the plan.

LESTER

The plan? The plan is to, um...

JEFF

Find Chuck.

MORGAN

You guys can't find Chuck? He's at his apartment.

LESTER

(to Jeff)

Didn't you check there?

JEFF

No. I thought you did.

Morgan shakes his head.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Casey is at his computer, typing away. Sarah paces around while Chuck looks over Casey's shoulder.

CASEY

I'm calling in favors left and right, but I'm getting nothing.

SARAH

Any ideas, Super-Chuck?

CHUCK

You know, you've been awfully snippy today.

SARAH

Today? As compared to what exactly?

CHUCK

Oh... so you hating me is a normal thing? That's so cool.

Sarah folds her arms and looks off.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I understand how it might be a little annoying to have to cohabitate and sleep next to your fake boyfriend just for the sake of the cover, but--

Chuck stops and points at nothing in particular.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

My dad gave Ellie and Awesome a house, but... what if it's just a cover? Like me and you. Beautiful girl like you with a guy like me. It stands out. There's got to be some crazy reason behind it.

SARAH

How about love?

Chuck raises his eyebrows. Casey smirks.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Maybe your dad gave Ellie the house because he loves her.

CHUCK

No. No, there's got to be a reason. We need to go to the house, look around. Maybe he left a clue.

SARAH
(epiphany)
Like a forwarding address and phone
number. Devon said he left both. I
never dreamed they'd be legit, but
maybe the clue is actually--

Casey clears his throat. Sarah and Chuck look up as the
General pops up on the computer screen.

BECKMAN
Good work yesterday, team.

CASEY
Thank you, General. It was mostly
the asset's skill and intel that
made the mission a success.

BECKMAN
In that case, good work, Mr.
Bartowski.

Chuck beams.

CHUCK
Thanks, General. It was really easy
once I figured out--

BECKMAN
Will you be in touch with your
father in the near future?

Chuck and Sarah exchange a meaningful look.

CHUCK
I hope so.

BECKMAN
The CIA and NSA have agreed not to
attempt to contact him, but his
input on tweaking this new
intersect would be appreciated.

CHUCK
You've got that right.

The General tilts her head.

SARAH
What Chuck means is that if he is
able to contact his father, he will
mention the proposition.

BECKMAN

Very well. Also, as you may have been able to tell from your increased mission frequency, after the destruction of the Intersect computer, every rogue spy and enemy agent has been stepping up to take on whatever missions the Ring puts out there. They're trying to establish a pecking order.

SARAH

Why now? What's that got to do with the Intersect? If it's gone--

BECKMAN

They seem to suspect that someone was able to download the Intersect before it was destroyed.

CHUCK

Where would they get a crazy idea like that?

Chuck laughs at his own joke.

SARAH

They're all trying to get in now so that when The Ring makes a move on the Intersect, they can get a piece of the pie.

BECKMAN

Exactly and we've been getting tips left and right so stay accessible in case I need you to put out another fire. Understood?

CASEY

Of course.

BECKMAN

Thank you, Colonel. Good day.

She cuts the feed.

CHUCK

Shouldn't we have mentioned my little memory issue?

Casey grunts in disapproval.

SARAH
 Little memory issue? It's more like
 a major glitch, Chuck.

CASEY
 I'm giving us twenty-four hours to
 get it fixed before I report it.

SARAH
 Now, let's get out of here and see
 if we can track down the only
 person with any hope of fixing you.

CASEY
 Mm hm.

He hops up and starts collecting gear.

CHUCK
 Fixing me? What am I? Robocop?

SARAH
 I don't know. Does he wear a cape?

Chuck fake laughs. Beat.

CHUCK
 Hey, is now a bad time to mention
 that Ellie and Awesome didn't give
 me a key to their new pad?

SARAH
 We're spies, Chuck. I think we can
 handle it.

EXT. WOODCOMB HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Casey and Sarah, dressed in black, are followed by Chuck wearing his street clothes. Casey is picking the lock of the back door while Chuck and Sarah keep watch.

SARAH
 What's taking so long?

CASEY
 Just give me a minute...

Casey continues to work on the lock. Chuck and Sarah stand to the side. They exchange glances, but nothing more.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Almost got it.

Chuck and Sarah speak privately:

CHUCK
Agent Walker?

She acknowledges him with a raised eyebrow.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Did I do something to you?

She clears her throat and glances at Casey.

SARAH
What... what do you mean?

CHUCK
To make you hate me.

SARAH
(sincere)
I don't hate you, Chuck.

His smile is relieved.

CASEY
What is with this damn door?

His pick breaks off.

CASEY (CONT'D)
To hell with this.

He walks over to a nearby window and pulls out his gun.

CHUCK
Whoa, Casey! This is my sister's
house. You can't just shoot out a
window in broad daylight.

Casey flips his gun around to hit the window with the butt,
but... nothing happens. Unbreakable.

Sarah and Chuck exchange a look. Low sirens begin to sound.
Casey turns around to face the other two, his eyes wide. Out
of nowhere, eight foot, tightly-grouped bars rise from the
ground, trapping them in.

The trio looks around at each other in panic.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - DAY

Morgan, Lester and Jeff sit on the fountain.

LESTER

If he's not at the Buy More and
he's not at home...

JEFF

(pervy)
Maybe he's at Sarah's.

LESTER

Option three: making sweet love to
his lovely lady friend.

MORGAN

Unfortunately, Chuck desecrated the
potential bachelor pad by having
Sarah move in with him so--

LESTER

Getting the milk for free. Sweet.

JEFF

Mmm. Milk. Have you guys ever tried
milking a donkey?

Lester and Morgan trade a disgusted look. Jeff starts
humming the COPS theme song again.

EXT. WOODCOMB HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Chuck, Sarah and Casey stand in the cage. Casey and Sarah
both have their guns drawn. Slowly, the backdoor opens.

STEVE (O.S.)

You could have just knocked.

The trio looks around at one another, shocked to see STEVE
BARTOWSKI standing at the backdoor.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Casey, Sarah and Chuck sit at the three stools in front of a
counter-top bar. Steve is at a nearby counter making a
sandwich. He turns to them.

STEVE
Would anyone like anything?

Casey starts to speak, but Chuck talks over him:

CHUCK
No. Dad, what are you doing here?

STEVE
Making a sandwich?

Steve turns to face him with half a smile.

STEVE
Come on, you think I'd just leave
Ellie? Or you, for that matter?

CHUCK
Wouldn't be the first time.

Steve slides his plate onto the counter and walks to Chuck.

STEVE
I left because it was the best way
to keep you and Ellie safe at the
time. Things are different now.

CASEY
So you booby-trapped your
daughter's house against break-ins?

STEVE
I built a fortress, Major Casey.

CHUCK
(cough talking)
Colonel.

STEVE
(unimpressed)
Oh, Colonel. Congratulations.

Steve's eyes are drawn to Sarah. She looks around impatiently. Steve glances back at Chuck.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Come on, I'll show you around.

CHUCK
Ellie already gave us the tour.

STEVE

She may have missed a few things.

Chuck raises his eyebrows. Sarah and Casey exchange a look.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Steve leads Chuck, Casey and Sarah into the living room. He pushes up his sleeve and hits a few buttons on a newly designed wrist computer.

The fireplace shifts aside to reveal a secret doorway.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

This place is amazing. It's clean, pristine and neat -- the opposite of Steve Bartowski. Monitors line one wall. There are various other computer stations around the room, all hooked to high-tech equipment.

SARAH

Oh my God.

Casey looks around with a raised lip.

CHUCK

I thought buying the house was a stretch. How could you ever afford all this? Whatever this is...

STEVE

I have money, Charles. It's just not always easy to access.

CASEY

Looks like you found a way.

Steve glances at Sarah who is silently taking in the lab.

STEVE

So...

Sarah looks up and meets his eye, but then looks away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Now you know why I'm here--

CHUCK

Not really--

STEVE
What can I do for you?

They all look around at each other.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Casey and Sarah stand in the kitchen. Casey searches through the fridge while Sarah admires the granite counter tops.

SARAH
These counter tops are gorgeous.

Casey closes the fridge and finds Steve's sandwich on the counter. He picks it up and sniffs it.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It's probably booby trapped.

Casey grunts and takes a bite.

SARAH (CONT'D)
This house is perfect, isn't it?
For Ellie and Devon, I mean--

CASEY
You don't have to warm me up,
Walker. Just get to the point.

SARAH
Fine. I'm thinking of resigning.

Casey growls then tosses the sandwich down and spits the bite into the sink.

CASEY
I hate Dijon mustard.

SARAH
How would you feel if I quit?

CASEY
(clueless)
Feel?

SARAH
What would you think?

CASEY
I'd think you were giving up on
your country just because
Computer-for-Brain Boy forgot about
you.

SARAH

No. Just the opposite. If his dad can't straighten out his memory then... I'll stay.

Casey narrows his eyes and grumbles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I have feelings for him.

CASEY

Chuck's been trying to have this conversation with me for two years, what makes you think I want to hear your side of it, Walker?

SARAH

Because I know you better than Chuck does, John. And I know you care about this team. Me included.

CASEY

Fine, you want my take? I think country comes first and you're being selfish. You're one hell of an agent, and Chuck Bartowski is one hell of an asset to the U.S. government. Get your head screwed on straight then look at the situation. You're the only one who can handle Chuck. You're the key to this whole operation and you don't even realize it.

Sarah bites her lip and looks away.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

Chuck sits on a table with electrodes stuck to his forehead. He stares at a large, white screen. Random images flash.

STEVE

You learned Kung-Fu, but you forgot an entire videogame.

Chuck nods.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Same with the explosives guy, but you forgot your handler.

Another nod, this one with a frown.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fascinating. I've never experienced anything like this. Occasional headaches, but never memory loss.

CHUCK

Lucky you.

STEVE

Unfortunately, this throws a bit of a wrench in my initial theory.

Steve zones out a second, lost in thought.

CHUCK

Do you think you're going to be able to get my memories back?

STEVE

I don't know, but I sure hope so because Sarah's great for you, Son.

CHUCK

Dad, you know she's just my cover girlfriend, right?

Steve smiles to himself. A beat.

STEVE

I'm hungry. I never got to eat my sandwich. Let's take a break.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CASEY

Aside from being far too warm and fuzzy for my liking, this whole conversation'll be moot if Dr. Creepshow can't fix the Intersect.

Chuck and Steve shuffle into the room sending Casey and Sarah into instant silence.

SARAH

Any luck?

CHUCK

He was hungry...

Steve looks around then opens the fridge.

STEVE
Where's my sandwich?

CASEY
In the trash where it belongs.

STEVE
You threw away my sandwich?

CASEY
Dijon mustard is un-American.

STEVE
You tasted my sandwich?

Steve gets close to Casey who growls. Chuck steps in.

CHUCK
Okay, calm down. I'll order a
pizza. There's a number right here.

He points at the fridge then pulls out his cell and dials.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yes, this is for delivery. Large
veggie pizza with no black olives.

Sarah glances up, looking intensely at Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Nineteen fifty-three Sycamore.
Bartowski. Thanks.

Chuck hangs up the phone. Sarah watches as realization plays
on Chuck's face, then fear.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Oh, no. No, no, no, no. I think
it's happening again.

Chuck puts a hand to his temple. Steve rushes to him.

STEVE
What's happening? What's wrong?

CHUCK
I forgot that I don't like olives.

Steve calms down instantly.

STEVE

Chuck, you love olives. It was the first vegetable you'd allow on your pizza. We worked our way up from there.

CHUCK

I remember that. But then why would I order a pizza without olives?

Sarah takes a step toward Chuck.

SARAH

Chuck. It's me.

CHUCK

I know. I didn't forget you again.

SARAH

It's me who doesn't like olives.

CHUCK

Oh. Well, how'd I know that?

CASEY

You're the reason he doesn't order olives? Maybe you should quit.

SARAH

Casey!

CHUCK

Quit? You're quitting? Why?

Sarah glares at Casey.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Not because of me? Because of this?

SARAH

No. Not exactly.

STEVE

We need to get back into the lab.

Steve grabs Chuck and pulls him out of the room.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You two, come on.

Casey and Sarah follow behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The group moves down the hallway.

STEVE

See, my theory was that flashing
was Swiss-cheesing his
brain--cutting little holes out
that, at best, we could plug up.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

The group walks into the lab.

STEVE

But it sounds more like this new
Intersect is overwriting his brain.

They all stop.

CHUCK

Well, that sounds way better.

STEVE

Each time the Intersect is
accessed, it copies the information
into the brain's "working memory."

Casey and Sarah trade a confused look.

SARAH

(to Casey)

Are you following this?

CASEY

He lost me at "Swiss cheese." Also
un-American, FYI.

STEVE

This may have been happening all
along, but based on what you
described to me, Charles, these new
files are exponentially larger.
They need much more space.

CHUCK

640K ought to be enough for
anybody.

Steve laughs heartily. Sarah again looks to Casey.

CASEY

I speak nine languages, but
nerd-ese isn't one of them.

STEVE

The space also needs to be more
organized--maybe pre-organized.

CHUCK

You think the Intersect took my
Agent Walker file and overwrote it
with its own Eric Bahmmer file?

STEVE

A person for a person. A skill for
a skill. A trade-off, of sorts.

SARAH

But he didn't forget me until...
the next morning.

STEVE

Sleep works like a reboot for the
brain.

Chuck considers this, nodding along.

STEVE

Here's the important thing: the
information may have been
overwritten, but it's not gone.
Chuck's olive order proves that. I
believe we'll be able to recover
what's been lost.

Everyone looks around at each other.

INT. BUY MORE - NIGHT

The store is closed. Morgan, Jeff and Lester walk in,
looking tired and dejected.

LESTER

I can't believe we waited for four
hours and still no Chuck.

JEFF

We may as well face it, we've lost
Chuck forever.

MORGAN

Come on, guys, we can get him back.

BIG MIKE (O.S.)

You better get him back.

Lester screams and jumps into Jeff's arms as Big Mike walks out of the darkness looking haggard and mean.

BIG MIKE

Part of Emmett's new managerial plan is to ban doughnuts from the break room. Doughnuts!

Jeff, still holding Lester, frowns.

JEFF

That's a crime against humanity.

BIG MIKE

Exactly. So you clowns find Bartowski, get him back here, and use his big nerd brain to figure out how to get rid of Emmett so he never comes back. Comprende?

They all nod in agreement.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - NIGHT

Casey stands watch at the door. Steve runs models on a computer. Chuck sits on a counter next to a half-eaten pizza with a slice in his hand. He takes the last non-crust bite.

Sarah enters with a small condiment cup. Chuck takes notice right away. He watches the cup as Sarah walks over and puts it in his hands. He grins at her.

CHUCK

Ranch?

SARAH

Uh huh.

CHUCK

I love ranch on my crusts.

SARAH

Uh huh.

Chuck dips the crust into the dressing then takes a bite.

CHUCK

So good.

Sarah smiles.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You know, it's weird--you knowing everything about me, me knowing absolutely nothing about you. Oh, except that you hate olives.

SARAH

It's the nature of our relationship.

CHUCK

Right, I guess the handler has to know all about the asset, but--hey, is Sarah even your real name?

Sarah looks down.

CHUCK

Right. You can't tell me.

She nods.

CHUCK

Well, thanks for protecting my life. You've obviously been doing a good job taking care of me... even if I can't remember.

Sarah looks off, her face pulled into a tight frown.

SARAH

You're not just the secret anymore, Chuck. You're a secret agent now, and you're capable of taking care of yourself.

She looks back at him and finds ranch dressing on his face. She grabs a napkin and wipes it away for him. Chuck grins.

CHUCK

You sure about that?

His grin turns wistful as she doesn't answer.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. BUY MORE - DAY

Jeff and Lester sit at the Nerd Herd desk. Morgan approaches, dressed in his Buy More uniform, looking around. Big Mike walks by and glares at them, but keeps moving.

EMMETT (O.S.)
Well, well, well. If it isn't the prodigal son come back home.

Morgan ignores him.

EMMETT
Did you have fun with the pigs?

JEFF
Pigs?! Where?

Jeff jumps down under the cover of the desk and starts humming a frightened sounding COPS theme song.

EMMETT
Don't you people read the Bible?

LESTER
I'm Jewish, remember?

Emmett looks at him, confused. He turns to Morgan.

EMMETT
Since you begged. Here's your nametag, Grimes.
(he hands Morgan the nametag)
Mess up again and I'll send it through the shredder with you still attached. Remember: I own you.

Emmett cackles and walks away.

LESTER
Creepy.

Jeff peeks his head up over the counter.

JEFF
We gotta find Chuck.

MORGAN
Guys, I've been thinking. Maybe there's a reason we can't find
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Chuck. Maybe we're the ones meant
to lead the Buy More revolution.

Jeff and Lester inhale deeply and look at each other. The store goes dark and a spotlight shines just on them. They are the chosen ones. Back to reality.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We need some dirt on Emmett.

LESTER

Forget about it. He's cleaner than
an edited for TV movie.

ANNA (O.S.)

Or, is he?

Morgan grins a goofy smile as Anna puts a digital camera down on the counter. Lester and Jeff pick it up and start clicking through the old images.

ANNA

Don't even look at me Morgan. First
you kill our plans for Hawaii then
you beg for your old job back. I
just can't believe how satisfied
you are with the status quo.

Morgan's face falls.

LESTER

Anna, you're a goddess.

JEFF

A super-hot goddess.

Anna scrunches up her nose.

LESTER

Look at this...

Lester hands Morgan the camera. Morgan clicks through a few shots then grins wickedly.

MORGAN

Status quo: annihilated.

Anna holds back a smile. She loves this loser.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

Chuck sleeps on a cot. Sarah leans on a wall nearby, watching as he shifts and mumbles. Steve enters the lab.

STEVE

Colonel Casey just got word from the General. You guys are going to have to head out soon. New mission.

SARAH

Should I wake him?

Steve checks his watch.

STEVE

Two more minutes on the clock.

Sarah nods, her eyes drifting back to Chuck.

STEVE (CONT'D)

If he wakes up and can play that videogame, I'll work on recovering your file next.

SARAH

I was thinking... maybe we should just let it go.

Steve narrows his eyes. Sarah chooses her words carefully.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Chuck was too attached to me.

STEVE

Attached? He's in love with you.

Sarah hangs her head.

SARAH

Maybe he was, but now he calls me "Agent Walker," and I'm not so sure that's a bad thing.

Steve scowls.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Chuck's feelings for me jeopardize every mission.

STEVE

What about your feelings for him? Or does this "attachment" only go one way?

Sarah folds her arms and looks off.

STEVE (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

Sarah glances down then up at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Trust me, Sarah, I know all about personal sacrifice. Ignoring your feelings to protect the ones you love, but if you think this is what's best for Chuck--

SARAH
You're the one worried about his safety, right? This is what will keep him safe. What's best for him.

Steve considers this. Casey charges into the lab.

CASEY
Tell the Intersect to rise and shine. The General wants a meeting pronto. We'll link up in the van.

Chuck slowly opens his eyes and blinks. He sits up.

CHUCK
Did it work?

STEVE
You tell us.

Steve points to an Xbox setup with an LCD screen. CALL OF DUTY 4 is on pause. Chuck picks up the controller and starts playing. He mows through several enemy targets then hits pause. He turns back to the group.

CHUCK
It's weird. I remember not remembering it, but now it's all there like it was never gone.

Sarah smiles uncertainly. Steve grins.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
So... next step? Get Agent Walker back into the old noggin?

CASEY
No time.

SARAH
The General has a mission for us.

CHUCK
Is a mission a good idea for me
right now? What if I flash? What if
I learn a knew martial art?
(he stands up)
Wait a second.

Chuck strikes a Kung-Fu pose, but it looks awkward.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
No. No...
(he looks comically sad)
Guys, I don't know Kung-Fu.

STEVE
Not right now you don't, but let's
try something. Sarah, go for him.

SARAH
Excuse me?

STEVE
Try to attack him.

Sarah shrugs and spins into a light kick. It knocks Chuck slightly to the side then he...

FLASH. Kung-Fu. Bright images of moves. A stick of bamboo.

Sarah moves in for a punch, but Chuck blocks it.

CHUCK
Whoa. How... ?

STEVE
Think of it as RAM versus ROM. The
Intersect will now pull up the file
and access what is needed for the
moment, but rather than saving the
data over other important--and
unimportant--information, it'll
clear the cache after each use.

Casey growls appreciatively.

CASEY
How efficient. Now let's go before
the General catches on that there
was ever a problem.

CHUCK

And I can come back later to get
Agent Walker's...er, "file" back?

Sarah and Steve trade a look.

STEVE

That may be a bit more complicated
than I originally thought, but...
I'm working on it.

Sarah nods appreciatively.

CASEY

Okay, now I'm making it an order.
Let's go.

Sarah and Chuck follow Casey out. Steve looks around
apprehensively. He spots his computer and sits down.

INT. BUY MORE - DAY

Morgan, Anna, Jeff and Lester stand in front of the TV wall.

LESTER

Permission to engage.

MORGAN

Permission granted.

Lester pulls out a remote and hits a button. A video slide
show (complete with cheesy music) starts to play. The
pictures are of Emmett, taken by himself on a camera in the
store. At first, they're just ordinary pictures, but then
they get weird. Emmett with no shirt. Emmett dressed as a
baby. Emmett with a fake mustache and monocle. And weirder.

Everyone in the store stops to stare. Big Mike comes running
up to enjoy the show.

BIG MIKE

Genius! I love it. I love it!

He wraps his arms around Morgan and Anna, squeezing them
close. Morgan smiles, but Anna looks annoyed.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

A black van pulls up. Casey and Sarah, dressed in their typical spy gear, hop out. Chuck opens the back door, but can get just one foot on the ground before:

CASEY
Stay in the van.

SARAH
Stay in the van.

CHUCK
But I can take care of myself now.

SARAH
"You sure about that?"

Chuck folds his arms, looking defeated.

CASEY
Watch the screen. If you flash on anything, tell me. Otherwise--

CHUCK
(mocking)
Stay in the van. Got it.
(mumbled)
So much for Super-Chuck.

Chuck gets back in the van and slams the door.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Sarah and Casey take cover behind a large freight container.

CASEY
Okay, Bartowski, what do you see?

INT. VAN - DAY

Chuck watches the scene from Casey's perspective:

Two men stand over a small, wooden crate. Two mini-missiles are laying inside. The men exchange a bag, one of their wristwatches showing in the process.

FLASH: Watch. Clock. Picture labeled "Arms dealer." Dead bodies with missing limbs. "Stefano Juarez."

CHUCK
Whoa, okay. I don't know the seller, but the buyer is Stefano
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Juarez. He's responsible for
 several attacks in South America.
 Mainly, though, he acts as a middle
 man between arms dealers and
 international terrorists. Oh, and
 he's also known for--

On the screen, Juarez pulls out a gun and shoots the seller.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 That.

Juarez reaches over and picks up his bag of money.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Uh, and sometimes he uses--

A bullet whizzes through and hits the shipping crate.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Snipers for body guards.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Sarah ducks out of the way of another round of sniper fire.

CASEY
 Let's go.

Casey and Sarah run around to the other side of the crate,
 using it for cover, but exposing themselves to Juarez who
 points his gun at them and shoots.

Casey takes off after him.

CASEY (CONT'D)
 Cover me.

Sarah looks around at several tall spots in the yard.

SARAH
 Chuck? Find the sniper rifle and
 get out here.

CHUCK
 (filtered)
 Uh... I've never--

SARAH
 Come on, Super-Chuck. We need you.

Behind her, Casey tackles Juarez and punches him. Sarah continues to take fire from the sniper.

A shot from another direction rings out. Across the yard, a gun falls from the roof of a large building. On top of the building a man has his hands in the air.

Sarah looks over and sees Chuck with the rifle in his hand. He spots her, too. He looks uncertain as he keeps the rifle-less sniper in his sights.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Shoot him.

CHUCK

(freaked)

I shot hit gun. We're good.

Casey drags Juarez, barely conscious, over to Sarah who cuffs him. Casey glances at Chuck who is still covering the sniper, taken aback when he sees the sniper rifle.

CASEY

Hm. Still handy. Good work,
Bartowski.

This makes Chuck smile.

SARAH

Very good work.

This makes Chuck beam.

JUAREZ

Get over yourselves. There's a war
going on that you don't even know
about, that you can't begin to--

Casey cold cocks him.

INT. BUY MORE - DAY

Emmett is escorted out the store by security.

EMMETT

This is war! War, do you hear me?!

Morgan, Lester, Jeff and Anna high five.

MORGAN

You thought you owned me, Emmett,
but the truth is, you're the one
who just got p'wned.

The rest of the Buy More gang gathers around and cheers. Big Mike walks up wearing his dress shirt and tie.

BIG MIKE
Kids? Daddy's home.

The crew cheers louder as Emmett is tossed out the door.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you. Now get back
to work! And somebody better get
some doughnuts on my desk ASAP!

The enthusiasm disperses as the status quo resumes.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Casey and Sarah stand in front of the computer screen. Chuck sits in a rolling chair, sliding backwards and forwards. The General pops onto the screen.

BECKMAN
Good work, team. This new Intersect
is proving to be increasingly
useful to our organization.

Chuck nods and forces a smile. The team is silent.

BECKMAN (CONT'D)
Everything okay, Mr. Bartowski?

Chuck raises his eyebrows, confused.

BECKMAN (CONT'D)
You're usually a bit more vocal.

SARAH
He's just... tired, Ma'am.

Chuck fakes a yawn.

CHUCK
Yeah, I just need some sleep.

BECKMAN
I hope Agent Walker's presence
hasn't been keeping you up.

Casey clears his throat. Sarah glares at him. Chuck gives the General a lopsided smile.

CHUCK
Agent Walker's been doing her job.
Keeping me safe. Taking care of me.

BECKMAN
Glad to hear it. Goodnight.

The General disappears.

CHUCK
So abrupt.

SARAH
Come on, Chuck. You really do need
to reboot, see if your dad's
modifications had any effect.

Chuck nods.

INT. CHUCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In boxers and a t-shirt, Chuck wanders around his room. He finds the picture of he and Sarah on his bedside table. He picks it up and examines it.

A knock, then Sarah enters dressed in a way-too-big "Cowbell Hero" t-shirt. Chuck smiles.

CHUCK
Is that my shirt?

SARAH
I got it out of your drawer. Is
that okay?

CHUCK
Yeah...
(he takes a long look)
It looks better on you anyway.

SARAH
It's just part of the cover.

CHUCK
Right, like you sleeping in my bed.

SARAH
We were just... trying that out.

CHUCK
How'd it go?

SARAH
Your feet are like ice cubes.

CHUCK
I can wear socks.

SARAH
And I steal the covers.

CHUCK
Covers are overrated.

She chuckles.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
So... overall, a failed mission?

Sarah considers this carefully.

SARAH
For now.

A beat as he looks down at his "Cowbell Hero" shirt.

CHUCK
So... you can take the bed and--

SARAH
That bed is all yours.

Sarah smiles mischievously.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Come here.

She grabs his hand. He looks down at their intertwined fingers just before Sarah drags him out of the room.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Ellie's old bedroom holds a desk and some miscellaneous office furniture. Sarah leads Chuck in then drops his hand.

CHUCK
I always wanted a home office.

Sarah slides a picture on the wall about three inches. A huge pit opens in the floor then a bed, already made, rises up, knocking aside a few boxes on the way.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Whoa. How... when... what?

SARAH
Your covers are safe tonight.

Chuck laughs. Sarah walks up to him, backing him out.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'll see you in the morning.

CHUCK
Goodnight, Agent Walker.

SARAH
Goodnight, Chuck.

Chuck turns to leave.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And, Chuck?

He turns back around with an arched brow.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Call me Sarah.

Chuck smiles and nods.

CHUCK
Goodnight, Sarah.

He takes one last look at her then exits. When he's gone:

SARAH
Goodnight, Super-Chuck.

She watches the doorway, clearly sad.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT IV

TAG

INT. KITCHEN - CHUCK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chuck sits at the table dressed in his typical Nerd Herd gear. Sarah, still in the t-shirt, cooks at the stove.

SARAH
What about Anna?

CHUCK
Do we have to keep doing this?

SARAH
You flashed yesterday. We need to make sure no one else has been wiped out. Now, Anna?

CHUCK
Morgan's crazy, but practical girlfriend.

Sarah nods. A beat.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Your breakfast smells good.

SARAH
It's your breakfast, Chuck.

Sarah slides an omelette onto a plate and sets it in front of Chuck. He examines it, picking at it with his fork.

CHUCK
Are there olives in this?

SARAH
Yes. The Awesome family?

CHUCK
I don't think you could forget the Awesomes even if you wanted to. They're just too... Awesome.

Sarah laughs and takes a seat across from Chuck.

SARAH
As much as I know about you, I had no clue leaving the olives off pizza was such a sacrifice.

CHUCK

My dad was exaggerating. I don't--

He takes his first bite of omelette.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

Oh my God... Mmmm... Olives:
glorious gift from nature.

Chuck takes another bite. Sarah's smile is pleased.

SARAH

Glad you like it. Oh, hey... what
about Jill?

Chuck nods then sighs.

CHUCK

Yep. Ironically, I remember both
her and the massive amount of time
I've spent trying to forget her.

The moment is tense for Sarah, but Chuck just eats.

SARAH

That's all I can think of. All the
major players in the life of Chuck.

CHUCK

Speaking of major. Where's the
Colonel? We should probably get
going to the Buy More to beg for
our jobs back.

SARAH

I'm going to see your father while
you guys are gone today.

Chuck tilts his head.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Someone needs to tell him that his
fix worked. No more faulty memory.

CHUCK

Find out if he's made any progress
on the Sarah Walker file.

Sarah nods reluctantly.

CASEY (O.S.)
Alright. Let's do this.

CHUCK
Leroy Jenkins!

Chuck hops up. Casey and Sarah are clueless.

INT. BUY MORE - DAY

The Buy More is back to normal. The employees are slacking and Big Mike can be seen through an open office door.

Morgan stands near the Nerd Herd desk with Anna whispering in his ear. He grins from ear to ear. Then he sees Chuck.

MORGAN
Chuck? Buddy! There you are!

Morgan eyes Casey suspiciously, but otherwise ignores him. Jeff and Lester come up to flank Morgan.

JEFF
How's the milk today?

Chuck narrows his eyes.

LESTER
Ignore him, Charles. Your living situation is your own business. We're just glad to have you back.

Chuck tilts his head, but then looks back at Morgan.

CHUCK
I'm asking Emmett for my job back. So's Casey.

From a few feet back, Casey lets out a low rumble.

MORGAN
No, you're not.

CHUCK
If the Buy More's good enough for you, it's good enough for me.

MORGAN
That's so sweet, buddy. And, I love you, too. But I meant you won't be asking Emmett.

He nods back toward Big Mike's office, but Mike's already there behind him, smiling proudly.

CHUCK

Big Mike?

BIG MIKE

That's right, Bartowski. I'm back.
Would you care to join me?

CHUCK

Yes, sir. Thank you.

BIG MIKE

Ask me.

CHUCK

Really?

Big Mike folds his arms.

CHUCK

Can I have my job back, Big Mike?
Pleeeeeease?

BIG MIKE

Done. What about you, John?

CASEY

(pained)

Please, can I have my job back?

BIG MIKE

You don't even have to ask.

Big Mike smiles for a split second then scowls.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

Now get back to work. This place
has gone to hell these past few
weeks and I'm going to whip it back
into shape.

LESTER

Whip it?

JEFF

And whip it good.

They all turn to Jeff who makes a whip cracking sound.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - NIGHT

Steve sits at a computer. The sound of a sliding door echoes through the room.

STEVE

This is shaping up pretty well.

Sarah walks into the room.

SARAH

As far as we can tell, so is your Intersect modification. He flashed yesterday, but he hasn't forgotten anyone--at least no one important.

STEVE

He already forgot the person most important to him so...

Steve hits a few more keys then pulls out a red USB drive. He hands it over to Sarah. She examines it.

CLOSE ON: the drive. The label reads "Sarah Walker File."

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm leaving it in your hands.

SARAH

Literally.

Sarah wraps her fingers around the drive. A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You know, General Beckman wants to put you on the payroll.

Steve laughs.

STEVE

Government work? No offense, but--

SARAH

You'd work strictly with our team.

STEVE

You mean I'd work strictly with the Intersect.

SARAH

Chuck needs you.

STEVE
Chuck needs you.
(he taps his forehead)
In here.

Sarah folds her arms.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You do what you think is best for
him... and so will I.

Sarah sighs.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Tell your General Beckman that I
want insurance, a retirement
package and two weeks of paid
vacation time a year.

Sarah looks at him with a surprised smile.

SARAH
And, you'll keep this between us?

She holds up the memory drive. Steve stares at her.

STEVE
You can hide the memories from his
brain, Sarah, but you'll never keep
the feelings from his heart.
(he smiles)
Or from yours. You should know that
by now.

SARAH
Chuck's service to the United
States government is more important
than his feelings... or mine. The
more I see him in action, the more
I'm convinced of that.

STEVE
I don't care about the government.
I care about my son.

Sarah looks down at the memory drive.

STEVE (CONT'D)
And I don't think I'm the only one.

Sarah closes her eyes, thoughtful.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Chuck trusts you, and so will I.

Sarah looks up at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
For now.

Sarah takes a long, deep breath.

STEVE (CONT'D)
But if you hurt him--

SARAH
My job is to protect him. Even if
it means--

STEVE
I know what it means. All too well.

Steve looks at her a long moment and smiles sadly.

SARAH
Thank you, Steve.

She turns around to leave then turns back.

SARAH (CONT'D)
For everything.

Steve nods obligingly and watches her leave. He sighs and shakes his head.

INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room is in perfect order and looks gorgeous--a perfect blend of Chuck's style and Sarah's touch.

Candles are lit around the room. Sarah is curled up on the couch with a book and a glass of wine.

Chuck enters, looking haggard. His tie is loosened. He smiles when he looks around.

CHUCK
Gotta love cover romance.

Sarah smiles and hops up, pouring him a glass of wine.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He takes a sip and nods in approval.

SARAH
How was your day?

CHUCK
Think... status quo.

Sarah nods. Chuck meets her gaze for a long moment before breaking free and glancing around the apartment.

CHUCK
I see you got everything in order here. It looks really great.

SARAH
Thanks. My last free day before I start my new cover job.

CHUCK
Please tell me it's at Underpants, Etc.

Sarah laughs.

SARAH
It's a surprise, but... it's not that.

Chuck snaps and makes the "oh darn" motion. A beat.

CHUCK
Did you get to see my dad?

SARAH
Yeah. Sit down.

Chuck watches her as he makes his way to the couch. Sarah sets her wine down and fidgets before taking a seat.

CHUCK
The good news is...

SARAH
Your dad agreed to join our team. Beckman's already spoken to him.

Chuck grins, but then his face falls.

CHUCK
But the bad news is he couldn't figure out how to retrieve... you.

Sarah shrugs.

SARAH

I'm just a cover-stealing cover girlfriend. I'm really not that important to you, Super-Chuck.

CHUCK

Just Chuck from now on. I think I need the humility.

Sarah smiles to herself.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

And... you are important to me.

Sarah takes another sip of her wine.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You've kept me alive for this long, Agent Walk--I mean, Sarah.

Sarah laughs with forced gusto.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work.

Sarah stares into her glass.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Seriously. Don't quit. Okay?

SARAH

Don't worry. I'm in a little too deep for that.

CHUCK

Cheers to being in too deep, then.

He raises his glass. She brings up her own glass and clinks it with his then takes another long sip. A beat.

SARAH

How does it work? How can you remember everything but me?

CHUCK

It's like... waking up from a dream. Some parts are really clear and others are a little foggy around the edges. I'm assuming the foggy parts involve you.

Sarah nods. Chuck takes the last sip of his wine

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got
a Call of Duty date with Morgan.
Don't worry, he'll be coming in
through the Morgan Door.

Sarah smiles as Chuck sets his glass down and exits the room. Sarah pulls the USB drive out of her pocket and looks at it for a long beat. She gets up and looks around the room, spotting a vase filled with glass rocks. She sticks the drive down into the rocks, covering it completely.

Down the hall, Morgan's muffled greeting can be heard. Sarah glances up then sighs. She settles back onto the couch with her book.

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - NIGHT

From here, Chuck and Morgan are visible as they settle in for their game, together again and stoked. Sarah can also be seen through the living room blinds, isolated and unhappy.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE