

Some Nights

by David Carner

After a harrowing mission in Russia a CIA agent finds themselves in a Burbank Bar contemplating life and how they got here. AU Modern-day.

Rated: T · Genre: Drama, Friendship, Humor, Romance

I don't own Chuck

It was a cold spring night in Burbank. As the Agent entered the bar, they could tell they were still in agent mode. The agent didn't even feel human yet, probably the result of the mission. They got like this especially after a particularly bad mission, and the one the agent had just completed was perhaps the absolute worse. The agent saw all the beautiful people in the bar, it was near LA after all, and where else did out of work actresses and actors go. There was no feeling of lust, no feeling of anything sexual. The agent right now was just a being...and being a human being was questionable at best.

"Johnny Walker, black," the agent said, sitting on a stool at the far end of the bar. On the drive over to the bar, the song *Some Nights* by fun. was in their brain, like an earworm you couldn't get out. Like the Ceti Eel that was in Chekhov's ear.

Some nights I stay up cashing in my bad luck

Some nights I call it a draw

Some nights I wish that my lips could build a castle

Some nights I wish they'd just fall off

But I still wake up, I still see your ghost

Oh, Lord, I'm still not sure what I stand for oh

Whoa oh oh (What do I stand for?)

Whoa oh oh (What do I stand for?)

Most nights I don't know anymore...

Oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, oh

Oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, oh

The agent swirled the drink around in the glass, took a gulp and placed it back on the bar. "Another," they said simply. The agent nodded in thanks as the drink was refilled. "You might as well leave the bottle. The bartender gave the agent a look.

"Tough night?"

"Something like that," the agent admitted. The bartender left the bottle and walked away. The agent thought about the mission that had just been completed, the one that had resulted in the death of their handler and the rescuing of a little girl. The child was now with the agent's family. The agent poured another drink and thought about the lyrics that had played through their mind.

"What do I stand for?" the agent muttered. The agent lowered their head as more of the song played in their head.

This is it, boys, this is war - what are we waiting for?

Why don't we break the rules already?

I was never one to believe the hype

Save that for the black and white

I try twice as hard and I'm half as liked

But here they come again to jack my style

That's alright (that's alright)

I found a martyr in my bed tonight

She stops my bones from wondering just who I am, who I am, who I am

Oh, who am I? Mmm... Mmm...

That was the last thing the agent needed, a martyr in their bed. Although, it had been a while...a WHILE. There were no relationships within the CIA when you were Graham's personal enforcer. There was no time for love, caring for someone, no time to open up to someone, and you couldn't. Loose lips sink ships or some nonsense like that.

Russians were dead, a child was saved, and now she had a family, the agent's old family, to raise her. The agent knew that the child was safe, loved, so there was that.

"To Molly." The agent took the shot, winced, and poured another as the lyrics continued in their head.

Well, some nights I wish that this all would end

'Cause I could use some friends for a change

And some nights I'm scared you'll forget me again

Some nights I always win, I always win...

But I still wake up, I still see your ghost

Oh, Lord, I'm still not sure what I stand for, oh

Whoa oh oh (What do I stand for?)

Whoa oh oh (What do I stand for?)

Most nights I don't know... (oh, come on)

Friends...the agent scoffed. The CIA had taught the agent how there were no friends, how it was everyone for themselves, how those you trusted, that you thought you could count on, they would betray you. What did the agent stand for? Their early career, they believed they could make a difference that they were part of the good....the greater good.

So this is it

I sold my soul for this?

Washed my hands of that for this?

I miss my mom and dad for this?

(Come on)

No. When I see stars, when I see

When I see stars, that's all they are

When I hear songs, they sound like a swan, so come on

Oh, come on. Oh, come on. Oh, come on!

Family...this was the first time they had seen their family in....who knows. The agent let out a rough sigh.

Well, that is it guys, that is all

Five minutes in and I'm bored again

Ten years of this, I'm not sure if anybody understands

This one is not for the folks at home;

Sorry to leave, mom, I had to go

Who the fuck wants to die alone all dried up in the desert sun?

My heart is breaking for my sister and the con that she called "love"

When I look into my nephew's eyes...

Man, you wouldn't believe the most amazing things that can come from...

Some terrible nights... ah...

Oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, oh,

Oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, oh

Love...what was love? The agent once thought they knew, but they were wrong. The agent couldn't face their family, couldn't face their former friends, who would understand? Who?

The agent picked up the shot and just before they took a drink, they heard a voice. "Bad night?"

"Something like that," they replied. They locked eyes with the person who had spoken and for the first time in...the agent had no idea how long, the shield...the shield that kept everyone out, it cracked.

"Anyone sitting there?" came the voice across from them. The agent, not trusting their voice, shook their head. "You from around here?" the person ask, settling on the stool beside the agent.

"Yes....no, kinda," the agent admitted. What were they doing? Loose lips sink ships, remember? "I grew up around here, but haven't been around because of work."

"Same," the person replied, sitting beside them. "You okay? Sorry, don't mean to intrude but you have a look...a look I've seen on other people."

The agent saw softness on the face looking back at his. The shield was shattered, at best held together by duct tape. "I don't think you've seen this look," the agent replied gently.

"Oh, I have," the agent's companion replied. "Mojito please, just one," the companion said to the bartender. The bartender nodded, and took off to make it. The companion turned to the agent. "I get a little crazy if I have too many."

"Have as many as you want, I'll protect you," the agent told her.

"Who's gonna protect me from you?" the companion asked, their eyes twinkling.

"I will," the agent replied. "Trust me, you don't want anything to do with me."

The companion was silent for a moment, a mysterious smile gracing their features. "I think this is where I tell you that I was sent to find you to let you know Graham will be contacting us in the morning."

"I see," the agent said, trying his best to bring back up their mask.

"Don't do that," the companion said.

“Do what?”

“Don’t put the shield up.” She held up her hand to stop the agent before they could speak. “I told you I recognize that look in you.” The agent was silent. “You got my job.” She looked at him, holding his gaze. “I was supposed to be Graham’s right hand assassin, but there was an accident in my training, and I was sidelined for a few weeks, and you know Graham.”

“I do.”

“You took my spot, you became what I was supposed to become and what did I become? A regular agent, one that took longer to go up the ranks, but one that ran regular missions, not the assassinations you became known for. I am here to be your partner.” She smiled at him. “Because I want to be.”

The agent thought about the end of the song

The other night you wouldn't believe the dream I just had about you and me

I called you up but we'd both agree

It's for the best you didn't listen

It's for the best we get our distance... Oh...

It's for the best you didn't listen

It's for the best we get our distance... Oh...

The agent looked at her, and thought that maybe they could be amazing partners. There was something in her eyes, something that woke something in the agent that they thought was long dead. Something that they didn’t know even existed anymore. But there was no way they could ever do that to this person. They had saved her from this hell. They weren’t about to drag her back into.

“That’s not a good idea,” they said, taking the last shot, throwing a hundred on the bar, and standing. “It was nice to meet-” he stopped. Her hand was on top of his and he felt the low hum. He stared at their hands. Something came to life in him he didn’t know still lived. He was sure it had died along when he had assassinated a former girlfriend for

being a Fulcrum spy. He slowly looked up at her, the look of concern on her face, but at the same time a soft smile was there with it.

"What's your name?" she asked. He started to open his mouth but she shook her head. "No, Agent Carmichael, what is your name?"

"Chuck Bartowski," he blurted out before he could stop himself. He cleared his throat. Agent Charles Carmichael was gone, and here he stood, bare, exposed, in front of this female agent who in minutes had torn down the shield, the mask, the wall he had so carefully crafted after having to assassinate Jill all those years ago. He more fell than sat.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Chuck, I'm Sarah Walker," she said, holding out her hand. Chuck shook it, he was on autopilot, what in the hell had just happened. "I need to tell you something, I need you to hear me okay?" Chuck nodded. "I asked to be your partner. I asked to be assigned with you. I know about how Bryce betrayed you. I know you two were the team in the CIA, the Carmichael brothers, and everyone knows how he did you wrong." Chuck nodded, unsure of what was going on. "Tell me what you're thinking."

"That everyone I know has betrayed me or left me," Chuck blurted out. He lifted his eyes and held her gaze. "I became the legend of Charles Carmichael, I lost myself in it, so I didn't have to deal with...everything."

"Jill?" Sarah asked. Chuck gave her a look. "I studied you Chuck, I studied everything about the man that saved me from becoming...what you had to endure."

"What do you want?" Chuck blurted out. He shook his head. "I'm sorry, it's just this life..."

"I know," Sarah said. "Chuck, I don't... I don't want anything from you." Chuck felt tears in his eyes, and he didn't know why, he believed her. "I-I just need you to know that wherever you go, I'll always be there to help you if you'll let me. And if you don't want me as a partner, I'll be someone you can call. Whenever. Trust me, Chuck. I'm here for you, always. You saved me." She held out her hand.

He glanced at her hand and then back to her. He reached over, drained the last of the bottle, into the glass, and took a shot. "Sarah, are you sure?"

Her grin turned into a smirk. "Trust me, Chuck." He took her hand.