

The true color's ballad

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The true color's ballad

by [The Spectre \(The_spectr3\)](#).

Summary

A normal day, happy even, they are alone together, and he sings.

Maybe she should pay more attention to the lyrics next time.

If there's a next time.

Notes

Okey so I was analyzing how JD's relationship with music would be.

And it turned into a mid character study about his character characteristic/plot twist. The always present "I mean almost everything I say" in his character

(The musical is a constat "Oh shit this idiot was serious")

And my friend almost forced me to post it. She liked to seeing me writing after 4 months.

If you see its not as well written as my other works, its because I didn't write it whit posting in mind.

Have fun. And listen to the song, its from the 00 (So no time acurate, sorry) but its very good. And very fitting. I couldnt find a better one

The True Colors Ballad

Song: Ha Ha You're Dead – Green Day

Veronica's room was... unusual to him. But he just assumed that's how girls' rooms were.

Overdecorated.

Clean.

Organized.

Not that he knew what a girl's room looked like, but well—if Veronica's was like this, then that must be the norm.

He hadn't been able to shake off a weird feeling at first. They had clearly agreed they couldn't go to his apartment, so there was no other option than Veronica's pretty little house.

Luckily, he'd already gotten used to the Sawyer house after a few visits.

Now he even dared to lie next to Veronica in her room. And honestly, his body felt so heavy and tired in that moment that he had no intention of moving for an eternity. Or two.

An eternity just resting together—that didn't sound so bad. J.D. sometimes entertained himself with stupid thoughts like, "Wouldn't it be nice to just melt into the couch together forever?"

"Here lie Veronica Sawyer and Jason Dean, victims of the comfort of their bed. Nobody checked on them until it was far too late."

Okay, maybe the cigarette smoke had done a number on his brain. Again.

These were his favorite kind of dates, after late-night runs to 7-11. Just being in her room, doing nothing. Maybe some homework.

Or listening to music, like now.

Sometimes they didn't even need to speak—just mutual presence and a pack of Marlboros. Her presence alone could fill him with peace, and with that, he considered himself blessed and satisfied for this life and the next three.

She preferred things like buying pastries at a café and eating them in the park, leaning against a tree.

And that was fine, really.

But this was life. This was what he lived for.

He was lost in those thoughts when the music stopped. And he didn't notice until two minutes later.

“Your turn,” Veronica’s voice was raspy and distant, as if half-asleep too. And he couldn’t deny how much he loved how she sounded like that.

She vaguely pointed at her cassette collection, before shifting to get more comfortable against his chest.

But he had a different idea.

He reached out for the player, moving as little as possible so as not to disturb his girl.

He let the song play and closed his eyes.

When life smiled at him—even a little—he liked this song.

He liked how it flowed through his veins.

She realized she didn’t recognize the soft strumming of the guitar and drums. She stirred, slightly more awake. “What is it?” She wanted to pay attention to this new song; it intrigued her.

“Green Day,” he said, softly running his fingers through her hair.

If happiness could be defined, maybe he knew what it was in that moment.

“It’s yours?” she asked simply.

“Yup,” he replied just as simply.

“It sounds kinda sappy... is it really yours?” Her tone turned teasing. As the song went on, she realized it was more melodic than heavy rock.

Teasing each other was one of their favorite things.

“Ohh, careful. I might believe you’re doubting me—and then I’ll sing.” And his laugh, just then, was genuine.

“Oh god, no, I hate it when you sing,” she said, her sarcasm returning—just the way he loved it.

“We both know you love it, babe.” And they both knew it was inevitable by this point.

“Oh no, I’ll give you my entire college savings not to do it!” One last silly plea.

But she already knew it was:

“Too late,” he grinned smugly.

She rolled her eyes with a fake, sarcastic “Uggh.” Truth was, she actually did like it when he sang.

It started so well—it was hard to predict the coming disaster.

The brunette gestured for Veronica to let him stand.

She obeyed, and both their playful grins widened. Anyone who's ever sung even once knows that once you stand, your body's free and the shit gets real.

He grabbed a hairbrush from her dresser—for dramatic effect.

*"How do you get your sleep at night
How did you get your noose so tight
Like chewing on tinfoil, it's so much fun
Gonna be dead before your gone"*

There were many things you wouldn't expect from JD—looking at his scarred face, his vandal lifestyle, and his smoking habits.
(Though he'd started cutting back recently. No one knew why, but he was trying to take better care of himself.)

One of those unexpected things?
His voice when he sang... was beautiful.

It was a strange contrast—his voice was usually used for sarcasm, cruelty, or mockery—so hearing it sing, really sing, was always a shock at first.

*"Cause look how things have gotten
And I'll be happy so I won't pretend
And I'll be cheering that you're going down
And I'll be laughing, I'll be laughing"*

He noticed a small change in Veronica's expression. Her head tilted more to one side and her pupils widened.

In her, that meant: "I'm paying attention." Or "I'm taking a mental note."

He kept singing.

Maybe he'd missed a note. He didn't care.

She looked beautiful either way—especially like this, focused on him.

And he loved that song. So he let the music take over and let himself go.

If he had to pick a favorite song... it was probably this one.

He couldn't help but point at her when he sang:

*"How many feelings can you steal?
Gotta be part of your appeal
I can see through you 'cause you're wearing thin
Like chewing on tinfoil once again"*

It just felt necessary, like breathing.
And the little laugh he got from her made it worth it.

He was singing it to her.
Because every day he asked himself how she'd become his whole life in less than two weeks.
Because he couldn't understand what her trick was—her magic.
And because he knew her.
He was as sure of that as he was that he could see right through her.

Then came the chorus—the part that made him love this song.

***"Ha ha you're dead
And I'm so happy
In loving memory of your demise
When their ship is going down
I'll go out and paint the town
Ha ha you're dead"***

Maybe he got a little too into it.
Because now Veronica had raised an eyebrow.

Something had definitely caught her attention.

She even adjusted her posture a bit, like she wanted a better, more comfortable view of him.

Was it because he said "Their" instead of "Your"?

Was it the lyrics? He knew they could be a bit unsettling or dark for some people...
But he didn't think Veronica was one of those people.

In JD's mind, his girl was like him.
And he loved a good dark lyric—especially when it told the truth, like this one did.

Besides, she had no right to judge.
Everyone chooses the life raft they can.
If his were overly sweet slushies and loud music, then she didn't get to question that.

Hers had been giving up and joining the Heathers.

He ignored the feeling and gave in to the final chorus.

Maybe a bit too much again—but he didn't realize it.

***"Ha ha you're dead
The joke is over
You were an asshole and now you're gone
As your ship is going down
I'll stand by and watch you drown
Ha ha you're dead"***

He dropped the comb-microphone and let out a laugh—this one genuine.

Sometimes he loved this.

Sometimes he could picture living like this forever, just him, Veronica, and a quiet little house.

But that laugh wasn't met with another one when he sat down on the bed.

It was met with a hug—tighter than he expected—and an expression he couldn't quite read.

He let himself fall next to her.

"Told you I'd sing if you doubted me," he said with that playful smirk again.

"True. But you sing horribly," she replied, her sarcasm returning.

"Babe, we've been over this," he said, pulling out another cigarette and offering her one.

They stayed lying there a while longer.

Just the two of them.

And another song playing in the background.

She let a thought slip out.

"J.D." Her voice had a different tone.

Serious, but still warm.

"Yeah?" he answered, a bit hoarsely.

"You really like that kind of music, huh? Since when?"

There was a sweet curiosity in her voice, but a hint of concern hiding underneath.

"Since I was like, fourteen," he said, casually.

One day he'd decided to use the money he saved from not eating the cafeteria's shitty food, and while browsing, he found that gem.

Perfect for "quiet" days.

"You do know what it's about, right?"

Her question was odd again, like it was hiding something. And kind of obvious.

He nodded. He had ears. He knew English.

He knew what it was about.

They were mocking the suicide of a bad person—and he loved that.

The semi-silence returned.

Once again, the only thing filling the room was the frantic rock he'd put on.

And maybe—if he hadn't been so caught up in himself— he would've noticed a bit of tension in her.

A few soft and pleasant minutes passed.

"You've never thought of listening to something... calmer?"

"Over my dead body."

"Oh. Wow."

"What's with you and my music taste?"

"Nothing, just asking. It's pretty loud, but I like it."

"Music doesn't have to sound pretty. Music just has to make you happy."

"Mmm. Maybe."

"What do you like?"

"Mortal Coil... Kate Bush."

"That's weird, coming from you. Shouldn't you be dancing around to Dancing Queen or something?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Just... really sad."

"So what?"

"Music shouldn't make you sad, Vero.
Music's for wanting to live.
Not for throwing yourself off a bridge."

And no one ever realized how much truth was bleeding out in that sentence of his.

Or maybe... she did.

...

She took the gun she had stolen from him.
Her hands trembled as she pointed it at him.

Because she had never believed she'd have to.

There he was, hunched over in the boiler room. With hundreds of lives in his hands. He felt unrecognizable—yet at the same time, exactly who he had always been.

Like a twisted déjà vu.

He wasn't just the boy who sang and read poetry.

He was something worse.

Much sicker, much more twisted.

Everything he had said turned out to be true.

And realizing that felt like having a veil ripped from her eyes—and the skin torn from her arms.

He didn't just talk about death.

He wanted it.

For himself. For everyone.

He wasn't just a guy who liked dark music and had a weird obsession with slushies.

He was more. So much more.

And those true colors had slipped out, unfiltered, all along.

She hadn't wanted to see it. She hadn't wanted to notice how alarming the way he sang was—how it sounded like he truly believed every word.

She had chosen to see that boy who said his reason to live was her, a good song, and a cherry slushie.

And ignored the fact that he sounded that convinced... because he meant it.

And there he was too—that hurt boy who confessed strange things to her, lying in bed on some random day.

But that same boy believed death was true justice.

She remembered. In a world where everyone else saw a thing, she remembered there had been a someone.

Someone she'd spent time with.

Someone who had loved her, in his twisted way, and shown her his tiny world that only consisted of her, his bike, and a gas station.

But she pulled the trigger.

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