

New Team

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/18296438) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/18296438>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Categories:	F/F , F/M
Fandom:	Heathers: The Musical - Murphy & O'Keefe
Relationships:	Heather Chandler/Heather McNamara , Jason "J.D." Dean & Heather McNamara , Heather Chandler & Veronica Sawyer , Jason "J. D." Dean/Veronica Sawyer , Jason "J. D." Dean & Jason "J. D." Dean's Mother , Heather McNamara/Ram Sweeney , Kurt Kelly/Heather McNamara
Characters:	Heather McNamara , Heather Chandler (Heathers) , Jason "J. D." Dean , Veronica Sawyer , Heather Duke , Jason "J. D." Dean's Mother , Pauline Fleming , Kurt Kelly , Ram Sweeney
Additional Tags:	Character Turned Into a Ghost , Poetry , Spirits , Heaven & Hell , Teen Romance , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Canonical Character Death , During Canon , Haunting , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Heaven , Hell , Character Death , Character Study , Character Bashing , Friends to Lovers , Teen Angst , Surprise Kissing , Ghost Jason "J.D." Dean , Ghost Heather Chandler , Ghost McNamara AU , Dubious Morality , Morally Ambiguous Character , Reunions , Parallels , Platonic Relationships , Eventual Happy Ending , Angst and Romance , First Meetings , Fights , I'm Bad At Titles , Implied/Referenced Drug Use , Trauma , Afterlife , Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con , Fluff and Angst , Podfic Available , Podfic Welcome , POV Third Person , No Smut , Femslash , Happy Ending , Religious Imagery & Symbolism , musings , Self-Reflection , Complete , My First Work in This Fandom , Death , Wordcount: Under 10.000 , Wordcount: 500-1.000 , Blanket Permission
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Poetry
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-06 Words: 974 Chapters: 1/1

New Team

by [sambojam](#)

Summary

Death seemed a lot like high school to Heather. Maybe a bit too much.

Cold

All of her being was cold

Weightless

Hollow

Empty

Icy

All the way down to her fingertips

Not the death she was expecting, but she could work with it

Peeling her eyes open,

She slowly rose...

...to be met with the same room as her death

The fuck?

Why was she still sitting in the hard bathroom floor?

Was this hell?

Surprise escaped her

She *had* been the nicest Heather,

Kinda like being the smallest dwarf,

Every exhausting day of her reign

Part of the reason she'd downed those pills in the first place

(That and a gut instinct to mimic her peers)

And why Veronica was here

Bawling over her blazer

(Well, her corpse's blazer)

Head buried in Heather's shoulder

Hand grasping the pill bottle

Locking between her fingers

Huh

Guess that made her a ghost

Phasing through her friend

In a futile attempt to hug her

Tell her I'd be fine

She was fine

Pull yourself together

She should've known

A follower like her would do this

As Ronnie muttered to herself

Something about knowing death

Far

Too

Well

Dear *god* , did she feel that

Felt a hand on her shoulder too

Eyes shifting to meet...

....her favorite mythic bitch

Throwing her arms around her fellow Heather

Burying her face into her shoulder,

McNamara sobbed

Digging her sharp yellow nails

Into her old friends shoulder

Till shoved off

“Jesus, Heather, you sound like air supply.”

After chewing McNamara out
Chandler filled her in
Thankful for company
Other than manchildren #1 and #2
Turns out they were haunting Veronica
Till what,
For what,
She couldn't tell you
Unfinished business could be tricky,
Slipping through their non tangible fingers
She couldn't quite put words to it
Couldn't put words to why
As Ronnie tread back into the room,
Watching Duke slander her
Veronica tripping on her tongue
Trying to explain what happened,
Hurt
Hurt hard
The way Duke bite her lip at the news,
Subtlety blinking away tears
And rubbing at her eyes,
Stung
The way Ms. Fleming feigned shock,
Barely batting an eye,
Exhausted her
The realization that,

She was awarded no posthumous popularity

Like her dear Chandler

No suicide notes to romanticize

A bleak and dreary demise

And that her abusers got to haunt Ronnie too,

Haunting her

More than Ronnie,

Hit her like a freight train

She silently thanked Chandler

For shielding her

Mouthing them off

Slapping their hands away

Teaching her to do the same

Whenever they got too close

Calming her down with inane conversation

And JD

For putting those bullets through Kurt and Ram's thick heads to good use

(Heather cursed him

For handing her best friend the gun

And the drano)

Jason...intrigued her

She saw herself in him

Maybe that was a childish comparison

(At least, that's what Chandler said)

But *she* was childish

And it was still there

And it saw the frustration swirling inside
The way they tore people down
Him with guns
Carrying ich luge bullets
And kitchen knives
And drano
Disguised as hangover cures
Her with piñatas
And meat cleavers
And pills
How they clung to their crushes
Like a lifeboat
Drowning in the suicides their school cultivated
Resisting the urge to jump ship
Even if they both failed in the end
Both grossly manipulative
Overdramatic
Bitter at their school society
Damaged
Far too damaged
Beyond repair
So she gets it
Chandler wished she didn't
Complaining about a monstrous JD
Who didn't deserve her best friend
A JD she never met

She
So of course,
When she tried to explain
How much worse they both were,
Things got heated
Until
“Shut up, Heather.”
An insulted McNamara stared her down
A McNamara who figured that was reserved for Duke
For her classmates
For anyone else but her
Stared and bite back
“Make me!”
So she did
Kissing her was certainly an odd way of getting the job done
But the way she melted in Chandler’s arms
Red lipstick tainting sunlight yellow
To paint an earthy orange
She couldn't deny how very the moment seemed
It threw her off her balance
Chilling her to the bone
JD’s death did more damage
So much more
The image of debris frying
The way Ronnie’s voice cracked
Spitting out a final request

Before watching her world burn
God, did it all burn
Seared into both their minds
And when the smoke cleared
The traumatic spectacle of it all haunted her
Erasing her familiar air of caution
Reserved for dangerous men she knew well
And McNamara tackled him from behind
Hugging so tight
He'd be unable to breathe
If not for...you know...being a ghost
Oh yeah
What was that about?
Also, why was a Heather hugging him?
Didn't he make it obvious how much he despised them?
After a lengthy explanation,
The five followed Veronica out the room,
The heathers hand in hand
McNamara draping an arm over JD
The newly deceased teen deciding,
While heathers were trash by default,
Yellow Heather was...
Tolerable
Endearing even,
Despite sounding like she swallowed a brain tumor for breakfast
Red Heather

On the other hand...
Was fuming
At Veronica
Destroying the school's hierarchy
Her hearichey
Successfully
And mercilessly
God, he loved her
Knew she could make things better
Eyes searching to meet her,
Instead falling on bright
Pure
Blinding light
Framed
By pearly white gates he'd never seen,
Yet,
Recognized instantly,
Calling him
Guessed things were getting better for all them too
Miraculous even
Certainly proven by his mother
Pulling back the gates
Waiting for him
Arms wide open
Damn, was she a sight for sore eyes
The way Jason ran to her was almost cute,

McNamara decided

His mother beckoning her and Chandler to join them surprised her

Chandler's subtle wave to Veronica struck her as sweet

Kurt and Ram's denial of entrance seemed

Oh

So

Cathartic

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!