

A Death Chain

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A Death Chain

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

What if Evan didn't get out of the street? What if he let the car hit him, and died right outside of the Murphy's house?
How would things change?

Notes

Sooooo... Yes. I just recently read the amazing book that is Dear Evan Hansen, and then I listened to the soundtrack four times, including the bonus tracks. But the one part of the book that kept clouding my mind with what-ifs and questions was the part when Evan almost committed suicide and got hit by a car. I kept thinking, "What would've happened if Evan hadn't moved out of the way? If he'd given in to the temptations and died?" I decided to write a sort of short story about it. I know not everything thing is exactly realistic or accurate. Don't make a big deal about it, please.

Also, depending on what time zone you are in, HAPPY EASTER!!! There is a video... <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z1noEYnFZGQ> The cast of Dear Evan Hansen did for Easter a few years ago. I'm sure some of y'all have seen it. Anyway, my friend sent it to me and it made my day, so here u go.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

EVAN

The road was cold and bit into my knees through my jeans. I shivered in the dark- I couldn't seem to stop shivering now.

"Your stupid Evan- Stupid."

My cheeks were wet with tears and my breathing was ragged. I couldn't control any part of my body- I only felt hollow inside, and pain.

So much pain.

I just wanted it to end.

The car was coming up the road now- I could feel it's tires vibrating on the road beneath me.

"Get up, Evan."

I knew I should. Pick my broken, pathetic body off the ground and move out of the way. But I was a dead weight. I couldn't- *wouldn't* move.

Dear Evan Hansen,

It turns out this wasn't an amazing day after all.

No. It most certainly wasn't.

Because, why would it be?

And, wow, how it had been these past few weeks. Having a purpose in life. Helping other people. Having a family that finally cared about you, that would do anything for you, and even a girlfriend- who wrote a song for you.

Because there's Zoe. And all my hope is pinned on Zoe.

Zoe. She was everything.

I think of the disappointment- the hurt *I* had put on her face.

I hurt Zoe. And her family of angels.

How could I live with myself?

The headlights were nearly completely illuminating my body now- slumped onto this dark road, an abyss pulling me into it's depths.

I didn't want to fight it's gravity anymore.

I wish that everything was different. I wish I was a part of something.

And everything had been different. For a few beautiful weeks, I had mattered. I had helped people find themselves. Helped the Murphys.

But in the end, it all came down to the truth. And the truth hurt. And everything was my fault.

"You're such an idiot, Evan."

It was all a lie. Reality was- I was cruel. I was a liar. I didn't deserve to live.

It all hurt so much. I longed to escape my thoughts and feelings. My body and mind that reminded me of my shame.

Would anyone even notice if I disappeared tomorrow?

The driver of the car had noticed me now. They were laying on their horn. Begging me to move. Don't put this on their conscience.

Only I couldn't find the strength. Gravity bore upon me, and the desire to just end all of the pain. To end my pathetic existence. The one that caused so many people so many problems.

"You are a coward, Evan Hansen."

Yes I was.

The driver was slamming on their brakes now- not hard enough. They'd slow down, but not before their tires ran a black track over my body.

The light was so bright now it blinded me. I squinted my eyes shut. The blaring of the horn made me momentarily deaf-

"I'm sorry."

Evan, you have to get up.

I ignored his voice. There was no going back now, no second chances.

If I had had any hesitation, there was no time to act on it.

I'm sorry.

I fell into the abyss and the world went dark.

~~~

**ZOE**

I burst into tears as soon as he closed the door. I couldn't help it.

Evan had told me Connor loved me. That he had noticed me.

A lie.

He told my parents Connor loved that orchard. Told them Connor loved them. Told them he had a side that wasn't so bad after all; that he actually cared about his family but just didn't know how to say it.

Lie.

Evan told me he loved me.

Was that a lie too? I didn't know.

How could he give me so much false hope? Give so many people this empty security? Why had he lied? For attention?

In that moment, I hated Evan Hansen. And I hated Connor for having that dumb letter in his pocket.

I hated myself for actually believing this wonderful story, this fantasy Evan created with Connor as the center. Everyone buying into the sweet lie that Connor *wasn't* the brother or the son everyone knew him as.

My mom was crying, too. She was in pain. She was hurt. Everyone was hurt.

And the phone just continued to ring.

I was about to journey upstairs to my bedroom, to the welcoming comforters and blankets I could wrap myself up in and just sleep. Or just sit alone in quiet.

Anything other than this room, the thundering silence interrupted only by these dumb phones and the the tears of my mother. The unbearable pain crushing the shoulders of every Murphy in the house.

Then someone on the street's car horn roared- long and loud. It was probably just another Murphy hater- someone angry, someone who spends too much time online. No one got up to open a window or investigate the situation.

For three or four seconds, the blaring of the horn did not stop- and then the deafening sound of tires screeching left the present company in quiet.

Wrecks didn't happen often on this neighborhood street. A highway? I had witnessed the effects of quite a few driving to school in my Volvo.

The crunched up metal of the vehicle. The blinding ambulance lights. It was horrifying.

Everyone stood still for a moment. There was no more screeching or horns, but were my ears deceiving me, or was somebody screaming?

Time un-paused and my dad ran to the window and pulled apart the curtains. It was dark out; I doubted he could see anything clearly.

"What the hell?" He muttered under his breath.

"What is it, Larry?" My mother's voice was weak from her quiet sobs.

"Some drunk teenager just has their car stopped on the road. Their hood looks kind of dented- don't see the thing they collided with, though." Dad's voice was laced with suspicion and confusion.

I made my way over to the window and nudged my way in front of his body, peering outside. He was right- there was a car stopped right outside on the street. Its headlights were on, one of them broken from some kind of collision and flickering slightly. The hood was indeed noticeably dented. A young girl was standing outside of the car, someone that looked familiar from my school.

She seemed to be leaning over the road, maybe throwing up. Probably high.

Without realizing what I was doing, I had made my way to the front door and out onto the porch despite my parent's protests. I closed the door behind me and made my way down the driveway with hesitation.

The girl looked up from the floor and stared at me with abundant fear in her eyes. I took a step backwards, ready to make a quick flight if she made a drunk move.

"HELP! Help me!" The girl's voice sounded young and vulnerable. I could now see she was visibly shaking, tears pouring down her face.

I hesitated to approach her despite her plea. It was dark, and today the Murphys had been targeted with more than just a few threats.

"Please." The girl croaked out, the sound interrupted by a gut-wrenching sob. I slowly made my way down the driveway.

She turned back to the vomiting position she had had before, only now I could see she wasn't throwing up at all. Rather, she was leaning over something, dark and slightly hidden under the bottom of her car-

"Oh my god."

It was a body.

She had hit someone.

I didn't hesitate anymore. I ran down to the scene, heard my father calling my name behind me but not stopping.

My stomach lurched as my eyes took in the horror scene before me. The girl- shorter than me- was heaving painful sobs in-between incoherent mutterings. Beneath her was a mangled, bloody body sticking out from under her car. Limbs bent at impossible angles. A deep, bloody gash on his forehead that oozed the dark substance all over his face and his hair and his broken neck, and his blue-and-white-striped shirt.

"I- I'm-" The girl tried to form words between her cries of fear and horror, but I wasn't listening.

Evan.

I sat on my knees beside his body, my mind numb. Everything inside me frozen and threatening to snap.

"Zoe! Get back over-" My dad's voice. It bounced around my hollow mind.

His body was now towering over mine, creating a looming shadow over my defeated body and Evan's broken one.

"Holy-" Dad crouched down beside me, his eyes wide in horror and his mouth falling open in an "O."

"I'm- I'm so sorry!" The girl began crying even harder. I remembered her name then- Cassandra. A year younger than me. She was only fifteen, she didn't even have a license yet.

She was in big trouble.

Dad resumed standing position and turned to Cassandra. "What happened?" His voice was gravelly and sounded kind of scary. My ears tuned in to the conversation, but my eyes were still set on the gory pile of human that was Evan- I longed to look away but could not.

Cassandra let out a sound of devastation and fear- a cross between a groan and scream. "I- I was just driving-" Cassandra gasped for breath. She was panicking. She couldn't connect what her mind wanted to say to what was coming out of her mouth.

She was like Evan, kind of. On that stage, giving a speech.

"I was doing everything right, I swear! My phone was in the cup-holder. I h-had both hands on the wheel. Promise!" Cassandra was basically choking now, giving her defense.

"He was in my bl-blind spot. I didn't see him until I was c-close-" Cassandra shut her eyes tightly and dug her fingernails into her palms at her sides, remembering a very painful memory. "I was laying on the h-horn. He- he had plenty of time to get out of the way."

It hit me then.

This wasn't an accident at all. Evan had done this to himself. On purpose.

Just like Connor.

Cassandra continued to babble on about how she hadn't swerved off the road in fear of the car flipping. I stood from my position on the concrete and dusted my jeans off. My knees were wet where blood had soaked into them.

I fought the urge to throw up.

Before I knew it, I had shakily made my way up the porch steps and into the house. Mom was peering through the window, having been directed by her husband to stay in the house. She turned to me sharply as I closed the door.

"Zoe! What's going on? What hap-" Her voice cut off abruptly as her eyes found the red splotches in my jeans. Her eyes widened in horror and yet more confusion. Before I could protest, she had brushed past me and was heading towards the wreck, her curiosity having overtaken her.

I didn't want to wait around and see her reaction.

My feet took me stumbling up the stairs and into my bedroom, where I collapsed on my bed.

Every time I blinked, every time I closed my eyes, all I could see was him.

Covered in his own blood.

Was I the reason this happened?

Evan had come over to offer comfort. And he'd let out the secret he'd been holding in for so long.

None of it was real.

And we'd thrown him out.

I was remembering the guilt on his face now. The pain.

Evan Hansen was so hard on himself. Always saying sorry for nothing.

Seeing how much he hurt us- the Murphys- would kill him.

And it did, I suppose.

I felt renewed tears begin to run down my cheeks and fall onto the sheets beneath me.

I hated myself. I completely hated the hatred I had had towards Evan Hansen only half an hour ago.

He had given false hope and security, sure, but it was hope and security all the same. He had lifted the family's spirits. Evan had helped thousands of people all around the country find a purpose in life.

Even if it was based off of a story of make-believe, he still helped.

And I didn't think him loving me was a lie at all.

If I had never been told Connor had a secret best friend, would I have ever even noticed Evan? Talked to him? Gotten so close to him?

Most likely not.



Would I have ever gotten close to Evan again- forgive him for lying and even thank him somewhat for the hope he gave?

I sobbed. My throat was raw from crying now.

I guess I'd never know.

~~~

CASSANDRA

My dad had given me a pistol for my birthday when I turned thirteen. He had taught me to use it soon after- bought targets of varying difficulty and size and told me not to come into the house for dinner until I'd made a bullet hole right in the middle of at least one of the targets.

At first it was a difficult challenge- more than once I was left outside after dark with only the porch lights disrupting the darkness. But after a while, the cold metal felt comfortable in my palm, and shooting became a second language.

"This is a good skill to have, Cass- There are some crazy people out there, and you have to protect yourself." That's what my dad had said.

Since then, I'd kept my pistol in the glove-box of my car- just for emergencies. I was supposed to be invincible with my weapon close by.

I'd felt pretty invincible, anyway.

But a gun didn't keep you safe from a car wreck. Or from hitting another person with your vehicle and killing them.

Or from a life in prison.

And I couldn't let that happen. I couldn't spend my life in a cell.

I couldn't live with this on my record- or my conscience.

And it didn't matter that it really wasn't my fault- That's what Mr. Murphy was saying, anyway- I could've done something different.

I could've pressed the break just a little bit harder. Swerved off the road.

Though that was something my dad had told me never to do.

"Now, if an animal ever runs into your path- a squirrel, or a deer, you name it- You don't swerve out of the way." My father's voice was stern. He had been teaching me to drive. "You swerve, there's a good chance you'll flip the car. It's the animal's own problem if it gets in your way- you don't need to die for it."

But *he* wasn't an animal. He was a living human.

And I'd killed him.

The sounds of sirens steadily approached. Mr. Murphy was crouched down beside the body now, comforting his hysterical wife who had left the safety of her home a few minutes ago. The police would be here soon- I would have to make my move then.

I told myself I was doing the right thing. I mean- death is better than living a life in a cell, knowing you killed somebody else- right?

I just hoped dad would forgive me for leaving him. We were all each other had, after all.

But if I lived and went to prison forever, he'd be alone anyway. And ashamed of me.

Yes, this would be better.

There wasn't another choice.

As the sirens grew louder, I stepped back into my dented car and shut the door gently behind me, and rested my head against the steering wheel. My tears had stopped, finally- now all I felt was empty, and all I could think about was this newfound purpose I had in my head.

My last and final purpose. Mission, I might've called it. Me and dad always liked to pretend to have little "missions." Doing the dishes: Mission. Getting two hours in of driving this week so I could get closer to getting my license? That was a mission too.

This wasn't going to be a very fun mission.

The sirens were deafening now. They switched off abruptly, but I could still see the flashing lights through my closed eyelids. A car door opened and slammed shut again- I peered through my lashes to see an officer bending down beside Mr. Murphy. No one was watching me.

Now was the time.

With a shaking hand, I opened the glove-box and felt the familiar cold metal in my hand. The gun was loaded (always) and all I would have to do was take off the safety.

And pull the trigger, of course.

The officer wasn't looking. Neither were the Murphys. They were too busy with the dead, bloody corpse laying half-way under my car.

When I first found out what I had done, I was scared. Of what would happen. Of what they would do to me.

But now it wouldn't matter. The world would go on without the girl who killed Evan Hansen. The prison cell would be reserved for someone else.

I fit my lips around the barrel of my weapon. The metallic taste sent shivers down my spine.

I felt the muzzle touch the back of my throat. My finger was on the trigger- now all I had to do was pull it.

I felt renewed tears run down my cheeks. In some distant part of my mind I knew this was the wrong way to solve this conflict. I could have a trial. I might not even go to prison.

But then there was my conscience. My shame. The look of disappointment in my father's eyes.

Dad. What I was about to do would affect him greatly.

I felt my fingers loosen their hold.

But then someone shouted. An order to stop.

Conscience. Record. Shame. Prison.

I pulled the trigger.

~~~

**EVAN**

The bang made me jump. I couldn't believe that had just happened.

I'd begged her not to. But she couldn't hear me, of course. Connor had just shaken his head.

*She can't hear you, Evan. Just like you couldn't hear me.*

*What have I done?*

Connor just laughed without humor. *Yes. The question of the day.* He had patted me roughly on the shoulder. I guess ghosts could touch ghosts.

*Quite the chain we've created, don't you think?*

A chain indeed. A death chain.

I couldn't believe what I'd just done. By ending my life, I escaped the pain and hurt I was having to face, yes, but I was so wrapped up in myself I didn't think about how this would affect the driver of the car. I'd just assumed life would go on, and everyone would be better off.

What a fool I was.

What a mess I created. The carpet was already stained before I decided to leave the land of the living. Now the floor was basically just a maze of sticky syrup and confetti and other things hard to clean up.

While we waited for Cassandra's soul to leave her body, I asked Connor a question.

"Why did you do it? Kill yourself, I mean?" My voice sounded strange to my ears. Like a whisper, kind of, but one that echoed and bounced off invisible walls and objects.

Connor continued to gaze at the chaotic scene in front of him- The officer struggling to pull the dead girl out of the car, blood gushing from her mouth and neck and dying her frizzy blond hair crimson, Mr. Murphy trying his best to help, Cynthia still sobbing over my broken body on the ground. More sirens getting louder as they sped down the street, Zoe leaning out of her bedroom window and taking it all in- neighbors in nearby houses doing the same.

"I guess I just thought I'd be free." Connor stated slowly, his whisper of a voice like mine devoid of emotion. "No one cared about me anyway. And the ones who did didn't anymore."

I frowned at this.

"Why did you?" Connor asked. I had to think for a moment. In the heat of the moment, I had been thinking only of my guilt- of how me being gone would be better for everyone- only it didn't seem that way anymore.

Once again, I'd hurt much more than I'd helped.

"I just didn't want to face them. Her. I felt like everyone would be better off if I just disappeared." I paused as another police parked beside the first officer. The blinding light doubled. "In other words, I was a coward."

Connor nodded and turned away. Another spirit had entered: Cassandra. She had her hands tucked into her jean pockets, and her head was bent towards the ground.

She looked up at me and her eyes filled with guilt, and then anger. Both.

"Hi."

She gave her hand a small wave in my direction. "Hi."

Connor took another look at the scene around him, before sighing deeply. "I think I'll be going now."

"Your not going to see what happens?"

Connor shrugged, his eyes tired. "I'd rather not."

Cassandra stepped up beside him, her eyes glistening from the tears she was holding back. "Me neither."

I turned back to the horrific scene that kept on getting more chaotic by the minute. My eyes found Zoe and stayed locked there.

"I'm not quite ready to leave yet."

Connor nodded and nudged Cassandra lightly in the shoulder. "Lets go."

The young girl nodded and turned to me, hers eyes still filled with an ocean of emotions.  
"Bye."

"Bye."

~~~

Heidi Hansen and Dustin Merrings were notified of their children's deaths not long after the wreck outside the Murphy's house was cleaned up. Their funerals were held mere days apart from each other, their coffins remaining closed.

After hearing the final report from lawyers and officers that both deaths were, in fact, successful suicide attempts, the classmates of both the deceased students were shocked- 3 suicides in the same town, in just a few short months. It was horrifying.

After word got around that Evan Hansen had taken his own life (and a lot of conspiracy theorists had some fun with this statement) the Connor Project collapsed quickly. How could people believe they should feel any different about themselves then they had before when their main source of encouragement had basically went against exactly what he had said?

End Notes

So guys.. Suicide is never the answer. You only get one life. If you ever need someone to talk to or support and comfort, I know I'm just a random person online you've never met but I'll help in any way I can.

Thank you for reading this. Feel free to leave kudos or comments! ;)

Also.... I want to make this a series. A 'What might've happened' series, where I take a circumstance and write in my perspective what I think would've happened had something gone differently. I already have a few ideas but I need suggestions!! And the suggestions don't just have to be from DEH, they can be from any of the following:

- Percy Jackson and/or Heroes of Olympus by Rick Riordan (books)
- Marvel Cinematic Universe
- Lunar Chronicles by Marissa Meyer
- Maze Runner by James Dashner (I would probably write something from the movies better because I watch them more often.)
- Miss Peregrine's Home for Peculiar Children by Ransom Riggs (books, not movies.)
- Renegades by Marissa Meyer
- Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins
- Hamilton
- Dear Evan Hansen
- Harry Potter by J.K Rowling
- Divergent by Veronica Roth (books)
- Instant Karma by Marissa Meyer
- Pulse by Patrick Carman (I still haven't finished reading the series but I am almost done.)

I'm sure I've missed something, so if you have a suggestion but the fandom isn't listed, go ahead and ask and I'll see if I can do it or not. PLEASE give me recommendations, guys. It'd be a great help and I'd be eternally grateful.

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