History Sings to You (and the future watches)

by Crystalquill

Summary

Alexander Hamilton had always known he was going to do great things or die trying. Still, he didn’t expect to get plays made in his name. Or to be kidnapped by a mad witch from the future and made to watch said play with no chance of escape. Yet, there he was.

(Discontinued)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
None of the shirts he is packing look like they will survive the harsh way he’s thrown them in his satchel. Through the bitter haze in his head he acknowledges that he is behaving like a petulant child, yet he’s tired, cold, hungry and most of all, outraged. He’s finding it difficult to care after being forced to leave the life he’d built for himself here. His hard-fought opportunity for a chance at glory, his reason for thriving-

Eliza’s face flitted through his mind for a second, smiling and beckoning him forward, filling his chest with warmth. He remembered the calm and contentment he’d felt with her, but the memory was distant, like a dream, so unreal while away. Yet, he knew the second he returned to her, he would feel it again. Would want to give her the world, and all she asked was for him. But, he wouldn’t leave this place. Couldn’t, really. Not with his comrades-in-arms, his glory and John still there.

He could ride into the fray regardless. Turn the tide. It would put him at risk, and if he failed he could kiss his position in the army goodbye. The thought of not doing anything clawed and crawled inside his head and set free a storm of restless energy he’s not sure he could contain.

He realized with a jolt he’d been folding and refolding a single pair of breeches for the past minute. (He also realized he couldn’t bring himself to disobey George’s orders.)

He felt a shiver run down his spine. Gelid fog touched his skin and it couldn't have been more alike to what he was feeli-

Wait.

Fog?

It shouldn't be this thick, not inside the tent, and was it moving like tentacles, moving!, and it began climbing the walls, what-

And then it was gone.
Along with everything else in his tent.

He was in a foreign room, decorated sparsely. Everything in it appeared to be of high quality, but any sense of luxury was marred by how everything looked vaguely familiar and profoundly foreign. At the same time. (He didn't think that was possible). To his right, a group of comfortable black chairs and plumped couches faced a bare wall. (There wasn't enough room to make a speech, much less to put anything there. Why were they there?). To his left a dark brown dining table, covered in a green tablecloth almost insulting in its simplicity. A row of cabinets composed the background for the rest, some of them bare of handles.

Further examination was interrupted by a sharp gasp beside the table. He caught a few wisps of the fog before he recognized Laurens’ face. It was only natural to rush to him and steady him.

"Alexander, what-" He cut him off by means of an embrace, leaning forward to whisper in his ear:

"My dear John, it appears we are trapped in a wealthy man's living room. Be on your guard."

Laurens snaps into the tense awareness of battle, pushing away the confusion and vague sense of dread creeping up behind them almost instinctively. If they could convince themselves this was just another battle, they would be fine. He hoped.
"Are we armed?" Lauren’s asks, and they both step away, whirling around to cover each other's backs and disguise the twitch of a hand to a gun handle. The weapon was thankfully there.

"How long have you been here, Alexander?"
"Not much longer than you, I'm afraid. If that is for good or ill remains to be seen"

A startled shriek rises from behind a row of chairs, the eerie fog fleeing from the folds of a dress. And unmistakable long black hair.

"Betsey!" Alexander rushed to her side, eyes wide and disbelieving. Nevertheless he engulfed her in a hug, and drew her to her feet.

"Alexander?" She returned the hug, a perplexed smile blooming in her face. "Am I dreaming?"

"If you are, you are not alone in this absurd experience, my dear Betsy"

John fidgets behind him, the reason obvious. No man would be comfortable witnessing his lover’s reunion with his wife.

"Mr. Laurens?" Eliza asks, stepping away and smoothing out her dress in a quick and practiced motion. "I hadn't seen you there, good sir. Forgive my mistake"

Alexander laughs and circles her shoulders with his own arm, basking in her warmth for a second.

"It is a pleasure to see you, Mrs. Hamilton"

Laurens greets, scrupulously polite, exactly the way he'd been taught his whole life to do. That didn’t bode well at all.

"I agree" Eliza replies, executing a courtesy as if this were a formal party and not the furthest thing from one.

Alexander could not for a second understand all the emotions rolling around in his chest. Both of his loves, in the same room greeting each other like comfortable acquaintances. It was like before battle, wild excitement and intrigue of what his fortune would be. It could either fall for unadulterated joy or crushing grief, neither free of the other.

No. A battle would be fierce, fast and merciless. No room to stop and think, only do. This was agonizingly delicate, ripe with opportunities for his mind to sabotage itself and lose two of the people he held dearest in his life.

"John, a moment, please? I must inform Betsy of the situation at hand." John nods and stands alert a few feet away, pointedly looking at the wall.

"My dear Betsy, I am afraid I haven’t go the slightest clue where we are. Yet, this room appears to be the most luxurious prison ever imagined"

Eliza's eyes widen, a gasp springing from her lips. Alexander's heart gives a sharp tug, for her beautiful face should never be tainted with such fear. Yet in their current situation there was little more than words to comfort her.

Fortunately for him, he did always have a way with words.

"We are not in grave trouble at the moment. No man would ever spend so much in a prison if he did
not intend to keep his captives alive and well. We appear to be of some importance." Recognition flits through her eyes before she nods, no longer close to a panic, but far from calm.

He knew trying to completely squash her nerves would be inadvisable, as the situation at hand was too dire for such a move, as loathe he was too see her so strung. He had already taken a gamble by using an argument that would have worked on a soldier, but could have backfired disastrously on a woman, their emotions so sensitive and evident. The gamble paid off, though he did note he was having some difficulty stepping out of the soldier's mindset. The situation was already leaving him off kilter, and that had to be remedied.

Before he could enact his resolve, a thump came from near the cabinets. This time it was a pair of forms that shook off the effects of such an unorthodox form of travel.

"Hercules! Lafayette!" John, exclaimed and rushed to their aid, Alexander reaching them both just as Hercules belted: "What in god's name is-" and half-wobbled to his feet, a pair of scissors in his hands.

"What is all this!" Said Lafayette in English, to everyone's relief.

"We don't know Laf. We are in the dark in this matter."

Hercules switched his grip on the scissors. Lafayette plastered a relaxed smile on his face, the same one he used to fool Lords at court.

"We haven't been long here." John tapped a foot against the floor, impatient but ready. "Any clues as to how we could get out of here?"

"Betsy, stay here." Alexander commanded, and whirled to inspect the far wall. He could only register the lack of windows for a second.

This time the thump came from behind the chairs, in a bundle of colorful cloth.

"Angelica? Peggy!" Eliza ran as best she could, burdened by her dress, and helping both her sisters to her feet.

Angelica flung herself into her sister's arms. Eliza tightened the hug, and made room for Peggy as she completed the trio.

"The Schuyler Sisters, we meet once again" Said Alexander mock theatrically, sparing them all a fond look.

"Good Heavens, Alex! It is a relief to see you. We have all been awaiting your return! Peggy flew over to him, mischievousness twinkling in her eyes. "You have yet to tell me how you managed to trick the-"

"It is with most profound delight I will tell you Peggy, when there are less critical ears present. My method works best when nobody knows it, and I can trust you to keep a secret like that safe. You will, won't you?" Alexander stage-whispered, a crooked smile playing on his lips.

"You doubt of my trustworthiness? How shameful, Alexander!" And she proceeded to turn up her nose and huff disdainfully. Such a perfect performance was ruined by the smile wrestling to break free from her lips.

A chair toppled, and yet another figure arose from the mist. This time however it was landed the right way instead of being forced to stumble. He stopped commenting on their good luck when he noticed
"Aaron Burr, sir?" The person in question fixed his cravat before greeting them with an amiable and perfectly fake smile.

"Alexander? May I ask the reason to this... gathering?" He still kept on smiling, even as he tensed and surveyed the room in flickers.

"I must say, Mr. Burr, I haven't got the slightest idea" Burr blinked, and that was it, content to act as if all this was nothing out of the ordinary. He must be as confused as everyone else he yet refused to show it, and that was infuriating. Nobody here was his enemy, so why bother concealing how he felt?

A solid thump came from the far wall behind the chairs, and a towering figure rose, already alert to the situation. Alexander stood on straighter, almost as if by instinct, and the same niggling thought informed him that all his comrades-in-arms did so as well.

"Your Excellency?" Burr and Alexander said at the exact same moment. Alexander shot Burr a strange look, and he motioned for Alexander to go ahead.

Nevertheless, Alexander strode forward, trying hard to pretend as if what had transpired a mere hour ago didn't happen at all, silently sending the message to His Excellency to do so as well. "Permission to speak my mind, sir"

"Go ahead, Lieutenant Colonel" The lack of "son" was both an agreement and an acknowledgment of the facts. He could make do with that.

He breathed in. "It appears we have been transported by mist into a luxurious closed-off room. There are no obvious doors or windows, yet the air does not taste stale. There are no candles in sight, yet the whole room is illuminated. All furniture is of good, even outstanding quality, yet the design is...eerie in nature. All this points that we are experiencing something sinister"

The little confidence that he had gained by being surrounded by those who cared about him fled as if being chased by the Devil. Considering the circumstances, that might not be a remote possibility.

"Thank you, Lieutenant Colonel"

Hamilton couldn't have thought possible for His Excellency's face to become even stonier, but here he was. With the benefit of knowing George better than most, he knew that he was... no, not nervous, that would be preposterous, but on edge.

He knew orders were coming now, and he set himself up for springing into motion.

"Welcome!"

The sound comes from the wall the chairs are facing. The blank wall, is no more, as a portrait of a young, smiling girl (?) stands in its place.

"Please remain calm" Says the portrait.

The calm shatters.

Alexander takes his pistol and aims, but he fumbles with it once he realizes it is too light in his hands. It is empty, for god's sake! John fires off a curse, and that must mean he is in the same position as himself. Mulligan is brandishing the scissors, the Schuyler Sisters behind his back. Lafayette picks up
a chair, and gets ready to throw it.

"Stand back!" Orders Washington and after it follows a tense moment of silence, where both parties survey each other.

The portrait is without a doubt startled, but not frightened, as its expression shifts into annoyance. "Please don't damage the chairs, those were difficult to find"

It seems to notice the state of the occupants in the room and takes a deep breath.

"I understand this is confusing to all of you, but I have to say that I mean you no harm."

Details have finally started to reach Alexander's mind. The portrait only depicts a bust of the figure, who cannot be more than 20. The attire, the only part that can be seen from it, is a plain blue shirt. The hair is not long enough to be a woman’s yet not short enough to be a man’s.

"What the devil are you?!?" Strikes out John's voice, taking a reckless step forward.

"I am someone who comes from the year 2018!" She stops, looking intently at their reactions with an impish grin.

Is she taking pleasure in confusing them all? Because the amount of astonishment showing in everyone's faces would be the equivalent of lifelong happiness as of now.

"You know what? I'll spit it out" (She seems to be talking to herself, but it at this point Alexander won't rule out the possibility she's talking to another portrait)

"In my time, a man named Lin-Manuel Miranda decided to create a musical based on a biography of one of the founders of his country. I liked it so much, I decided to see what the people who were in it would say about it!" She announces.

Alexander is seconds away from bursting into an impressive rant.

"Very well then. That explanation seems nonsensical enough to fit the situation"

Eliza jumped, almost surprised at herself for having said it aloud.

The picture laughed, beaming at Eliza in a way that didn't sit right with Alexander. Then her eyes widened.

"I forgot to tell you all my name! Well, my name is Elliot, and I've still got a few things to say before I leave you all on your own, got it?"

Alexander nods and tries to shake the sensation of being caught in a dream. He fails.

"As I said, we'll be watching a musical, song by song. After each song all of you can choose if you want time to discuss the events of the song and ask me questions about it or just move on.

Between the two acts you will have a longer break to talk, rest, eat and discuss the future in a bit more detail.

I'll be pulling in more people from time to time, so be ready to say hi an explain what is going on!

I hope this will never happen but, if any of you fight each other I will act, understood?"

The picture she painted (what an awful play on words) was one that made Alexander almost burst
out laughing with the sheer ridiculousness of it. A young girl (he is assuming she's a girl for now),
trying and failing to look intimidating, was threatening not one, but six soldiers, one of whom was
George Washington. It was like watching a kitten hiss at a pack of wolves.

Then he remembered that she'd yanked people from 200 years ago by witchcraft and was going to
force them to watch a musical for her own entertainment.

"Please, take a seat"

"Ladies first” Alexander interjects, stepping aside so that Eliza could get a first-row seat. He basks in
the rightness of sitting beside her.

John starts moving, most likely to try and get the seat behind Alexander.

Hamilton gestures to him, points at the seat and raises an eyebrow, silently asking 'Will you sit with
me, my dear Laurens'? John’s lips turn into a line, and he can’t hide the flicker of his eyes toward
Eliza, nor the aborted motion of his feet to comply. ‘Did you think this through, Alexander?’ Laurens
asks back. Hamilton does his best impression of a puppy. John rolls his eyes and goes to sit at his
left.

Lafayette spares Alex a fond look and, after helping the remaining Schuyler Sisters sit together, goes
to the seat John had previously thought to take. Hercules laughs and takes the seat beside Lafayette,
while his Excellency takes the other side. Burr chooses the one behind Peggy, right next to Hercules.

That was... odd. He’d expected Burr to take the free seat beside Angelica. Then Alexander
remembered that he now had Theodosia, and no longer had any interest in the Schuylers at all.

(He couldn’t help the pang of jealousy. Not at Burr or Theodosia, but at the fact that once he found
her, nobody else seemed to sway him away from her anymore. He thought after he found Eliza that
he could do the same, stick only to her and John. But Angelica was so very charming. And there was
André. He knew his... proclivities were going to hurt someone eventually, but he couldn’t bring
himself to stop. Might as well enjoy them in the meantime.)

"Alright! Let's begin!"

She spread out her hands, the wall behind her going dark. She turned into white fog, disappearing
from view.

The lights dimmed.
only just begun (alexander hamilton)

chapter summary

the first song, as told by eliza.

eliza feels a manic sort of calm as the room plunges into darkness. nothing makes sense to her
anymore, but she cannot fight it so instead she enjoys the feel of her alexander's hand in hers. the
room waits with bated breath for this... musical to start.

the wall before them shifts into another moving painting, one of a darkened stage. she feels her
alexander's shift forward, and she knows he must be like a lion waiting to pounce upon its prey.
alexander's desire for a legacy is nothing short of hunger, she has found.

a spotlight erupts into being upon a-- good lord is that a black man?
she can feel more than hear lauren's surprised gasp that soon shifts into a wide disbelieving smile.
alexander, on the other hand, looks remarkably like an owl, his eyes are so wide.

the man starts talking rhythmically, almost like reciting poetry, and eliza recoils at the words in
tandem with her husband.

bastard, whoreson, orphan. these are things her husband has desperately tried to run from, yet here,
in this prison disguised as a living room, he is trapped against them.
she grips his hand tighter, and she is for the first time truly scared of being here. the unknown is
such a frightful thing, she knows, but the truth can hurt like nothing else. she cannot imagine what
her husband might do if he discovers that his legacy is a tarnished one.

then the man (who is wearing what she supposes is a suit, yet it looks odd) mentions the words
scholar and hero, and another man is shone upon by the light, who speaks of hard work and trading
charters. she releases the breath she didn’t know she was holding. alexander's mood shifts to
delighted in less than a second, but she is accustomed to such mercurial changes and simply smiles.

another black man appears on stage, and she feels surprised again. if she is honest with herself, she
never harbored an opinion on slavery before she met alexander. she thought not much of it aside of
not liking passing through the auctions or beatings.
yet, she cannot help the feeling of wonder and amazement at black men carrying her husband's
legacy, when he very desperately fought to free them.

she snaps out of it when lafayette leans over and pronounces with a grin: "stealing! my friend you
did not deign to inform us of that, did you?"

mulligan retorts "leave him alone laf!" and laughs at his undignified expression.

alexander says "i did what i had to do!" with a smile that feels tense all around.

then the hurricane came and alexander gripped eliza's hand tighter, a frown firmly on his mouth.
that is when the puzzle piece clicked.

alexander had told her of his publication on the gazette. she had always wanted to read it, but she
could never find a copy of it. he hadn't had a copy of it at all, not even as a reminder of how his
talent had let him out of the island he lived in. It was a rarity that had always caught her attention, considering how proud Alexander was of each of his works.

Now she understood.

A hurricane. That single publication was about a hurricane that her husband had lived through, and it had been bad enough that he hadn't wanted to keep a reminder of it at all. (Why hadn't he told her of this?)

The men kept coming, all in that odd half-singing, half-poetry, but then:

"Alexander Hamilton. My name is Alexander Hamilton"

"Yes!" Alexander's smile wide, almost frantic, full of triumph. Mulligan let out a cheer loud enough for Burr of all people to send him a disapproving look. Lafayette ruffled Alexander's auburn hair, leaving it frazzled in all directions. Laurens slung an arm over his shoulder. Eliza smiled and, quick as lightning, placed a kiss on his lips. He turned to look at her and she wished there was a way to keep a painting of that smile forever.

She then noticed that Laurens was pointedly looking away, and she felt ashamed of her lapse in decorum.

The song continues and the excitement evaporates as suddenly as it came.

Eliza had always been curious as to what her husband's life looked like before he came to the Colonies. He didn't talk much about, and because of it every time the subject was brought up he skillfully gave out truths that didn't exactly answer the question, but then drew you out into a completely different discussion.

She never truly pushed him to tell her. It wasn't her place to do so.

Still, not even the adamant way Alexander refused to talk about his past prepared her for hearing the real thing.

The actress, one of the few white people she could see, was wearing a dress. (Yet her features were foreign in a way she could not place at all.)

But when she started signing with the voice of an angel about her husband's past...

Hamilton always said his mother had died and his father had left so casually, almost as if it were some kind of joke. But she had never stopped to think that Alexander had also been in the brink of death. She had never stopped to consider that he had been beside his mother when she died.

It was unthinkable.

His cousin died.

She knew the grotesque pantomime of the hanging man onstage would not leave her mind in her life.

And in two sentences, they passed over tragedies. It was almost as if they had flashed before her eyes, soon to be forgotten by the speed of the next verses. Alexander's hunger for ascension had returned, but she wondered if the almost frantic, desperate undertone to the song was just her imagination or if it was in all actuality there.

The dancers move like the waves of the sea in a flurry of gold, movements strange and jerky. It is
mesmerizing to watch, Peggy’s gasps being a tangible enough prove of it. The voices crescendo and harmonize, calling out for a new beginning and burst into a “Just you wait!” that leaves her reeling.

Mulligan guffaws when the actors sing “Never learned to take your time”, but he’s the only one, and even then it’s only briefly. Everyone else has found themselves silent and entranced.

The stage moved and spun, colored light spilling and dancing in such a way she’d never seen before. Still, the words registered in her head, speaking of her husband's struggle to get out of the island and of his trip to the colonies. The words come out of the singer’s mouth in a tumbling rush, one she knows well of Alexander's work fugues, but then the actor is already on a ship, sailing above seas of movement and harmonies.

"America forgot him", sings the narrator and the words are like a slap to the face to most of them. "What?" cries Angelica, looking at the chorus as if they were a particularly nonsensical text. The brief flash of rage on her face is nothing to the split-second of horrified confusion on her husbands face, and the half-whispered curses from both Lafayette and Hercules.

The music continues, not giving them a chance to process anything at all. "We fought with him," say a pair of men, ones she guesses will be soldiers, though she doesn't know which ones for certain.

"Me? I died for him." Alexander blinks, and lets out a confused, "What?". Something about his uncomprehending expression sets warning bells off in Eliza's head, but she doesn't have the presence of mind right now to unravel why, so she sets the thought aside and tries to focus back on the production.

"Me? I trusted him," Eliza is ashamed to say she has no idea who this could be. Alexander is quite easy to trust if you let him in.

"Me? I loved him," Three women say at the same time, and Mulligan whistles, impressed, while Angelica sends him a dirty look. Eliza isn't worried though, she knows one of those women has to be her. The other two might as well be the dejected suitors to Alexander's hand, probably one of them would be Kitty Livingstone. (Or her own sister, a traitorous voice whispers in the back of her mind. She cuts it off mercilessly.)

"And me? I'm the damn fool that shot him!" Silence fell on the spectators like the axe of an executioner. Eliza felt her blood freeze in her veins and her bones turn to stone.

The last few lines ring out and the first song draws to a close.

“Who is that man?” says Alexander, jumping to face the wall, calling for their mysterious host. Elliot moves back into the picture, it’s background turning white.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t tell you who he is. He hasn’t been introduced yet, but I guarantee you he will be introduced in the next song,” Elliot says with a polite smile, though the tone used argues finality.

“Not even a hint of my future murderer’s identity?” says Alexander in a half-joking tone.

“Alexander!” cries Eliza. “How can you be so, so nonchalant about this? So sure?”

“My dear Eliza, I always knew my character inspired enemies and my ambition, jealousy. It was
only a matter of time, I supposed. It is a better way to perish than peacefully in my bed, not having done anything of worthy note.”

“Alexander, you ungrateful arse,” begins Angelica. “Have you finally succumbed to your pride, or has the perspective of witnessing your legacy done away with your only reason for living? Are you planning to leave your pregnant wife to fend for herself, just for the fleeting notion of glory?”

Alexander gapes like a fish, staring dumbfounded at her sister, then to her, then to the slight curve of her stomach. In other circumstances, the sight might have made Eliza laugh until tears sprang from her eyes. She now finds those tears do not come from mirth. She lets her sister gently stir her away from Alexander, and she is seated in one of the chairs of the dining room a few ways over.

Her sister makes sure she’s comfortable, before turning back towards Alexander with fury in her eyes.

“Remember, Alexander. We are here for you, right here, right now. But if you keep valuing your ambitions over us, you might find yourself in your hour of need with no one to speak for you.”

Eliza’s first instinct is to comfort her crestfallen husband, but another wave of tears chokes her painfully. She only manages a sob, which she quiets immediately.

Peggy comes running towards Eliza, throwing herself into her arms in a crushing hug. She finally lets all her tears fall, and she finds them bottomless, for when she thinks she might not cry anymore, she remembers another grievance. This is not the cry for Alexander, she finds, it is all of the fear and worry and loneliness she has felt ever since the war started, ever since she began wondering if her father might be struck down for siding with Rebels, if the crown would win and begin an even more tyrannical rule over the Colonies, if her unborn child would be raised without a father.

When she finally reaches her limit on her tears, she breathes in deeply and mumbles ‘thank you’ over and over to her sisters. They shift the chairs over so they can sit one beside the other, leaning into Eliza for support.

“I hate to say this,” suddenly calls out Elliot, “But we need to continue.” And it is true, it seems. The expression Elliot wears is similar to what one might display if they were just told they had to burn down a precious heirloom.

Eliza moves to stand up, but then the portrait calls: “You don’t have to leave the chairs if you don’t want to.”

Eliza nods gratefully and sets herself back down. A glass of water suddenly appears on the table, and though the fact it does startles her, she doesn’t deny the small kindness.

“Thank you,” Eliza says. Elliot nods, and the screen shifts to black once again.
First Meetings (Aaron Burr, sir)

Chapter Summary

The song in which the Hamilsquad is introduced! Or, are we forgetting someone else's introduction?

Guilt had crawled like spiders up John’s throat ever since he had seen Alexander and Eliza embracing each other at the start of this ordeal, and had only kept rising ever since.

The actors seem to be representing a scene of a busy street, people going back and forth, some baskets being carted around or tables hefted in between men.

No, wait. Those were definitely women... in breeches. What in God’s will– How had it taken him so long to notice that? Was the company unable to hire more men for the roles? Was that also the reason why black people were cast in the production? He had allowed himself to hope slavery was no longer in effect in the future, but it was such a pervasive institution that he could never dispel those doubts. He had intended to ask the painting about it before Alexander–

He discreetly flinched and pushed the thought of him out of mind, just in time to hear the year 1776 being sung-spoken by the actors, along with the name of New York City.

He can see the actor playing Ale– the actor move among the people, walking up to the black man they had first seen at the start of the show. The same actor who confessed playing Alexan–Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton’s murderer.

Lafayette’s murmuring of something so fowl John’s regretting ever learning French. Yet the situation warrants it. John can spot his Excellency glaring at the man, the only sign of how resentful he is of the situation. Anyone with half a mind can see how paternal his Excellency is towards Alex–

John twitches. His usual method of keeping his guilt and hurt out of mind is not working in the least. Every time he remembers Alexander or Eliza, bile rises up his throat, both for his sinful intrusion in their marriage, and the hurt at Alexander’s casual dismissal of his life. John knows he’s being a hypocrite on that last point, considering he’d throw away his own life for a chance at glory, but the thought of Alexander dying...

He doesn’t know how he’ll survive the rest of this God’s damned musical if ignoring his feelings keeps being that ineffective.

He hears the name of the character impersonating Alexander’s murderer. The actor responds in such a fitting manner to said character that it leaves no doubt in John’s mind as to his identity. Now he knows exactly who’s not going to live to watch the entire musical. Not if John can help it.

“BURR!” the shout goes out his throat completely unimpeded as he rises to his feet. He hears his chair crash behind him, but he pays it no mind. He’s too busy snarling like a feral beast towards the damned murderer in question.

Burr looks like a deer caught in the hunter’s gaze, eyes wide and deathly pale. He flinches, jumping back, forgetting that he had been close to a wall. He slams into it with a painful thud, but doesn’t seem to care. “I have no intention of killing Alexander!” he shouts, holding up his hands defensively
John feels hands come to grip his shoulders, holding him back. Hercules and Lafayette are “the two bastards trying to restrain him from bringing justice to Alexander’s murder.

“Let me go! Let me go you–”

“Laurens, stand down!” Washington’s shout snaps him out of his rage, though only barely. He feels himself being tugged by his two friends to the other side of the room. The distance to Burr does nothing to abate the haze of hate that’s burst out of him, but it does clear his mind somewhat, even against his wishes.

“By God Laurens, you are acting like a savage,” says Mulligan, making John sit against the wall. His tone is just as hateful as John’s own, but he realizes most of it isn’t aimed at John himself, but at Burr. Hercules and Lafayette are just as angry towards the situation as John is, yet they are not the ones attempting homicide.

“Elliot,” calls Washington. The show had frozen just as he jumped at Burr, John deduced, since it now looked like an incredibly realistic painting of the damn scene.

“Washington, sir?” answers the portrait. Elliot’s androgynous face is pinched and worried, and dare-he-say almost guilty. Good, he should suffer for what he’s done.

“Is Aaron Burr Alexander’s murderer?” asks his Excellency outright, glaring him down like he’s a naughty child.

“I’m afraid I can’t tell you that,” answers Elliot looking even more pained than before, nervously gripping his wrist with his other arm, glancing away from all of them. “However, I can tell you that multiple actors play more than one character throughout the production.”

The sigh of relief in the room is almost palpable. Washington nods and goes back to sit at his chair. Hercules and Lafayette slump, finally slackening their hold.

Shame slams into John, making him curl into himself protectively. He finds he wants to cry tears of a thousand different emotions, but he refuses to show such degree of weakness. He lets them collect into a knot in his throat that threatens to cut off his breathing. The second he can breathe through his regret he’s asking for the strongest whisky Elliot can give him. He’s a mess, isn’t he?

John can see his situation mirrored in Angelica. Her sisters let her finally go, but the hatred in her eyes hasn’t had enough time to dissipate completely. John had never considered a woman so capable of violence, of impetus matching that of a soldier’s on a warpath.

A bell chimes from the frozen stage, before the song begins from the start. John idly watches, still sitting by the back wall. A few chairs block his view, but as of now he has no intention of getting up back to his seat.

The first time around, he’d had no opportunity of appreciating the fitting mannerisms and ways of communicating of the two actors. Though the date did confuse John. Wasn’t Alexander (he swallowed back the wave of guilt) finishing his studies by that time, and not commencing them?

Then, the actor representing Alexander admits to punching the bursar, and the real Alexander (don’t think about it) stands and announces: “Slander! Slander of my character! I would never do such a thing!”

“Are you sure of that, mon amie?” teases Lafayette from beside John.
The antics bring a small smile to John’s face, and lighten up the atmosphere in the room. Judging by the satisfied smile of Lafayette’s lips, that had been the intention all along.

The Alexander on stage navigates through that first conversation with all the grace of a bull inside a porcelain shop, first remarking on Burr’s orphan status with no regard of propriety, then wishing for a war in a public square, a few very conspicuous redcoats standing in the background.

Then Burr’s advice makes itself known, and Angelica lets out a rather unladylike snort. Margarita Schuyler simply bursts out laughing. Eliza (do not think about it. Ignore it, ignore it) tries and fails to reprimand her, since the corners of her mouth are turned upwards too. Hercules and Lafayette are not faring much better.

“If only,” says Burr, and John feels a flash of rage, before he recognizes Burr’s brand of dry humor in his tone.

“Absolutely not!” contradicts Alexander playfully, almost like a peace offering between them.

Knowing Alexander, such advice was wholly a lost cause, even if the last line of it, a warning of fools talking too much, is unsettling.

Immediately after, a trio of loud singers jump into the scene, interrupting Burr rather rudely. It is funny, John decides.

His character on the play introduces himself, which surprises John considering he hadn’t met Alexander for at least a year. His actor’s already threatening redcoats and drinking, two things he’d done in abundance in the past. Not that he’s changed those habits much. Though he wonders what “pop chick a pop” means in the future, as he sees no poultry anywhere on the scene that could clue him in.

Next comes Lafayette speaking in a curious mixture of French and English, which isn’t very far off as to how he spoke when John first met him. Of course that was much later than the present year.

“Lancelot! How the writer flatters me!... Nevermind, I would never be so crude as to tell the King to go fuck himself, I’d have much more poise and rationale when insulting him.”

John laughs along with Hercules, and he finally decides to stand up and go back to the chairs, hurriedly so as not to miss the next introduction.

It did not disappoint.

“My charm with the ladies, immortalized in such a way! I cannot tell if the purpose was to compliment it or slight it! If it is the latter, I’d like a few words with that fiend!”

At last, the atmosphere regains some of the prior merriment, though the air is still tinged with strangeness. Nevertheless, he cannot attribute it all to their efforts, as the musical contains many a cheerful quality.

John hears his actor call a toast to revolution, one he tries to imitate a beat too late, and then hears his impersonator call on Burr rather rudely.

Burr answers to wait for it, not much of a surprise there, which elicits a response from his actor.

Alexander’s double jumps in with a graceful turn of phrase, prompting the inquiries of the three soon-to-be closest friends.

The song ends, though there is something odd about it.
“Miss Elliot!” calls Hercules, though John is rather confused as to why Hercules thinks he’s a she. Now that he thinks about it, Elliot had told nobody of their gender. He hopes none of them are committing a faux-pas.

“Yes, Mr. Mulligan?” Elliot responds, stepping into the frame much more composed than before.

“Was the last song cut off too early? It certainly sounded like it.”

“No, Mr. Mulligan. The next song, titled “My Shot” is directly tied to this one. Now that I think about it, it would be best if we listened to that song right after this one. I promise I’ll leave more time to answer questions after. Is that ok?”

Most of them nod, since Elliot’s the one with the knowledge of the situation.

“To help with that, please accept this!” Elliot says, and moves his hand as if to signal things falling from the sky.

Sheets of paper flutter from the ceiling, and all of them hurry to catch them. They turn out to be playbills, a star on the front, with the upmost tip replaced by the silhouette of a man pointing at the sky.

John quickly looks into it, noting how the lyrics of the two songs they heard were present in the paper, though there was an uncommonly big space inbetween verses. Of the next song stood only the title. After passing the page, he found the characters that had been introduced alongside the photos and true names of their actors. After the actors, a section of blank paper followed, along with a quill lightly stuck to the back of the playbill. John swore that hadn’t been there before.

“The lyrics of the songs and characters will appear as the show progresses,” explained Elliot cheerfully. “Use the spaces inbetween lyrics and blank section at the end to write down any questions you have! Don’t worry about the ink on the quills, it’s endless.”

John hurries to write down the thousands of questions in his head, even as the lights dim slightly to start the next song.
Hercules Mulligan prided himself in always being cordial and welcoming, something that's helped him greatly in his stint as a spy, but this situation is starting to try at his resolve.

Still, he laughs and jokes and keeps his three knuckle-headed friends in line. Well, friends is such a tame word. Brothers would be more accurate, yet he hasn't ever vocalized that sentiment, for the worry of Alexander reacting as violently at it like he had with his Excellency's own familial sentiments.

He shoves the thought out of his mind and resolves to watch this musical as closely as he can, for this is a goldmine of information. The future, given to them in a silver platter! He is not letting this opportunity go to waste, so he discreetly tears up a page from his playbill, writing down every single thing he has seen as of yet that could be a sign of what's to come, or hints Elliot has dropped as to the state of the future.

The most important Hercules doesn't think their host aware of; Elliot mentioned a country. One country. Not a collection of states. Could it be the states united in one nation? Hercules writes down the question in the playbill, and stops to pay attention to the now-starting song.

From the very beginning Hercules can tell this song is going to be much more fast-paced than the ones before, so he opens the playbill in the correct song. He for a second is distracted, watching with fascination as the words of the lyrics write themselves in the page as if penned by an invisible hand.

He snaps back into focus as the King's College is mentioned, and Hercules has to rush to read the lyrics, for they have suddenly increased tenfold in complexity.

The actor playing Alexander sing-speaks of his mind's prowess with odd vernacular, yet it paints a picture loyal to the reality of his friends. When he had first met Hamilton and given him a place to stay, it had been a very pleasant surprise to find out that his boasts of intelligence were not arrogance when writing was concerned. Hercules is happy that god's will aligned them to meet, since at the very start, Alexander displayed a few loyalist beliefs. What a shame it would have been to see Alexander use his talents garbed in a red coat!

The next line brings memories of New York winters, along with the first ever snow Alexander experienced. He had been so miserable, nose bright red, completely swallowed by any coat he could find, on his face a frown that would have made winter flee of terror, were it sentient.

"Do you remember those days of winter, Alexander?"

"Oh, by the Lord Mulligan, please do not remind me."

Hercules bursts out laughing, but has to quiet fast, as the song flies on without him. He catches the
tail-end of the spelling of Alexander's name, only for it to launch into an enumeration of the reasons why the war is essential. Hercules finds himself nodding along to both the music and the righteousness of the lyrics.

The mentioning of Alexander's thirst for power and willingness to throw out his life sends a wince throughout the crowd. If it hurts this much for Hercules to hear mentioned, when he has been acquainted with the idea for quite some time and shares the sentiment somewhat, he cannot fathom how much it must hurt for Elizabeth. She hadn't known until now the true deepness of her husband's willingness to throw away his life, for Alexander had the habit of hiding such things from her.

(Hercules watches two more noteworthy flinches in the crowd.

The first is half-expected, coming from John. Neither him nor Alexander have told them explicitly what they are to each other, yet they didn't make much effort to hide it in Hercules' presence.

The other one, coming from Angelica, is not as expected, but just as suspected. It is Hercules' job in the Revolution to notice things after all, and love, he has found, is easy to spot if one knows what to look for.

He hopes none of this will end in tragedy, but he is already preparing for the worst.)

"The comparison between Alexander's situation and the country's reality is quite a masterful one," comments Burr in his normal tone, which, like usual, leaves in the air if he meant the phrase as a sarcastic jab or sincere congratulations. Hercules has long since given up trying to tease out the differences in emphasis.

Hercules glances back to the show, seeing the four actors take swigs from their glasses. The Lafayette on-stage begins a verse speaking of France with a very heavy accent. So, of course, his three friends decide simultaneously to needle him for it, asking him if he's improved, all of them speaking in appalling French accents.

"Espèce de sacripants, bien sûr que je me suis amélioré! Et ne me parlez pas comme ça, vous connaissez tous les trois le français, bon sang! Cette horreur n’est pas nécessaire!"

Hercules laughs merrily and turns to watch his actor reveal his status as a tailor's apprentice, which is wholly untrue. He had been a tailor for quite some time when he had met Alexander, and even more time when he had met Lafayette and Laurens. He notes that down quickly.

"Such mercenary motivations!" states Lafayette, hearing Hercules' actor's reason for joining the rebellion.

Hercules admits social advancement is one of the reasons he joined the Revolution, though if he hadn't agreed with the principles of the war he would not have joined. He doesn't say that, considering the comment was payback for having teased Lafayette, so he keeps his mouth shut and receives his retribution with a laugh.

John's actor begins to proclaim his intention of freeing the slaves, and John, the real one this time, exclaims: "They did not censor my beliefs in the slightest! I feared they would erase part of it in light of my ascendency, yet history was fair!"

Hercules is claps his shoulder and smiles at John's look of pure awe, as if he was a child once again. Lafayette opts for congratulating him at length in French. Alexander moves to sling an arm around John's shoulder, and there's an awkward moment between them, frozen halfway in both their actions. Yet John slowly relaxes into Alexander's embrace, and they both smile, Alexander with relief, John
with hesitance.

Burr's actor chimes in as the voice of reason, once again mentioning getting shot. Hercules fears this is going to become much-dreaded foreshadowing. Of course, Alexander on-stage immediately talks after Burr told him not to, complementing each of his friends in turn.

"Thank you for the kind words towards my craft, Alexander!" says Hercules.

"Any day, my friend!"

"It will not net you any discount, regardless."

"Worth a try, at least."

There's a soft laugh from the back of the chairs, Eliza covering her mouth as fast as she can. Yet, the moment doesn't escape from Alexander's notice, smiling softly towards her. She smiles back.

'Those idiots in love,' Hercules thinks. 'If they keep forgiving Alexander for his actions, he is never going to learn not to do them.' He keeps the thought quiet, for he doesn't want to break the mending atmosphere.

Then the Alexander on-stage sings about wanting to fight in the war, and the moment is broken. Eliza averts her eyes in hurt, and Alexander turns to glare at the production. What horrible timing.

Almost as if in response, the Alexander on-stage grows meek and indecisive, excusing himself for talking far too much. He then promises to make them all proud.

"I think is the first time I've seen you apologize for talking too much Alexander," tries to joke Hercules, but the attempt falls flat.

Instead, Peggy makes a comment on the beautiful voices and harmonies of the show, and all of them prefer to listen to the vocals. Laurens' actor has an outstanding voice, notes Hercules, as the actor harangues the people of the "square" to sing for the Revolution with him.

Then Alexander takes center stage, monologuing about his own death, though this time it is... different. Instead of talking about giving it away, he explains how fragile and fleeting Alexander feels his life to be. Coupled with the new information Hercules received at the start of the play, it paints a picture that Hercules doesn't like, yet understands better. "I am living on borrowed time", is what Alexander seems to say, and the real Alexander near him doesn't contradict it, so it must be true to some extent.

Now, how to make Alexander realize that is no longer the case? Or at least not as much. The war is still ongoing after all.

Then Alexander expresses doubts Hercules has only heard him say once or twice, all of those times in intimate company. Alexander is committed to the cause, yet he is not blind to the horrifying possibilities of endless war it brings. Hercules hadn't been completely aware of those possibilities either until Hamilton pointed them out, so Hercule's glad he did speak up.

The melody begins picking up, rising in tone and volume, the words coming in a rush of resolve and determination. The company joins in, using setpieces as part of the choreography. It ends with a final "not throwing away my shot!" and for the first time in the time they've been watching the musical, all of the spectators clap.

The room brightens, and Elliot appears on the wall, who then says: "Questions?"
Alexander tries to say something, but only spits out unconnected segments of questions, which tips Hercules off that he is trying to choose a question to ask first, and simply can't.

"Why are there black men in the production?" asks John, taking advantage of Alexander's indecision.

Elliot grins as if she were waiting for the question and responds: "In the future, slavery is completely outlawed--"

She is cut off by John's shout of triumph, and Lafayette's whoop of joy, both of them doing funny little jigs, by all means looking as if they'd had a bit too much to drink. Hercules doesn't care, since their happiness is his happiness too, though he does tease them about their movements.

Alexander cannot stop smiling, though he is still a bit too busy writing question after question in the white section of the playbill. Hercules hopes Elliot does not mind Alexander taking much of her time, since if she takes the time to answer all of her questions, they would likely take several hours.

"As I was saying--" continues Elliot. "slavery is illegal, but this wasn't achieved until the American Civil War. I'll talk about it during the break between acts, so please keep your questions about it until then!"

Hercules decides to jump in and ask a question of his own. "Why are the women wearing breeches?"

"Once a tailor, always a tailor," teases Laurens, though Hercules can see the exact same question written on his playbill.

"It's common for women in the future wear breeches, or pants as we call it, just like men do."

"Why is that?" speaks Angelica, a glint of wittiness in her eyes that speaks of thirst for knowledge, though her posture and demeanor remain as regal as always.

"Pray tell, Elliot, what does the line “America forgot him” mean?" asks Alexander, walking closer to the painting.

"Alexander, did you not hear what I said?", says Angelica, with a carefully controlled tone that tells more of her annoyance than the rest of her countenance.

"Oh, of course I did, dear Angelica," says Alexander with a charming smile, "If you may pardon the impertinence, I considered your question fitter for a delayed answer than mine."

"You guessed wrong," she says in a deadpan tone.

Hercules is quite sure that this is not the moment to fight, but he knows that neither of them look as if they would back down. If they had been both men, Hercules would worry that fists would fly.

"How so? This is a question of my own legacy, of the fate of history on my character. How would yours, a question about fashion of all things, be more important than that?"

"It is not the fashion itself, but the meaning behind those choices Alexander. I thought you, for all your brilliance would be able to deduce that from my question."

"Oh, pardon me, that I would consider such a womanly question worth looking into."

Hercules rescinds his earlier statement. Angelica looks quite ready to hit Alexander, disregarding differences of strength, experience and battle-apt attire. He has to act now.
“Alexander, though your question is quite important, as you said, Angelica had formulated her question sooner. It is only fair that she receives an answer sooner as well,” says Hercules, careful to maintain an air of cheerfulness with only just a hint of scolding in his tone. It was the same countenance he’d use on Alexander every time he got into trouble when he had been staying in his house.

“Let her speak, Alexander,” says John, tugging Alexander back onto his chair. “Ladies first, after all.”

Angelica takes a second to fix her hair and dress, before turning back to the portrait. “The answer, if you may,” she says.

Elliot nods and begins: “The change had to do mostly with the second World War, I’ll talk more about that later! In during that time, women started working in factories to help with the war efforts, so they used pants while working. However, it wasn’t until after the second wave of the Feminist Movement (known for championing the rights of women, such as voting or birth-control) that women wearing pants became normal.”

Angelica is smiling triumphantaly, a half-smirk on her face, even though she’s trying to keep her composure. She sends a haughty look in Alexander’s direction. It only lasts a split-second, but it is enough to make Alexander frown.

(His cheeks are somewhat colored, Hercules notes. He does not know if the blush comes from anger, embarrassment or from more romantic thoughts. For the love of God, please do not let it be all three simultaneously.)

“Ok, so now your question, Alexander!” continues Elliot. “For a really long while, your name was just known by historians and almost nobody else. You were the kind of historical figure that kids read three lines of in school, and then forgot you existed. You have your face on the ten-dollar bill, you know? And the US government was considering to take you off of it. It wasn’t until this musical that your name was catapulted from dusty history books into the mouths and minds of the American people. It was only because of that sudden increase of your popularity that your face is still on the money.”

Alexander is silent for a second.

“I must admit I had no idea of the importance of this musical until now. I was ignorant of how much I owe to this author. What did you say was his name?” says Alexander, subdued yet with a smile of gratefulness on his face.


“Is it not the name of Alexander’s actor?” chimes in Peggy from the back, turning pages of her playbill.

“You’re right, Margarita!” says Elliot with a smile and the behavior of someone who has been waiting to impart this particular nugget of information. “Lin-Manuel is the writer, composer and lead actor for his play, not because of money, but because he simply could and felt he was a good fit for the role.”

“He certainly emulates Alexander’s drive quite well,” says Eliza, her voice still slightly stuffy from crying.

“Oh no, that’s all Lin. He’s just as non-stop as Alexander, just at a less self-destructive degree.”
Hercules realizes just how terrifying that is, for he knows that Alexander's mind was not something merely gifted to him, but something he has worked night and day to hone into razor-sharp wit. If this Lin is just as driven, he may attain through practice a level of brilliancy near Alexander’s.

“If I may interrupt this,” interjects John, “I have a question of my own. The chronology of the play has been bothering me for quite some time. Is there an explanation for this?”

“Yep! The thing is, this is a musical. Lin didn’t have the luxury of keeping things strictly according to history if he wanted to make the musical entertaining and short enough for Broadway.”

“Is that also the reason for my punching of the bursar?” says Alexander.

“And of me being a tailor’s apprentice? Or doing unspeakable acts to horses?” asks Hercules, frankly looking forward to the answer.

“Yes to all three! The first because he had a list of all possible rhymes he could do with your name, Mr. Burr—”

Aaron raises an eyebrow at his sudden mention, but says nothing.

“—and he wanted to go through most of them. The second because he wanted to emphasize that the Revolution was not made by stuffy old men, but young people with a cause. The third because it was just funny. There are a few other inconsistencies, like the winters in the Army being squished into one song, but as a whole, the musical is remarkably loyal to the source!”

“If I may…” begins Burr looking unsure, yet at the same time unaffected, “You mentioned the US?”

“I did! The name of the country I’ve been talking about all this time is the United States of America!”

Hercules blinks, amazed that the quarreling, independent states he knew of would be, in the future, united under one name. He is also realizing he’s acquired habits as a spy, because outright asking for the answer of the prior question had simply not crossed his mind.

So, he picks another question and states plainly: “I am not, by any chance, accusing you of being untruthful, but if I may ask, Elliot, are you able to lie?”

“No, I can’t. I can’t also refuse to answer a question, though I can answer “please ask me later” or something similar.”

“If I’m not being rude,” asks Eliza nervously, “What is your gender?”

“Neither. Please use “they” when referring to me,” they say with a shallow bow.

“I think we should continue with the songs!” they say, waiting for approval, then disappears from view.
Aaron Burr has been trying to remain out of the witch’s eyesight for quite long now. He doesn’t regret his question, it was very valuable information after all, but he does regret having broken his “invisibility”.

See, Aaron doesn’t trust this witch.

Elliot’s explanation of why they were doing this, (their own amusement, for god’s sake) is quite chilling if Aaron Burr stops to think about it. If Elliot has gone to these great lengths for amusement, what other things could they do? They already demonstrated their power over the room with the playbills. Who says the couldn’t erase their memories, or make the upholstery come to life to hunt them? Hence, Aaron doing his best to go under Elliot’s notice.

Every other person in the room has seemingly forgotten the magnitude of this threat, too swept in by their songs and drama, except for his Excellency. (Though he could have sworn he had seen the General’s foot tap alongside the beat of the last song. He isn’t too sure of that, so he keeps that information to himself.)

The song starts with Alexander once again proclaiming his willingness to die. Aaron isn’t very surprised at this, though he is disappointed. Alexander’s mind is an asset like no other. As much as it pains Aaron to admit it, the extent of Alexander’s prowess with a quill far exceeds his own. Yet, Alexander continues to ask, nay beg, for a battalion, a place where those talents could be wasted with the crack of a single gun.

He will never understand Alexander, Aaron thinks as the Hamilton on-stage calls for a toast, remarking of “when their children tell their story”, regardless that if Alexander kept valuing his life so little, he might not have life left for having children.

Lauren’s actor stands from the table they’re sitting in, singing in quite a beautiful voice. Laurens’ declaration of freedom being something that can’t be taken away is a statement Aaron finds himself at disagreement with. They are all fighting for their freedom, after all, and failing this fight would be enough to snip away the freedom of the colonies in one fell swoop. There is too much to lose to think like that.

Aaron Burr listens instead to the softness of this song, and understands that this is the quiet, intimate moments those four friends built their closeness from, in between drinks and dreams of a distant, better future.

Aaron never truly fit in, in those times. He was too cautious to openly speak of his vision of a better future, determined to have no one stop him when the time to act finally arrives. (Yet, he can’t help the longing to belong. He shakes off the silly, sentimental thought, assuring himself with the logic of his decisions.)

Aaron notes how… close Lauren and Alexanders’ actors are, mirroring the closeness the two real ones are sharing in this very moment. Aaron would have thought nothing of it, if it wasn’t for the odd rage Alexander had worn on his face after Aaron had court-martialed Enslin for sodomy, and Lauren’s stubborn avoidance of Hamilton and Aaron himself after the fact.

That had sown some suspicions, one Aaron in all honesty, didn’t know what he’d do with them if he saw them confirmed.
The song ends, being quite short, which is in accordance to Elliot’s word. That doesn’t prove anything to Aaron. It is quite easy to lie with the truth after all.

The lights brighten, and Mr. Mulligan stands from his chair, shaking the stiffness out of his limbs, and going to the kitchen on the back wall. Laurens looks at him go, and moves to stand up. Alexander offers a weak protest, which Laurens responds to by glancing towards Eliza and whispering something into Alexander’s ear. By the worried, resigned and nervous look Alexander has in his face, Aaron guesses Laurens told him to talk with his wife.

Laurens joins Mulligan in rifling through the cabinets of the kitchen, without asking Elliot permission, which is a risk Aaron’s not willing to take, even if he is quite hungry.

Instead he observes as Lafayette strikes up a conversation with his Excellency. Lafayette is the one doing most of the talking, sometimes slipping into French in his excitement, which means that he has to pause a copious amount of times to translate what he just said. The lines of tension in his Excellency’s face little by little began to soften, and his responses went from monosyllables to complete sentences. Aaron supposes the only reason his Excellency doesn’t legally adopt Lafayette is because his last name doesn’t hold as much sway as the lats name of a line of marquises.

Aaron sees Alexander finally stand up and walk towards Eliza. They begin speaking in hushed tones, Peggy leaving the scene to join the two men in rooting for food in the kitchen. The couple begins raising their voices lightly, in what looks like the beginning of a domestic argument. Suddenly, a door appears beside them, both of them startling. Then they notice the little sign stuck to the door: “for privacy”. Both of them enter the room, and Aaron can’t see anymore of them.

While all of this has been happening, Angelica had gotten close to the moving portrait and had commenced a discussion with Elliot about the… Feminist Movement. Aaron, moved by curiosity, nears the talking pair.

“—early suffragettes used to go to the voting booths while in swimsuits—” says Elliot as an image appears on the portrait, of women wearing next to nothing, holding what looks to be food to their mouths. Aaron supposes it’s food. He has not seen anything like it before. “—and eating pizza, as a way of proclaiming that they had the right to do whatever they wanted, and nobody could tell them otherwise.”

“Wasn’t that needlessly confrontational?” slips out of Aaron’s mouth without meaning to.

“Mr. Burr, please understand that it takes for a great amount of courage to go against a horde of angry men—“ starts Angelica, nd icy look in her eyes. “If other women see them being so incredibly courageous, even at the point of irreverence, then that might give them the courage to stand up for themselves.”

“Yet…” Aaron chooses his words carefully. “Wouldn’t choosing aggressive reactions further muddle the relationships between the women and men of the time, making any further strides in in the name of equality more difficult?”

“Mr. Burr, with all due respect, did you not see what happened very recently? If I hadn’t made my stand over receiving my answers, Alexander would have steamrolled the conversation, and left my question unanswered. As a woman, I’m very qualified to tell you that this is not an isolated incident. Men are too used to having the lead over women, that the only way to make our voices known is to make a statement.”

“I must admit I had no clue what the true significance of that power struggle was,” says Aaron truthfully. At the time he had thought the argument petty and childish.
“And I admit I hadn’t thought you interested on this topic,” remarks Angelica with a subtle air of suspicion. Aaron doesn’t blame her for this, since this kind interest could be revealed in a lesser man as a ploy to charm her, and thus marry her. There is no possibility of that now, however.

Aaron takes a furtive glance at the rest of the room to make sure they aren’t listening in, which they aren’t.

He idly notes that the kitchen-raiding party has found enough delicacies to completely cover the table, from fresh peaches, to a two-layered cake. Not a drop of alcohol though.

Satisfied with their privacy, he responds: “I have always considered quite ridiculous to treat women as if they were less capable and in more need of protection than men, though I do not often express the sentiment,” confesses Aaron.

Angelica blinks, and then begins a discussion of the current state of the woman in their society and the one they should have, a discussion Aaron follows and interjects in from time to time.

Aaron is now glad that he hadn’t married Angelica. Her character now proves itself to be more combative that Aaron had divined by first glance. Aaron is searching for peace in marriage, and with Angelica it would have contained far too many debates and disagreements for Aaron to find it.

Yet, as Aaron begins to get to know Angelica, he realizes she has the same level of genius Alexander does, with none of the hare-brained recklessness he possess.

Though he still isn’t by any chance happy at the current situation, Aaron has to admit it isn’t all bad, if he has managed to gain such a valuable ally, and even perhaps, a friend.

Eliza hears the door close behind her, and she steels herself for a difficult discussion with Alexander. To stall for time, she inspects the room, which is admittedly small, containing only a pair of couches, a few paintings and a table with a vase full of flowers. Eliza decides to walk towards it, plucking one of the white roses from the many other plants in the vase.

“Betsy, I’m quite sorry you had to see that. It was a failing on my part to hurt you so and I–”

Eliza sets the rose on the table. She turns around and looks at Alexander, who flinches at her sadness and moves to try and comfort her. “Stop, Alexander. You apologize for the wrong thing. I am not sorry I saw that, I’m only sorry that it took this musical to see it.”

She walks towards him. She has to ask. This is a facet of her husband she has never seen, she needs to know. Before she can lose her courage, she says:

“Do you really think so little of your own life?”

Alexander is silent for a second, and only responds: “Yes”.

Eliza lets out a shuddering breath and seats herself on one of the couches carefully. Tears prick at her eyes, but she refuses to cry until she has said everything that needs to be said.

“Alexander, do you, truly, consider you have nothing to lose? That you have nothing at all holding you back from… from trying to get a legacy at any cost?”

“It is not that I don’t have anything to lose,” hurries to explain Alexander, beginning to pace back and forth in the way he does when he’s trying desperately to weave ideas into polished phrases. “It is
simply that I know I’ll lose what I have, eventually. My post in the army will end once the war ends, money is guaranteed to last, and not even you, my dear Betsy, will last forever. But a legacy… a legacy endures. It will not fade away, if I manage to make it brilliant enough. A proof, in time, that I am someone worth remembering.”

Alexander looks at her, pleading for understanding.

Eliza attempts to understand.

She realizes she has never worried about not having food, or shelter, or a family to come home to. For her, all of those things are taken for granted. Alexander… only just recently these things have begun to apply to him too, Eliza thinks, and he’s unable to consider that they are not going to disappear. So, he searches for something that he believes will not disappear. Something that will prove his worth so unquestionably that it will lay his fears of not being enough to rest.

Eliza can understand that, but she will never understand it. She only recently has begun to worry for the outcome of the war, or for Alexander’s life, and it has been torture. She cannot imagine bearing with that fear and uncertainty every single day of her life.

She gestures for Alexander to seat himself beside her.

“Alexander… I find myself wholly unable to hold anger towards you for your ambition.”

He smiles and sighs in relief, tension draining out of his shoulders. He moves towards her, likely to kiss her, but she continues: “Yet, I am still angry at you for considering me so fickle.”

He whips around to stare at her, mouth gaping. “Betsy! I don’t– I never–“

“Not intentionally, but you did. When I took my vows of matrimony, I said I would be with you ‘till death do us part, and I meant it. I chose you, because you are my ambition, our family is my ambition, the same way a legacy is yours,” Eliza says, unconsciously laying her hand on her raised belly. Alexander makes to do the same, hesitates, but touches it reverently. Eliza continues: “It will take death to part me from you, and even then I will fight the Reaper until my very last moment, because ambitions are things we live for.”

There’s a minute of silence where the words hang in the air, and the conversation repeats itself in both their minds. Eliza has never spoken so forcefully towards Alexander in her life, and she finds she’s beginning to regret the way she expressed some of her thoughts.

“You truly feel this way?” asks Alexander finally, looking directly at her eyes. If Eliza says anything right now, she will burst into tears, so she simply nods quietly. “I’m… I’m sorry for having doubted you, Betsy. I’m sorry to not have realized this sooner.”

Yet, Eliza knows Alexander. There’s still doubt and disbelief present in his eyes, and though both sentiments hurt her, though she knows his heart is not completely in the apology, she lets it go.

Rome was not built in a day, she reminds herself, as she kisses him softly and both of them begin to exit the room.

She has a lifetime to show Alexander the meaning of contentment, after all.
The chime of a bell distracts Peggy from trying to get John to eat a bag of impossibly bright candy, making her almost drop the bag, though a few of the round things fall on the floor.

The three of them turn towards the moving picture as the lights start to dim once more. Mr. Mulligan hurries to get a cloth and wrap as many foodstuffs as he can to take with him. Peggy rushes to get a cloth of her own and cram everything she can get her hands on, though especially a few apples for Eliza and oranges for Angelica. In the end, the three of them end up bringing a whole picnic with them, and get thanked profusely for it.

As Peggy finally decides to try one of the candies, and finds them so sweet she might as well have been eating handfuls of sugar, Eliza and Alexander get out of the tiny room that appeared out of nowhere.

“Alex, Eliza!” shouts Peggy, jumping up from her feet and dragging them both by the hands towards two free chairs. “Look, we’ve found so much food! Alexander, try this!”

Peggy fishes a blue worm from a packet of even more ridiculously colored candy, and drops it into Alexander’s hand.

“...Is this edible? This cannot be a live worm, for it looks too much like gelatine, but why on Earth would someone shape candy in the shape of a worm? Why blue? The future cannot be this nonsensical, can it?” he says, staring doubtfully at the abomination.

“For the love of— Just eat it already, Alex!” jokes Peggy, and goes to shove the worm into his mouth. Alexander at first recoils, but then stares at the dangling sweet and takes a bite out of it.

“What in god’s name—” Eliza swats at his shoulder, looking miffed at his casual use of God’s name in vain. “Betsy, Betsy, no, this thing is acidic!” Alexander says, his face contorted in a grimace of disgust.

Peggy can’t help it and starts laughing, tears soon coming to her eyes and attracting everyone’s attention. Both her sisters throw looks at her, warning of her loss of propriety, but Peggy doesn’t have it in herself to care. They are in a warlock’s domain, who cares about propriety.

John reaches over Peggy’s laughing form to pass Alexander a glass of apple juice to wash away the taste.

“No alcohol?” asks Alexander, after taking a sip of the drink.

“None, as much as I wish for this to be champagne,” states John, taking a sip of his own drink, and settling down at Alexander’s side as the room is plunged into penumbra.

The first verse, sung by Burr’s actor, speaks of the rich’s liking towards going downtown, which Peggy can more or less confirm as true, though she would not describe it as “gawk at the students in the common just to watch them talk.”

“You are all right to be amazed at our erudition,” jabs Alexander, and Peggy makes a move to swat at his head. The intention dies when she sees Angelica’s disapproving eyebrow, and Peggy sticks out her tongue at her.

She stops with her childishness once she hears the name of her father being called out by the dark-
skinned actor. She is yet again peeved at only making mention of her father’s fortune, and not anything else about him.

Peggy jumps when she hears her own name being sung-spoken by the actor, and watches her sister’s expressions of pleasant surprise at their names being mentioned as well. Peggy had never given much thought of the notion of a legacy, but now that she is there and hears it she has to admit she is quite overjoyed at the notion of having one!

After hearing the next line Angelica beside her scoffs and says: “As if men is everything we would go downtown for.” Peggy raises her glass in a toast for the truthfulness of her words, and Eliza nods from where she’s sitting, holding Alexander’s hand.

Then Peggy raises her glass again, this time to toast to the introduction of her sister’s actress. The Angelica on-stage is clad in a vibrant red dress that must have been worth it’s weight in gold to be dyed so vibrantly, and is also black-skinned, Peggy notices with a blink. ‘Are all of the actors black?’ she thinks with astonishment.

She is then immediately proven wrong by Eliza’s actress, stepping forward with a melodical shout of her name, clad in a soft blue dress. She is of fair skin, though her eyes betray oriental ascent. Peggy doesn’t know enough about them to begin to guess where she could be from.

And then her own actress steps forward with a shout of “And Peggy!”, almost like she is an afterthought. Peggy is equal parts resigned and annoyed at this. She hadn’t counted on a legacy to begin with, so she was satisfied with what little she had, but at the same time she wished for just a little bit more.

And then the song continues on, with harmonies of “Work!” and repeating their own names again. That’s when Peggy realizes none of her other siblings are going to be mentioned, at least in this song. No Schuyler Family, just the Schuyler Sisters. She is admittedly, a bit more glad to have been chosen out from all her siblings and given a mention at all.

Then her character begins to sing and Peggy is, yet again, annoyed. “Oh for– I was not that cowardly,” says Peggy, raising her nose at her actress on stage.

“That’s true,” confirms Eliza. “All of us were always excited for these kinds of outings. Why would they not portray you as such?”

“It’s possible they simply didn’t have any documentation of your personality–” interrupts Alexander, with the tone of someone who has studied the subject extensively and considers their word on it the intellectual pinnacle of truth.”– or they simply needed your personality to be like this for the story to progress,” he finishes, as Peggy’s actress’ last line is sung.

Alexander then turns to Eliza and says, “I wouldn’t have guessed you’d be so much of a rebel,” he teases, as Angelica’s actress sings “look around, look around.”

Eliza huffs jokingly and softly bats at his arm. “As if you wouldn’t have guessed that already.”

Peggy smiles wistfully at the closeness both of them share, and stops eavesdropping on the private conversation to look back at the show, to see her actress sing her reticence at the war. It’s not completely untrue, Peggy had been less than enthused at the war, and is still now, but she sees the necessity of it. She guesses that if she had been born a man, she might have even joined the army. Alas, she is a woman,

She is starkly reminded of that fact when the men on-stage all assume the three of them are looking
for husbands, again. Angelica sees her sister’s displeasure mirrored in her actress, so at least they got that right.

The song continues, repeating “I’m looking for a mind at work!” in such harmonies and beautiful voices that Peggy can’t help but smile at the beauty of it. She now wants to learn this song very badly, might even convince her sisters to sign with her. It would certainly be quite beautiful. She resolves to ask them once the song is over.

Then Burr’s actor once again starts to sing, this time walking up to Angelica, stating outright about her perfume smelling like her father has money, and propositioning for a relationship right then and there.

Angelica looks incredibly annoyed at the happenings on stage, Eliza with a look of disappointment so severe it would have made grown men act like scolded children under it.

Peggy can’t hold it in anymore and bursts out laughing, and through her mirth she can see how most of the men have also done the same. A few, like Mr. Laurens or Lafayette, are good-naturedly ribbing at Mr. Burr, who’s hid his face in his hands and is blushing with embarrassment.

“By God, was I really that atrocious?” he asks, seemingly to himself, but Alexander answers him regardless.

“Quite so, dear friend,” teases Alexander, and Mr. Burr shoots him a look with a meaning that could be summed up in the popular adage “the pot calling the kettle black”.

“Though there are rumors of a tamer of your heart, Aaron,” continues Laurens, with a cheeky smile on his face. “Tell us, who was the lady capable of making you come to your senses?”

“On the contrary,” shoots back Mr. Burr. “I came to my senses on my own.” Then, he turns back pointedly at the show.

Peggy muses that he didn’t confirm nor deny that he had met a woman and fallen for her, though she figures it’s not her place to pry. Maybe she could convince Alexander to do it for her?

Angelica’s actress begins to do that odd rhythmic speaking that isn’t quite poetry, naming Common Sense by Thomas Paine, and relaying what men think of her by reading said book all in one breath. She has the air of confident rebuttal and irreverent grace to her as she says a quite good play on words. “You want a revolution? I want a revelation! So listen to my declaration!”... that is one phrase Peggy would definitely want to remember.

The three of them begin quoting the Declaration of independence, doing equal symbols with their arms, all simultaneously, cheerfully contradicting Aaron Burr. Angelica finishes with “And when I meet Thomas Jefferson, I’mma compel him to include women in the sequel!”, which makes the real Angelica begin clapping and nodding. Peggy pours herself another glass and toasts to that.

Peggy takes a second to gauge everyone’s reactions. Mr. Hercules seems to find the idea intriguing, similarly to Lafayette. Aaron Burr is subtly nodding towards the idea. Alexander seems to say “what a silly idea” in his expression. Mr. Laurens is frowning, but more like he’s thinking hard about something he doesn’t quite get the point of. Mr. Washington… is very difficult to read, Peggy finds. But she can maybe guess a glimmer of thoughtfulness in his eyes.

The song continues, calling New York the greatest city in the world, which is rather… untrue. New York is a great city, Peggy loves her home after all, but to call a colony of the Americas without a sixth of the population of the great cities like Paris or Rome is awfully pretentious.
That doesn’t matter, since the song breaks away into different streams of melody, Angelica’s actress sing-speaking what she had just said, as the chorus swells and Peggy’s and Eliza’s actresses sing “look around, look around, the revolution’s happening”. The melodies condense into one, building for the finale amidst shouts of “work, work!” and calls of their own names, to end with one last “in the greatest city in the world!”.

Peggy claps and stands up from her chair, filled with restless excitement. “Angie, did you see that? We are in the play! And we look magnificent!”

“If a bit darker than in reality,” quips Alexander, for which he gets an elbow to his stomach, courtesy of Mr. Laurens.

“What I really want to know is of all this talk of “the greatest city in the world” is about. We are not even the greatest of the colonies!” says Hercules, genuinely interested in his question.

Elliot fades into the picture, and states while smiling: “As the years passed, New York City grew in population and popularity, attracting people from all over the world. Though not truly a capital, it became famous enough to earn the nickname “the capital of the world”!”

Peggy blinks, and lets her eyebrows rise towards her hairline. “This is not in jest?” she asks, and lets her eyebrows rise even more when Elliot shakes their head.

“First we learn that the war is going to be won, next that slavery was abolished completely, then we learn the New York City is going to be a city with a reputation to rival Paris. What will be next, taxes being abolished completely? The secret of immortality? Man flying to the moon?” rants Alexander, throwing his hands up in the air.

Elliot laughs, and Peggy sees Mr. Washington frown from his seat. “What is the joke?” he asks tersely.

“Two lies, one truth. Guess which is which!” Elliot says, and snaps their fingers.

Amidst shouts of disbelief and astonishment, the room plunges into darkness.
Angelica has been trying to maintain herself detached of the situation.

Her mind works best when not directly inside the matter in question, allowing her to analyze the situation from many angles and determine the best course of action. So, she tries to keep her own emotions down as much as humanly possible, and her eyes catching as much detail as she can.

Which would be easier if her sister stopped trying to shove ridiculous foodstuffs into her hands.

She wins the impromptu struggle she and Peggy have, Angelica dumping the bag that advertises itself as “cheese puffs” right into her sister’s lap, just as the music shifts into something more recognizable, with violins as a centerpiece.

A man, who introduces himself as “Samuel Seabury” enters the stage, both the stage of the play, and a wooden stage used as a prop. His speech sounds old, as if what he was going to say had been written twenty years ago.

The first words out of his mouth disparage the Revolution, calling all Rebels “rabble”, and insisting they don’t have the people’s interest at heart. Angelica dislikes him on principle.

Alexander scoffs from his place, so Angelica assumes he is of the same opinion as her.

The Hercules on stage says “Oh my god, tear this dude apart”, which elicits a stern look from Eliza at his misuse of God’s name. Peggy snorts at the phrase, only to get lightly smacked upside the head by the aforementioned sister.

Lafayette does not have to worry about religious sisters, so he lets out a snort that turns into a bark of laughter as soon as he sees the real Mulligan nod to his actor.

Samuel Seabury then continues, speaking about how “chaos and bloodshed are not the solution” and that “Congress does not speak for me”.

Angelica resists the urge to roll her eyes. As much as she desires to do so, she cannot afford to act anything less that a sophisticated lady in the company of his Excellency. He is one of the most influential men the states have in the present moment, and being in his good graces would be invaluable for Angelica. She may have to talk to him later. It is not everyday she has access to him, while he does not have any other task more than watching a musical.

Burr’s actor tries, rather ineffectually, Angelica thinks, to convince Alexander to let Seabury be. Yet, Seabury continues to insult Congress by calling their work a dangerous game (which anyone with a modicum of sense would have noticed as true), then praying for the King’s mercy (which Angelica doubts exists) then shames outright those who follow the Revolution.

Angelica is very much livid at this preacher, who gave exactly three reasons for the Revolution not to happen, and none of them with any kind of supporting evidence. She hides her annoyance behind a façade of careful indifference, mentally creating the sentences she is going to use to obliterate his arguments when away from powerful ears.

She is pleasantly surprised when Alexander jumps onto the wooden stage Seabury was preaching from, and as Seabury commences his sermon from the beginning, he launches into a heated refutation.
The spectators, Angelica included, scramble for the playbills, as the words from Alexander’s actor’s mouth are far too fast and far too intertwined with Seabury’s to understand.

He begins assuring that regardless of what Seabury wants, the Revolution is coming (again, no basis for the argument), followed by remarking how difficult it is to watch Seabury with a straight face (Logical fallacy. Attacking a person instead of that person’s arguments does not invalidate their arguments in the slightest.)

He goes on to point out that chaos and bloodshed already haunt us (good observation) and that he shouldn’t even talk (subjective opinion, no place for that in an argument—)

“Sister, stop it,” whispers Eliza softly.

“What are you speaking of?” responds Angelica, genuinely confused as to what her sister could be talking about.

“I know you are mentally correcting every argument you hear. Please, cease your critique and enjoy the show. These arguments weren’t crafted to make sense, but to entertain, after all.”

Angelica is abruptly reminded that her sister may not be a genius in anything academic, but she has quite the prodigious and instinctive grasp on people. So, she smiles in acquiescence, and relaxes slightly into her embrace.

She is just in time to hear the Alexander on-stage call Seabury less eloquent than his dog. Alexander has no dog. It only makes the line funnier, prompting a spark of laughter in Angelica.

She is not alone in her laughter, for Laurens is bravely fighting a smile, while Lafayette is grinning wolfishly. Hercules makes a comment Angelica cannot make out from where she’s sitting, but Burr looks suitably scandalized so she has a few guesses as to what could that be.

“I pray the King shows you his mercy,” sings Seabury. “Is he in Jersey?” answers Alexander, and that is enough to have the spectators rioting in their chairs.

“I am stealing that line!” screams Peggy, and Alexander looks incredibly offended, comically so.

“You are not, young lady! My actor said that line, therefore I have a worthier claim of it!”

“Do you stake your honor on that assumption, sir?”

“I have my weapon and ammunition at the ready, madam.”

“Fire then!” shouts Peggy, and has to duck so that the piece of cheese Alexander threw at her sails over her head. She doesn’t quite manage it, since it gets stuck in her hair.

Angelica stops her sister’s lapse in decorum with the most scorching glare she can muster. It takes some effort, since Angelica herself finds the antics quite entertaining, but nevertheless, it is strong enough for Peggy to stop her nonsense and go back to her seat. She does not look very apologetic, however.

The Gay Trio, Lafayette, Alexander and Laurens, shout “For the Revolution!” with great impetus, while Hercules laughs at them, unashamedly. Burr simply looks as if he’d very much like for them to shut up. His Excellency… he’s a mystery. He could be secretly amused at the men’s antics, or expending his last few reserves of patience, and nobody in the room could tell.

Seabury makes a feeble attempt at continuing his sermon, to which Alexander’s actor replies “If you
repeat yourself again I’m gonna—”. And it’s Seabury who completes the phrase with “Scream!” It’s a rather clever line, Angelica thinks and smiles to herself.

Alexander asks Seabury to not read, Seabury tries to continue reading and Alexander says the gem: “Don’t modulate the key then not debate with me.”

It’s a great line, and Angelica barks out a burst of laughter, while Peggy laughs loudly and Eliza does the same, but silently. Angelica decides not to stop them. Trying to maintain a level of decorum in this situation was a lost cause.

“Why should a tiny island across the sea regulate the price of tea?” says Alexander’s actor, and Angelica swears she saw His Excellency nod minutely. She’ll have to investigate further on the matter.

Burr, the one on-stage, tries to get Alexander to quiet down, and fails (the real Aaron sighs and shakes his head) when Alexander remarks that he would rather be divisive than indecisive. That… sums up Alexander’s approach to politics quite well, Angelica finds.

The sudden shout of “Silence!” has all of the audience’s attention, and their interest is piqued even more when what follows is “A message from the king!” from the entire company.

The song ends, leaving the spectators in suspense.

“The message is the next song, isn’t it?” grumbles Laurens, receiving a clap on his shoulder from Hercules, who says “Patience, my friend!”

“And, in all spirit of realism, what other thing could the King say but: “The colonies must submit or face military action,”” reasons Alexander and goes to stand up, and almost knocks into his Excellency, who had also chosen that very moment to stand up.

There is a second, when Alexander hesitates, but then gets out of his Excellency’s way, without saying a word. Laurens cringes and looks away, guilt and curiosity painting his features. Lafayette simply looks confused.

That is suspicious to Angelica. Something must have happened between Alexander and his Excellency, and Laurens has a vague idea of what could have happened. Angelica’s curiosity is starting to get the better of her, but before she can ask, Peggy blurts out:

“Yes but! I am rather curious to see how the King’s message is presented. Aren’t all of you?”

“Maybe the messenger ridicules the message as it is said?” conjectures Alexander. Laurens’ lips twist upward at the mental image of it, and not even Angelica is exempt from the hilarity of such a situation.

“Maybe it is his Excellency, who ridicules the letter,” jokes Hercules, which gets him a playful hit from Lafayette.

“Non! The historians would have to be incompetent if they think his Excellency would do such a thing! He so much abhors petty slander!” contradicts Lafayette, and seemingly doesn’t notice the two flinches from the rest of the Gay Trio.

“Would all of you like to listen to the next song?” asks Elliot, and Angelica, if she has to be honest, didn’t notice at all when they appeared on the wall.

As Elliot gets no contradictions, they let the lights dim again, and the next song begin.
Lafayette keeps trying to pinch himself lightly, half-sure he’s still dreaming. It wouldn’t be the first time he had such a vivid dream, but he had to admit this one was the most elaborate he’d had. And the longest. And the only one where he’d been able to feel pain. And–

He shakes himself out of his mind, and instead chooses to focus on the hastily-made bet between Alexander and Hercules. Apparently, Hercules bets on a blatant kind of ridicule, while Alexander bets on a subtle kind.

Lafayette has truly no idea which kind it is, though he hopes it doesn’t involve much word-play. He does quite enjoy a challenge, but this time he would rather understand the jokes made in the song instead of having to ask either Laurens or Alexander to explain the double meaning in yet another word.

A piano chord jolts him out of his reverie, to see an actor (the only truly white person he has witnessed in the entire show) walk onto the stage. The actor is dressed in imitation to the King, which is something Lafayette didn’t expect.

From the surprised looks of his friends, none of them expect this either. Which playwright in their right mind would openly impersonate the King in order to ridicule– Wait. This play was written in the future, wasn’t it? It is ridiculous to consider that a theater might get accused of treason for making fun of a King long dead and of a rival nation.

The King begins to sing. Laurens scoffs at his words.

“Of course we wouldn’t be willing to pay your war. It brings no benefits to the colonies!” he exclaims, but is rapidly shushed by both Hercules and Alexander.

“You cry~,” sings the King, with a queer expression on his face, almost as if he can’t quite decide what to do with it, and Lafayette has to employ every ounce of self-control not to burst out laughing at him. “In your tea, which you hurl in the sea when you see me go by.”

“Is that,” Peggy stifles a snort, and continues. “Is that how they’re describing the Boston Tea Party?”

“It’s absolutely ridiculous,” agrees Laurens, smiling in amusement.

The next few lines speak of the King being sad at the colonies breaking their arrangement, to which Angelica rolls her eyes with a very unladylike expression on her face, which, all things considered, quite suits her.

“Remember I’m your man~” sings the King, and Lafayette… there’s something he finds strange in that phrase. He can’t quite point out what it is, but it sounds off.

In the exact moment the King sings “You’ll be back, soon you’ll see, you’ll remember you belong to me”, nobody can hide their disdain. Eliza shakes her head, while her sister Peggy theatrically turns up her nose at the King prancing about on-stage. Alexander looks like he wants to burst out in a good long rant, but is holding off out of curiosity for the rest of the song. (And probably also for knowing the outcome of the bet). Burr and his Excellency are similar in the sense that their displeasure would not be evident to anyone who didn’t know them. It would be easy to miss Burr’s disapproving lips, tightened into a straight line, or his Excellency’s unusual deadpan expression. Angelica has begun throwing murmured insults, and both Hercules and Lafayette catch some of them. Both of them raise their eyebrows (though Hercules’ eyebrows climb up to his hairline, and
“Oceans rise, empires fall! We have seen each other through it all,” declares the King, and Eliza smiles bemusedly.

“Betsy? What’s the joke?” asks Alexander playfully.

“Oh, nothing really. It simply a bit… amusing that when the King sings “oceans rise” he sings low, yet when he says “empires fall” he goes up… It is probably a silly thing to notice,” she says, and leans into Alexander.

“Oh, non mademoiselle!” interjects Lafayette. “It is a tiny gold nugget of irony, and it was a fine thing you noticed!”

Eliza smiles, and Alexander sends Lafayette a look of annoyance. Lafayette simply grins and turns back to the performance. A jealous Alexander might have been fun to watch, but the King on stage beats him as an amusement by far.

Then the King sings “I will send a fully armed battalion to remind you of my love,” and what in the name of God is he speaking of? Why does he sound like a jealous lover?!?

He then sings a chorus composed of nothing but “la la la”s and Lafayette is thrown right into hysterics.

“The King is mad! Madder than a cow!” cries out breathlessly Alexander, from where he’s slipped down his seat in his madness. Laurens has doubled over, and is attempting to keep Alexander from slipping down further. Lafayette doesn’t try to help, since he’s too busy greedily inhaling every lungful of air he can catch between fits of laughter.

“Oh, restrain yourselves,” scolds Angelica, which sounds like a token effort for Lafayette, as she sounds a single breath away from bursting into laughter herself. Her two other sisters laughing beside her aren’t helping on that front, Lafayette guesses.

Even his Excellency seems to be fighting off a smile, his traitorous lips quirking up now and again, as the King makes increasingly bizarre expressions.

Lafayette is, for a split second, glad they had been kidnapped for this. His Excellency… he does not smile much, Lafayette has to admit, but with the war’s current affairs, even the tiny moments where he had let his stoic façade drop had become few and far in between. He couldn’t have helped his worry at his Excellency’s state. Yet, now that he’s smiling again, Lafayette can breathe a little easier.

The lines coming after the chorus do not help keep the mirth down. It is now blatantly apparent that the King is singing to the colonies as a spurned and spiteful lover would. He even threatens that the colonies would be complaining after he’s gone.

“NO! Don’t change the subject. ‘Cuz you’re my favorite subject. My sweet, submissive subject. My loyal, royal subject. Forever, and ever, and ever, and ever and ever~”

“I have never in my life heard something so creepy,” expresses Laurens, wide-eyed at the insane King.

“Oh, I don’t know. Your snores in the middle of the night are quite the terrifying thing,” quips Alexander, and narrowly dodges a slap upside the head from Laurens. Instead, it knocks his hat right into Burr’s lap.
Burr looks disgusted but hands Alexander his hat back with civility, and Alexander nods at his gesture.

Lafayette shakes his head, smiling at his friend’s antics, before turning back to the show.

(He could have sworn Alexander whisper “Do not worry, my love, your snores are music to hear” into John’s ear, but he could have been wrong.)

“– I will fight the fight and win the war. For your love, for your praise, and I’ll love you till my dying days!”

“Oh, God. He’s delusional. He’s hysterical!” cries out Hercules, and Lafayette has to agree, so he does by swiping a piece of cheese from the plate Hercules had gotten from the kitchen before, doing a mock toast, and stuffing it in his mouth.

Hercules looks at him, outraged, while the King laments “When you’re gone, I’ll go mad! So don’t throw away this thing we had”

“You already are mad!” screams Laurens at the King, and steals another piece of cheese from the plate to throw at the stage. It bounces off the invisible window, and lands very close to Eliza, who shoots a disappointed look at Laurens, which has him wither under her gaze.

In that single moment, Lafayette knows Eliza will be a great mother.

“–I will kill your friends and family, to remind you of my love~”

The three of them turn to stare at the King. The King bursts into more manic “da da da”’s and it’s only a matter of time before their bewildered stares turn into mirthful ones. Peggy begins sarcastically singing alongside the King, waving her hands, uncaring that her finely-done hairdo was beginning to come loose.

Then the King orders: “Everybody!” and it takes only one second before Laurens, Alexander and Lafayette exchange looks and burst out in song, horridly off-pitch and in a volume that shouldn’t be allowed in a theater, but at this point none of them care.

Eliza joins in quietly, singing far more beautifully than any of them could ever sing. Hercules looks like he wants to join, but he’s laughing far too hard for him to do so.

“So, who won the bet?” asks Lafayette once the laughter has died down.

“Well, it was obvious the King was a parody of himself,” reasons Hercules.

“But it never outright ridiculed him even once!” contradicts Alexander.

Lafayette knows exactly where this is going, and he does not want to referee yet another argument.

“It is not necessary to state the sky is blue to know that it is so. The same way you do not need to state that the King was being ridiculed for it to be blatant,” arguments Laurens with a smile from ear to ear.

Of course Laurens joins the argument. Of course. And against Alexander to top it off! Lafayette gets up, sighing resignedly to fill out his position.

“Yes, of course. But we are talking of an artwork not a natural fact. The only way to tell if this was intended to be blatant would be to ask the creator.”
“Authors might intend something, but art exists in a subjective sphere of understanding. It might have
not been meant as blatant, but if it is interpreted as such, then that would be the true answer to the
bet.”

Lafayette catches from the corner of his eye a smug Hercules, who apparently wanted to stage yet
another verbal fight with those two. Lafayette decides he’ll get his revenge… eventually. When he
gets a good idea.

Instead he gets in the middle of the fighting pair and says: “That’s enough, both of you.”

“But Laf!” cries out Alexander. “If I lose I have to be the one to eat the blue rock!”

…

“What?” ask both Lafayette and Laurens at the same time, staring at Alexander.

Alexander simply holds up a packet made of somethings, depicting on it a ring with an enormous blue
rock embedded on it.

“This is food,” states Alexander in a deadpan.

“It does not look like a food at all,” shoots back Laurens.

“Hence the bet,” answers Alexander. “We wanted to see if this was edible, but neither of us wanted
to eat it.”

“Are you serious Alexander?!?” sputters out Laurens. He then says something else, but Lafayette
can’t tell what it was because he’s too busy laughing.

“They do live up to their name as the Gay Trio,” grumbles Burr, and then looks like a deer in the
headlights, like he hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

A bark of laughter coming from the magic window surprises everyone in the room.

“Elliot? May I ask why you’re laughing?” says Alexander, looking at their kidnapper struggle to
hold in her mirth.

“Oh! Oh, sorry. It’s just that that nickname kinda has a double meaning, but only in the future. When
you say “Gay Trio”, gay is meant as “happy” or “carefree”, right?”

“Yes. I’m assuming it doesn’t stay the same?” prompts Alexander further.

“It doesn’t. In the future, gay means sodomite.”

There’s a second of stillness in the room.

“Come again?” asks Laurens a slight pallor beginning to creep into his features.

“It doesn’t mean that exactly, though. Sodomite implies it’s wrong or illegal, while gay doesn’t.”

“Not illegal!??!” shouts Alexander, looking wide-eyed at Elliot’s cheeky smile.

Lafayette would also like some explanations but before they can come Elliot announces: “Well! On
to the next song!” and the theater plunges into darkness among shouts of outrage.

Merde.
George Washington kept his face stony, blank, on pure force of will, as he organized his thoughts. He had always first and foremost considered himself a pragmatist, and instead of endlessly ruminating the “gay” issue, he would listen to the song and only after it was done ask.

Of course, he had to ask quite thoroughly afterward. This was a matter of utmost importance. He was giving his life for the States. He had to know if his sacrifices were going to be worth it.

A chorus sprang up in the darkness, like soldiers on an ambush, singing of the same theme. He has a feeling what kind of song this will be. He didn’t need the reminder of their odds, nor the name of his enemy, Admiral Howe. He listens to the singers engage in an answering harmony, led by a beat of war drums which flows into silence.

A weight he didn’t realize had been gone settles once again in his shoulders. With a frown he chastises himself, realizing he had let his guard down before this. Unacceptable.

Alexander’s voice rises among a parade of male and female soldiers, declaring his ambition and thirst for war. George internally sighs. Alexander uncomfortably reminds him of himself in his younger years, far before he had learned the virtue of self-control. Every time Alexander said something about “dying on the battlefield in glory” George wanted to shake him by the shoulders until he saw sense.

“But there’s only one man who can give us a command so we can rise up!” Alexander’s actor sings, and George blinks. At least he now knew his leadership wasn’t a complete failure. If he had been replaced, like most people in power intended to do, he would have been naught but a footnote.

Burr begins announcing his entrance, throwing phrases like “the moment you’ve been waiting for”, and “the pride of Mount Vernon” around, while the chorus answers “here comes the general” as a sung fanfare.

The army men sitting in the audience quietly cheer when George’s name is announced in the song. George is vaguely surprised they aren’t louder, until he remembers the “gay issue” must still be weighing at their minds. George carefully steers his mind away of superfluous thoughts with years worth of practice, just in time for his own actor to be presented.

He has to raise an eyebrow at the irony of his actor being of color, while George’s own fortune was built on the backs of negros working at his plantation. He doesn’t have time to dwell on it, because his actor immediately starts singing about the horrible situation the American Army is in.

Alexander whistles lowly and says: “Right on character.” Laurens nods but stops as soon as he notices George’s stare from the corner of his eye.

“Quite so!” responds Lafayette, not bothering with formalities. George intends to remind him he is slandering his general, but stops himself at the last moment. It is not the time, and they are not in a formal setting. He’ll let it slide for now.

“What are you talking about?” asks Mulligan in a whisper, that does almost nothing to hide his words. “Is his Excellency truly so pessimistic?”

“He isn’t a pessimist, he’s firmly rooted in reality,” answers Alexander, though there’s a tension in
his fist that tell George he’s embellishing the truth somewhat.

George realizes that the three Schuylers, Burr and Mulligan are people who hadn’t had the opportunity of seeing the glimpses of George’s true thoughts that he sometimes lets slip around his most trusted aides.

Almost as if on cue, his actor sings “let down my guard and tell the people how I feel a second?”. A stab of envy and concern lance through George’s heart. He could never be truly honest about his feelings with anyone else but Martha. It was a necessary pain to ensure people saw him as a stalwart and unshakable leader. It was the only way they would follow him.

Nonetheless he is curious as to what historians have retained of his character. From what he sees so far, he shares the same aversion to needless embellishment as his actor. Though they put him up as the “model of a major general” which is an exaggeration. George was never a prodigy when it came to battle. He knew what he had to know to not let his men die, learned through shame and the deaths of others, but his talents lied on running a business and making his way in politics. He doesn’t know if he should be grateful for this, since it covers his failures, or bitter, since it makes his legacy a story of somebody who doesn’t truly exist. He settles on neither.

Boom!

George whirled around to try on locate the source of the cannonball, only to find there’s none at all. “Do they have a cannon on set!?” exclaims Laurens, his lips set into a tight line.

“They don’t!” comes Elliot’s voice as the play freezes. “I’ll try to explain it later, but for now bear with it. I promise it’s harmless.”

Lafayette mutters something under his breath that George is sure is some kind of curse word, but since he doesn’t understand a lick of French, he can never be sure.

“Any hope of success is fleeting, how can I keep leading when the people I’m leading keepretreating?” sings George’s actor, right as the play is resumed.

George refused to remember the anger at his men’s cowardice in a time like this. It would only prove useless, in the end. He still struggled with it nonetheless.

“We put a stop to the bleeding as the British take Brooklyn,” sings George’s actor, and Alexander says: “So, we’re at the Battle of Long Island!”

“Don’t remind me,” grumbles Laurens. “Our first battle after independence, and it turned out to be a loss.”

“At least the war didn’t end there!” answers back Lafayette, ever the optimist.

“Thank God it didn’t,” says Eliza, unconsciously putting her hands as if she were in prayer.

A shout of “incoming” instinctively rips their attention back to the play, where this time Alexander sings of the time he stole british cannons.

“What in the devil does “brah” mean?” asks Mulligan, confused as to what his actor is saying.

“Maybe it doesn’t mean anything?” suggests Peggy, though she doesn’t look too sure of her guess either.

“Shh-boom!” yet another cannon goes in the play, and all of the military men glare at it almost in
unison. It is quite the challenge to stay seated and calm when years worth of battle-instincts are screaming to get up, find the cannon and shut it up.

“Watch the blood and the shit spray—” George is surprised for a second to hear his actor curse, only for yet another cannon shot to ring out in the theater.

Nevermind that, it wasn’t a single cannon shot, but three more damned cannon shots in a quick succession, all accompanied with reminders of their failures. As much as George appreciates the clever wordplay, he hopes to never hear this song again.

At least his actor represents his anger quite well with the way he sings “I scream in the face of this mass mutiny!”

The song takes a more somber sound, winding down, until George calls for assistance and Burr answers. To not much effect, apparently.

Laurens begins giggling, trying to pretend as if he isn’t, when it becomes clear the lukewarm reaction the George on-stage has towards Burr. Alexander joins in the giggling, doing a much worse job at hiding it than Laurens.

It is these times that George becomes painfully aware most of his army is comprised of barely-adults.

“Your Excellency, you wanted to see me?” intrudes Alexander on-stage, and Angelica lets out a bark of laughter, which she immediately tries to disguise as a cough. Her youngest sister does nothing to hide her smirk, however.

The “we keep meeting” draws a few more laughs from the audience, along with a few elbow jabs from Mulligan to Burr, much to his displeasure.

And Peggy doubles over laughing when George the actor declares “close the door on your way out”. George has to admit that line proved rather funny.

The song quickly moves on to depict the moment George convinced Alexander to join his staff. He doesn’t regret his decision in the slightest. Alexander’s mind is far too brilliant for it to be wasted on a gunshot. If only he could understand that military glory was born of destruction, and it was better to be remembered by what you created than what you destroyed.

“Alexander! Don’t tell me you didn’t want to join his Excellency’s staff! How could you ever pass up such an opportunity,” chastises Angelica, and Laurens has to clap a hand over Alexander’s mouth to stop the tirade.

“Please, for the love of god, Alexander don’t start,” says Laurens with a long-suffering sigh, and only retires his hand once Alexander starts to pout.

And immediately Alexander opens his mouth to talk.

“Alexander,” says Eliza softly, and catches his hand, pressing a kiss onto it. It’s enough for him to finally settle down.

George looks back to the play to find Alexander in the middle of a whirlwind of productivity, recommending his friends for different posts, which in reality they had won through merit or through other connections.

A call to “Rise up!” repeats itself, along with the same “Here comes the general!” motif from the
beginning, growing in intensity, to end in a thunderous “and his right hand man!”

The light rises.

Elliot appears on the screen with a grin far too wide for the situation.

“What– How in the– I mean– Gay!?” stutters Alexander, gesticulating wildly, wide-eyed, and then raises his hands, accidentally knocking his own cravat into his face.

Peggy snorts, but she’s the only one.

The background of the window changes to a set of colorful, rainbow-colored stripes. “What you see behind me is the gay flag.”

George blinks. He would have never imagined sodomites would make a flag for themselves, and he would have never imagined it would be that… flamboyant. He would have expected something more subtle and discreet as to not attract undue attention.

“This flag, along with the acronym LGBT and the umbrella-term ‘queer’, represents those that in your time might be called ‘deviants’; those who don’t conform to the ‘standard’ gender or sexuality,” begins Elliot, their voice gaining a story-teller’s affectation.

For a pretty long time, the United States of America upheld laws that criminalized deviant behavior, charging people with crimes such as “solicitation of homosexual behavior” or “non-gender appropriate clothing”

The process that changed this was long and arduous, spanning centuries. But most will agree that one of the most, if not the most, pivotal moment of the LGBT movement was the Stonewall Riots.

On June 28, 1969, police stormed the Stonewall Inn, one of the few establishments that served gay clientele. This was nothing new; it happened regularly. However, what was new was how the gay community reacted. Instead of running away, the patrons of the bar stayed, and others joined. People heard the commotion, the mob grew, and this ultimately led to six days of protests around the area, involving thousands of people.”

“Thousands!” exclaimed Laurens. “I’d never thought there’d be so many of– of them!”

“There’s always more than you think,” says Lafayette with a knowing tone.

“How would you– oh, right. You’re french,” Mulligan answers, while Lafayette nods sagely.

George could never quite come to terms with the French love. ‘Courtly love’ especially. God created marriage as an institution to be upheld with honor and faithfulness, and taking lovers outside of it is a mockery of God’s will. Still, it would not do to get his anger out of his control because of an old grievance, so George breathes in slowly, and squashes the feeling growing on his chest to finally focus on the matter at hand.

“The Stonewall Riots began a wave of movements and causes in the United States in years to come, championing the removal of anti-sodomite, or “homophobic” policies from legislation, the declassification of homosexual behaviors as illness and, more recently, the legalization of homosexual marriage in the entirety of the United States, as of June 28, 2015.”

Elliot smiles softly, and fades into the background of the window.
“They could marry? That’s unheard of!” mutters Burr, accidentally knocking his own wig askew.

“It is a rather foreign concept,” concedes Angelica, frowning at the air. “And I’m not fully wrapping my head around it.”

“Not so much for us though,” begins Lafayette, with a smile a touch impertinent. “Baron von Steuben, remember him?”

“The inspector general?” answers Eliza, straightening in her seat from where she’d sat silently.

“He’s a gay. It is more or less—”

Elliot bursts out in laughter, coming to the forefront for a second. “You used the word wrong!”

“He’s gay?” tentatively corrects Lafayette, and continues after Elliot nods. “It’s an open secret within a few in the military. I am rather sure the pantsless party was just an excuse for him to see bare legs.”

Eliza looked distinctly green, one hand over her mouth, while Angelica curled her lip in disgust. Peggy simply looked wide-eyed at the new information. George inwardly sighed at their reactions, but he wasn’t surprised. He had been expecting that kind of reception among the more distant connections of the military. He could not regret his decisionm though.

“I should have known,” sighs Burr, finally correcting the position of his wig.

“Why would you allow such a thing?” asks Mulligan to George, and George takes a second to craft an adequate response.

“It is a fact that our army is underprepared, understaffed and wholly undisciplined. At least, that was true before Baron von Steuben came to us. He instilled a sense of order and pragmatism in our army that was simply lacking before. He is a miracle for our army, I could not turn away such a skilled ally without offending the will of God that put him in my path.

The pantsless party was a necessary evil. Most underestimate the role morale plays in wars, and such a ridiculous party was exactly what was needed for a boost. If I had to be the accomplice of the Baron’s indecent scheme, so be it. I would rather my men lived in infamy than futility die in honor.”

Alexander’s face turned sour at the last sentence, tightening his mouth into a straight, reproaching line.

“Ever the pragmatist,” mumbled Mulligan, satisfied with the answer but evidently not with the situation.

George squared his shoulders further and didn’t try to meddle in the situation further. Charismatic he was, eloquent, not so much. There was a very good reason he had Hamilton answer his letters for him, after all.

“May I continue?” asks Elliot, not reacting to Alexander’s surprised mumble of “there’s more?”

After a moment, Elliot moves to the side of the screen, the background shifting into a mess of color and people and music, gay flags fluttering merrily in the air among strange metal buildings.

“In the anniversary of the Stonewall Riots, a march was held, which slowly shifted into what you see here: the Pride Parade. These marches are a way for the LGBT community to let themselves be seen, to scream to the world “we are here and we are proud of who we are!”
People whoop, some dressed in scandalous outfits, both men and women alike. George spots a pair of women with intertwined hands, one of them with bright blue hair, and the other with a pink shirt that doesn’t reach past her bellybutton. George quickly averts his gaze, and presses his lips in a disapproving line once he sees that both Alexander and Burr have not done the same.

Burr does avert his eyes a second later, but Alexander doesn’t. George is about to subtly reprimand him, when he notices that Alexander is not looking at the women, but at a pair of young men, a rainbow painted proudly on their cheeks. They are both cheering and smiling, before engaging in a playful duel with the rainbow flags in their hands.

Alexander’s face is a mask of perfect calm, but his eyes shine with the same longing he got when talking about the future country they were creating.

George sighed. He had been suspecting something like that for a rather long time, but having some manner of confirmation would complicate things. At least both of them had been discreet about it.

Yet, that didn’t lift his worry that they might one day get careless and be discovered. The revolution could not lose two most valuable soldiers to something as unimportant as this.

The mess of people on the portrait freezes, stuck in place, and then suddenly loses its color, except for a few spots here and there. The sheer strangeness of the phenomenon is enough to rip George out of his thoughts and stare mystified at the portrait.

“See these different colors? Well, those are the other flags of the community!” enthuses Elliot, as the colors come to life and organize themselves in rows, more and different colors appearing. Soon, the picture is nothing more than rows upon rows of neatly organized and colorful flags.

“Let’s start with this one here!” Elliot points toward a flag that’s mostly made of multiple shades of pink. “This one is the lesbian flag! It’s the flag for women who love women.”

“You never hear much about them,” mutters Angelica, a suspicion in her eyes.

“Well, sexism or the discrimination towards the sexes, still exists in the future. Much lessened, but still there. Even in the LGBT community there’s some favoritism to white males. This flag was a way for the women of the community to make themselves seen,” Elliot finishes, nodding towards Angelica, who returns the nod.

“This one here, is the bisexual flag,” says Elliot pointing at a flag made of shades of purple. “For those that love both sexes.”

Laurens blinks and subtly pokes Alexander’s side, who is doing his best to stifle a little smile. Alexander nods, and Laurens smiles too, a silent conversation passing in between them with a dexterity George has only seen in long-married couples.

“The pansexual flag, for those that love all indiscriminately. And yes, there is a difference between the bisexual and pansexual flag. Bisexual implies there is a slight favoritism to one sex or another. Pansexual implies sex doesn’t matter at all.”

Alexander continues his silent conversation with Laurens, glances at Eliza, leans his head in her direction. Laurens seems to understand, because he nods, and mutters something like “lean toward the fairer sex?” Alexander nods again, and both of them turn back to look at the picture.

“Transexual, for those that feel they’ve been born with the wrong body, and asexual, for those who don’t feel sexual attraction at all,” Elliot continues pointing at two flags, one blue-white-pink, the other black-purple-white, and George has to meditate a second to wrap his head around those two
foreign concepts. He can’t exactly wrap his head around them, unable to imagine wanting to be the opposite sex or not feeling the call of the flesh at all.

“And now, the last one I wanted to show you,” starts Elliot, pointing at a flag with a red, blue and black background, a heart with an infinity symbol superposed onto it. “This is the polyamory flag. And before you say it, yes, I am aware the word itself is not correctly made up.”

Alexander’s mouth closes with a click.

“Polyamory means that a person has multiple romantic or sexual partners at the same time.”

George finds himself frowning. “How is that different from unfaithfulness?”

“Simple: cheating means that trust was broken. Let’s say… Laurens is in a relationship with Peggy.” Both the alluded people look at each other. Peggy seems amused, while Laurens looks incredulous. “Unfaithfulness happens when Laurens and Peggy trust that the other is going to love them and only them, and one or both decides to break the promise. However, in polyamory the promise is different. If Laurens and Peggy were polyamorous, then they would, for example, promise to love each other and nothing more, nothing less. Loving someone else doesn’t break the promise, so it isn’t unfaithfulness.”

“So, if I were polyamorous, I could have as many husbands as I wanted?” asks Peggy, mostly in jest.

“As many husbands and wives as you wanted, as long as they were ok with it,” chirps back Elliot, who glances at Alexander, giggles, and looks turns to look at the background.

“If all of you don’t mind, I’d like to continue with the next song. I’m sure I can answer any further questions after we’re done with it!”

George finds himself nodding along, mostly so that he can have a moment to think about the information he’s gathered, and so lets himself sink into his own mind as the lights dim in the room.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry for the short chapter and abrupt ending, but because of the holidays it was either this or wait until my trip ended on the 12th of January. I’ll do the rest of this chapter at a later date. Thank you all for reading!
Rising Tension (A Winter's Ball)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Elliot presses play on the keyboard, the song coming to life almost instantly.

After a second of watching Peggy comments “Am I wrong, or have we heard this song already?”, while the Burr on-stage sings “How does the bastard, orphan, son of a whore—”

“I think we have,” says Laurens, glaring at the screen. “Are the insults truly necessary?”

‘Quite so,’ thinks Elliot, fiddling with one of the keys of the keyboard with one hand, and twirling a pen with the other. Elliot decides to interject, pressing the button to let their voice be heard: “They are necessary, but mostly for the modern audiences. In your time, being all of those things is a reason for shame. Am I wrong?”

Alexander purses his lips but nods, while Laurens lays a hand on his shoulder and gives it a gentle squeeze.

“Well, in the future, the fact that this is your background and you succeeded despite those odds, makes them a source of admiration!”

“Truly?” Alexander says, his eyebrows climbing to his hairline. His surprise only increases with Elliot’s nod. He leans back in his chair, looking deep in thought.

The scene resumes and the audience relaxes once they realize that the song is, in fact, a new one.

“Go on and on, grow into more of a phenomenon? Watch this obnoxious, arrogant, loudmouth bother,” raps the Burr on the stage, and Peggy singsongs “Accurate!” in response.

“Slander!” hisses Alexander back, turning around in his seat with a playful smile on his face. Only to freeze when he hears Burr sing “Be seated at the right hand of the father.”

“Did– did they compare General Washington to God?!?” exclaims Mulligan, his eyes wide as platters.

“They did!” answers Laurens, glancing back nervously at the blank monolith that is the General.

Washington’s hands curl into fists, the knuckles becoming white. “I do not understand why they say such a thing. I am a mere mortal, and comparing me to God is nothing short of trying to elevate me into a false idol. I am not an object of worship!”

The room is tense as Washington’s words hang in the air. He hadn’t shouted, but his tone, dripping with fury, achieves the same effect.

Elliot winces, but still appears on the screen to say: “Unfortunately, that’s kinda what happened. The United States of America has had a long tradition of trying to elevate its Founding Fathers into god-like levels.

For example, the army made you, your Excellency, into a six star General, so no other General in the USA would have a higher rank than you.”

“That is excessive,” declares Washington, but lets the matter drop.
Elliot is sure he’s simply reigning in his temper, so they make a mental note to create a break room in the near future.

“May I continue?” They ask, hand hovering over the play button. The audience nods, even if some, like Eliza, still look livid.

“Washington hires Hamilton right on sight, but Hamilton still wants to fight, not write.”

“Like always,” mutters Angelica, sighing resignedly. Elliot is under no delusions to think that Angelica would surrender that easily. Alexander is probably going to get multiple earfuls later.

“Now Hamilton’s skill with a quill is undeniable,” sings Burr’s actor, to which Alexander teasingly replies “Thank you!”, directed at the real Burr.

He doesn’t look very amused, but still replies “you’re welcome” and goes back to watching the play.

“But what do we have in common? We’re reliable with the ladies!” announces the actor, and Peggy snorts, swatting Alexander’s arm playfully. Meanwhile, Angelica looks decidedly less amused, and expression which is mirrored in Washington’s face, looking at the two men in question.

“There are so many to deflower! Ladies! Looks! Proximity to power! Ladies!”

There are a lot less amused faces now.

“Those days of mine are over,” placates Burr, holding his hands up. “I can promise that with all confidence in my words.”

Washington raises an eyebrow, but doesn’t elaborate.

“Really? Why is that Burr?” prods Alexander with a mischievous smile, but Eliza interrupts him. “Alexander, don’t change the subject.”

“’Cuz you’re my favorite subject,” sings Laurens, almost without realizing.

Peggy bursts into laughter while Laurens looks mortified. “The song is very memorable!” he defends, which does absolutely nothing to quell her mirth. “It was a silly mistake!”

“No, you know what was a silly mistake? Putting you in the chorus of this song,” fires back Mulligan, while Lafayette nods. “I have never met someone less interested in women than you.”

Laurens shrugs with a smile a tad too forced, so instead most of them look back at the show.

“Martha Washington named her feral tomcat after him,” shares Burr on-stage, to which Alexander’s actor replies. “That’s true.”

George Washington sighs. “That isn’t true,” he says, responding to the other’s questioning gazes. “It’s merely a rumor.”

“It would be hilarious if Mrs. Washington could be convinced to do such a thing;” comments Layatte, subtly jabbing at his the General, who sighs again, but this time with resignation.

“Seventeen-eighty, a winter’s ball and the Schuyler sisters are the envy of all.”

Angelica subtly nods at those words, a smirk pulling up her lips. Peggy puts a hand on her chest and dramatically mouths ‘thank you’ at the screen. Eliza smiles softly, flattered, but at the same time a slight frown graces her features, betraying her reluctance towards creating negative sentiments in
“Yo, if you can marry a sister, you’re rich, son,” quips Burr, elbowing Alexander’s actor with a smirk on his face.

“Is it a question of if, Burr, or which one?” replies Alexander, and both actors begin to sing a repeated “hey, hey, hey” back and forth. Once again the song ends as if it was cut off abruptly.

“That was... a rather crude way of stating the truth,” concludes Angelica, as Eliza’s lips thin into a line in worry.

“I wish I was as naive to think otherwise,” mumbles Eliza, not intending to be overheard, but Alexander hears anyways.

“Betsy, mark my words when I say I loved you then, and I love you still,” he starts, clasping her hand in between his. “And I married you because I love you–”

“Alexander, with all due respect, could you please keep your marital discussion in private?” snaps Burr, surprising almost everybody with his curtness. “I would rather we continued this song.”

Elliot winces as Alexander opens his mouth to deliver a snarky comeback, and instead decides to press the play button, pulling up the next song.

Chapter End Notes

I hoped to never do this but...

I’m discontinuing this story.

I thought I could actually trudge along with it to the end. The truth is, I realized pretty early on why this kind of stories never get to the end: they’re so restrictive and monotonous and stifling and utterly exasperating. I’ve decided to end this here, and use the time for other projects I can enjoy writing about.

I thank all of you for following this story until now, and I apologize for failing to meet expectations. I would appreciate it if none of you tried to convince me to continue it.

One last time, thank you for your time. And thank you for reading.

End Notes

Welcome to yet another Watching the Musical fic! I decided to do one of these and do it for real. Any kind of feedback is appreciated, but keep in mind I'm not working on this story anymore. Thanks!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!