These Violent Delights Have Violent Ends
by Browneyesparker

Summary

Betty checks her phone for a notification that Jughead is waiting for her to take her turn on Words With Friends. There is none and her heart sinks because it means it’s real. He’s really in surgery, really being pumped with blood and antibiotics and oxygen. It looks like a life or death situation.

Or

Betty sits in the waiting room, waiting to hear about Jughead. An episode tag.

Notes

Title taken from Romeo & Juliet.

See the end of the work for more notes.
soundtracks over and over again.

She is bowled over with the desire to go back to those days when everything was so untainted by evil. Where the only gangs they knew about were in movies like *The Sandlot* and TV shows like *Little Rascals*. Where Jughead would be by her side forever, trying his hardest to beat her with words she would always challenge with a dictionary and sheer determination.

She swallows past the lump in her throat and tries to imagine what life without him will look like. But she doesn’t want to, without him the future looks bleak. She is sure if anything happens to him, she’ll never fall in love again.

Betty realizes her screen has turned off, she puts it in her lap and tries to focus on the television, tries to get her mind on anything else accept what’s going on in her life. But it’s impossible to focus on anything else even if it is *Elementary*.

She pulls her hair out from its ponytail and closes her eyes. FP is off dealing with doctors and insurance, Archie and Veronica left in search of herbal tea to calm her nerves. She opens her phone again and wills Jughead to take his turn.

“You’re going to drive yourself crazy, Betty looking at those last few texts he sent you!” Veronica says as she plucks the phone out of her hands and tucks it into her Louis Vuitton before sitting down beside her.

Archie hands her a Styrofoam cup filled with tea. “I’m going to find FP,” he says.

“Drink your tea!” Veronica orders, sighing. “It’s ghastly hospital tea we bought from a vending machine near the cafeteria. When this is all over, we’ll go to New York City and have tea at Ladurée. We’ll bring the boys with us and make them hold our bags while we do an ungodly amount of shopping before we see Mean Girls at the August Wilson. . .” she trails off when she notices Betty’s eyes well up with tears. “Oh B, he’s tough. He’s going to get through this! You’ll see and then you guys can watch ID and play *Words With Friends* and whatever other nerdy things the two of you do.”

“I-I wish I had known sooner,” Betty says.

Veronica frowns. “Known what, sweetie?”

“That it was him,” Betty answers. “All that time pining over Archie. . . we could have had years instead of months.”

“You will have years!” Veronica promises. “I’ll make sure of it. Even if I have to force my father and mother to bring in the best doctors that New York has to offer. Trust me, I would make them. I have. . .” she sighs. “Never mind. The point is everything will be okay. I promise.”

Betty sniffs and Veronica grabs a box of generic tissues.

She grabs one and dabs at her eyes and sighs. Veronica takes her hand.

“I love this episode,” Betty blurts out without thinking about it, she doesn’t know where it came from. It’s such an odd thing to comment about when she is so distraught over her boyfriend but her best friend doesn’t judge her, she goes over to the nurse’s station and asks them to turn it up.


“Our story is far from over,” Betty tells Jughead when she is finally allowed to see him. “We’re
going to get out of Riverdale and we’re going to have a cute little house somewhere near the ocean. We’ll have a lot of kids and two dogs. You’ll be a famous writer and all of this is going to seem like a nightmare. We’re going to get our happily ever after Juggie.”

Jughead opens his eyes and looks at her. I’s okay,” he says sleepily, his voice thick with anesthesia.

Betty chokes in relief, aware that she’s about to cry again. She takes a deep breath to compose herself. She remembers the scene in a Muppets Christmas Carol where Miss Piggy talks about not wanting Kermit to see her weak eyes. It makes her want to cry more. She ducks her head, “I’m sorry. . .”

“C’m here!” Jughead says.

Betty shakes her head. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t!” Jughead insists.

Betty considers resisting him but then decides against it because she doesn’t want him to become agitated.

And. . .

Selfishly, she wants him to hold her because she wants to hear his heartbeat, the warmth of his skin. She wants to know for certain, he is alive. She pulls off her jacket, toes off her shoes and lies down next to him.

She takes a deep breath, he still smells faintly of blood, antibacterial soap, and hospital laundry detergent. “I love you,” she says as she listens to the steady beat of the heart monitor.

“Love you too,” Jughead replies.

They sleep.

. .

“Your move,” Betty says as she takes a sip of her watered down Coke.

Blue Bloods is playing on the TV hooked to the ceiling, Danny is in church praying to “Knockin’ On Heaven’s Door”, while she and Jughead play Scrabble from the new board she made a Target run to buy. He looks at his pieces and then slowly spells out quixotry, scoring a solid 90 after using a triple word and double letter. He sits back and huffs a little from the exertion.

“Go on,” he challenges her, despite the pain the effort of playing the game put him in.

Betty studies her letters and knows she’s going to lose because a beating and cutting and surgery haven’t dulled his ability to spell. But she’ll take the loss because she’s just grateful he’s alive.

When Jughead has subsequently won the game and visiting hours are over, she kisses him goodbye and promises to come back the next day.

When she gets in her car, her phone dings.

Jughead Jones is waiting for you to make your move on Words With Friends!

She smiles and takes her turn.
End Notes

I hope you can make sense of this senseless story. I just slapped it all together as a reaction to the episode the other night. I hope you enjoyed it and you’ll leave some feedback. I am looking forward to hearing from you!

Until Next Time!

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