“Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds”

by AhmedA01

Summary

Paul comes over for a songwriting session but finds John a bit under the weather.

Notes


“John? John?!?” Paul bellowed from outside the seemingly empty house, pounding on the massive double doors as he called out his mate’s name, voice hoarse from screaming so loud. “John!” he yelled again, his fists hammering out a rhythmic pattern. “Open this fucking door! I know you’re home, god damn it!”

With a growl of frustration, Paul desperately grabbed hold of the door knob, a feeling of surprise soon replacing the one of rage as it turned easily in his hand. Suspiciously, the dark haired man pushed the heavy door open, hinges creaking softly as it moved back into the darkened house. With a wary look on his face, Paul peered into the front hall, stepping in cautiously as he looked about.

“Cyn? John? Jules?” Paul called out again, as he closed the door behind him, thereby extinguishing the only source of light in the fashionably decorated, and mostly untouched, front part of the house.
With a tired sigh, Paul walked down the hallway, the tapping of his footsteps against the wood floors echoing hollowly throughout the expansive manor. As he neared the back living area, the muted sounds of a television or a radio, reached Paul’s ears, though knowing John and his habits, both were probably blaring simultaneously.

Moving towards the noise, Paul stumbled into the cozy room where the Lennon family spent most of their time, and a place that Paul had frequented on more than one occasion. Today, however, there was no bright sunlight playing upon the framed family photographs or pictures drawn by John and Julian that hung from the walls. No smell of freshly baked scones or the sound of a tea kettle whistling from the adjoining kitchen. No warmth. No life.

No, today the curtains were drawn across the shuttered windows, heavy drapes obscuring the bright sunlight of that surprisingly warm afternoon. The room was dark and cold, barely lit by the unearthly glow of the television set. Upon entering the chamber, Paul looked around him, his eyes already having adjusted to the lack of light as he walked through the darkened house. After a minute or two of searching, his gaze finally landed on the prone figure squeezed into the small couch directly in front of the TV.

With another tired sigh, Paul stalked towards the slumbering man, clicking off the TV as he went and plunging the room into total silence. Muttering under his breath, he reached out and shook his quarry roughly, grasping the shoulder in an almost bruising grip.

“John,” Paul snapped angrily, as he continued to shake the man. “Fucking wake up, Lennon.”

With a groan of protest, John lazily batted Paul’s arm away as he shifted ever so slightly, turning his back on the irate younger man.

Practically growling with frustration, Paul stalked towards the windows and ripped the curtains aside, the sudden brightness of sunlight causing Paul’s own eyes to squint painfully. After his eyes had adjusted, Paul turned towards the sleeping man, and resumed shaking him in earnest.

“Fucking hell, Lennon,” Paul grumbled loudly. “Why won’t you just wake the fuck up?”

Slowly, but surely, John started to awaken, his arms rising above his head as he stretched with a loud yawn, opening one bleary eye to peer up at Paul.

Blinking slowly, John swallowed thickly before rasping out “Paul?” in a sleep-roughened voice. “What are you doing here?”

Glaring, Paul answered in a mocking voice, his hands crossed over his chest. “Oh, so he lives.”

Sitting up slowly as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, John looked up at Paul with a slightly cross look on his face. “What the hell are you yammering about?” he asked, irritated. “And you never told me what you were doing here.”

A look of absolute incredulity on his face, Paul ground out, “We were supposed to work on those songs today, John. The ones for the fucking album.”

Swinging his legs to the ground, John rubbed his temples as he muttered half to himself, voice cracking slightly, “Was that today?”

With a look of disgust on his face, Paul whirled around and ran a hand through his hair before turning back to fix John with a glare.

“Bloody hell, John. What is wrong with you?” Lowering himself to one knee so that his eyes
were level with John’s, Paul took in the older man’s sickly pallor and red rimmed eyes. “You look like death, mate. Have you been tripping all fucking night?”

Eyes rolling backwards, as he slumped back into the cushions, John replied faintly, “Maybe…”

Grabbing hold of John’s hand, Paul forced his mate to look at him, “John,” he said softly in a worried voice. “You can’t keep doing this to yourself. It’s fucking incapacitated you.”

Smirking slowly, John answered, “Don’t knock in till you’ve tried it, Macca.”

“Yeah, well, if trying it is going to turn me into a drugged out, burned out fucker who can’t seem to get it together for anything, then count me out,” Paul said disgustedly, anger etched into his features once more.

Yanking his hand out of Paul’s grasp, John began to stand up, but stumbled immediately, causing him to fall back onto the sofa once again. Fixing Paul with an angry look John spat out, “Fuck you, Paul.”

Standing up and backing away, Paul glowered back. “Well, definitely not tonight, love.”

With a sigh, Paul’s voice softened, and he kneeled in front of John again, concern swirling in his hazel eyes as he looked at the older man’s defiant face. “John,” he began in a whisper, “I’m worried about you. We’re all worried about you. You can’t stay like this all the time. It’s made you incapable of doing anything.”

“Yeah, well I’m sure you’re really loving that,” John growled out angrily as he turned his face away.

Startled, Paul fell back slightly as he asked in a bewildered voice, “What the hell are you talking about, John?”

“Oh please!” the older man snapped. “Don’t think I haven’t noticed you getting all the A-sides recently. Taking over the bloody band like you’ve always wanted. Should we just rename our selves Paul Fucking McCartney and the Beatles?”

“I didn’t think you noticed anything these days” Paul muttered under his breath, before fixing John with an angry stare. “Well what do you fucking expect?” he practically shouted, the loudness of his voice causing John to wince imperceptibly. “You’re rarely coherent long enough to be of any use during these songwriting sessions we’re supposed to be having, and when you do pull yourself together on the rare occasions that you come into the studio, you clearly look as though you’d much rather be somewhere else!”

Standing again, Paul paced across the room as he continued his angry tirade, arms placed firmly on his hips. “Of course, I’m getting all the bloody A-sides! Maybe if you’d provide some decent material more often…” trailing off, Paul resorted to his usual nervous tick of running his hand through his longish hair, irritation seeping through his very pores. “God, I can’t believe I wasted a fucking day by coming out here.”

Quickly covering the hurt look on his face, John snapped back. “No one’s keeping you here,” he ground out. “So kindly get the fuck out of my house.”

With a mirroring glare, Paul stalked out of the room as he threw an angry “With pleasure” behind his back and with the slam of the front door, Paul was gone.

Now beyond pissed off and more than a little tired, John finally got up, albeit a bit slowly, and staggered towards the mantel over the fireplace. Gripping the shelf tightly so as to retain his
upright position, John lifted the ever-present white marble mortar and pestle from the ledge as he slid to the ground, legs folding under him as he positioned himself on the hearth.

With a slightly dazed look on his face, John peeked inside, the sunlight playing upon the myriad of colours that clung to the sides of the vessel, sparkling pink this way, pure white the other. Without a moment’s hesitation, John licked his finger slowly before dipping it inside the mortar, running the wet digit through the powdered remains of a symphony of psychedelics. He lifted his finger up to his eyes, and gazed at the shimmering tip for a second, a look of uncertainty and sadness lurking within their dark depths, before sucking it into his mouth with a shrug.

Placing the mortar and pestle down on the ground beside him almost reverently, John leaned back against the fireplace, and closed his eyes as a beatific smile graced his lips, the dark-haired man quickly tumbling through a darkened tunnel into a cacophony of light and colour, re-entering his dream world once more.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!