

“Crazy days” John Farndon sample excerpt 1

Marcella is on the phone.

Marcella

Chikkie, darling. I'm rather at a loose end this evening, sweet. Of course, I suppose I could meet my 'fiancé' Paul but...Oh, wonderful, darling...I'd simply adore it!

Bright Y'ng Thing 3
BYT 1

Crazy Capers is Paul's first novel.
It is a tragic tale of doomed loved.

Paul looks suitably anguished, writing the final few pages with tears streaming down his face.

Paul

Lord Leander Belmont took one last, long...

Paul begins to act this out with Philadelphia.

2 ...lingering look at his beloved Clara...
3 ...desperate, dark, doomed...
4 ...Hand in hand...
6 ...they leaped into the darkness...
8 ...plunging into the pitch black...
9 ...oil thick...
2 ...icy cold...
5 ...air...
7 ...above the foul...
3 ...foetid...
4 ...suffocating...
8 ...waters of the ebony Thames...
5 ...In seconds, they would be free...
7 ...free from this cruel, thoughtless life...
3 ...free from pain...
4 ...free from humiliation...
3 ...free from the agony of a world which held
nothing for them...
6 ...But it was not to be.
7 ...There was still no escape.
1 ...For their desperate, downward drop
ended...
4 ...Not in the welcome embrace of the water...
6 ...Even in this final moment, fated cheated them...
5 ...For the tide was out...
6 ...They landed, waste-deep in mud...
7 ...Humiliated again.

Someone begins to laugh. Another joins in. Soon everyone is laughing.

Critic 1
Critic 2

A delicious whimsy
I laughed out aloud.

“Crazy days” John Farndon sample excerpt 2

Critic 3 A comic tour-de-force.
Critic 4 Lord Leander is a ludicrous figure.
Critic 3 And Clara...
Critic 1 A masterpiece of mirth.
Critic 3 I laughed until I was driven from the room.
Critic 6 Did you? I laughed like a drain.
Critic 8 I laughed till I cracked my ribs.
Critic 9 I laughed till I dribbled.
Critic 3 So funny.
Critic 5 A sidesplitter. Oh yes!

People pat Paul on the back, laughing and commenting. ‘I’d no idea you were such a joker...’ ‘Well done’, etc. Paul looks bewildered and upset.

Marcella I never knew you were capable of writing such a hilarious book...

Paul looks mortified.

...Must fly now, my sweet. I’m meeting Eddie.
Tootaloo...

Music. Paul is left sitting bereft while things whirl around them. Eventually Amabelle notices, comes over and lets him indulge his despair in her lap. She is rocking him to and fro as the music fades to a steady pulse. Walter and his partners move their bridge session nearby. Sally brings over the baby and pays it occasional attention.

Paul What a clever woman you are, Amabelle. It’s perfectly terrifying how nothing ever escapes those sharp yellow eyes.

Amabelle They’re green, actually.

Paul You’re right, of course. I saw the book as a tragedy.

BYT 9 People only understand sentiment these days.

7 What a tragedy.

Amabelle Who was that very repellent female you were lunching with today?

Paul Marcella Bracket, my fiancée.

Amabelle Why don’t you introduce me to her?

7 Such a bore.

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Paul She'd bore you to death.

8 Dull, Paul, dull.

Paul She's the most cracking bore I've ever met.

9 You.

Amabelle She's a bore as well as being hideous?

Burst of louder music.

Paul I think she's maddeningly beautiful.

Amabelle She's certainly not that. Are you going to marry her?

Paul No, she only got engaged to me because she thinks I've got clever friends she'd like to meet.

Marcella Why don't your friends like me? Are they jealous?

Paul They think you're very plain and boring.

Marcella You think I'm beautiful, don't you?

Amabelle You seem to have her pretty well sized up, don't you? I can see that we shall have to get you out of this.

Paul She's driving me mad.

Marcella Don't you?

Amabelle Now don't cry, or I shall stop talking about you.

3 Stop talking.

Amabelle Do you intend to start another book soon?

Paul I don't care to be made such a fool of again.

5 Poor sweet.

Amabelle I should keep off fiction, if I were you. Why don't you try a different form? Biography, for instance.

Paul Of course. Biography. That's the very thing.

6 "Crazy days" John Farndon sample excerpt 4
The very thing.

7 Good mental exercise.

Paul May I be your Boswell?

Amabelle I believe books are still censored in England, old boy. You need some sympathetic character...

Music burst.

Sally! How's the mother?

4 Sally looked enchanting in seal-skin tippet.

Sally Very well considering. Walter. What did you promise me, darling?

Walter It's all right, darling. I'm throwing doubles all the time. It'll pay for your tippet.

Paul When's the christening?

Sally Well, if the poor little sweet is still with us then we thought next Tuesday week. But she's most awfully ill today. She keeps making the same noises as Walter after a night out.

Baby cries noisily

Paul Do think she's likely to live? If there's any doubt, perhaps I could use your telephone to call up the jewellers and see if I'm in time to stop them engraving the mug.

Sally Nanny and the charlady between them are madly battling for her life, as they say in the papers.

Charlady I've lost six. Babies. Not cloths. So I know all about it.

Jerome What's it feel like to be a mother, Sally?
Double you.

Sally Childbirth is an unpleasing process. It must be quite awful for the father who, according to Walter, suffers even more than the mother.

Walter loses a trick.

Walter Damn. You kept your heart under wraps, didn't you?