

## "My Dearest David . . ."

the meal to go on and on so he could sit there talking, laughing and looking at her. David had never felt so attracted to anyone before.

The next day at the studio he couldn't wait to call her. "There's a nice little eating place we could go to." His heart pounded when she accepted him.

Later on ushering Sara into the restaurant David noticed the admiring glances of the other diners. "You look more beautiful now than last night," David said as they sat down. Later when they danced in a close waltz David touched her beautiful silky hair with his hand. "I've wanted to do this ever since I met you," he whispered in her ear and held a little bit closer.

### LOVE HER

And so it went on — for days. Restaurants, theatres, picnics, parties — they were inseparable. David was a different person. He discovered things about himself he never knew. He felt so kind, so tolerant.

"I hear you've been seen around town with a very attractive girl," his father asked him one night on the telephone. And when Jack Cassidy met Sara the next day his comment to David later was: "She's a great girl. Why don't you marry her? I'd love to be a grandfather . . ."

The words stuck in David's mind. He wondered what it would be like to be married to Sara and he thought of the beautiful children they might have. And in that moment David realised how much he wanted her.

The next day David called her to arrange the all-important date. The date on which he'd ask her. He thought of the candles on the dinner table and the lights throwing shadows on her beautiful face.

### SORRY

Geraldine answered the phone. "Sara had to fly East this morning. She had bad news late last night. She's written to you explaining everything. I'm sorry David."

He felt sick inside, he knew instinctively it was all over between them. David put down the phone and



***A sad David,  
held his hand over  
his breaking heart.  
It was over.***

walked crazily back to his dressing room. Shirley Jones came in. "Dave what's the matter?" But David didn't want to talk to anyone. He wanted to be alone.

Shooting was cancelled for the day and David was driven home by a studio chauffeur. The letter from Sara was lying on the mat. He picked it up and in a moment of despair opened it.

*"My dearest David,  
You've probably heard by now that I've flown home. I haven't been very honest with you. There is a boy back home who needs me. He's very ill. I've gone back to be by his side. But I*

*want you to know just how much I like and respect you."*

David didn't need to read anymore. He flung the letter to the floor and ran into the living room feeling a grief he hadn't felt since his parents split up.

Now it was three-thirty in the morning. David spent the rest of that night dozing in his sitting room. Shooting the next day was bad, it was bad for the rest of the week. But things slowly got back to normal as the heartache in David lessened and dulled. Work became a heartsease for David — work on the set by day and work at home each night to learn his lines — lonely.