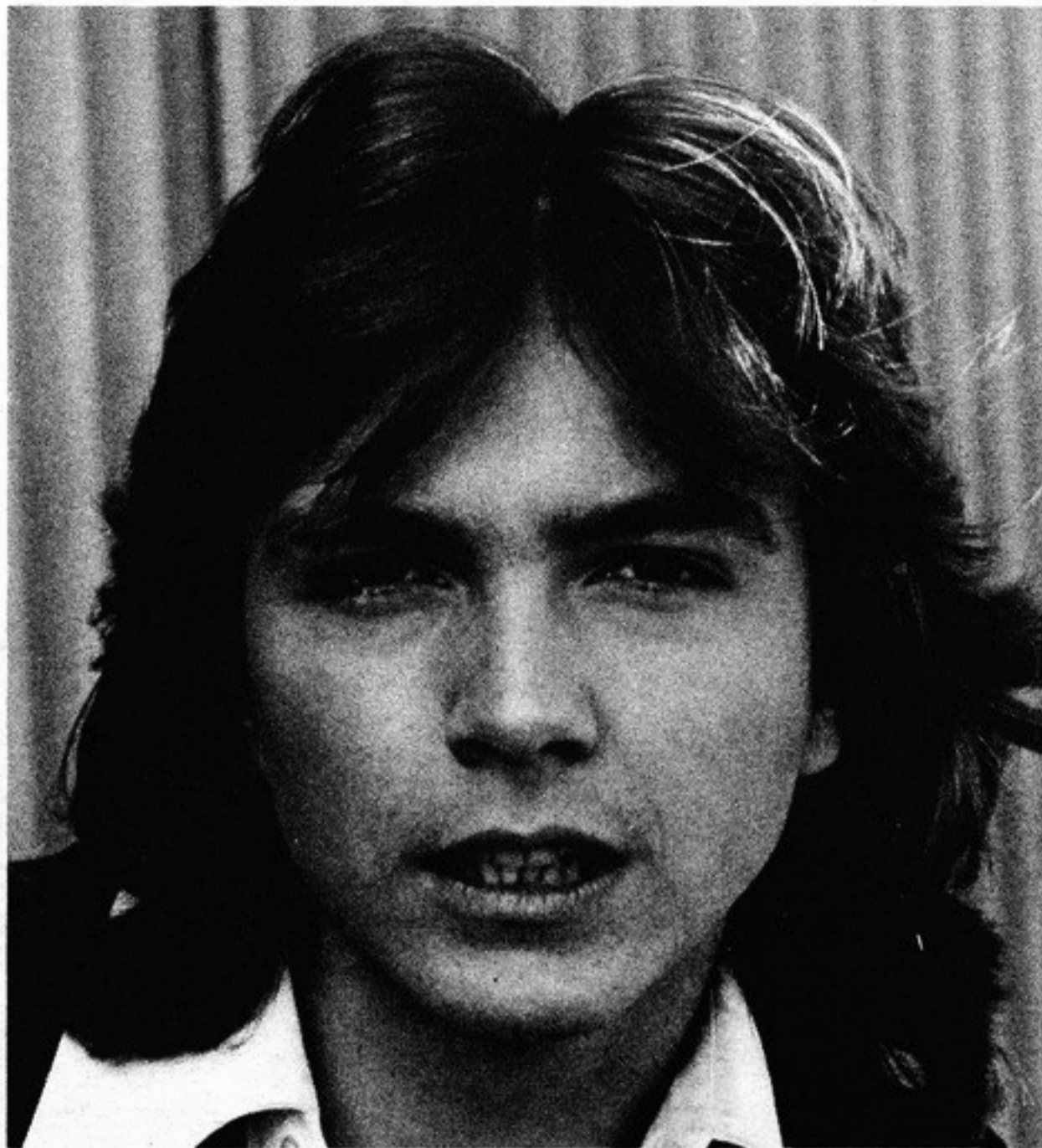


DAVID QUILTS!



David in an angry moment on the PF set.

It was the middle of the night in Hollywood, California. In his luxurious home, a busy, successful TV executive tossed fitfully in his sleep. Something was wrong; he turned over once again, heaving a huge sigh as if to drive away his disturbing thoughts. Meanwhile, across the city, a lithe, slender young form was also sleeping lightly—for his dreams, too, were crowded with anxious thoughts about himself, his life, his career, and his fans.

For David Bruce Cassidy had had enough of "Keith Partridge." Almost every weekday morning for the past three years, David had risen at dawn to be on the set for filming of the *Partridge Family* by 7 AM. And when he finished on the set, his evenings were filled with rehearsals for recording sessions, interviews and promotional appearances. And he wasn't done yet—when he got home, frequently after midnight, he still had his lines to learn for the next day's shooting of the *PF*! It wasn't that David didn't enjoy being a part of the *PF*—he really dug the idea of you tuning in on him each week—but his heavy schedule was getting to be too much for him.

He spent his weekends traveling all across America making his in-person concert appearances, so he could be in very close touch with you. Although David loved making these personal appearances, it bothered him that he was only free to do them on weekends (when he should be resting from his busy filming schedule). So he left the set on Fridays exhausted, then he was exhausted all weekend from the heavy traveling and concert schedules; and he returned to the set on Monday mornings even *more* tired than when he left on Fridays! Since he wanted to go all the way with his singing career, David thought he really ought to devote full time to it—instead of just trying to squeeze in as many concert dates as he could between *PF* shootings.

David was tired, very tired as he lay in the darkness thinking. He hadn't spent a day by himself in ages—in fact, he couldn't really even remember the last time he had been alone. He was tired of working so hard, so continually and of never having any peace or privacy. And, even though David was always surrounded by people, he was lonely—that inner kind of loneliness which came from not having the time to be by himself and explore his true feelings.

And, he thought as he lay there, what about acting? While he loved doing the *Partridge Family*, he did feel that maybe he wasn't being challenged enough as an actor



Although this was snappy for a *PF* segment, it aptly expresses some of David's true feelings.