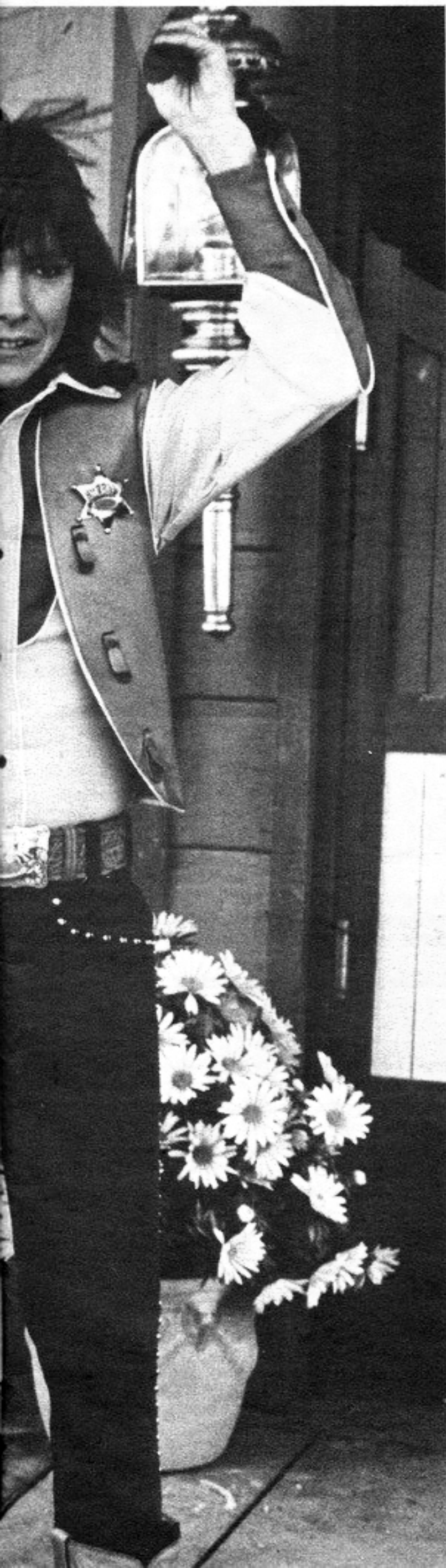
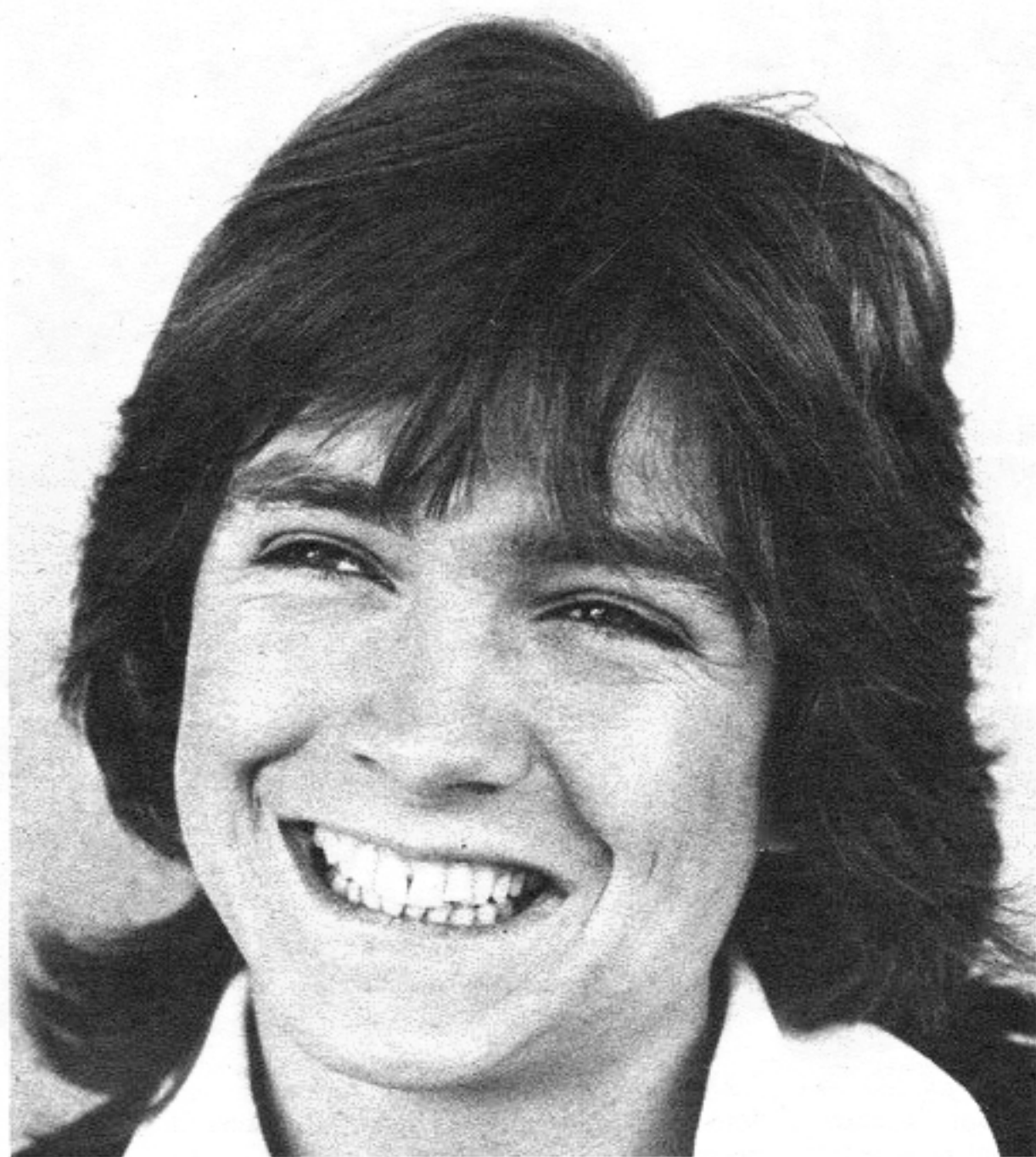


PF SHOCKED!



David
in a
happier
moment
during
PF
filming.



any more—maybe he had given all he had to “Keith Partridge” and there just wasn’t anything left for him to give. David hoped, above all else, to be a truly fine actor. But the *PF* commitment—though it had certainly given him a large dose of required acting training—had prevented him from taking the many movie offers which came his way. And David wanted very much to try movie acting. After all, a really *good* actor could handle just about any part he tackled. Could David? He wanted the opportunity to find out. But he couldn’t take six months away from the *PF* filming to make a movie—television-land didn’t work that way.

Then, there was the ever-increasing problem of privacy—every move he made was carefully watched and recorded by the eyes of the world. It had reached the point where he couldn’t even order a sandwich in a hotel room without having it reported in one newspaper or another! He was more than a little frightened by his popularity. It weighed heavily on him that he no longer could go anywhere or do anything because of the crowds and the danger. When he had fled to Europe and Hawaii, seeking very private vacations, he was too well known. The crowds found him, followed him, and finally, he had to admit, got the better of him. He just couldn’t face being a teen idol anymore.

Further, David longed for love. Every time he was on the brink of a wonderful relationship with a girl, something would happen which would take him away from her. He was tired of sacrificing his chances of personal happiness for his career—the bigger and more successful he became, the lonelier he was.

So David tossed and turned in his bed as his mind raced with these thoughts. There was only one way out, only one thing left to do—he would have to *quit* the *Partridge Family* series so that he could continue with his life and his career.

As dawn began creeping over the Hollywood Hills, David’s tense body began to relax. He glanced at the clock beside his bed—6 AM, time to start his day. He took a deep breath, and slowly he got out of bed—for David had finally made up his mind and he knew what he had to do.

And, across town, the TV executive, who also had not slept well that long night, began frantically trying to reach his higher-ups at Screen Gems before it was too late, for he had sensed a change in David Cassidy recently.

To be continued in the February *SPEC*, on sale December 7th.