



**DAVID:**

# Has All The Magic Gone?

He could cast a spell over any girl with his shy smile and "Little Boy" look. His singing could weave a magic trance for any who listened. But everything fades . . . has David's magic?

**D**avid looked into the mirror. He had only a few minutes before he was needed on the set again. He checked his hair and then looked at the script in his lap. He wanted to make sure that he had all his lines down perfectly for the next scene.

But, somehow, he couldn't concentrate. The words melted together in a blur. He tossed the script onto the table and sighed. It was a sigh that wasn't heard very often from David. Something was wrong!

It had all happened at lunch. He had walked into the restaurant eagerly, knowing he had a full day of work to look forward to afterwards. And as he walked to his table, a hand reached out.

David turned and his face broke out into a smile. How many years had it been? It was an old friend from the days in New York when David had first begun his long long hard climb in the acting business.

All through lunch they sat and talked of all the old times, of all the old friends, of days that had come and gone. David had tried hard not to stare but he couldn't. This was the man who had been destined for stardom! David and all the people in their tiny, struggling group had agreed that their friend had that magic ingredient that would spell success for him. And, in those days, he had been the star. At least, to them he was. He always had a part in a play. He was always working.

He was always at all the "in" parties!

And, now, here he was with David, laughing that same laugh, smiling the same smile that used to cause people to stop and stare! But where was the star? Where was his success? And sometime during that lunch, David's friend began to talk. He talked of the way success had escaped him.

He had tried to make a joke of it but David knew it was all an act. He still had his talent but somehow, that magical ingredient that had pointed him towards stardom was . . . gone. The glow had faded. And even as they said good-bye to each other, David tried to laugh, too, at his friend's jokes of starting all over again—at the bottom.

But, inside, the laughter was hollow. It wasn't a joke, it wasn't a joke at all.

Now David looked into the mirror again and stared hard at his

