



and survivors of an unusual celebrity with which they have coped in very different ways. David's exit from performing led to years of depression and introspection. But after two failed marriages and psychoanalysis, he has found happiness with his third wife, songwriter Sue Shifrin, and their son, Beau, 2. "I've made a tremendous metamorphosis," says David.

Shaun, on the other hand, segued without trauma into a career as a TV writer and producer. He calls his children—Caitlin, 11, Jake, 8, and stepdaughter Jessica, 23, all from his dissolved 12-year marriage to former model Ann Pennington—"the most important thing in my life."

Doing *Blood Brothers* has given Shaun a chance to know David better; the pair had not grown up together or worked together before. "We don't have traditional sibling rivalry," says Shaun, "but we're close." They are linked, too, by their pop pasts. "We

shared a mutual experience that is kind of unique," Shaun explains. "We compared notes. But I had an advantage: I saw him go through it."

"In a way, Shaun's and my lives parallel this play," says David, who portrays poor brother Mickey to Shaun's upper-crust Eddie. "My father"—debonair actor Jack Cassidy—"left and became well-to-do with my stepmother [*Partridge* mom Shirley Jones], and Shaun was raised in that environment." David, by contrast, spent his earliest years as an only child in a row house in West Orange, N.J., with his mother, stage actress Evelyn Ward, who was divorced from Jack when David was 3. They moved to Los Angeles when he was 11.

Shaun, the eldest child of Jack and Shirley, lionized David as "this gift" of an older brother whom he saw mostly on holidays. But he does recall that his half sibling was a bit wild. "The first time I got in a car with him, he scared

the hell out of me," says the ever-cautious Shaun. For David, that venture-some streak was in tune with his times. At 16 he hitchhiked up to the hippie haven of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. After returning to L.A. to graduate from the private Rexford School in 1968, he pursued acting, a dream since he was 3 and first saw his dad onstage. Moving to New York City, he took classes while working in the mailroom of a textile company. "I wore a powder-blue smock," he recalls, "and made \$38.80 a week." When he landed a part in the 1969 Broadway show *Fig Leaves Are Falling*, he told his boss to keep the smock—and his last paycheck.

Soon he was back in L.A., grabbing guest parts on TV. When he tested for the role of Keith Partridge in 1969, "I was 19," he says. "I wanted to pay my rent. I didn't want to become this god."

But pop deification did have its