



# THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

## PART 20

**T**he "Philly Flop". That's how David refers to the Philadelphia opening of "The Fig Leaves Are Falling". He can laugh about it now, looking back after several years. But, right then, it was a catastrophe!

As soon as the curtain came down on that first public performance, David realised that it could have been better . . . The audience was applauding — but he got the nasty feeling that it was as much out of habit as because they found the show particularly good . . . And he couldn't bear that thought!

Personally, he had no complaints . . . They'd been quite nice to him and he was pretty confident that he'd done okay. But he knew for certain that he had not given his best that night . . . That there was something stopping all those artists shining as they could have done. What was it?

It wasn't only David who was worried either. The director called an early morning rehearsal next day in the hope that they'd be able to put some, at least, of their mistakes right before the next performance, and — most important of all — before the transfer to Broadway!

He pointed out one or two things to them in the dressing-rooms that night . . . Not enough to make the actors feel really depressed — just enough to show them the lines he planned to work along next day.

At least, that was the ideal! But David, for one, went to bed that night feeling more than a little down-at-heart.

For weeks and weeks now they had worked on this show . . . given it all they had. And now, just when David had reckoned on a moment of triumph and elation, it all seemed to be knocked out from under their feet.

This was when he started to wonder

whether something might be wrong with the play . . . And, if there was, what could he do about it? After all, even the most brilliant acting and singing couldn't change the words and the music.

By the time David turned up for the next morning's post-mortem in the stale, deserted theatre, he was feeling positively gloomy! Just to add to the gale, they all gathered round to read the reviews in that morning's newspapers — Ugh!

"I don't remember a single one that was nice about the show," David recalls with a rueful smile. "And, if there had've been one, I sure would've remembered it, 'cos we'd have seized on that like gold-dust!"

He reckons that they were fair enough: "They had a few good words to say for some of the acting, but, as far as the play generally went . . . Well, they gave that a real dressing down!"

### GLUM AND GREY

David had thought he felt glum and grey that morning. But the writer and director actually looked grey!

"It was rough on them," David commented. "The show was sort of their 'baby', you know? They had a lot more to lose by a flop than any of us actors. After all, nobody could expect more from us than to do our own parts well. They were the ones who had to take total responsibility for putting the thing on the stage. And the critics can be real nasty sometimes if they don't like a show."

Allan Sherman, the author, had been up all night doing re-writes, so the first thing to happen was that the actors were handed out their script corrections and the business of re-rehearsal got under way. Only this time, there was, if anything, an even greater