

THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY

PART 47

Routine. Some people just seem to be born to it. They claim it makes their lives easier, and allows them to avoid wasting time and making complicated decisions.

David Cassidy is definitely *not* one of those people. The routine that began to devour his life in 1970 was at first annoying, but David realised that it was absolutely necessary.

"I'd seen enough of show business to know that time meant money. So every morning, when the studio rang me at 5.30 to wake me up, even though I hated it, I understood.

JUNIOR MEMBER

"After all, if I didn't turn up on time, it would mean that a hundred or more people would be left standing around. And that would mean money wasted in wages. So after a while, I reckoned that, as a pretty junior member of a television series, if I wanted to work, I'd better get used to the routine."

And get used to it he did. Because the next three and a half years were a pretty long routine.

5.30 am; after six hours sleep, David would be jolted awake by the ringing of his bedside telephone. After a few unsuccessful attempts, he had asked the telephone company to install an extra-loud bell, so that he could be sure to hear it.

After answering the Screen Gems telephonist, and assuring her that he was awake, David would crawl out of bed, head for the shower, and wash the remainder of sleep from his eyes. Then after a shave, a spell under the hair dryer, and a hurried cup of coffee and orange juice, David would get into his car and head for the studio. "Fortunately, I was always up so early that the traffic wasn't too bad. L.A. can be pretty bad, even with all the freeways and massive overpasses, and in the rush hour

it's murder!"

Of course, the studio made sure that David had pretty reliable transportation. After the immediate success of *The Partridge Family*, Screen Gems showed their gratitude by giving David a car of his choice.

He chose a gorgeous white Chevrolet Corvette—a Stingray. "I was grateful," David told me, "but all the time, in the back of my mind, I was wondering if the studio was trying to make sure that I had the fastest possible means of getting to the set!"

At any rate, David did manage to get to the set on time with frightening regularity. Once he arrived, he had to report to make-up, where, between hurried sips of coffee, the make up crew made sure that his face wasn't too shiny, and also that his hair was tidy and in place.

After that, it was off to the wardrobe department, where David was fitted out for whatever gear he was to wear in the first scene of the day.

After someone in charge of continuity gave him a final check (just to make sure that, if the scene was being continued from the day before, that David had on *exactly* the same clothing), it was off for a quick briefing on the set with the rest of the cast and the director and crew.

LOOKING BACK

"And don't forget, by this time I was supposed to know all my lines! Wow, when I first heard that, I couldn't believe it—not at 7.30 in the morning!

"But now, looking back on it, I guess I was pretty good about it most of the time. I must have been, 'cos I wasn't sacked!"

No, David was doing remarkably well. Everyone in the crew were amazed at how professional and competent *all* the cast were.

So each morning, from 7.30 until 12.00,

