

in the coffee bar round the corner, also waiting . . . the same tension and butterflies as he'd waited his turn to go up on stage . . . the same trite question about his name and his past experience once he got up there.

But, as he walked out from the wings, he knew he must have heard right, because there were extra-special smiles from all the guys he knew there. Some actually came over to him:

"Well, that sounds hopeful."

"Good luck for tomorrow, Dave."

He felt unbelievably excited, simply at the thought that he had been called back. But all that evening he kept trying to convince himself:

"Look, you're really just as far away from that part as ever . . . You can bet they've re-called a couple of hundred guys. And anyway, they haven't even seen you act yet, so what are you getting so excited about? Just because your face happened to fit for once?"

Well, suppose it was just that his face had happened to fit? It was certainly a mighty big improvement on all those other occasions when it hadn't!!

RESTLESS NIGHT

So, David spent a rather restless night, his head buzzing with internal dialogues along those lines.

But he woke up next morning feeling strangely hopeful and with a real sense that this might, after all, turn out to be his big break. He hadn't mentioned anything at home about the second call — just in case it didn't come to anything after all.

Somehow he managed to last out the suspense of that morning till the time came for him to set out for the theatre again. He had to force himself to wait until it really was time to go, because he could hardly hold himself back from setting out much too early.

He'd been quite right. There were a lot of other guys there, and his common sense told him that there must be even more of them in the running, because a fair number would have already been and gone that day.

Still, it was something to have got this far . . . He gave his less confident self another pep talk along the lines of: "Everyone has to have a lucky break sometime or other . . ."

Then he was back up on stage again, straining his eyes to see beyond the glare of the lights so that he could identify the voice that was speaking to him. It was the same one as yesterday, so most likely it belonged to the director of this play.

Much to his relief, they actually wanted him to read something this time. He was given a couple of minutes to look through the lines they'd marked on the script he'd been given. Then, at the word from 'the voice' he read them, putting as much into them as he could. They hadn't filled him in on the character, the situation or anything. But he figured that if he used his voice as well as he could, at least they'd see that he could project to the back of the theatre. That might be something to his advantage . . .

Well, either that or something else convinced the casting director that young Cassidy was worth taking another look at. Because again he was invited to come back. The day after next . . .

He discovered later that there had been about fifty young actors called for that second audition.

And now he had been called back for a third audition! This time he didn't try to stop himself getting excited — he knew it would simply be a waste of time. After all this time in New York, he was actually well in the running for a part! But which part?

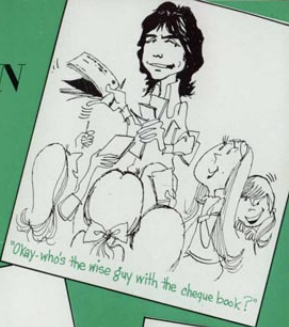
If only he could find out which part in which play, he could somehow track down a script and learn off the whole thing, so that he'd give a really good impression at that next audition . . .

His researches on this didn't come up with much during that day, though, and he resolved that he'd ask Jack's advice on the matter that night. Because he certainly couldn't keep this to himself any longer now. He was bursting to tell Shirley, Jack and the boys that he'd got this far, even if he didn't actually get the part in the end!

DON'T MISS PART 17
OF THE DAVID CASSIDY STORY
WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE
MARCH ISSUE OF SUPERSTAR '73
MAGAZINE !!!

ON SALE MARCH 1st.

DAVID'S CARTOON CORNER



Actually, it's not for me - it's for
my GOD-DAUGHTER!

