

today's action. Then the scenery men check all the scenery to make sure it's in the right place and looks right through the "camera's eye". Next, the electricians start to light up the set. This is a particularly painstaking job, for *everything* must be *precisely right*. The irony is that after everything is properly lit—it sometimes has to be changed after the performers enter the scene, for the shadows get into the wrong places (like on people's faces!), or the lights aren't placed properly to pick up and highlight the face of the individual performers as they say their lines and the camera pans in on them.

Well, after the scene is set up and the lighting is set up, *then* the stand-ins usually come on the set and do mock run-throughs, so that the furniture can be *replaced* in case it isn't appropriate for the occasion that takes place in the area. I mean, like, suppose you have to run down the stairs and there's a chair at the bottom of the steps! Things like that—get it?

### DAVID'S DRESSING ROOM

By the time the stand-ins have done their run-throughs, the director decides it's time to take a break, so a ten-minute break is called—and everyone rushes madly for the door! Everyone, that is, but slow-moving David—and, in today's case, myself and you.

I'm utterly amazed—no, stunned!—when David looks our way and says, "Hey, why don't you two come to my dressing room during the break?"

The reason I'm amazed is because David *never*—well, *hardly ever*—invites anyone to his dressing room. I don't think this is because he's moody or a recluse. I think it's simply because he takes that time to sit in the cool, dark

dressing room, listen to records and just cool it for a while.

Anyway, we both gladly accept David's warmly extended invitation, and soon we've hopped up the two steps to his little trailer dressing room, have entered the "sacred abode" and are comfortably seated on David's couch, while he goes through his LPs. "Hmmm, let's see," David says. "I feel quiet this morning. How about if we play some Nilsson—or would you rather hear Elton John?"

From the expression on your face, I can tell you couldn't care whether he played Bach or rock—for you are, to say the least, *totally* entranced just by what's going on!

"Play anything you want to, David," I say with a sort of sigh of relief, for the *fact is* David usually plays *very loud*, hard rock 'n' roll at a *very high* volume—and this is a nice change of pace—for me, anyway—cos I'm not particularly crazy about loud rock music.

David's dressing room is what you might call "Cassidy-subdued-mod". There's a thick carpet on the floor; drawings, paintings, notes and photographs completely line the wall; and the curtains are always drawn. There's a little lamp with a reddish pink light bulb in the corner, David's clothes are hung about the place and, of course, the air conditioner is going full-blast.

Just about the time we're comfortably settled in David's little sanctuary, we hear a voice through the big loud speaker on the outside of Stage 30 calling, "Partridge Family—everybody back on set, please! Everybody back on set, please!"

"Oh, phooey," David says—but don't let that confuse you. Either he, I—or both of us—are always saying things like, "Oh, phooey," when we're called back on the set. It's

*More*

The most disliked thing about TV is the constant waiting.

