

He is sitting in a chair with his name lettered across the canvas back, the microphone of a tape recorder clipped to his bright paisley shirt.

Across from him sits an older, heavy-set woman with curly grey hair. She is interviewing the star for a movie magazine.

She arches her eyebrows coyly and asks, "Our readers would like to know how you *really* feel about your stepmother... it's true that you have problems, isn't it?"

His answer is a puzzled look and, "I don't know where you got that idea. We get along very well! She's wonderful..." The woman looks displeased and interrupts him quickly:

"Now come on, sweetie! You can level with me! Don't forget that I represent more than two



DAVID CASSIDY-STAR: Is the Price Too High?

million readers, and they have the right to know the truth!"

"But I am telling you the truth!" His face becomes flushed, but he manages a smile. "I wouldn't want you to print anything else!"

She's angry now, and her voice rises a few notches, causing some cameramen working close by to look over. "There has to be something to all the talk! Look at it this way, dear..." her tone becomes a sweet purr, "it's perfectly all right to admit that things aren't always perfect between the two of you! After all, there's your *real* mother to consider!"

He stares at her for a long moment, as if not believing what he hears. Then, calmly, he unhooks the microphone from his shirt and stands, handing it to her. "This interview is over," he says quietly.

Then he turns and walks off to his dressing room, leaving the woman speechless with rage.

He's with a date in an Italian restaurant in Hollywood. It's always been one of his favorite places, and he's looking forward to his delicious dinner. He was in every scene today, and was too keyed up to eat. Now he's starving, but relaxed at last as he talks and laughs with the girl.

The waiter brings their steaming plates of spaghetti, and he starts eating with pleasure. The food is exactly right!

"Hey you!" The star raises his eyes to see a large man, wearing a shirt brightly printed with red flowers standing by the table.

"You the guy that's on that new TV series—y'know the one I mean?"

"Yes, if you mean the..." he begins politely.

The man turns and shouts across the restaurant to his wife, who has been sitting on the edge of her chair and watching with avid interest. "It's him, Flora! Should I get him to sign something for Junie?"

The woman's answer is to hurry across the room, bumping into several tables in her rush to get there. She puts her face close to the star, who is trying to hide his embarrassment. "My daughter will die when she finds out we met you! We had to leave her back home this vacation because her grades weren't good..." her voice