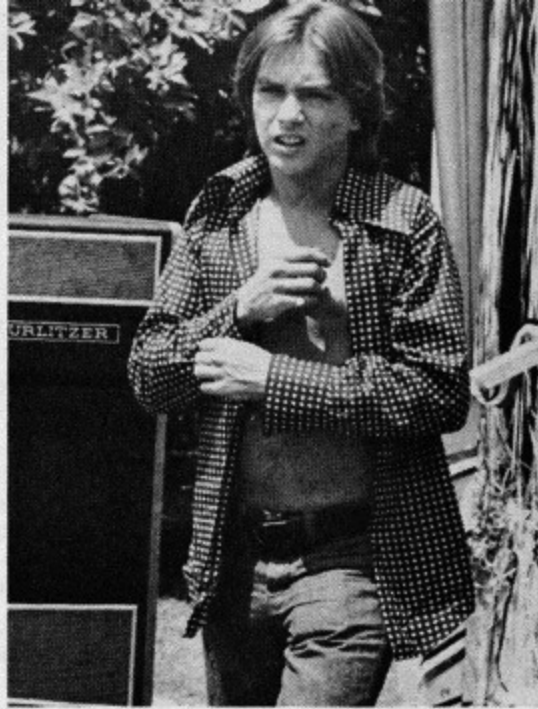


# Family — & YOU!

By SUSAN DEY

## Part Three



"Hey—wait a minute, willya?!"



Jeremy stops by to say "so long."

### OUR SURPRISE INVITATION!

By this time, *you're* perched on the edge of a canvas-and-wood director's chair "type of seat"—the one clearly marked *David Cassidy* on the back—and your eyes are absolutely glued on David as he and Shirley begin to work. The scene is fairly simple, and the run-through is gotten down pat within 25 or 30 minutes. However, during this short rehearsal you've seen a young and highly skilled craftsman at work, for David is a perfectionist in his work. It's not easy to keep doing the same movements and words *over and over* so that each technician—from the sound man (who is adjusting the hidden microphone) to the light man (who is 'way up on a scaffold trying to get exactly the right light on Shirley's face)—can get their equipment properly adjusted, but David somehow infuses each and every run-through, no matter how often it's done, with a genuine flair. That style, that ability, that talent is called many things—charisma, star potential, whatever—but what it *really* gets down to is that David is *consciously* working at his craft and doing an excellent job!

Suddenly the director's voice comes through the mike, saying, "O.K., kids! That's it for the morning. Break for one hour for lunch."

The studio lights go out and everyone quickly finds his way out of the studio and into the bright sunlight. You and I have sort of drifted out together and I'm telling you that I can't decide whether we should grab a bite from the "Roach Coach" (yes, that's the unfortunate nick-name of our wonderful little sandwich and lunch wagon that tools around the ranch dispensing goodies all day) or hop in our car and go over to the Yankee Pedlar or one of the nearby *tacos* places. Before we can make a decision, our decision is made for us!

"Hey, Sue!" It's David's voice calling and we both recognize it instantly. Turning around, we see him scowling and hurriedly stripping his shirt off as he heads in our direction. "Wait a minute, willya? I want to go inside and get out of these stage clothes, and then maybe—" David pauses. He looks agitated, hot and frustrated—and finally says, "Well, where are you girls going for lunch?"

"We haven't really decided, David," I say, "but if you like—"

David laughs. "Yeah, you bet I'd like to! I'll tell you what—we'll drive to the Yankee Pedlar."

I swallow, remembering that the Pedlar isn't the *cheapest* place around. But David, as though he is reading my mind, says, "And if you ladies will drive me there, I'm inviting you both for lunch. O.K.?"

"You bet, David," we reply together. And David disappears into his little dressing room with his half-shorn shirt flying behind him.

In no time David is back, wearing one of his favorite cotton tee-type pullovers and a pair of jeans. Now he is refreshed—and grinning from ear-to-ear. As David passes his Mustang, for some mysterious reason he gives it a swift kick, makes a funny face and then hops into the front seat of my car. The three of us scrunch in and off we go. The Yankee Pedlar—which is a

very groovy, casual, but elegant restaurant about five blocks from the ranch—is our destination. As we drive up to it, the parking lot attendant — recognizing David — steps forward, takes the keys from me and parks the car. As the head waiter opens the door to let us in, he says, "Good afternoon, Mr. Cassidy."

Plunging from the brilliant California sunshine into the dark interior of the Yankee Pedlar has all but temporarily blinded you and me. As we stand there sort of groping for each other and/or David in the dark, David laughs and says, "Come on, I'll be your seeing-eye dog. There's a reserved table for us and it's over this way."

"Hmm," I say to David as we sit down. "How did you know we were going to have lunch with you?"

"Never mind that," David says opening his napkin and putting it on his lap. "But if you stop and think about it, once we saw our little guest arrive on the set this morning—well, it was a foregone conclusion, wasn't it?"

David looks your way and smiles, and all you know is that you're super-triple glad that the "foregone conclusion" has come to pass!

The Yankee Pedlar menu is huge and endless, and if we take the time to read the whole thing—we'll never get our lunch. As usual, David comes up with a bright idea.

"Why don't I order for the both of you?"

"Oh, no," I say, knowing that David is a meat-eater and I'm strictly (well, almost strictly) a vegetarian. "I'm having a big raw salad."

"Then," says David, reaching over and patting your hand, "can I order for you?"

I have to suppress a giggle, because—quite frankly—from the expression on your face, if David ordered a *live horse* for you at this very moment, you would be delighted.

"Sure," you reply softly, and David orders you and himself minute steak, mashed potatoes, a small salad and iced tea.

"Well, *Mystery Man*," I say, after all our orders have been placed and we finally settle down. "How come I'm suddenly 'number one friend' when it comes to chauffeuring?"

"Oh, that?" David says, as he frowns briefly for a moment. "Well, Susan, it's like this—my old Mustang has finally kicked up its heels. By that, I mean *almost* rolled over and kicked up its heels! It just isn't any good anymore and I'm getting rid of it. Today's the last day you'll ever see it parked by Studios 29 and 30 again—cos I'm about to sell it. So take a good farewell look at it."

"Don't sell it," I suggest—in a vain attempt at humor—"turn it out to pasture. It's been a good friend to you all these years."

"Well, believe me, girls," David continues in his serious vein, "I'll be *lucky* if anyone wants to buy it. And I'm willing to sell it *cheap!*"

You and I look at each other out of the corners of our eyes, and we both know that we're thinking the same thing. "Well, David," I can't resist saying, "I think I know about a *million* young ladies who would be *most interested* in buying that car from you!"