

SUSAN & DAVID Beg:

“Don’t Destroy Our Love!”



It was going to be a beautiful day. David knew it even before he opened his eyes. The sun was warm on his back as he laid in bed, happily aware that today was one of those rare times when he had nothing at all to do. No filming on the Partridge set—no concerts—no recording—nothing!

The night before he had promised himself that he would sleep at least until noon. But the days of sunshine sifting through the drapes kept teasing him. Finally he kicked off his covers and went over to the window and looked out.

To The Beach!

“Oh wow! I can’t waste a day like this in bed!” he said out loud. The sky was a clear, brilliant blue, with no trace of the smog that often settles over the California hills during the summer. The perfect place to be was the beach!

Once he made up his mind, he was impatient to be there. As he pulled on his trunks he checked the clock. Almost 10! Well he wouldn’t bother with breakfast—he’d just throw some fruit in a bag to take with him.

Another glance out the window convinced him that he had to share his happy feeling with someone. On impulse, he dialed Susan’s number. Maybe she’d like to go along. The phone rang six times, and he almost hung up when Susan’s sleepy voice answered.

“C’mon Susan, you can’t stay in bed all day! Let’s go to the beach. Can you be ready in 15 minutes?”

“David?” She still sounded only half-awake. “What time is it?”

“Time to make up your mind. Do you want to go?”

“I’d love to, but . . .” Susan’s voice was hesitant. “Well, there’s something I want to talk to you about anyway . . .”

“We can talk on the way,” David

