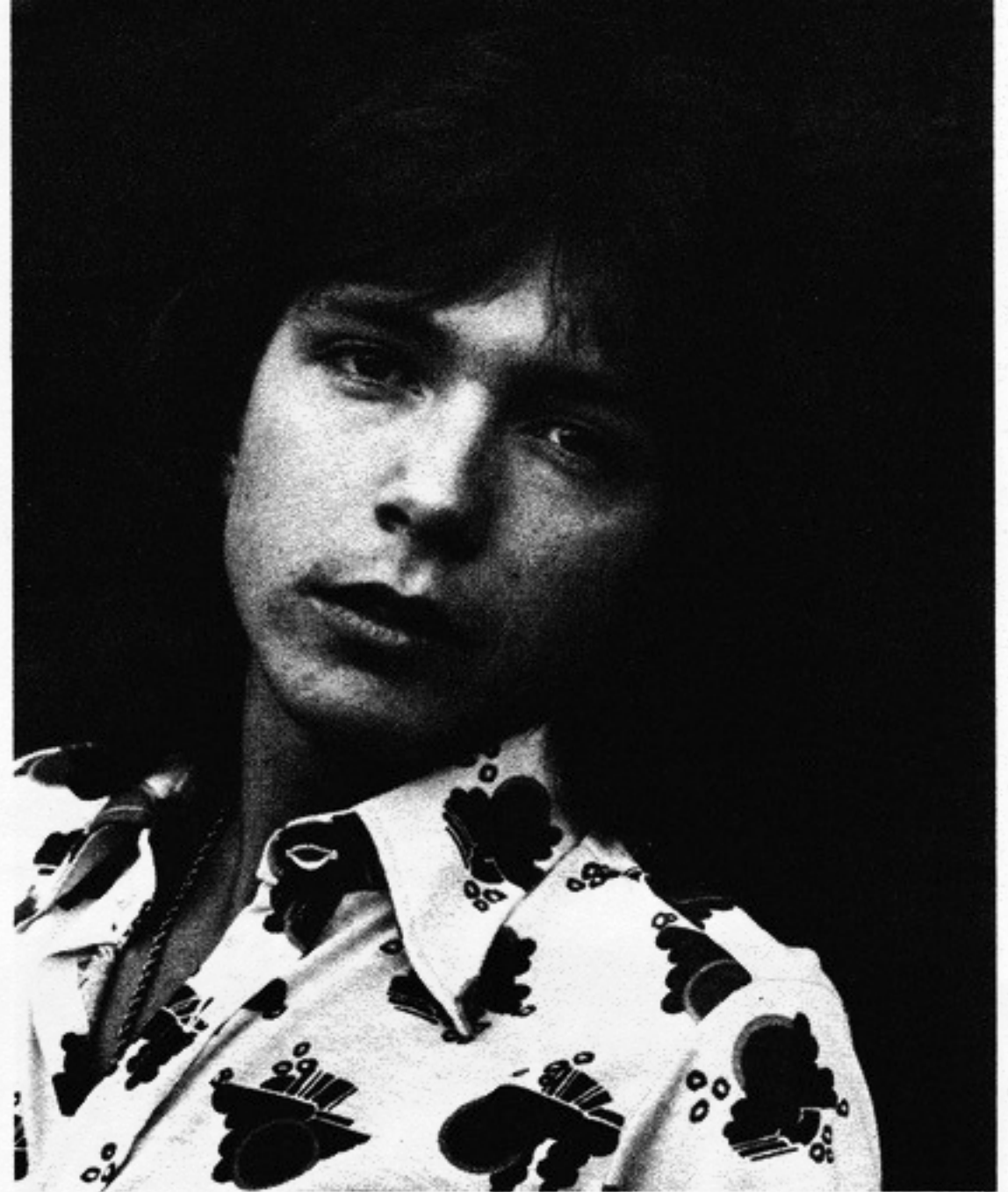


DAVID—

Alone in the Dark with Him!

Part Three



Last month you were the happiest young lady in the whole wide world when you had a delicious dinner in a fabulous restaurant with delightful David Cassidy—however, dinner was almost over and you felt yourself growing more unsure of yourself as the evening seemed to be drawing to a close.

David said, "Wow! This dinner was even better than the one I had last time I was here— thanks to *you!*"

You smile weakly because you are not really sure what to say to David as the tiny inner panic begins growing in you: How am I going to get home from here? Do I have enough money? Who will really believe that I met and had dinner with David Cassidy? and What am I going to say to him besides thank you? Your head was spinning with these thoughts and you were feeling a little dizzy when David touched your arm and said, "Remember, walk fast—we're going to the car now."

In a flash you were seated once again in the luxurious limousine. "Where do you live?" David asks, peering into your eyes.

"Not too far from here," you say, rather hesitantly. "It's about forty-five minutes from this station."

"Wow! I've got a much better idea. Why don't we drop off Steve and Dick and then Bill and I will escort you right to *your* door!"

"That'd be really nice," you say, snuggling into the new-found warmth of the deep, soft leather of the limousine and becoming suddenly aware of its rich, masculine smell. Soon Steve and Dick have said good night to you and you are really and truly alone in the dark with David in the back of the beautiful, black limousine driven by Bill.

David turns to you and says, "You came a long way for my concert, didn't you? How come?"

Pleased that you now finally had something to say to David, you sat up and said, "I really like your records. I think they're fantastic and seeing you in person was something I didn't want to miss if I could possibly help it. I thought your concert today was *terrific*—especially *Two Time Loser*. Every time I hear you sing that song I just go weak all over, because it really speaks to me."

David was looking at you while you were saying this with slightly narrowed, but not defensive eyes and when you finished he said quietly, "Thank you. I'm glad you care enough to come so far. It's hard to know sometimes if the audience really feels anything when they get so carried away. I appreciate your telling me your feelings."

"The thing I liked best about your concert, David, was that

you're so very different in person than you are as "Keith Partridge." You come across as a completely different person, much deeper, much more sensitive and, somehow much stronger."

Still looking at you with those slightly narrowed but very clear eyes, David says, "Well, I *am* a human being, you know."

"Yes, but on television you're always so good and so perfect and everything's always in order, and for a minute on stage today I felt that you were really, I don't know, well, *human*. Like... that... you were a person who could hurt and have the same kind of lonely feelings I've had." And then you sort of drifted off into your own thoughts.

David took your hand and squeezed it warmly. "That's so nice. I don't think anyone's ever said that to me before."

Just then Bill rolled down the window (which before had completely separated you and David from him) and said, "Is that your house on the left?"

"Yes," you replied, "and you can pull into the driveway." Bill opened the door for you and David, then David walked you up the steps to your house—the longest and yet the shortest walk you've ever taken in your life.

Your mother came to the door. "Why, we've been so worried about you. Thank goodness you're here!"

But before she could go on, David reached out his hand and said with a half-smile "How do you do? I'm David Cassidy and I took good care of your daughter."

While all this was going on, you were standing there in numb shock, looking back and forth between the incredibly handsome David Cassidy and your mother—who obviously couldn't believe this was happening to *you* either. Sensing your bewilderment, she said, "Several of your friends are here waiting for you in the rec room. Maybe you'd like to go say hello to them."

You looked at David with a question in your eyes, not sure that you could stand this sudden test of reality. "Why, thank you. That would be great," he said, and he stepped into your house. You led him unbelievably to your rec room where he introduced himself, extended his hand and shook hands warmly with all your friends.

Turning to you, he said, "I'm really sorry I have to go. I'd like to stay, but I have to be up and on the road again early in the morning and I have to get back to my hotel and get some rest."

You walked him back upstairs where he said good night to your parents and then, with your heart in your throat, led him to your door. David turned to you and said, "Gee, I'll bet that neither of us had any idea that things would turn out so great when you were pushed into my car!" Then he leaned forward and gave you a gentle kiss and said, "Thank you. I'll remember you always."