

DAVID ASKS YOU:

"COME IN MY BEDROOM!"

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you've ever seen—which, of course, they are. This warms up our hero to the point where he asks if you'd like to hear his latest record—not the one you can buy in the stores, but the one that hasn't been issued yet!

DAVID SINGS FOR YOU

David puts on his record, turns up the volume and you both lean back and listen. For you, this is an unbelievable experience. Here you are, sitting beside David Cassidy and listening to him sing on a record that no one else in the world has heard yet—except you and David. When the record finishes, you turn to him and say, "David, please play it again."

After that, you and David find yourselves listening to the record over and over. At times he looks doubtful and keeps asking you if you're sure you really like it that much—and you, understanding that most artistic and creative people need reassurance, tell him—and quite truthfully—that you think this is the best record he has ever made.

Overjoyed with your warm reaction, David suddenly picks up his guitar and starts playing and singing, right along with the record. "Join in!" he calls to you—and soon you're doing your best to harmonize the words you have already learned by heart. The singing turns to silliness, and in no time you and David are rolling on the rug—laughing together like a couple of carefree kids!

During the evening, you've noticed—among the clutter of LP covers, candles, photo albums and stuff—a special little black folder on which is printed:

DAVID CASSIDY
"Keith Partridge"
Working Script

lying near the center of his bed. From time to time, you've even noticed David glancing at it with a slightly worried look on his face. Now he notices that you're looking at the script holder. David sighs and says, "I guess you know what that is—and I guess you know—" he pauses and looks at you for a long time, then continues, "—that I oughta be studying that script now. Do you understand?"

You do. You really understand. And that's one of the things that makes David love having had you with him, happy that you could share a few hours behind the locked door with him in his inner sanctum, and sure that he'll be asking you to come back and share his secret world with him—again and again and again.



David flops down on his bed...



"Come take a look at these!"



Laughing like carefree kids!