

# with **DAVID**



## GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

Then there was the first day David reported for work. He had decided the morning before that he had to get a lot of sleep, so naturally he crashed about four-thirty in the morning. He dragged out of bed about an hour later and swallowed enough coffee to dye Los Angeles brown, and managed to look like he was actually awake. The last word I heard as he left to become a star was "yeech" which he said when he hit himself on the forehead with the door.

Approximately thirteen hours later he dragged through the front door, looking about as glamorous and starlike as last year's Christmas tree! He really was excited, but he was so tired that he couldn't stop yawning! There were four or five friends over to hear about it, and he talked for hours but he was yawning so much that I understood about a third of what he said! It was about a month before I finally learned most of what happened that day!

## SURPRISE QUIZ?

I've already told you all about the day and night before his first concert

## By His Best Friend **SAM HYMAN**

(you do remember, don't you? I think next time I'll give you a surprise quiz to see if you've been listening!). Since that particular thriller is old news by now, I'll move right along to the day David got the Golden Globe Award as the 'Most Promising Male Newcomer.'

There was a lot of weirdness going down at that particular time, which you're probably already read about, but the big issue as I remember it was what he was going to wear. The studio was all for his showing up in a tuxedo, but as David told them in his usual tactful way, he'd rather wear a strait-jacket than a tux any time, and there was no way they were going to get him into one!

## NO JEANS

It finally came down to the studio giving in on the tux but saying that jeans were definitely out. David has approximately thirty pairs of pants, and they're all jeans—the only way you can tell them apart is that the patches are on different places! David was really nervous about whether or not he was going to win, and he kept meaning to go out and get some clothes... but



**OUTSIDE THEIR NEW HOUSE**, Sam picks fresh wine grapes from the orchard directly behind the house. When David came home from Europe, he couldn't wait to tell Sam everything!

the best-laid plans of Cassidy and Hyman almost always go astray, and about an hour before the Award ceremony he popped into my room with a wild look on his face and said "We did buy some clothes for this thing, didn't we?" What could I do? My mother always told me to tell the truth!

"Sure," I lied. "They're hanging in your closet."

He was back a moment later. "They're gone," he said. "What did they look like?" "Only wise men can see them," I said. "They used to belong to an emperor."

He threw a book at me and stood in the doorway for a moment. He looked down at himself. "Aren't these beautiful jeans?" he asked. "Aren't they super?" I told him they were, and he felt much better. That's the story Rona Barrett didn't tell when she did her snarky little number on what David wore to the Awards!

He came in that night balancing the award on his head. "Look," he said. "They gave me a hat to go with my jeans!"

That's it for now. I'm going to go for a swim. The water's fine!

*Sam Hyman*