

THE PLOT TO WRE



THE 1971 white Corvette Stingray came to a screeching halt in front of a dusty little building that was set back a few yards from the sidewalk. A lean, long-haired, almost sylph-like figure jumped from the car and headed for the door. Just at that moment two young girls—hardly a day over 14—were walking by. The figure glanced frantically in their direction and sped past them, entering the building and slamming the door. The two girls stopped dead in their tracks. A passerby might have wondered what was wrong with them, for—quite suddenly—they looked as if they were frozen! Finally, one girl turned to the other, her eyes as wide as saucers, and said, “Was that *him?*!”

The other girl, regaining her powers of speech, said, “It *was!* It was him! I *know* it was him!”

Suddenly the first girl turned and literally flew toward the door, tried to wrest it open, couldn’t, and began pounding on it with all her might. Within a split second, the other girl had joined her and was doing *exactly* the same thing!

On the other side of the door, a slender young man, looking tired and older than his 22 years, wiped the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand. He heaved a sigh and closed his eyes as if in pain.

“Won’t it *ever* stop?” the boy said half aloud in an agonizing tone. “Oh, Lord—won’t it ever, *ever* stop?”

He heard someone approaching him down a nearby hallway. He quickly pulled himself together, smoothed his hair and put a pleasant smile upon his face.

“Hi, David,” the guy in the hallway said. “Everything is set and we’re ready to start rehearsing.” The guy looked at his watch. “Hey, it’s only 9 P.M. We ought to be out of here by midnight.”

David smiled graciously, but his mind was in a turmoil. *Midnight*, he thought, as he followed