

The Concert Is Over—And It's A Lonely Night In A Little Town In The Middle Of America Somewhere. Strange As It Seems, You've Got A Date With David Cassidy—And You're Waiting For Him In The Second Booth In The Corner Soda Shop!

Just at the end of David's concert it had started to rain—and it really rained *hard*! At first you thought, "*Oh, I might as well go home. If I wait by the stage door I probably won't see him and I'll get nothing for my trouble and get soaking wet!*"

But you went on to the stage door anyway, and stood there like the sweet 'n silly, but truly devoted David Cassidy luvver you really are! Because of the pouring rain and because it was getting dark there weren't any other David Cassidy fans about. You giggled to yourself thinking, "*He probably went out some other way and I'm just a nut for standing here, but—*"

And before you could go any further the stage door opens and suddenly, right in front of your unbelieving eyes, stands a smiling David Cassidy! When he sees you he looks just about as shocked as you do at seeing him.

"How did you find out—?" He leaves his question dangling in the air and starts to laugh.

Since you're absolutely dumbfounded—close to being in a state of shock—you can't say a word, so you just stand there staring at him. David looks at you thoughtfully for a moment and asks, "Are you waiting to see me?"

You nod your head vigorously up and down and somehow manage to pipe out, "Yes."

"Why did you pick this door?" he asks.

"Because it's the stage"—then you look up and see a big sign that says *Authorized Personnel And Ushers Only*. David grins again.

"No, little girl," he says, "it's *not* the stage door. It's where the ticket sellers and ushers come in and out—and I decided to sneak out this way and avoid the crowd!"

At that moment a huge limousine drives up, the back door flies open and David darts for the car. He jumps in and slams the door. "Hey, did you want to ask me something?" he asks you, as the engine revs up.

"Yes, yes," you cry, almost desperately, "many things, David. Oh, please don't go!"

"I'm at the Ramada Inn," he shouts as the car drives off. "Meet me at the coffee shop there." And David vanishes into the night.

Well, it might be night and it might be raining, but as far as you're concerned the sun is shining brightly. You can almost hear the birds chirping! You run, not walk, to the nearest bus stop, clutching your soaking program in your hand and singing to yourself. Of course, the bus driver thinks you're some crazy kid as you hop aboard all smiling and happy. After a couple of glances your way he gives you up for a hopeless case, and you spend the 15-minute bus ride to the Ramada Inn spinning out a vivid fantasy of what it's going to be like when you and David are together!

Actually, the bus stops a half a block away from the Inn, but you manage that half block faster than the speed of light, sweep in the lobby of the hotel, look right and then left, and head in the direction of the brightly lighted soda shop. Though the Inn is relatively new in your home town, the soda shop is already a hangout for some of the local kids and, since it's stopped raining by now, several familiar faces are coming through the door. You pick the second booth to wait for David in because from it you can see both the entrance from the Inn *and* from the street into the soda shop. The waiter comes by and you order a cherry Coke. While he is away getting your order, you surreptitiously take a little mirror out of your handbag and start to comb and arrange your soaking hair. Though you'd much rather go to the powder room to do that, you wouldn't *dare* leave your table—in case David should arrive!

## I HATE HIM!

Your Coke comes, you take a few sips, and you use your napkin to dry your program. And you wait—and you wait—and you wait. After you've been sitting there about an hour you begin to get nervous. You're already working on your second cherry Coke and several of the kids who hang out there have tried to start a conversation with you. You've rebuffed them by pretending to be engrossed in your program—but all the while keeping a sharp eye on both of the doors to the soda shop.

Finally you realize you've been sitting there for an hour and 15 minutes and David not only *has not* shown up, you get that sinking feeling that he *is not* going to show up! Unable to stand it any longer, you leave the money for your Cokes on the table and get up. First you walk to the street side of the soda shop and look out into the darkness thinking, *Maybe he's standing on the corner looking for me*. No, he isn't. So you go back towards the lobby door—trying to look as calm as possible as you walk by your somewhat confused neighborhood chums. You slink out of the soda shop and quickly walk down a long wide hall.

There are various other shops on either side, but you don't look into any. Your attention is riveted towards the couches and chairs in the lobby. You examine each one, hoping against hope that David will be sitting there somewhere—waiting for you. But no such luck. Except for an old man with a cigar reading a newspaper and a rather cold-eyed security guard near the door, the lobby is deserted.

All of a sudden you feel rage rising from within you. *I hate him*, you hear yourself saying under your breath. *I hate him! He's just a two-faced two-timer!* Blinking back tears of hurt and anger, you push your way toward the revolving door and out into the street. Just as you get to the bus stop your bus is pulling up. As you hop aboard—trying to cover your tear-stained face with a Kleenex—the very last thing you do is throw your program down into the gutter.

Meanwhile, back at the Ramada Inn—at the very end of the long corridor of shops—there's a young man in dark glasses sitting at a table for two in the coffee shop. He's working on his third cup of coffee and tea mixed, one sugar and a little milk—and the waiter who has finally figured out just who that familiar face belongs to, walks over and says, "Aren't you David Cassidy?"

"Yeah," says David in a somewhat lifeless tone. "Could I have the check please?"

"Sure, man," the waiter says, getting touchy. And as he hands David the check, he says, "All I was going to do was ask you for your autograph for my cousin."

"Sure thing," David says. "What's her name?" And he scribbles his cherished autograph on the back of the small coffee shop menu.

Suddenly the waiter gets sympathetic. "Are you waiting for somebody?" he asks.

"Yeah," David says half-heartedly, "a girl I met after the concert today. I told her to meet me here, but—" his voice dwindles off.

The waiter cocks his head and looks thoughtful for a moment. David stands up to go. As he gets near the door leading to the corridor the waiter says, "Hey, why don't you pop into the soda shop across the hall? Maybe she went there instead."

"Good idea," David says. "Thanks."

But when he peeks into the soda shop and examines all the booths—no one is there. There were only a small cluster of kids at the counter. As David peers in one of them looks up, gasps, and points in his direction. Instinctively David turns and flees.

As he reaches the lobby he sees the back of a girl hurrying out of the revolving door. He smiles softly—sadly—to himself and thinks, "*That girl's going out somewhere. She's probably got a date!*"

As he walks towards the elevator David continues thinking, "*Me, I've got no date. I just got stood up. Oh, well—*" The elevator arrives and he steps inside. "*Maybe I'll have better luck next time,*" he whispers silently. And the elevator door closes.