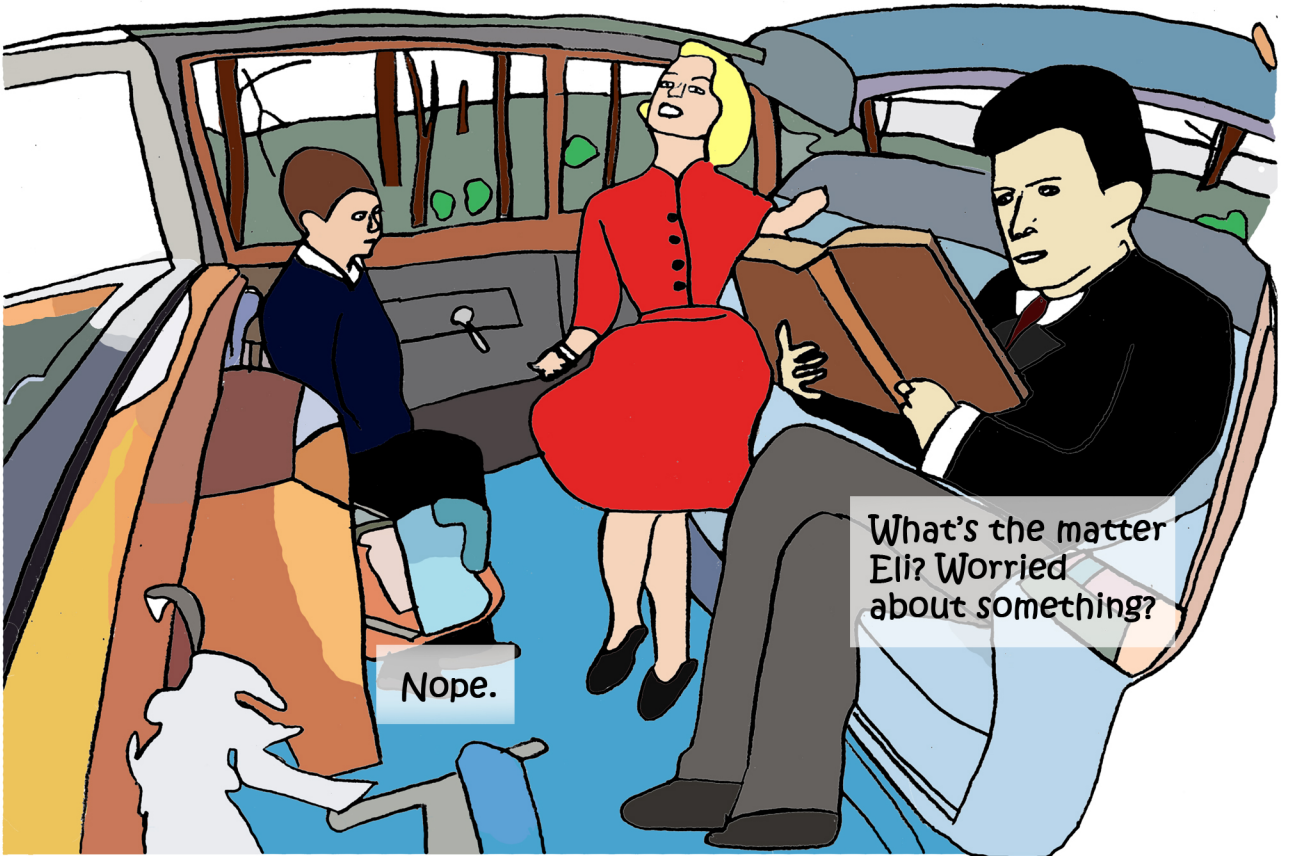
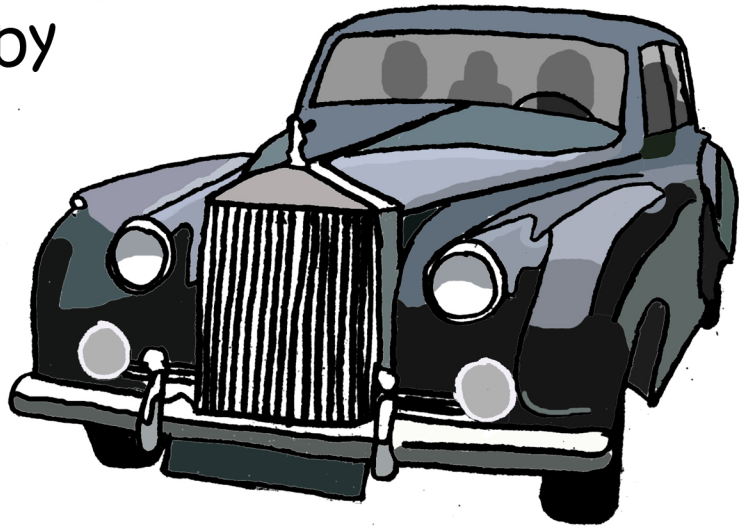


The Lie, (1962)

Interpreted by
Alex Doyle



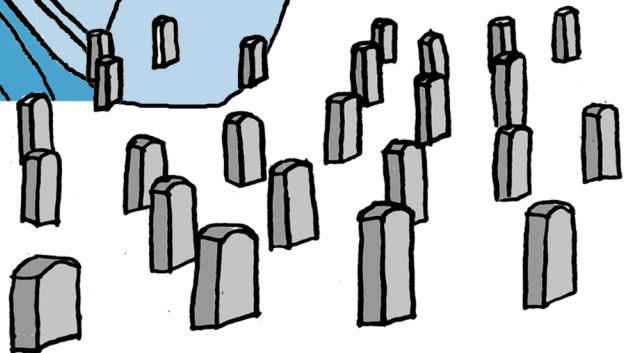
What's the matter
Eli? Worried
about something?

Nope.

If I were you, I'd be so excited I could hardly stand it. The best four years of your life are just about to begin. I wonder how many Remenzels have gone to Whitehill?

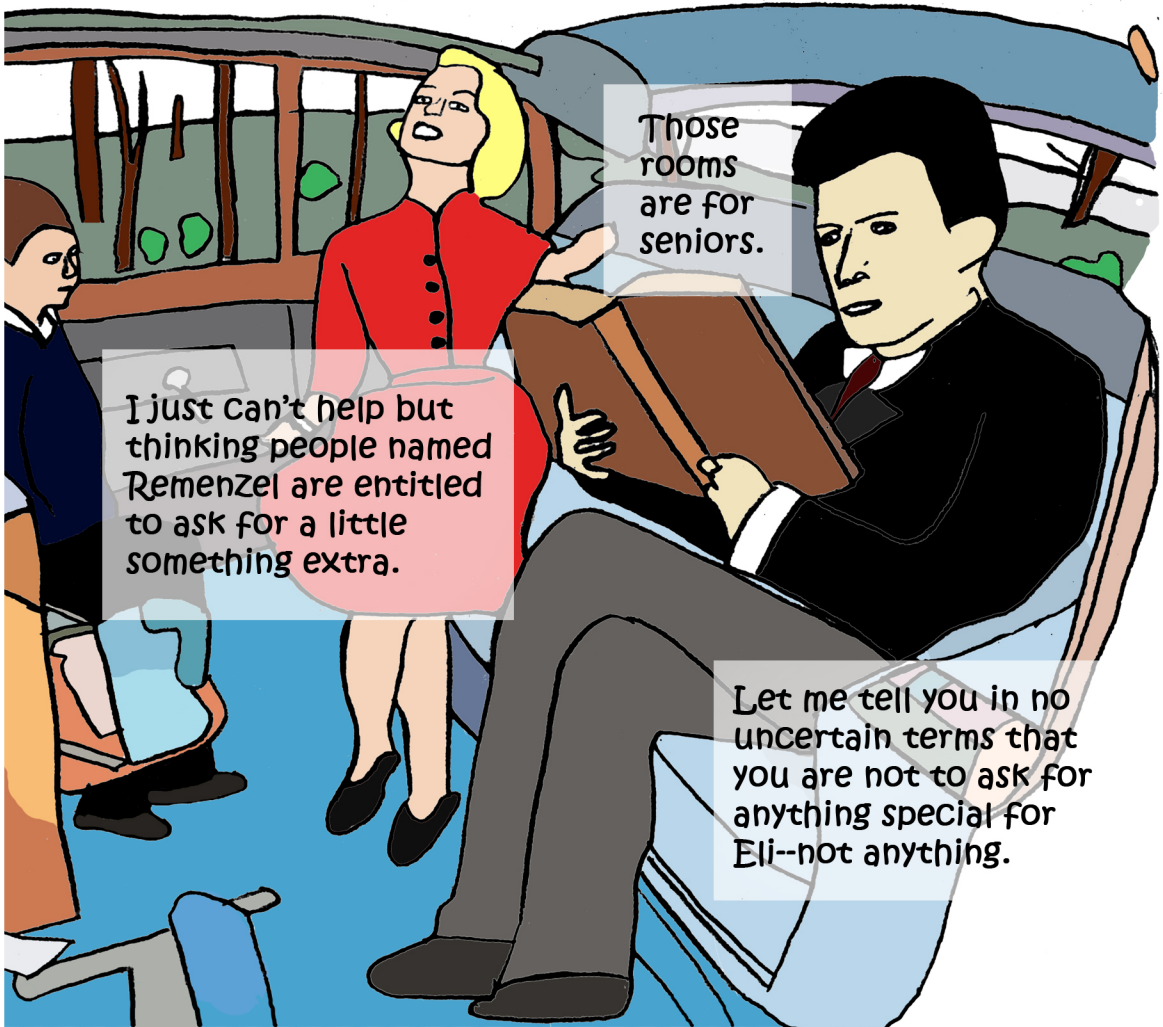


That's like asking how many people are dead in a cemetery. All of 'em.





"I want Eli to have a room with a fireplace, if that's possible," His mother said.



Those rooms are for seniors.

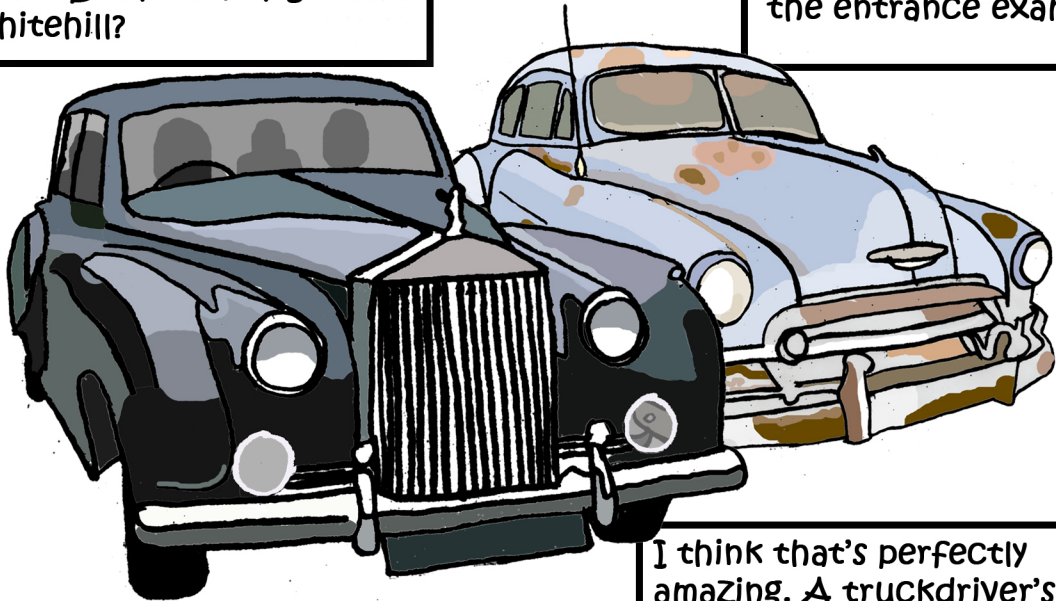
I just can't help but thinking people named Remenzel are entitled to ask for a little something extra.

Let me tell you in no uncertain terms that you are not to ask for anything special for Eli--not anything.

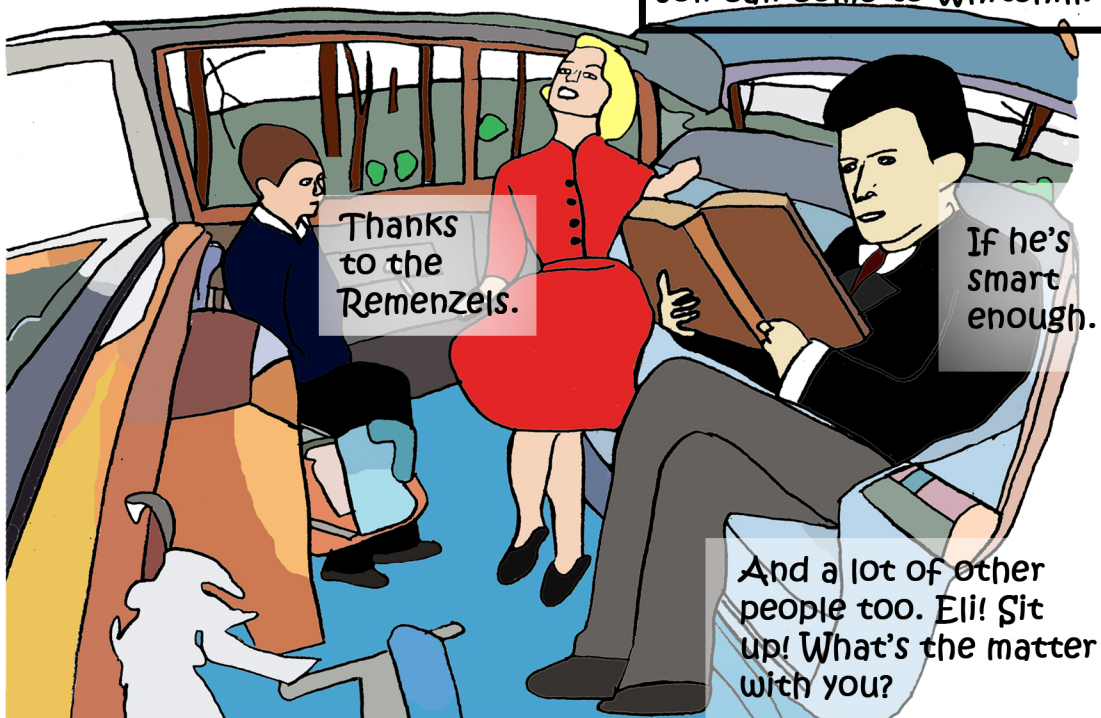
Just then, an old Chevy pulled up along side the Rolls, it was the doctor's old friend from school, and his son.

Tom, Tom! How have you been? Did your boy get into Whitehill?

Highest score on the entrance exam!



I think that's perfectly amazing. A truckdriver's son can come to Whitehill.

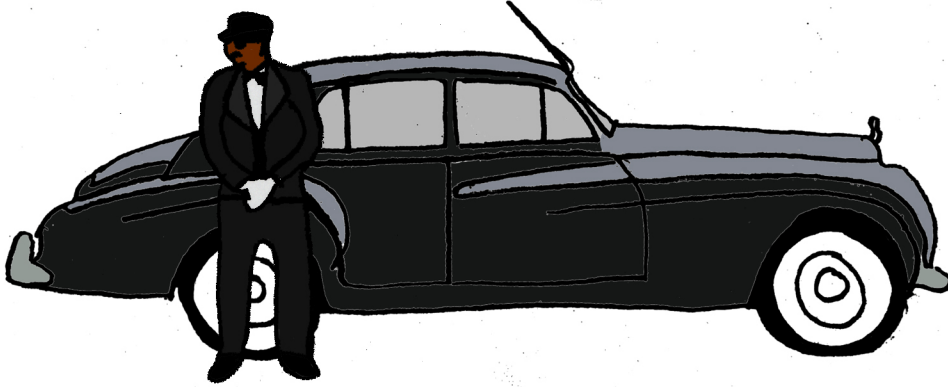


Thanks to the Remenzels.

If he's smart enough.

And a lot of other people too. Eli! Sit up! What's the matter with you?

Eli had good reason for slumping, for actually hoping to die or disappear. He slumped because he knew he had been denied admission to Whitehill. Eli's parents did not know this because Eli had found the awful notice in the mail and had torn it up.



The driver brought the limousine to a stop before the Holly House.



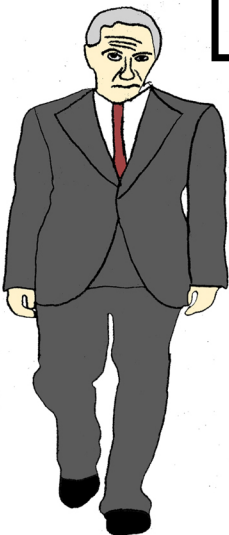
Your mother has the idea you're entitled to special privileges around here. I hope you don't have that idea too.

No, sir.

It would be a source of the greatest embarrassment to me if I were to ever hear you that you had used the name Remenzel as though you thought Remenzels were something special.



Eli, where are you going? Oh! There's my third favorite person in all the world --Headmaster Warren.



The letter I wrote you-

What letter?

The hardest letter I ever had to write.

Oh dear--oh, my, oh Lord.
I was surprised to see Eli here.
I have to go now.

We never got any
letter from you.



Whitehill School

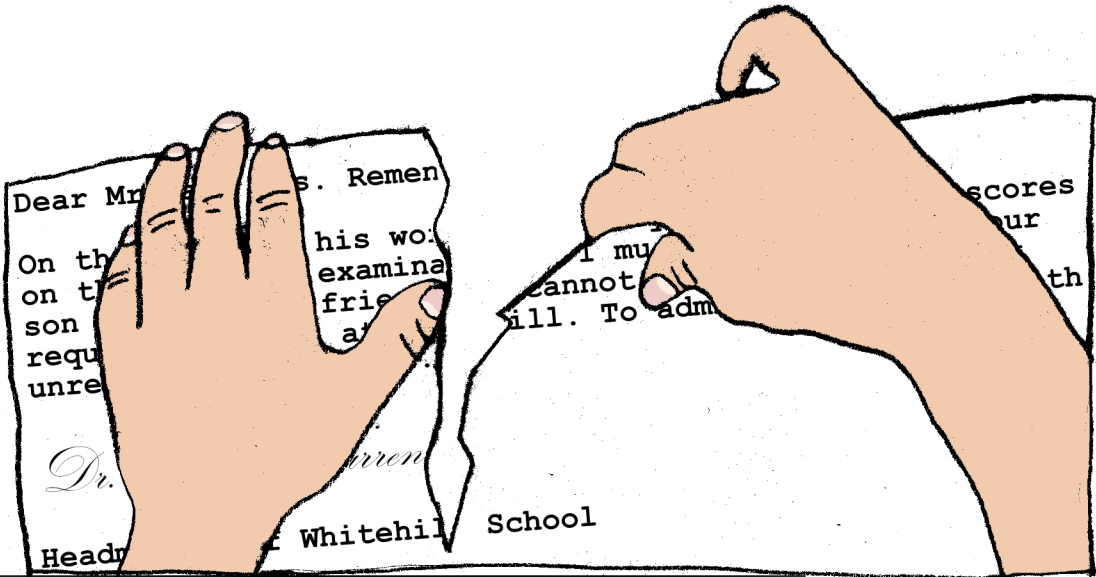
March 14, 1962

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Remenzel

On the basis of his work in primary school and his scores on the entrance examinations, I must tell you that your son and my good friend Eli cannot possibly do the work required of boys at Whitehill. To admit Eli would be both unrealistic and cruel.

Dr. Donald Warren

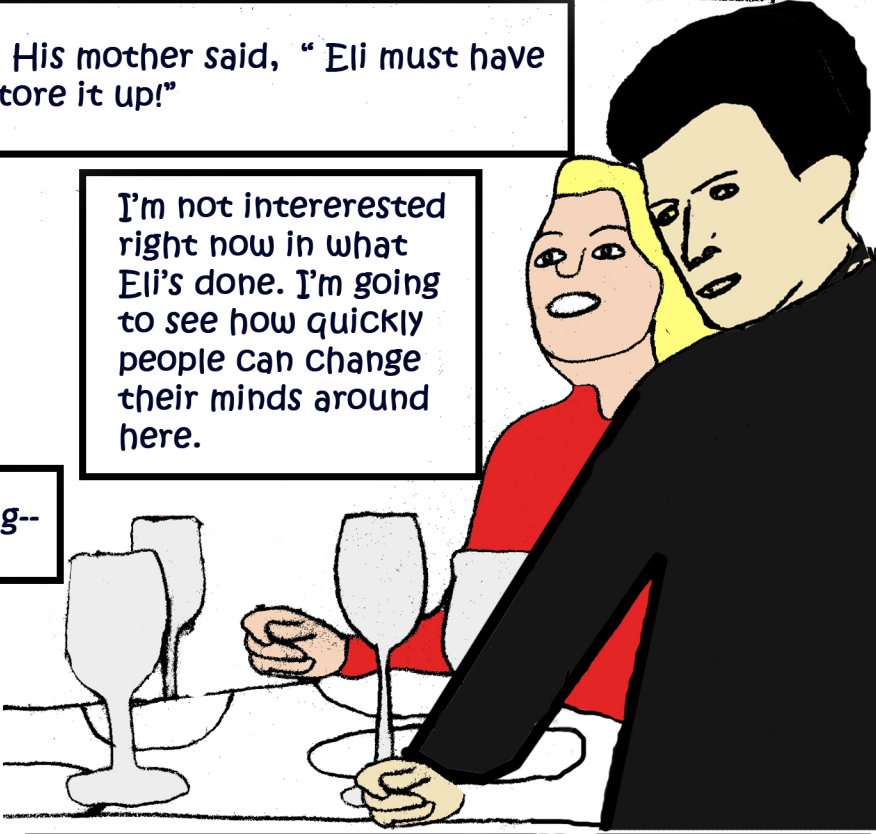
Headmaster of Whitehill School



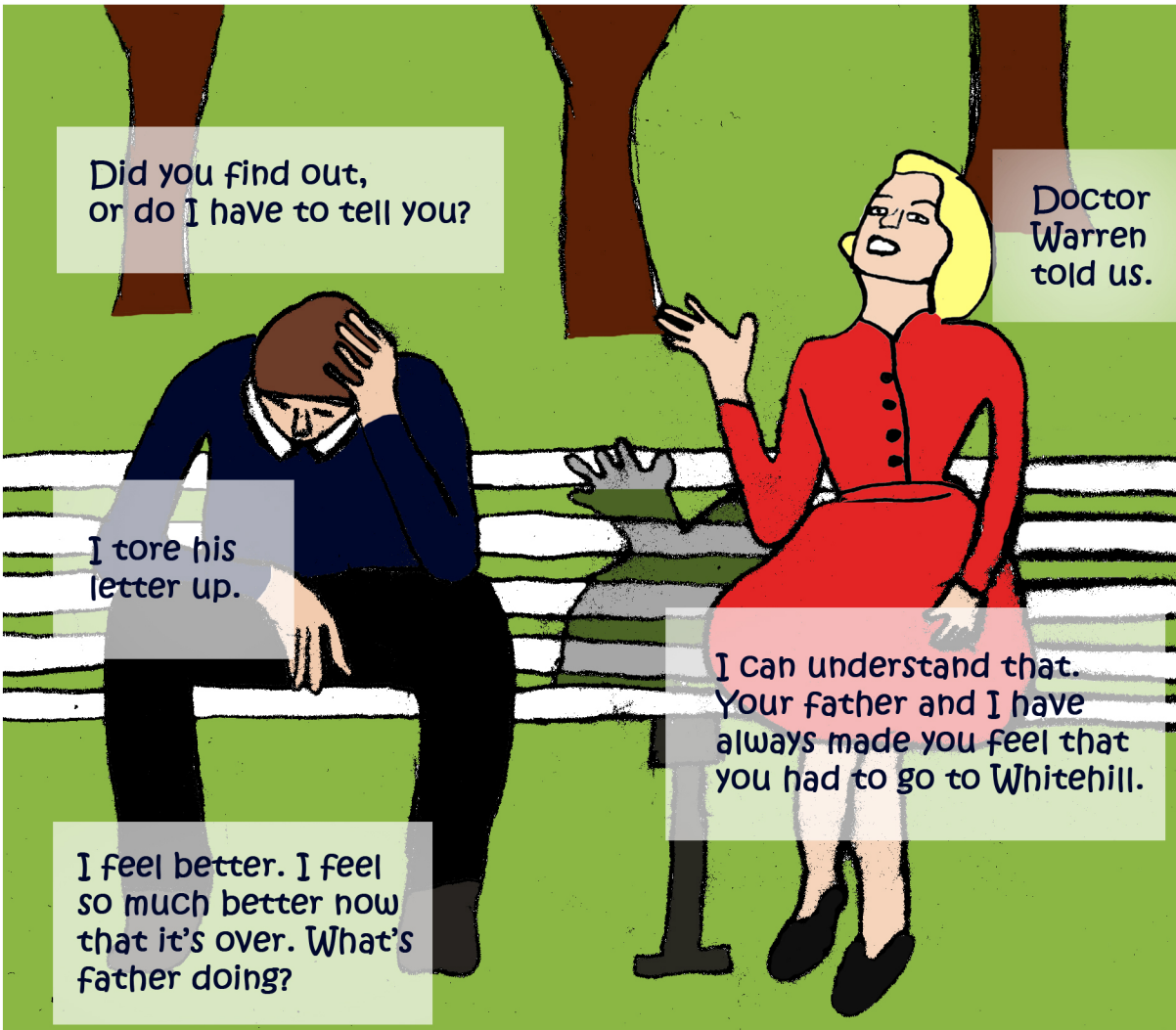
"That letter." His mother said, "Eli must have found it and tore it up!"

I'm not interested right now in what Eli's done. I'm going to see how quickly people can change their minds around here.

But darling--



No 'but' about it. The Board of Overseers is here and every one of them is a close friend of mine, or a close friend of my father. If there's room for all these other people, there's damn well room for Eli too.



Did you find out,
or do I have to tell you?

Doctor
Warren
told us.

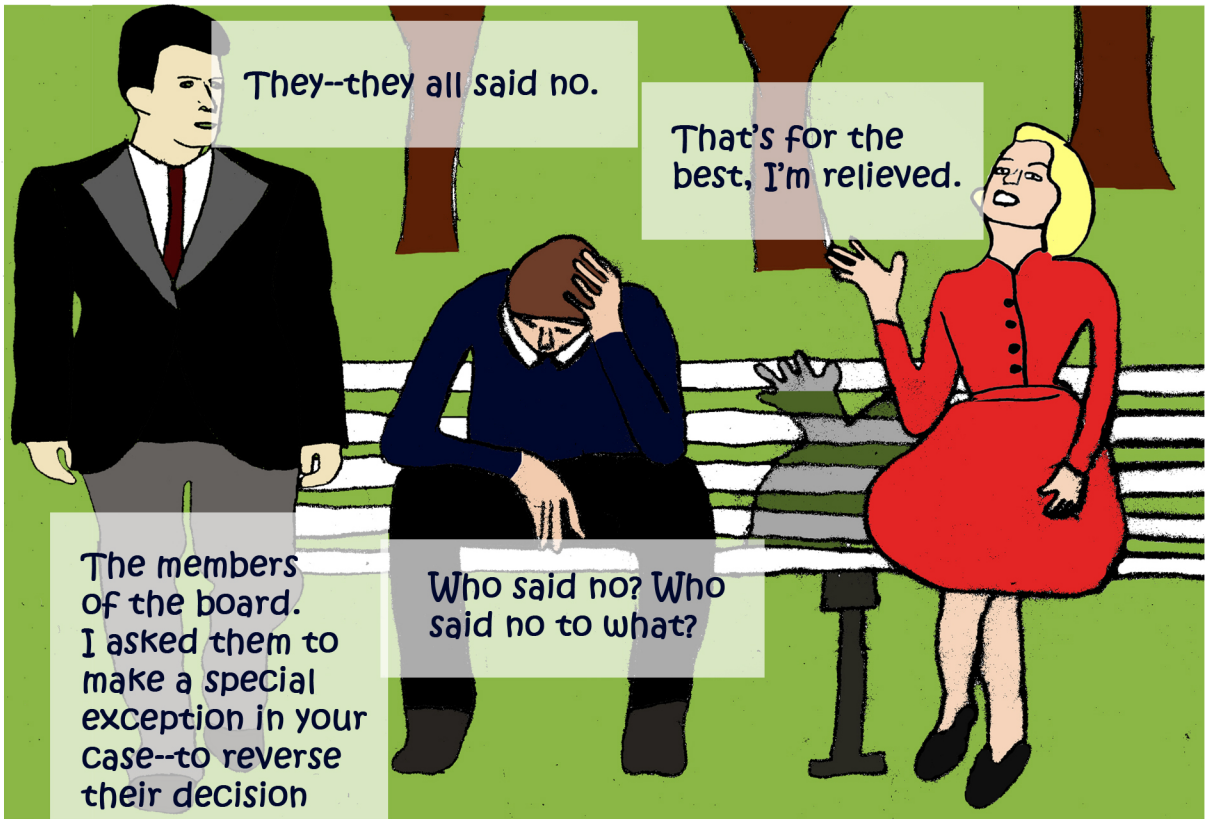
I tore his
letter up.

I can understand that.
Your father and I have
always made you feel that
you had to go to Whitehill.

I feel better. I feel
so much better now
that it's over. What's
father doing?



We are sorry Dr. Remenzel, but we can
not admit your son, Eli.



They--they all said no.

That's for the best, I'm relieved.

The members of the board. I asked them to make a special exception in your case--to reverse their decision and let you in.

Who said no? Who said no to what?



You're right. I don't suppose--I don't suppose that we'll ever be coming here again.

You what? You shouldn't have done that! How awful! Now I am ashamed. A Remenzel asked for something--as though a Remenzel were something special.