

Option : Traduction & Adaptation Cinématographiques (TAC)

EXAMEN D'ENTRÉE EN DEUXIÈME ANNÉE – JUIN 2015

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In my business, where you put something like forty to forty-five thousand miles a year on your vehicle and the sweet suck of the engine at 3,500 r.p.m. is like another kind of breathing, you can't afford distractions. Can't afford to get tired or lazy or lift your eyes from the road to appreciate the way the fog reshapes the palms on Ocean Avenue or the light slips down the flanks of the mountains on that mind-blowing stretch of Highway 1 between Malibu and Oxnard. Get distracted and you could wind up meat. I know that. The truckers know that. But just about everybody else—Honda drivers, especially, and I'm sorry—they don't even know they're behind the wheel and conscious half the time. I've tried to analyze it, I have. They want value, the Honda drivers, value and reliability, but they don't want to pay for the real deal—German engineering is what I'm talking about here—and yet they still seem to think they're part of some secret society that allows them to cut people off at will. And, yes, I carry a gun, a Glock Nine I keep in a special compartment I had built into the leather panel of the driver's side door, but that doesn't mean I want to use it. Or would use it again. Except in extremis.

The only time I did fire it was during that rash of freeway shootings a few months back when people were getting popped at

the rate of two a week in the Greater L.A. area. I could never figure it, really. You see some jerk swerving in and out of traffic, tailgating, and maybe you give him the finger and maybe he comes up on you, but you're awake, aren't you? You've got an accelerator and a brake pedal, right? But most people, I guess, don't realize that they've just made the driver charging up alongside them homicidal or that their engine is on fire or the road dropping off into a crater the size of the Sea of Tranquillity, because they've got their cell phone clamped to the side of their head and they're doing their nails or reading the paper. Don't laugh. I've seen them watching TV, gobbling kung pao out of the carton, doing crossword puzzles, and talking on two cells at once—all at eighty miles an hour. Anyway, I just fired two slugs—*blip blip*. Didn't even know my finger was on the trigger. Plus, of course, I was aiming low—just trying to perforate his rocker panels* or the idiotic big-dick off-road Super Avenger tires that had him sitting about twelve feet up off the ground. I'm not proud of it. And I probably shouldn't have gone that far. But he cut me off—twice—and if he'd given me the finger it would have been one thing, but he didn't even know it, didn't even know he'd nearly run me into the median two times in the space of a minute.

T.C. BOYLE "La Conchita", *The New Yorker*, December 12, 2005 p. 95

*: rocker panels: bas *nm* de caisse