



Option : Traduction & Adaptation Cinématographiques (TAC)

EXAMEN D'ENTRÉE EN DEUXIÈME ANNÉE – JUIN 2014

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[A minute ago, Annie was lying naked in the sun on her roof terrace in London, talking with Felix and shocking a family on another terrace across the street. Felix has just gone downstairs to get Annie a drink.]

'Fridge,' said Felix to himself now, and opened it – two family-sized bottles of Coke, three lemons and a can of mackerel – and then remembered, and opened the freezer instead. He lifted out the bottle of vodka. He returned to the fridge and removed the least white lemon. He looked about him. The kitchen was a tiny cupboard with a cracked Belfast sink¹ and no space to store anything and no bin. The sink was full; there were no clean glasses. A curtain-rag fluttered at the half-open window. A line of ants processed from the sink to the window and back, carrying little specks of food on their backs, with a confidence that suggested they did not expect to see tap water here in their lifetimes. Felix found a mug. He sawed at the lemon with a blunt knife. He poured the vodka. He put the top back on, replaced the bottle in the freezer and thought of how he would describe this scene of sobriety on Tuesday at seven p.m. to a group of fellow travellers who would appreciate its heroic quality.

Back up on the roof Annie had changed position – a cross-legged yoga pose, eyes closed – and was now wearing a green bikini. He placed the mug in front of her and she nodded, like a goddess accepting an offering.

'Where'd you get that bikini?'

'Questions, questions.'

Without opening her eyes she pointed at the family on the terrace. 'Now all that's left to them is to pick up the pieces. Lunch has been ruined, the Sancerre runs dry, but somehow, somehow, they'll find a way to carry on.'

'Annie—'

'And what else? I've no idea what's up with you any more. Any movement on the film front? How's your brother?'

'I left that place time ago. I'm apprenticed at this garage now, I told you.'

'Vintage cars are a nice hobby.'

'Not a hobby – it's my work.'

'Felix, you're a very talented film-maker.'

'Come on, man. What was my job? Getting the coffees, getting the coke. That was my job. That was it. They weren't gonna let me get no further than that, believe. Why you always going on about shit that ain't even real?'

'I just happen to feel you're very talented, that's all. And that you criminally undersell yourself.'

'Leave it, man!'

Annie sighed and took the clip out of her hair. She separated the hair into sections and started working on two long, childish plaits.

'How's poor Devon doing?'

'Fine.'

'You're mistaking me for one of those people who ask questions out of politeness.'

'He's fine. He's got a provisional release date: 16 June.'

'But that's wonderful!' cried Annie, and Felix felt a great, impractical warmth towards her.

Zadie SMITH, *NW* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 2012)

1: A type of deep rectangular kitchen sink, traditionally made of glazed white porcelain; (<http://www.oxforddictionaries.com>)