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Your main commentary should be focused on *the expression of quantity*. Other topics may also be addressed.

Tarrance could not speak. He stared fiercely into the darkness up the driveway.

Mitch found it enjoyable. 'She knows how they take their dirty cash, trade it up to one-hundred-dollar bills and sneak it out of the country.'

'How?'

'The firm Lear, of course. But they also mule it. They've got a small army of mules, usually their minimum wage thugs and their girlfriends, but also students and other free-lancers, and they'll give them ninety-eight hundred in cash and buy them a ticket to the Caymans or the Bahamas. No declarations are required for amounts under ten thousand, you understand. And the mules will fly down like regular tourists with pockets full of cash and take the money to their banks. Doesn't sound like much money, but you get three hundred people making twenty trips a year, and that's some serious cash walking out of the country. It's also called smurfing, you know.'

Tarrance nodded slightly, as if he knew.

'A lot of folks wanna be smurfers when they can get free vacations and spending money. Then they've got their super mules. These are the trusted Morolto people who take a million bucks in cash, wrap it up real neat in newspaper so the airport machines won't see it, put it in big briefcases and walk it onto the places like everybody else. They wear coats and ties and look like Wall Streeters. Or they wear sandals and straw hats and mule it in carry-on bags. You guys catch them occasionally, about one percent of the time, I believe, and when that happens the super mules go to jail. But they never talk, do they, Tarrance? And every now and then a smurfer will start thinking about all this money in his briefcase and how easy it would be just to keep flying and enjoy all the money himself. And he'll disappear. But the Mob never forgets, and it may take a year or two, but they'll find him somewhere. The money'll be gone, of course, but then so will he. The Mob never forgets, does it, Tarrance? Just like they won't forget about me.'

35 Tarrance listened until it was obvious he needed to say something. 'You got your million bucks.'

'Appreciate it. I'm almost ready for the next installment.'

'Almost?'

40 'Yeah, me and the girl have a couple more jobs to pull. We're trying to get a few more records out of Front Street.'

'How many documents do you have?'

'Over ten thousand.'

The lower jaw collapsed and the mouth fell open. He stared at Mitch. 'Damn! Where'd they come from?'

45 'Another one of your questions.'

'Ten thousand documents,' said Tarrance.

'At least ten thousand. Bank records, wire transfer records, corporate charters, corporate loan documents, internal memos, correspondence between all sorts of people. A lot of good stuff, Tarrance.'

'Your wife mentioned a company called Dunn Lane, Ltd. We've reviewed the files you've already given us. Pretty good material. What else do you know about it?'

55 'A lot. Chartered in 1986 with ten million, which was transferred into the corporation from a numbered account in Banco de Mexico, the same ten million that arrived in Grand Cayman in cash on a certain Lear jet registered to a quiet little law firm in Memphis, except that it was originally fourteen million but after payoffs to Cayman customs and Cayman bankers it was reduced to ten million. When the company was chartered, the registered agent was a guy named Diego Sanchez, who happens to be a VP with Banco de Mexico. The president was a delightful soul named Nathan Locke, the secretary was our old pal Royce McKnight and the treasurer of this cozy little corporation was a guy named Al Rubinstein. I'm sure you know him. I don't.'

'He's a Morolto operative.'

'Surprise, surprise. Want more?'

'Keep talking.'