

SESSION 2014

Épreuves orales

# EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

# 404

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Photographie de Garry Winogrand – à consulter sur tablette
- Document 2 : Bande annonce du film *Rear Window* – Alfred Hitchcock – Document vidéo
- Document 3 : Extrait de *Neighbors* – Raymond Carver

Document 1

Document iconographique à consulter  
sur tablette : photo de Garry Winogrand.



Document 2

Bande-annonce du film Rear Window  
d'Alfred Hitchcock - 1954.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m01YkEiEzCW>  
2'38.



## Document 3

- 1 Bill and Arlene Miller were a happy couple. But now and then they felt they alone among their circle had been passed by somehow, leaving Bill to attend to his bookkeeping duties and Arlene occupied with secretarial chores. They talked about it sometimes, mostly in comparison with the lives of their neighbors, Harriet and Jim Stone. It seemed to the Millers that the Stones lived a
- 5 fuller and brighter life. The Stones were always going out for dinner, or entertaining at home, or traveling about the country somewhere in connection with Jim's work.
- The Stones lived across the hall from the Millers. Jim was a salesman for a machine-parts firm and often managed to combine business with pleasure trips, and on this occasion the Stones would be away for ten days, first to Cheyenne, then on to St. Louis to visit relatives. In their
- 10 absence, the Millers would look after the Stones' apartment, feed Kitty, and water the plants. Bill and Jim shook hands beside the car. Harriet and Arlene held each other by the elbows and kissed lightly on the lips.
- "Have fun," Bill said to Harriet.
- "We will," said Harriet. "You kids have fun too."
- 15 Arlene nodded.
- Jim winked at her. "Bye, Arlene. Take good care of the old man."
- "I will," Arlene said.
- "Have fun," Bill said.
- "You bet," Jim said, clipping Bill lightly on the arm. "And thanks again, you guys."
- 20 The Stones waved as they drove away, and the Millers waved too.
- "Well, I wish it was us," Bill said.
- "God knows, we could use a vacation," Arlene said. She took his arm and put it around her waist as they climbed the stairs to their apartment.
- After dinner Arlene said, "Don't forget. Kitty gets liver flavor the first night." She stood in the
- 25 kitchen doorway folding the handmade tablecloth that Harriet had bought for her last year in Santa Fe.
- Bill took a deep breath as he entered the Stones' apartment. The air was already heavy and it was vaguely sweet. The sunburst clock over the television said half past eight. He remembered when Harriet had come home with the clock, how she had crossed the hall to show it to Arlene, cradling the brass case in her arms and talking to it through the tissue paper as if it were an
- 30 infant.
- Kitty rubbed her face against his slippers and then turned onto her side, but jumped up quickly as Bill moved to the kitchen and selected one of the stacked cans from the gleaming drainboard. Leaving the cat to pick at her food, he headed for the bathroom. He looked at himself in the
- 35 mirror and then closed his eyes and then looked again. He opened the medicine chest. He found a container of pills and read the label - *Harriet Stone. One each day as directed* - and slipped it into his pocket. He went back to the kitchen, drew a pitcher of water, and returned to the living room. He finished watering, set the pitcher on the rug, and opened the liquor cabinet. He reached in back for the bottle of Chivas Regal. He took two drinks from the bottle, wiped his
- 40 lips on his sleeve, and replaced the bottle in the cabinet.
- Kitty was on the couch sleeping. He switched off the lights, slowly closing and checking the door. He had the feeling he had left something.
- "What kept you?", Arlene said. She sat with her legs turned under her, watching television.
- "Nothing. Playing with Kitty," he said, and went over to her and touched her breasts.
- 45 "Let's go to bed, honey," he said.

*Neighbors*, Raymond Carver. First published in *Esquire Magazine* in 1971 and then in the collection of short stories, *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please*, in 1976