

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 5</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *reference to the future*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

- Mario let go of him and collapsed on the bed. "I guess I deserved all that. But will you tell me what else you think I could've done?"
- "Not a damn thing." Tommy opened a drawer and started to sort out a jangle of tights. "I don't know which of these are mine—I'll just take the first two pairs I can get untangled, OK?"
- "Take anything you want, Lucky. But you don't have to walk out like this. Can't we talk?"
- "What's to talk about? You said how it had to be."
- "Look, I'll ask Lionel to find you something—"
- "Don't do me any favors."
- "Maybe it would be a good idea for you to go home for a while. Lucia never did like you to stay out here with me. Angelo knows everybody in the business—"
- "Will you cut out that crap? Home? Who are you kidding?"
- "It is your home, Lucky. You know that as well as I do. Angelo thinks the world of you. He'll break his neck to get you a good spot for the season. Just ask him."
- "And have him gloating because we split up? Fat Chance!"
- Tommy slammed the drawer shut, threw a pair of sneakers in the top of the suitcase, and began to fasten it.
- "Lucky—" Mario begged, "look at me. Won't you sit down and listen to me, have a drink, just talk about it?"
- "For Christ's sake," Tommy yelled, and to Mario it sounded like a shriek, like the shriek when Mario had slammed the door on his hand. "How much more of this do you think I can take?"
- Mario fell back on the bed and put his face in his hands. He said between them, "Someday you'll thank me for this, Tom."
- "Anyway, you'd like to think so." Tommy snapped the suitcase lock shut and shoved his arms into his denim jacket. He gave the room a single cold, clinical glance. "Well—see you around, I guess, sometime."
- "Tom—you're not going, just like that?"
- "You taught me not to have much use for tender farewells."
- 35 Mario got up and said, "Tom, promise me you'll—"
- "Hell with that!" Tommy said. "No goddamn promises. I wouldn't keep them any better than you did."
- "You bullheaded brat!" Mario's voice broke. "You're doing this on purpose. I tried to explain why it had to be this way." His voice wobbled, then broke in anguish. "At least tell me what you're going— Don't make me— Dammit, Tommy, you're still—still my kid."
- 40 At the edge of endurance, Tommy said, "Listen, you. You told me once—you said it was for my own good—you couldn't take my falls for me. So who's asking you to? Let's make it quick and clean. No slush. No postmortems. And for Christ's sake, no kisses an' tears!"
- 45 "Christ, you use a knife, don't you?"
- "Got to. Not big enough to break your arm."
- 50 "You really want it this way?"
- "What the hell does it matter what I want? It's the only way I can take it."
- Mario said at last, "All right. Have it your own way." He pulled out his wallet.
- 55 "I said don't offer me money, Mario, or I'll kill you."
- "I'm not going to let you walk out of here without a goddamn cent in your pocket. I got a job. You can't even draw your backpay," Mario said, and Tommy finally shrugged.
- "You want me off your conscience, too? Do what you damn please. You will anyway."
- 60 Mario handed him several bills, not counting them, and Tommy stuffed them into his jeans without looking at them. Hesitantly, Mario held out his hand. Tommy put down the suitcase and they clasped four hands for a moment, neither daring to speak or to look at the other. Mario finally muttered, releasing Tommy from an invisible cord, "So long, Lucky."
- 65 "Mostly bad luck, I guess." Their hands fell apart. Tommy hoisted the suit case and went out of the room and down the stairs.