

Your main commentary should be focused on the lexical and syntactic expression of *negation*. Other topics may also be addressed.

- JOHANNES. Do you make me answerable for the sins of everyone?
MARTIN. By what right do you wear your vestments, if you will not suffer for whatever trespasses your flock has committed? And you, their pastor, are you sinless as a new-born babe? [*Pause. In a subdued voice.*] You are indeed not without sin, Johannes.
JOHANNES. Not everyone can be as brave as you.
MARTIN. [*Steps toward him, urgently.*] It is not yet too late. There are congregations that are hungry and silent, yearning for the comfort of truth. There are people who toss restlessly in their beds, to whom
10 your words can bring enlightenment.
JOHANNES. [*Desperately seeking a way out*] You know very well that I have never bothered about current events—about what men call politics. To my way of thinking, such things are not the concern of a savior of souls.
15 MARTIN. [*Laughing.*] Is a passion for honors fit for a soul-saver only if no danger is connected with it? Only if such zealous behavior leads to the chink of money, to worldly power and worldly fame, instead of to shedding one's blood as an unknown who has fulfilled his duty? Yes. You have at your side not only me, but another also, whom you
20 consider more powerful than...
JOHANNES. You mean Joseph? Yes. He has renounced us. We have lost him.
MARTIN. I no longer think about him. He has moved away from me so far, it's as though I had never known him. It's as though there had
25 never been three young pastors studying together, who swore never to desert each other as long as they lived, but to remain true to each other, themselves, and their high purposes.
JOHANNES. These twenty years the waves have washed up on the shore, and twenty years have melted through our fingers—useless, it
30 seems today.
MARTIN. It's a mockery, a whim of the Devil, I fancy. Pastor Joseph Masius, the third in our covenant: Joseph, always dogmatic and domineering; Joseph, the passionately zealous ascetic; Joseph, who permitted himself no rest, who refused to perceive the beauty of our
35 world, lest he be diverted from his restless struggle to explore the deepest mysteries of our existence and our mission; Joseph, our leader, teacher, brother, father, for whom there was nothing in life but an unremitting striving after righteousness and knowledge... [*Full of bitter grief.*] Joseph—the ascetic!

Gerty Agotson, *Three Parsons*, 1951, US
762 words

- 40 JOHANNES. [Like MARTIN.] Joseph, the incorruptible!
MARTIN. The very same. [*He shakes his head despondently.*] Tell me, Johannes, are we awake or asleep? Has some goblin been making a game of us these past years? Is our Joseph, our beloved friend, really dead to us?
45 [A long, tense pause. The door at left opens, and PASTOR JOSEPH MASIOUS enters with silent, hesitating steps, the "ascetic," the "haggard, passionate zealot." At first glance we must perceive that this man in the black preacher's coat is a very caricature of the former model student the two friends have been discussing. He has a bloated, red face, riddled with high living, and a sensual curve of the
50 lips, a gross body inclining to corpulence, and broad, pale, soft hands that have something greedy about them. This man looks more like a profiteer than a minister. But this is JOSEPH: the new JOSEPH MASIOUS. The former JOSEPH is dead, as MARTIN said. JOSEPH has heard MARTIN's
55 last words.]
JOSEPH. [*Hesitating on the threshold.*] I'm alive.
MARTIN. [*Turning his head toward him, not particularly startled that this answer should be made to this last question.*] You are dead, Joseph.
60 JOSEPH. [*Mockingly.*] If I am really dead in your way of thinking, my friend, I can still teach you what power the dead have.
JOHANNES. [*In contrast to Martin, under compulsion and subservient.*] I didn't know you were in town, Joseph.
JOSEPH. I got back from my tour an hour ago. I—had to come. [A
65 second's pause.] I'm tired—unspeakably tired. I want to rest a little. [*Slowly and heavily, he lets himself down into an easy-chair.*]
MARTIN [*In a controlled voice.*] Can't you find any other place to rest but this, Joseph Masius? Doesn't your own house seem safe, any longer? Are you afraid?
70 JOHANNES. [*Turning uneasily*] Shut up, Martin! It's late. Go home! Watch out for yourself!
MARTIN. [*With determination.*] No, I won't be shut up any longer. [*He rises and crosses to JOSEPH, who leans back in his chair and half closes his eyes, as though completely exhausted.*] Show me one just
75 man who will shut me up! I'll never be quiet.

SUJET JURY

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