**Scene 1: At the Bank *– Watch the first 5 min of the video and discuss these questions:***

1. Describe Mr. Bemis – what does he look like?
2. About his job, Mr. Bemis is a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ teller; he works in a bank.
3. What mistake does he make with the woman at his window?
4. What is Mr. Bemis’s hobby?
5. What warning does his boss give to Mr. Bemis?

6. On a scale of 1 – 10, how much does Mr. Bemis like books? How do you know?

7. Mr. Bemis complains that he never has enough time to read his books. The title of this episode is “Time Enough at Last.” What do you think the title means? Can you guess what might happen so that Mr. Bemis has time to read?

**Scene 2: At Home – *Watch, then discuss these questions before reading the script:***

1. Which room is Henry in and what is he doing there?
2. What are they going to do tonight?
3. How long does Henry have to get ready?
4. What did Henry hide from his wife and where did he hide it?
5. What did Henry’s wife do?
6. What is his wife’s name?
7. What do you think of his wife? Is she a good wife?

**Scene 3: Back at Work**

1. What does Henry do the next day at work on his lunch hour?
2. What shocking thing happens?

**Scene 4: A New World** – ***Play and Pause the video to discuss these questions***

1. What is the world like now?
2. Why did Henry survive?
3. Does he have what he needs to live for a long time?
4. What is he worried about?
5. Is he happy about his situation as time goes on?
6. What does he find in the ruins and what does he plan to do (20:00 – 21:00min)?
7. What changes his mind?
8. What does he do with what he finds? What are his new plans?
9. Describe in your own words what happens at the end of the story.
10. Do you like the ending? Why or why not?

11. Would you change the ending? How? Tell your ending.

**Script & Fill-in Exercise**

Bemis: Mrs. Chester, have you ever read David Copperfield?

Woman: How’s that?

Bemis: It’s a wonderful book! Here’s this poor little fellow (fellah) whose father has *passed away* and his mother has married this *miserable* man called Murdstone. Isn’t that a villainous name – Murdstone. Well this Murdstone has this sister called Jane …

Woman: Mr. Bemis! You’ve *short-changed* me again. You owe me one more dollar. See? There’s only 24 here and there should be 25.

Bemis: Oh, I’m terribly sorry, Mrs. Mur., uh Mrs. Chester, I thought there were 5 ones there and there’s only 4. I’m terribly sorry. Then, there’s another very funny character here named Macawber. Mr. Macawber. And, he’s always being sent to *debtor’s prison* . . . There’s another wonderful character here named Peggoty. That is David’s nurse . . .

Boss: I wonder if I might see you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, Mr. Bemis?

Bemis: Why… why certainly, Mr. Carsville. I don’t suppose you’ve ever read David Copperfield, have you?

Boss: No, Mr. Bemis, I have not! Now if you’ll be good enough to accompany me.

[Narrator’s voice] Witness Mr. Henry Bemis, *a chartered member in the fraternity of dreamers*. A *bookish little man* who’s passion is the printed page, but who is conspired against by a bank president, and a wife, and a world full of time clockers, and the *unrelenting* hands of a clock. But in just a moment, Mr. Bemis will enter a world without bank presidents, or wives, or clocks, or anything else. He’ll have a world all to himself, without anybody.

Boss: Now, Mr. Bemis, I shall come to *the point* of this interview. I shall arrive via the

following route, which is namely: what *constitutes* an efficient member of this

organization. *Viz* (namely) – a bank teller who knows his job and performs it, *i.e.*

(that is), an organization man who functions within an organization! You are neither an

efficient *bank teller* nor a proficient employee. You, Mr. Bemis, are a reader!

Bemis: A reader?

Boss: A reader. A reader of books, magazines. *periodicals*, newspapers. I see you constantly

going downstairs into *the vault* during your lunch hour. *Ultimatum*, Mr. Bemis! You will

*henceforth* devote your time to your job and forget reading – or you’ll find yourself outdoors on a *park bench* reading from morning to night, *for want of having a job*! Do I make myself \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ ?

Bemis: Oh that’s perfectly clear, sir. It’s just that . . .

Boss: Just that what, Bemis? Make it quick and get back to your *cage*.

Bemis: It’s just that my wife won’t let me read at home. See, when I get home at night and try to pick up a newspaper, she *yanks* it out of my hand. And then after dinner, if I try to find a magazine, she hides them. Well it’s, I got so desperate that I found myself trying to read the *labels* on the *condiment bottles* on the table. Now she won’t even let me use the ketchup.

Boss: Unasked I give my reaction to this. Your wife is an amazingly bright woman. Remember last November you spent the better part of the days reading *campaign buttons* on customer’s *lapels*. You’ll recall, Bemis, the young woman who *took considerable exception to this* and tried to hit you with her umbrella.

Bemis: I remember that very well, Mr. Carlsville. She never gave me a chance to tell her that I was only looking to see who she voted for.

Boss: Good day, Bemis. (Clears his throat.)

Wife: Henry? Henry!

Bemis: Yes dear, I’m in the living room.

Wife: (Takes paper away) Do you want more \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , or don’t you?

Bemis: No thank you, dear.

Wife: Well then, why don’t you tell me that? And don’t *sneak off* into the living room to *bury yourself in* newsprint! I think we’ve been over this quite enough, Henry. I won’t *tolerate* a husband of mine *sacrificing* *the art of conversation*. All right? What’s so funny?

Bemis: No, no, Dear it was just that you said **A** husband of mine. Well, how many husbands have you got? You’ve only got me …

Wife: I’d appreciate that [fact] not being *rubbed in*. We’re \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ tonight. I want you to change your shirt. We’re going over to the Philipps’ house.

Bemis: Oh dear…

Wife: All right Henry, anything to say?

Bemis: No dear, nothing to say. What time are we due there?

Wife? In about 15 minutes.

Bemis: I’ll be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ on time.

Wife: *See that you are*! (Goes out, comes back in.) Henry?

Bemis: Yes, my dear?

Wife: What have you got?

Bemis: Got?

Wife: Got.

Bemis: Nothing my dear.

Wife: What’s this?

Bemis: What, that?

Wife: This.

Bemis: Isn’t that *odd*? Now how did that get here?

Wife: I can only *hazard a guess*. “A Book of Modern Poetry.” Yours, Henry? Would you like

to read me some?

Bemis: Read you some? Do you mean read you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, out of the book?

Wife: Do you want to?

Bemis: Oh, I would love to. There are some lovely things in here. There’s one or two things from T.S. Elliot, Edna Saint Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg… Helen, who did this Helen?

Wife: Who do you think did it Henry? You should thank me really. *A grown man* who reads

silly, ridiculous, *nonsensical* *doggerel*. (The word doggerel is rarely used – it means badly written poetry or composition.)

Bemis: This isn’t doggerel! There are some very beautiful things here.

Wife: I said doggerel. I also say it’s a waste of time. (She rips up the book.)

Bemis: Helen, don’t do that. Helen, please, don’t do that. Why Helen? Why do you do these

things?

Wife: Because \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

**(Next day, at work. On his lunch hour, Mr. Bemis sneaks into the vault to read.)**

Recorder: … That’s my speech for the Thursday night *banquet*, Miss Jackson. Would you type that

 up *in triplicate* for me? (This phrase is no longer used, since workplace computers became common. Official forms used to always require 3 copies – one for the local office, one for the head office, and one for the customer or other location.

Narrator: Seconds, minutes, hours.They *crawl by on hands and knees* for Mr. Henry Bemis, who looks for a spark in the ashes of a dead world. A telephone connected to nothingness. A neighborhood bar, a movie, a baseball diamond, a hardware store. The mailbox that was once at his house and is now

a *rubble*. They lie at his feet as *battered monuments* to what was but is no more.

Bemis: Helen? Helen? Where are you? They’re all dead. They must be. Everybody’s dead . . . Except me. I’m alright. Why am I alright? I was right in the middle of … The vault! I was down in the vault. That’s why I’m alive – I was down in the … Thing of it is though, the thing of it is, I’m not at all sure that I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to be alive.

Well, I’m not going to starve to death anyway. Lots of food. Food enough to last for years, and years, and years… All the food I can eat – all the food, and more too. Let’s see, the worst part – the very worst part, is being alone. Is this how it’s gonna be, just sitting around, day after day? Eating? Smoking a cigarette? Reading the same half of a newspaper \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Over… (falls asleep).

Someone there? Please, someone. Is someone there? Someone? No, no, no, that doesn’t make any difference. No, it doesn’t make a bit of difference. This is *solitude*. I never had much solitude. I have enough to *occupy my mind* and time, I have enough food. I am really very fortunate. Yes, I’m

really extremely fortunate. Help! Help! Someone, please! (repeats). (He wanders and finds a gun.)

Oh, If it just weren’t for the loneliness; just weren’t for the sameness. If there was just something to do, do, do… Oh, I’m sure I’ll be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ for this – the ways things are. I know I’ll be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

*Collected works* of Dickens! Collected works of George Bernard Shaw! Poems by Browning, Shelly, Keats. Great dramas of the world! Books! Books! All the books I’ll need! All the books I’ll ever want! Shelly, Shakespeare, Shaw. All the books I want. All the books. Ahh…

January, February, March, April, May – this year, the next year, and the year after, and the year after that, and the year after that… Ah… (Sits down and takes a book from *a stack*.) And the best thing – the very best thing of all is there’s time now. There’s all the time I need and all the time I want.

Time, time, time! Ah, there’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_!

That’s not fair, that’s not fair at all. There was time now. There was all the time I needed. That’s not fair, that’s not fair ….

(*The best laid plans of Mice and Men*, and Henry Bemis….