

Eric Birling

I don't know – really. Suddenly I felt I just had to laugh. (Act 1)

(rather noisily) All the best! She's got a nasty temper sometimes – but she's not bad really. Good old Sheila! (Act 1)

I left'em talking about clothes again. You'd think a girl had never any clothes before she gets married. Women are potty about 'em. (Act 1)

By jove, yes. And as you were saying, dad, a man has to look after himself- (Act 1)

He could. He could have kept her on instead of throwing her out. I call it tough luck. (Act 1)

Why shouldn't they try for higher wages? We try for the highest possible prices. And I don't see why she should have been sacked just because she'd a bit more spirit than the others. You said yourself she was a good worker. I'd have let her stay. (Act 1)

(suddenly bursting out) I'm sorry – but you see – we were having a little party – and I've had a few drinks, including rather a lot of champagne – and I've got a headache – and as I'm only in the way here – I think I'd better turn in. (Act 1)

(bitterly) You haven't made it any easier for me, have you, mother? (Act 2)

Yes. And that's when it happened. And I didn't even remember – that's the hellish thing. Oh – my God! - how stupid it all is! (Act 2)

Yes. I wasn't in love with her or anything – but I liked her – she was pretty and a good sport--

No. she didn't want me to marry her. Said I didn't love her – and all that. In a way, she treated me – as if I were a kid. Though I was nearly as old as she was. (Act 2)

(miserably) Yes. That was the worst of all. She wouldn't take any more, and she didn't want to see me again. (Act 2)

(nearly at breaking point) Then – you killed her. She came to you to protect me – and you turned her away – yes, and you killed her – and the child she'd have had too (Act 2)

(unhappily) My God – I'm not likely to forget. (Act 2)

Well, I don't blame you. But don't forget I'm ashamed of you as well – yes both of you. (Act 3)

(bursting out) What's the use of talking about behaving sensibly. You're beginning to pretend now that nothing's really happened at all. And I can't see it like that. This girl's still dead, isn't she? Nobody's brought her to life, have they? (Act 3)

The money's not the important thing. It's what happened to the girl and what we all did to her

that matters. And I still feel the same about it, and that's why I don't feel like sitting down and having a nice cosy talk. (Act 3)