

## The Inspector

I'd like some information, if you don't mind, Mr Birling. Two hours ago a young woman died on the infirmary. She'd been taken there this afternoon because she'd swallowed a lot of strong disinfectant. Burnt her inside out, of course. (Act 1)

*(coolly, looking hard at him)* There might be. (Act 1)

They might. But after all it's better to ask for the earth than to take it. (Act 1)

*(dryly)* I don't play golf. Act 1)

*(slowly)* Are you sure you don't know? *(He looks at Gerald, then at Eric, then at Sheila.)* (Act 1)

*(steadily)* That's more or less what I was thinking earlier tonight when I was in the infirmary looking at what was left of Eva Smith. A nice little promising life there, I thought, and a nasty mess somebody's made of it. (Act 1)

Sometimes there isn't much difference as you think. Often, if it was left to me, I wouldn't know where to draw the line [between respectable citizens and criminals]. (Act 1)

*(harshly)* Yes, but you can't. It's too late. She's dead. (Act 1)

You think young women ought to be protected against unpleasant and disturbing things? (Act 2)

*(sternly to them both)* You see, we have to share something. If there's nothing else, we'll have to share our guilt. (Act 2)

*(cutting in, with authority)* he must wait his turn. (Act 2)

*(sharply)* your daughter isn't living on the moon. She's here in Brumley too. (Act 2)

*(massively)* Public men, Mr Birling, have responsibilities as well as privileges. (Act 2)

*(very deliberately)* I think you did something terribly wrong – and that you're going to spend the rest of your life regretting it. (Act 2)

*(very sternly)* Her position now is that she lies with a burnt-out inside on a slab. *(As Birling tries to protest, turns on him.)* Don't stammer and yammer at me again, man (Act 2)

*(firmly)* Yes. *(As Birling looks like interrupting explosively.)* I know – he's your son and this is your house – but look at him. He needs a drink now just to see him through. (Act 3)

Each of you helped to kill her. Remember that. Never forget it. *(He looks from one to the other of them carefully.)* But then I don't think you ever will. (Act 3)

One Eva Smith has gone – but there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us, with their lives, their hopes and fears, their suffering and chance of happiness, all intertwined with our lives, and what we think and say and do. We don't live alone. We are members of one body. We are responsible for each other. And I tell you that the time will soon come when, if men will not learn that lesson, then they will be taught it in fire and bloody and anguish. Good night. (Act 3)