**Mr Birling**

Perhaps we may look forward to the time when Crofts and Birlings are no longer competing but are working together – for lower costs and higher prices.  (Act 1)

As a hard-headed business man, who has to take risks and know what he's about – I say, you can ignore all this silly pessimistic talk (Act 1)

I’ve always been regarded as a sound useful party man. So – well – I gather there's a very good chance of a knighthood – so long as we behave ourselves, don't get into the police court or start a scandal – eh?(Act 1)

the way some of these cranks talk and write now, you'd think everybody has to look after everybody else, as if we were all mixed up together like bees in a hive – community and all that nonsense. (Act 1)

Still, I can't accept any responsibility. If we were all responsible for everything that happened to everybody we'd had anything to do with, it would be very awkward, wouldn't it? (Act 1)

This girl. Eva Smith, was one of them, she'd had a lot to say – far too much – so she had to go. (Act 1)

Rubbish! If you don't come down sharply on some of these people, they'd soon be asking for the earth. (Act 1)

(*angrily*) Inspector, I've told you before, I don't like the tone nor the way you're handling this inquiry. And I don't propose to give you much rope. (act 2)

(*dubiously*) I must say, Sybil, that when this comes out at the inquest, it isn't going to do us much good. The press might easily take it up—(Act 2)

You must give me a list of those accounts. I've got to cover this up as soon as I can. (act 3)

(*angrily*) Yes, and you don't realize yet all you've done. Most of this is bound to come out. There'll be a public scandal. (act 3)

 (*angrily*) Drop that. There's every excuse for what both your mother and I did (Act 3)

That fellow obviously didn't like us. He was prejudiced from the start. Probably a socialist or some sort of crank – he talked like one. And then, instead of standing up to him, you let him bluff you into talking about your private affairs. (Act 3)

(*triumphantly*) There you are! Proof positive. The whole story's just a lot of moonshine. Nothing but an elaborate sell! (Act 3)

(*jovially*) But the whole thing's different now. Come, come, you can see that, can't you? *(Imitating Inspector in his final speech.)* You all helped to kill her. *(pointing at Sheila and Eric, and laughing.)* and I wish you could have seen the look on your faces when he said that. (Act 3)

*(pointing to Eric and Sheila)* Now look at the pair of them – the famous younger generation who know it all. And they can't even take a joke- (Act 3)

**Mrs Birling**

All right, Edna. I'll ring from the drawing room when we want coffee. Probably in about half an hour. (Act 1)

(*reproachfully*) Arthur, you're not supposed to say such things- (Act 1)

What an expression, Sheila! Really the things you girls pick up these days! (Act 1)

Please don't contradict me like that. And in any case I don't suppose for a moment that we can understand why the girl committed suicide. Girls of that class—(Act 2)

That – I consider – is a trifle impertinent, inspector. (Act 2)

(*with dignity*) Yes. We've done a great deal of useful work in helping deserving cases. (Act 2)

Yes, I think it was simply a piece of gross impertinence – quite deliberate – and naturally that was one of the things that prejudiced me against her case. (Act 2)

If you think you can bring any pressure to bear upon me, Inspector, you're quite mistaken. Unlike the other three, I did nothing I'm ashamed of or that won't bear investigation. (Act 2)

I'll tell you what I told her. Go and look for the father of the child. It's his responsibility. (Act 2)

She was giving herself ridiculous airs. She was claiming elaborate fine feelings and scruples that were simply absurd in a girl in her position. (Act 2)

I didn't see any reason to believe that one story should be any truer than the other. Therefore, you're quite wrong to suppose I shall regret what I did. (Act 2)

I'm sorry she should have come to such a horrible end. But I accept no blame for it at all. (Act 2)

If, as she said, he didn't belong to her class, and was some drunken young idler, then that's all the more reason why he shouldn't escape. He should be made an example of. If the girl's death is due to anybody, then it's due to him. (Act 2)

(*shocked*) Eric! You stole money? (Act 3)

Well, I must say his manner was quite extraordinary; so – so rude – and assertive – (Act 3)

Really, from the way you children talk, you might be wanting to help him instead of us. Now just be quiet so that your father can decide what we ought to do. (*Looks expectantly at* Birling.) (Act 3)

They're over-tired. In the morning they'll be as amused as we are. (Act 3)

**Sheila**

“I’m sorry, Daddy.” She looks attentive, as they all do. (Act 1)

But these girls aren’t cheap labour- they’re people. (Act 1)

Oh – Gerald – you’ve got it – is it the one you wanted me to have? (Act 1)

If she'd been some miserable plain little creature, I don't suppose I’d have done it. But she was very pretty and looked as if she could take care of herself. I couldn't be sorry for her.  (Act 1)

It's the only time I’ve ever done anything like that, and I’ll never, never do it again to anybody. (Act 1)

(*laughs rather hysterically*) why – you fool – he knows. Of course he knows. And I hate to think how much he knows that we don't know yet. You'll see. You'll see. (Act 1)

(*eagerly*) I know I'm to blame – and I'm desperately sorry – but I can't believe – I won't believe – it's simply my fault that in that in the end she – she committed suicide. That would be too horrible –(Act 2)

We all started like that – so confident, so pleased with ourselves until he began asking us questions. (Act 2)

(*slowly, carefully now*) you mustn't try to build up a kind of wall between us and that girl. If you do, then the inspector will just break it down. And it'll be all the worse when he does. (Act 2)

I'm not a child, don't forget. I've a right to know. (Act 2)

 (*rather wildly, with laugh*) No, he's giving us the rope – so that we'll hang ourselves. (Act 2)

I don't dislike you as I did half an hour ago, Gerald. In fact, in some odd way, I rather respect you more than I've ever done before. …. But this has made a diffence. You and I aren't the same people who sat down to dinner here.(Act 2)

Don't interfere, please, father. (Act 2)

We've no excuse now for putting on airs and if we've any sense we won't try (Act 2)

I behaved badly too. I know I did I'm ashamed of it. But now you're beginning all over again to pretend that nothing much has happened- (Act 3)

 (*flaring up*) It’s you two who are being childish – trying not to face the facts. (Act 3)

 (*bitterly*) I suppose we're all nice people now.(Act 3)

(*flaring up*) Well, he inspected us all right. And don't let's start dodging and pretending now. Between us we drove that girl to commit suicide. (Act 3)

(*tensely*) I want to get out of this. It frightens me the way you talk. (Act 3)

I tell you – whoever that Inspector was, it was anything but a joke. You knew it then. You began to learn something. And now you've stopped. You're ready to go on in the same old way. (Act 3)

**Eric**

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)

**Gerald**

(*smiling*) Wouldn't dream of it. In fact, I insist upon being one of the family now. I've been trying long enough, haven't I? (*as she does not reply, with more insistence*.) Haven't I? You know I have. (Act 1)

Hear, hear! And I think my father would agree to that. (Act 1)

(*quietly*) Thank you. And I drink to you – and hope I can make you as happy as you deserve to be. (Act 1)

(*laughs*) You seem to be a nice well-behaved family – (Act 1)

(*lightly*) Sure to be. Unless Eric’s been up to something. (*nodding confidentially to Birling*.) and that would be awkward, wouldn't it? (Act 1)

(*showing annoyance*) Any particular reason why I shouldn't see this girl's photograph, inspector?
 (Act 1)

Getting a bit heavy-handed, aren't you, inspector? (Act 1)

So – for god's sake – don't say anything to the inspector. (Act 1)

(*to* Sheila) thanks. You're going to be a great help, I can see. You've said your piece, and you're obviously going to hate this, so why on earth don't you leave us to it? (Act 2)

I happened to look in, one night, after a long dull day, and as the show wasn't very bright, I went down into the bar for a drink. It's a favourite haunt of women of the town--  (Act 2)

: (*distressed*) sorry – I – well, I've suddenly realized – taken it in properly – that's she's dead--  (Act 2)

I made her go to morgan Terrace because I was sorry for her, and didn't like the idea of her going back to the palace bar. I didn't ask for anything in return.  (Act 2)

(*hesitatingly*) it's hard to say. I didn't feel about her as she felt about me. (Act 2)

No, it wasn't. ( *he waits a moment, then in a low, troubled tone*.) she told me she'd been happier than she'd ever been before – but that she knew it couldn't last – hadn't expected it to last. She didn't blame me at all. I wish to God she had now. Perhaps I'd feel better about it. (Act 2)

I insisted on a parting gift of enough money – though it wasn't so very much – to see her through to the end of the year. (Act 2)

in that case – as I'm rather more – upset – by this business than I probably appear to be – and – well, I'd like to be alone for a while – I'd be glad if you'd let me go. (Act 2)

Well, you were right. There isn't any such inspector. We've been had. (Act 3)

I did keep a girl last summer. I've admitted it. And I'm sorry, Sheila. (Act 3)

Everything's all right now, Sheila. *(Holds up the ring.)* What about this ring? (Act 3)

**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)