

Extract 1

- SHEILA** (*bitterly*) I know. I had her turned out of a job. I started it.
- INSPECTOR** You helped – but didn't start it. (*Rather savagely, to BIRLING.*) You started it. She wanted twenty-five shillings a week instead of twenty-two and sixpence. You made her pay a heavy price for that. And now she'll make you pay a heavier price still.
- BIRLING** (*unhappily*) Look, Inspector – I'd give thousands – yes, thousands—
- INSPECTOR** You're offering the money at the wrong time. Mr Birling. (*He makes a move as if concluding the session, possibly shutting up notebook, etc. Then surveys them sardonically.*) No, I don't think any of you will forget. Nor that young man, Croft, though he at least had some affection for her and made her happy for a time. Well, Eva Smith's gone. You can't do her any more harm. And you can't do her any good now, either. You can't even say 'I'm sorry, Eva Smith.'
- SHEILA** (*who is crying quietly*) That's the worst of it.
- INSPECTOR** But just remember this. 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 blood and anguish. Good night.

Extract 2

- SHEILA** Was that her name? Eva Smith?
- GERALD** Yes.
- SHEILA** Never heard it before.
- GERALD** So where are you now, Inspector?
- INSPECTOR** Where I was before, Mr Croft. I told you – that like a lot of these young women, she'd used more than one name. She was still Eva Smith when Mr Birling sacked her – for wanting twenty-five shillings a week instead of twenty-two and six. But after that she stopped being Eva Smith. Perhaps she'd had enough of it.
- ERIC** Can't blame her.
- SHEILA** (*to BIRLING*) I think it was a mean thing to do. Perhaps that spoilt everything for her.
- BIRLING** Rubbish! (*To INSPECTOR.*) Do you know what happened to this girl after she left my works?
- INSPECTOR** Yes. She was out of work for the next two months. Both her parents were dead, so that she'd no home to go back to. And she hadn't been able to save much out of what Birling and Company had paid her. So that after two months, with no work, no money coming in, and living in lodgings, with no relatives to help her, few friends, lonely, half-starved, she was feeling desperate.
- SHEILA** (*warmly*) I should think so. It's a rotten shame.
- INSPECTOR** There are a lot of young women living that sort of existence in every city and big town in this country, Miss Birling. If there weren't, the factories and warehouses wouldn't know where to look for cheap labour. Ask your father.
- SHEILA** But these girls aren't cheap labour – they're *people*.
- INSPECTOR** (*dryly*) I've had that notion myself from time to time.