THE ENTIRE PLAY IN QUICK MODERN ENGLISH FOR A FAST-PACED READ!

An Inspector Calls

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

J. B. Priestley
My point is this: Things are so much easier today than they were back then, but a man must make his own way and look out for himself—and his family, of course.

But the way some of these cranks talk today, you'd think we each have to look after everybody else too.

It's all nonsense—take my word for it—

-- and I've learnt from experience--

-- that we all have to look out for ourselves.

Ding-dong-ding-dong

Edna will get it.
HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF PORT, GERALD, AND THEN WE'LL JOIN THE LADIES. IT WILL STOP ME GIVING ADVICE.

YOU'VE GIVEN PLENTY TONIGHT, FATHER.

IT'S A SPECIAL OCCasion, AND I WANTED YOU TO BENEFIT FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

SIR, AN INSPECTOR'S CALLED.

WHAT KIND OF INSPECTOR?

A POLICE INSPECTOR.

His name is inspector Goole.

DOES HE WANT TO SEE ME?

YES, SIR.

ALL RIGHT, EDNA, SHOW HIM IN.

HE MIGHT NEED ME TO HELP HIM WITH A WARRANT.

POSSIBLY, UNLESS ERIC'S BEEN UP TO SOMETHING - NOW, THAT WOULD BE AwKWARD!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

WELL I DON'T FIND IT FUNNY.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Nothing.

Just joking.
Inspector Goole.

Mr. Birling?

Yes. Sit down, Inspector.

Thank you, sir. Can I get you a drink?

No, thank you. I am on duty.

You're new, aren't you?

Yes, sir.

I thought so.

I was Lord Mayor two years ago and I know the Brumley police officers very well.

I didn't think I had seen you before.

Indeed.

Is there some trouble with a warrant?

No, Mr. Birling.
Two hours ago, a young woman died in the hospital. She had swallowed a lot of strong disinfectant that burnt her insides. She was in agony. They did everything they could for her, but she died. It was suicide.

That's terrible— but why are you here, inspector?

She left a letter and a diary.

My goodness!
But her real name was Eva Smith.

But her real name was Eva Smith.

Like many women who get into trouble, she used more than one name.

Do you remember her, Mr. Birling?

Eva Smith?

No, but her name is familiar. I don’t see what it has to do with me.

Perhaps a photograph would remind you.

Hundreds of women have worked there.

Eva was different.

She used to work for your company.
Any reason why I shouldn't see the photograph, inspector?

The same for me?

Yes. I don't see why.

Neither do I.

I agree with them, inspector.

It's the way I like to work. One person and one line of inquiry at a time.

I see.
That's enough port, Eric!

I think you remember Eva Smith now.

Yes, I do. I sacked her.

Is that why she killed herself?

Be quiet, Eric. She left nearly two years ago.

September nineteen-teen-ten. That's right.

Should I leave you two alone?

No, I don't mind you being here, Gerald.

This is Mr. Gerald Croft, inspector. The son of Sir George Croft.

Mr. Gerald Croft, eh?
Yes, we've been celebrating his engagement to my daughter, Sheila.

Mr. Croft is going to marry Miss Sheila Birling?

I hope so.

Then you should stay.

All right.

Look — there was nothing unusual about what happened.

SLAM

And it was a long time ago — nothing to do with the girl's suicide.

I disagree.

Why?
A chain of events.

We'd be in an impossible position.

Because what happened to her then led to what happened afterwards, and that may have driven her to suicide.

We can't be responsible for everything that happens to everyone we meet; otherwise it would be very awkward.

Very awkward.

Yes, and as you were saying earlier, a man has to look out for himself. We needn't go into that.

Into what?

Oh – I was giving them some advice earlier.
She was a good worker. The foreman was ready to promote her. I refused, of course. I remember Eva Smith quite well now. But the workers were restless after they came back from the August holiday – and they decided to ask for more money. I refused, of course.
It is no concern of yours how I run my business.

Why?

Did you say "why"?

Yes.

That’s why I refused.

Why?

Did you say "why"?

Yes.

It might be.

I don’t like your tone!

Well, you asked me an unnecessary question first.

It is my duty to ask questions.

I’m sorry, but you asked me the question.

And it is my duty to keep labour costs down.

That’s why I refused.
I told them if they didn't like the pay, they could go and work elsewhere. I told those trouble-makers to clear out. She had to go. Maybe they couldn't go elsewhere. Quite so. Keep out of this. It was before your time. So they went on strike, but it didn't last long. They were all broke after their holiday. They were. We let them all come back at the old rates, except for the ring-leaders. I told those trouble-makers to clear out. Eva Smith was one of them. She had to go.
You couldn’t have done anything else.

He could have kept her on.

Rubbish! You need to be tough with these people, or they’ll ask for the earth.

That’s right!

Better to ask for the earth than to take it.

What is your name, inspector?

Gool.

How do you get on with Chief Constable Roberts?

I don’t see much of him.
I didn’t think you did. I’ve never wanted to play.

If she was a good worker, I’d have kept her on.

No, I mean about Eva Smith. Why should she be sacked, simply because she asked for a pay rise?

He’s an old friend of mine. We play golf together.

I don’t play golf.

It’s such a shame.

We don’t need to talk about that now, do we?

You need to buck up your ideas and face up to responsibility – they don’t teach you that in public school.
What happened to her after that?

Did she live on the streets?

What’s this about streets?

So… My sent me in after you.

Sorry – Mummy sent me in after you.

What’s all this about?

We’re just finishing.

No, we’re not.

I can’t tell you anything else.

Nothing to do with you, Sheila. Run along.

Wait a minute, Miss Birlings.
LOOK HERE, INSPECTOR. THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH.

THAT'S NO NEED TO DRAG MY DAUGHTER INTO THIS UNPLEASANT BUSINESS.

WHAT BUSINESS?

WHAT'S WRONG, SHEILA?

I'M A POLICE INSPECTOR. THIS AFTERNOON A YOUNG WOMAN KILLED HERSELF.

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I CAN'T HELP THINKING OF THIS GIRL. OH, I WISH YOU HADN'T TOLD ME.

WE'D HAVE DONE THE SAME THING.

SHE WAS A TROUBLE-MAKER. I WAS IN THE RIGHT.

DID YOU, DAD?

HOW HORRIBLE. SHE FELT SHE COULDN'T GO ON ANY LONGER.

THAT IS NOT BECAUSE I SACKED HER TWO YEARS AGO.

THAT MAY HAVE STARTED IT.

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