























<p>Inspector Goole says... "I'm a police inspector Miss Birling. This afternoon a young woman drank some disinfectant, and died, after several hours of agony, tonight in the infirmary."</p>		<p>Shelia says... "Oh – how horrible! Was it an accident?"</p>		<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Shelia says... <i>(rather distressed)</i> "Sorry! It's just that I can't help thinking about this girl – destroying herself so horribly – and I've been so happy tonight. Oh I wish you hadn't told me. What was she like? Was she young?"</p>		<p>Inspector Goole says... "Yes, Twenty four."</p>		<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Inspector Goole says... "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."</p>		<p>Shelia says... <i>(warmly)</i> I should think so. It's a rotten shame."</p>		<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Inspector Goole says... "All she knew was – that a customer complained about her – and so she had to go."</p>		<p>Shelia says... <i>(staring at him, agitated)</i> "When was this?"</p>		<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Sheila says... <i>(miserably)</i> So I'm really responsible?"</p>		<p>Inspector Goole says..."No, not entirely. A good deal happened to her after her that. But you're partly to blame. Just as your father is."</p>		<p>This shows...</p>

<p>Gerald says... (<i>Showing annoyance</i>) "Any particular reason why I shouldn't see this girl's photograph, Inspector?"</p> 	<p>Inspector Goole says... (<i>coolly, looking hard at him</i>) "There might be."</p> 	<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Inspector Goole says... (<i>cutting in massively</i>) You heard what I said before Mr Croft. One line of inquiry at a time. Otherwise we'll all be talking at once and won't know where we are. If you've anything to tell me, you'll have the opportunity of doing it soon."</p> 	<p>Gerald says... (<i>rather uneasily</i>) "Well I don't suppose I have."</p> 	<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Gerald says... "Getting a bit heavy-handed, aren't you, Inspector?"</p> 	<p>Inspector Goole says... "Possibly. But if you're easy with me, I'm easy with you."</p> 	<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Gerald says... "After all, y'know, we're respectable citizens and not criminals."</p> 	<p>Inspector Goole says... "Sometimes there isn't as much difference as you think. Often, if it was left to me, I wouldn't know where to draw the line."</p> 	<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Gerald says... "Fortunately it's not left to you, is it?" ."</p> 	<p>Inspector Goole says... "No it isn't. But some things are left to me. Inquiries of this sort, for instance."</p> 	<p>This shows...</p>
<p>Inspector Goole says... "Now she had to try something else. So first she changed her name to Daisy Renton"</p> 	<p>Gerald says ... (<i>startled</i>) "What?"</p> 	<p>This shows...</p>