

BIRLING FAMILY: We are the Birling family.

GERALD: And Gerald. Gerald Croft. Crofts Limited. I'm Sheila's fiancé.

SHEILA: Yes. And we're here to play Finish the Line with Inspector Goole.

INSPECTOR: Hello. That is me. I have gathered the Birlings.

BIRLINGS: That's us. That's us.

INSPECTOR: Minus Eric, who predictably has gone missing.

BIRLINGS: We don't talk about him.

INSPECTOR: To see if they can remember what they said earlier tonight. Are you ready?

SHEILA: Please. I was born wealthy. Uh — ready. I was born ready.

INSPECTOR: Finish this quote. "The world's developing so fast that it'll make—"

BIRLING: Money.

INSPECTOR: Wrong.

The world is developing so fast that it'll make war impossible. Congratulations, Mr Birling, that is correct.

SHEILA: Well done, you.

INSPECTOR: Well — you are wrong. Very wrong.

BIRLING: Fiddlesticks. It's 1912. Nobody wants war. Do you want war?

GERALD: I don't want war. I mean — there's too much at stake these days. Quite.

SHEILA: Daddy's very clever.

INSPECTOR: Yes, I am absolutely certain there'll be no wars at all in the twentieth century.

BIRLING: Listen here, funny man. It is the age of progress. I mean, have you heard of the Titanic? They made a boat that is unsinkable.

SHEILA: Unsinkable. Daddy really *is* very clever.

BIRLING: I am. So give me my point, please.

INSPECTOR: Right. Well. This has been enormous fun.

But I think it's time we move on.

No — no — we're not finished. Do you think that was it?

BIRLING: Oh. No.

INSPECTOR: I've got loads of questions. Sit down. Thank you.

Oh, well then. Time for round two.

This is a quote I said to all of you about the deceased.

ALL: Oh.

SHEILA: Why are we talking about the deceased?

INSPECTOR: Eva Smith.

SHEILA: Oh, that. What a rotten shame.

BIRLING: Why the devil do you want to go upsetting the child like that? You should be ashamed. She is a baby. An innocent baby.

GERALD: But also — an adult. Just to be clear. Not marrying a baby.

INSPECTOR: Finish this quote. "Regarding Eva Smith's death, each of you helped—"

BIRLING: Oh yes. I think we did. We are charitable people. We do our best to help others all the time, don't we? Always trying our best.

INSPECTOR: Fantastic. Well done, Birlings.

Well. This has been enormous fun.

SHEILA: Toodle-pip!

INSPECTOR: No. Sit down. Sit down. That's not the quote.

It's "Each of you helped—"

SHEILA: To kill her.

ALL: No! You —

BIRLING: Sheila, don't talk nonsense.

INSPECTOR: Congratulations, Sheila. That is correct.

SHEILA: What?

INSPECTOR: Sheila, I'm going to take your paddle.

SHEILA: No!

BIRLING: Give it to Mummy. You can't be trusted.

SHEILA: No — give me my paddle!

BIRLING: Give it to me or there will be consequences—

SHEILA: I'm — give her the paddle.

INSPECTOR: Give me the paddle.

ALL: Give her the paddle.

BIRLING: Give me the paddle. You know what — you ought to go to bed. I think you'll feel better in the morning.

MRS BIRLING: Mm. She's had a long, exciting and tiring day.

BIRLING: Exactly.

SHEILA: He means I'm getting hysterical.

INSPECTOR: And are you?

SHEILA: Probably.

INSPECTOR: Final question.

BIRLING: Ha!

INSPECTOR: I'm losing all patience with you people.

BIRLING: Inspector — perhaps you and I should go and talk this over quietly. In a corner.

INSPECTOR: It's my duty to ask questions.

BIRLING: And it's my duty to keep labour costs down.

Sure — not directly relevant — but I'm just saying we've all got things going on.

INSPECTOR: Okay. Final round. Final question. Plenty still to play for. Plenty still to own up to.

Finish this quote. "We are members of one body. We are responsible for—"

GERALD: Crofts Limited.

BIRLING: Exactly. Keeping labour costs down. Didn't I just say that?

SHEILA: Yeah. You did say that.

INSPECTOR: The quote was, "We are responsible for each other."

“And 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.”

SHEILA: I don't remember that bit.

BIRLING: You're such a drag.

INSPECTOR: But Sheila, you got the vague idea. You basically said the same thing twice. So I'll give you the point.

SHEILA: Yay.

It should feel good. But it doesn't.

INSPECTOR: So the final scores are — Sheila with two. Mr Birling with one. But the real loser is society.

So — well played, everyone.

Oh. Titanic sinks, by the way.

BIRLINGS: That's ridiculous!

SHEILA: Thank you. I have learnt something tonight.

BIRLING: Ha!

MRS BIRLING: Oh — darling. Well done. But, um — Sheila — the wedding's still on, isn't it?

GERALD: What do you mean it sinks?

MRS BIRLING: I've actually had enormous fun. Ah. Yeah. Good to get out. ``