



ACT ONE

BIRLING (sharply, staring at him) What's the matter with you?
ERIC (defiantly) Nothing.
EDNA (opening door, and announcing) Inspector Goole.
The INSPECTOR enters, and EDNA goes, closing door after her. The INSPECTOR need not be a big man but he creates at once an **impression of massiveness, solidity and purposefulness. He is a man in his fifties, dressed in a plain darkish suit of the period. He speaks carefully, weightily, and has a disconcerting habit of looking hard at the person he addresses before actually speaking.**

He is very intimidating / serious

INSPECTOR Mr Birling?
BIRLING Yes. Sit down, Inspector.
INSPECTOR (sitting) Thank you, sir.
BIRLING Have a glass of port – or a little whisky?
INSPECTOR No, thank you, Mr Birling. I'm on duty.
BIRLING You're new, aren't you?
INSPECTOR Yes, sir. Only recently transferred.
BIRLING I thought you must be. I was an **alderman for years – and Lord Mayor two years ago – and I'm still on the Bench – so I know the Brumley police officers pretty well – and I thought I'd never seen you before.**

Birling attempts to assert power

INSPECTOR **Quite so.**
BIRLING Well, what can I do for you? Some trouble about a warrant?
INSPECTOR No, Mr Birling.
BIRLING (after a pause, with a touch of impatience) Well, what is it then?
INSPECTOR I'd like some information, if you don't mind, Mr Birling. Two hours **ago a young woman died in the Infirmary. She'd been taken there this afternoon because she'd swallowed a lot of strong disinfectant. Burnt her inside out, of course.**

Not intimidated

Creates shock for audience

ERIC (involuntarily) **My God!**
INSPECTOR Yes, she was in great agony. They did everything they could for her at the Infirmary, but she died. **Suicide, of course.**

Normal human reaction
sarcasm?
Trying to create sympathy

Showing off, to show he has power
adjective to make us feel sorry for her
Died a painful death