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## An inspector calls gerald quotes act 3

What happens in act 3 of an inspector calls. An inspector calls act 3 key quotes. Inspector calls gerald quotes. What happens in act 2 an inspector calls. What does gerald represent in an inspector calls.

Eric's relationship with Eva Smith was very similar to Gerald's, but was different enough to render his actions punishable: like Gerald, he met her at a bar and then continued to see and sleep with her; unlike Gerald, however, he incidentally got her pregnant. Also like Gerald, he tried to be responsible in providing the girl with money; unlike Gerald, however, (as will soon be seen), the money he provided was obtained illegally. English Made Simple 5 March 202127 April 2023 1 Comment on Gerald Croft quotes Business Education Graphics Design Programming Web Design WordPress //Exactly as at the end of Act Two. Eric is standing just inside the room and the others are staring at him.// Eric: You know, don't you? Inspector: (as before) Yes, we know. // Eric shuts the door and comes farther in.// Mrs Birling: (distressed) Eric, I can't believe it. There must be some mistake. You don't know what we've been saying. Sheila: it's a good job for him he doesn't, isn't it? Eric: why? Sheila: because mother's been busy blaming everything on the young man who got this girl into trouble, and saying he shouldn't escape and should be made an example of- Birling: That's enough, sheila. Eric: (bitterly) You haven't made it any easier for me, have you, mother? Mrs Birling: But I didn't know it was you - I never dreamt. Besides, you're not the type - you don't get drunk- Sheila: Of course he does.

He has a strong sense of responsibility- giving the girl he **impregnated** money. Although he was less worried about stealing (or **borrowing** from his father's office). He is **appalled** by his parents' **inability** to admit their own responsibility. He tells them, "**I'm ashamed of you!**" At the end of the play, like Sheila, he is fully aware of his social responsibility. He is not interested in his parents' efforts to cover everything up: as far as he is concerned, the important thing is that a girl is dead. "**We did her in all right.**"

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**An Inspector Calls - Key Quotations**

"You're **equally**" - Sheila to Eric (Act 1)

- Shows Eric/ Sheila's brother/ sister relationship.
- Subtext/language** set period.
- Shows Eric drinks too much.

"I speak as a **hard-headed** business man." (Act 1)

- Word choice** emphasises lack of feeling.
- Shows Mr Birling is hard-hearted.
- Shows pride in his hard-won success.

"If you don't come down hard on these people **they'll soon be asking for the earth!**"

- Being very arrogant/ hypocritical** to suggest the workers are asking for too much.
- Wants to make the workers' demands seem unreasonable.

"**Unsinkable, absolutely unsinkable.**" Mr Birling (Act 1)

- Dramatic irony** - audience knows something the characters don't.
- Assurance of the wealthy** - they think their wealth will last forever.
- There is a **contrast** for **his own** and his privileged position.

"We really must stop these **stupid pretences**." Sheila to Mrs Birling (Act 2)

- Sheila understands the Inspector's message.
- Characterises Sheila as the only character capable of seeing the truth.
- Shows a division growing between Sheila and her mother.
- Shows that Sheila understands the need to stop lying. (Key theme)

"**Out of that class.**" Mrs Birling to the Inspector (Act 2)

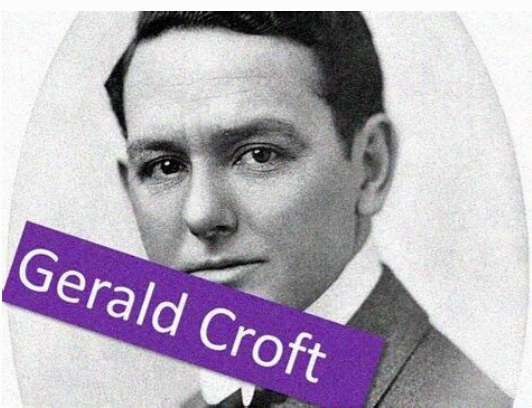
- Shows Mrs Birling thinks she is socially and morally superior. **Sheila**
- Almost as though the poor are by definition squalid and worthless.
- Emphasises on "that" shows her disgust in the working class.

"She was very pretty - **soft brown hair and big dark eyes.**" Gerald (Act 2)

- Gerald's language stresses the **contrast** between Eva and "women of the town" who he calls "hard-eyed" and "dough-faced".
- By stressing the positive aspects of Eva, it makes her mistreatment seem even more cruel.**

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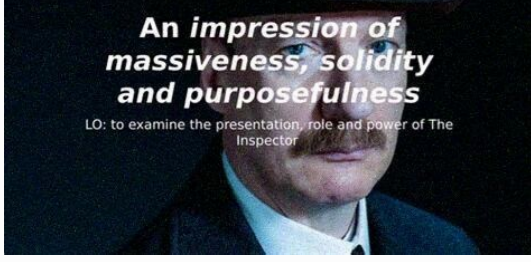
Examine...

- The instruction 'examine' means to think about the topic, then give your opinion.

A circular portrait of a man wearing a hat and a dark jacket, looking slightly to the side.

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I'm not very clear about it, but afterwards she told me she didn't want me to go in but that - well, I was in that state when a chap easily turns nasty - and I threatened to make a row. Inspector: so she let you in? Eric: Yes. And that's when it happened. And I didn't even remember - that's the hellish thing. Oh - my God! - how stupid it all is! Mrs Birling: (with a cry) Oh - Eric - how could you? Birling: (sharply) Sheila, take your mother along to the drawing-room- Sheila: (protesting) But - I want to - Birling: (very sharply) You heard what I said. (Gentler.) Go on, Sybil. // He goes to open the door while Sheila takes her mother out. Then he closes it and comes in.// Inspector: When did you meet her again? Eric: About a fortnight afterwards. Inspector: By appointment? Eric: No. And I couldn't remember her name or where she lived. It was all very vague. But I happened to see her again in the palace bar.

Inspector: More drinks? Eric: Yes, though that time I wasn't so bad. Inspector: But you took her home again? Eric: Yes. And the time we talked a bit. She told me something about herself and I talked too. Told her my name and what I did. Inspector: And you made love again? Eric: Yes. I wasn't in love with her or anything - but I liked her - she was pretty and a good sport- Birling: (harshly) So you had to go to bed with her? Eric: Well, I'm old enough to be married, aren't I, and I'm not married, and I hate these fat old tart's round the town - the ones I see some of your respectable friends with- Birling: (angrily) I don't want any of that talk from you- Inspector: (very sharply) I don't want any of it from either of you. Settle it afterwards. (To Eric.) did you arrange to see each other after that?

Eric: Yes. And the next time - or the time after that - she told me she thought she was going to have a baby. She wasn't quite sure. And then she was. Inspector: And of course she was very worried about it?

Eric: Yes, and so was I. I was in a hell of a state about it. Inspector: Did she suggest that you ought to marry her? Eric: No, she didn't want me to marry her. Said I didn't love her - and all that. In a way, she treated me - as if I were a kid. Though I was nearly as old as she was. Inspector: So what did you propose to do?

Eric: Well, she hadn't a job - and didn't feel like trying again for one - and she'd no money left - so I insisted on giving her enough money to keep her going - Inspector: How much did you give her altogether? Eric: I suppose - about fifty pounds all told. Birling: Fifty pounds - on top of drinking and going around the town! Where did you get fifty pounds from? // As Eric does not reply.// Inspector: That's my question too. Eric: (miserably) I got it - from the office- Birling: My office? Eric: Yes. Inspector: You mean - you stole the money? Eric: Not really. Birling: (angry) What do you mean - not really? // Eric does not reply because now Mrs Birling and Sheila come back.// Sheila: This isn't my fault. Mrs Birling: (To Birling) I'm sorry, Arthur, but I simply couldn't stay in there. I had to know what's happening. Birling: (savagely) Well, I can tell you what's happening. He's admitted he was responsible for the girl's condition, and now he's telling us he supplied her with money he stole from the office. Mrs Birling:

(shocked) Eric! You stole money? Eric: No, not really. I intended to pay it back. Birling: We've heard that story before. How could you have paid it back? Eric: I'd have managed somehow. I had to have some money- Birling: I don't understand how you could take as much as that out of the office without somebody knowing. Eric: There were some small accounts to collect, and I asked for cash- Birling: Give the firm's receipt and then kept the money, eh?

Eric: Yes. Birling: You must give me a list of those accounts. I've got to cover this up as soon as I can. You damned fool - why didn't you come to me when you found yourself in this mess? Eric: Because you're not the kind of father a chap could go to when he's in trouble - that's why. Birling: (angry) Don't talk to me like that. Your trouble is - you've been spoilt- Inspector: (cutting in) And my trouble is - that I haven't much time. You'll be able to divide the responsibility between you when I've gone. ( To Eric.) Just one last question, that's all. The girl discovered that this money you were giving her was stolen, didn't she? Eric: (miserably) Yes. That was the worst of all. She wouldn't take any more, and she didn't want to see me again. (sudden startled tone.) Here, but how did you know that? Did she tell you? Inspector: No. she told me nothing, I never spoke to her. Sheila: She told mother. Mrs Birling: (alarmed) Sheila! Sheila: Well, he has to know. Eric: (to Mrs Birling) She told you? Did she come here - but then she couldn't have done, she didn't even know I lived here. What happened? //Mrs Birling, distressed, shakes her head but does not reply.// Come on, don't just look like that. Tell me - tell me - what happened? Inspector: (with claim authority) I'll tell you. She went to your mother's committee for help, after she'd done what I help. Eric: (nearly at breaking point) Then - you killed her. She came to you to protect me - and you turned her away - yes, and you killed her - and the child she'd have had too - my child - your own grandchild - you killed them both - damn you, damn you- Mrs Birling: (very distressed now) No - Eric - please - I didn't know - I didn't understand. Eric: (almost threatening her) You don't understand anything.

You never did. You never even tried - you - Sheila: (frightened) Eric, don't - don't- Birling: (furious, intervening) Why, you hysterical young fool - get back - or I'll- Inspector: ( taking charge, masterfully) Stop! // They are suddenly quiet, staring at him.// And be quiet for a moment and listen to me. I don't need to know any more. Neither do you. This girl killed herself - and died a horrible death. But each of you helped to kill her. Remember that. Never forget it. (He looks from one to the other of them carefully.) But then I don't think you ever will. Remember what you did, Mrs Birling.

You turned her away when she most needed help. You refused her even the pitiable little bit of organized charity you had in your power to grant her. Remember what you did- Eric: (unhappily) My God - I'm not likely to forget. Inspector: Just used her for the end of a stupid drunken evening, as if she was an animal, a thing, not a person.

No, you won't forget. (He looks at Sheila.) Sheila: (bitterly) I know. I had her turned out of a job. I started it. Inspector: You helped - but you 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: (happily) 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 one objection 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 bloody and anguish. Good night. // He walks straight out, leaving them staring, subdued and wondering. Sheila is still quietly crying. Mrs Birling has collapsed into a chair. Eric is brooding desperately. Birling, the only active one, hears the front door slam, moves hesitatingly towards the door, stops, looks gloomily at the other three, then pours himself out a drink, which he hastily swallows.// Birling: (angry to Eric) You're the one I blame for this. Eric: I'll bet I am. Birling: (angry) Yes, and you don't realize yet all you've done. Most of this is bound to come out. There'll be a public scandal.

Eric: Well, I don't care now. Birling: You! You don't seem to care about anything. But I care. Apparently nothing - but it may interest you to know that until every penny of that money you stole is repaid, you'll work for God, and there's going to be no more of this drinking round the town - and picking up women in the palace bar- Mrs Birling: (coming to life) I should think not.

Eric: I'm absolutely ashamed of you. Eric: Well, I don't blame you. But don't forget I'm ashamed of you as well - yes both of you. Birling: (angry) Drop that. There's every excuse for what both your mother and I did - it turned out unfortunately, that's all - Sheila: (scornfully) That's all. Birling: Well, what have you to say?

Sheila: I don't know where to begin. Birling: Then don't begin. Nobody wants you to. Sheila: I behaved badly too. I know I did I'm ashamed of it. But now there's beginning all over again to pretend that nothing much has happened- Birling: Nothing much has happened! Haven't I already said there'll be a public scandal - unless we're lucky - and who here will suffer from that more than I will? Sheila: But that's not what I'm talking about. I don't care about that.

The point is, you don't seem to have learnt anything. Birling: Don't I? Well, you're quite wrong there. I've learnt plenty tonight. And you don't want me to tell you what I've learnt, I hope. When I look back on tonight - when I think of what I was feeling when the five of us sat down to dinner at that table- Eric: (cutting in) Yes, and do you remember what you said to Gerald and me after dinner, when you were feeling so pleased with yourself? You told us that a man has to make his own way, look after himself and mind his own business, and that we weren't to take any notice of these cranks who tell us that everybody has to look after everybody else, as if we were all mixed up together. Do you remember? Yes - and then one of those cranks walked in - the Inspector, (laughs bitterly.) I didn't notice you told him that it's every man for himself. Sheila: (sharply attentive) Is that when the Inspector came, just after father had said that? Eric: Yes. What of it? Mrs Birling: Now what's the matter, Sheila? Sheila: (slowly) It's queer - very queer - ( she looks at them reflectively.) Mrs Birling: (with some excitement) I know what you're going to say. Because I've been wondering myself. Sheila: It doesn't much matter now, of course - but was he really a police inspector? Birling: Well, if he wasn't, it matters a devil of a lot. Makes all the difference. Sheila: No, it doesn't. Birling: Don't talk rubbish.

Of course it does. Sheila: Well, it doesn't to me. And it oughtn't to you, either. Mrs Birling: Don't be childish, Sheila. Sheila: (flaring up) I'm not being.

If you want to know, it's you two who are being childish - trying not to face the facts. Birling: I won't have that sort of talk. Any more of that and you leave this room. Eric: That'll be terrible for her, won't it?

Sheila: I'm going anyhow in a minute or two. But don't you see, if all that's come out tonight is true, then it doesn't much matter who it was who made us confess. And it was true, wasn't it? You turned the girl out of one job, and I had her turned out of another.

Gerald kept her - at a time when he was supposed to be too busy to see me. Eric - well, we know what Eric did. I was almost certain for a knighthood in the next Honours List. // Eric laughs rather hysterically. Birling: (to Eric: (laughing) Oh - for God's sake! What does it matter now whether they give you a knighthood or not? Birling: (sternly) It doesn't matter to you.

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