

MRS BIRLING: You're looking tired, dear. I think you ought to go to bed – and forget about this absurd business. You'll feel better in the morning.

SHEILA: Mother, I couldn't possibly go. Nothing could be worse for me. We've settled all that. I'm staying here until I know why that girl killed herself.

MRS BIRLING: Nothing but morbid curiosity.

SHEILA: No it isn't.

MRS BIRLING: Please don't contradict me like that. And in any case I don't suppose for a moment that we can understand why the girl committed suicide. Girls of that class...

SHEILA [urgently, cutting in]: Mother, don't – please don't. For your own sake, as well as ours, you mustn't...

MRS BIRLING: Mustn't what ? Really, Sheila!

SHEILA: You mustn't try to build up a kind of wall between us and that girl. If you do, then the Inspector will just break it down. And it'll be all the worse when he does.