Play (Play, 1963) by Samuel Beckett GPT-3 Variation after four iterations (except)

[The original text ends with the instruction "[Repeat Play]" and suggests each repetition include variations. This text is produced by gradually replacing the original text with a new line produced by GPT-3's text-generation system by providing it contextual prompts. This version is an excerpt of the script after four iterations when all lines have been replaced by newly generated text.]

M: How could I have known? How could I have known?

W1: Not that it matters—

W2: Not that it matters.

W1: Not that it matters, perhaps, but my sister, in the end, in the end, in the end—

M: It is the angels, yes, it is the angels, it is they who are doing this. They are taking me. They are taking me. Oh, the weight of the universe.

W2: You are not alone.

M: It is not the angels. It is not the angels. The angels are dancing, singing, it is the angels, it is the angels—

W2: I heard them singing.

W1: My sister, my sister.

M: It is the angels, the angels.

W2: We are with you. We are with you.

W1: My sister. My sister, my sister.

M: But, I mean, do you feel the same about me as I feel about you?

W2: I don't feel anything about you.

M: Why do you love me?

W1: My sister. My sister, my sister.

W2: I lie to you, lie to myself, lie to nobody (nobody, nobody) lie to me (me, me) lie to me (me, me) lie to me (me, me)

M: Tell me the truth.

W1: I don't want it.

W2: I don't want it.

M: What?

W1: I don't want you.

W2: I believe you, I believe.

M: I believe you.

W1: I haven't got there, not at all.

M: —is a thing you have to do alone.

W2: I believe you, I believe you, I believe you, I believe—

M: I don't think it has to be.

W2: And they might even-

M: —and watch the fireflies—

W1: That's very important.

W2: Now, there are things I have wondered, but—

W1: You are an artist, you are an artist.

M: I'm not.

W1: You are an artist.

W2: You are an artist.

M: I'm not.

W1: There are no answers. Only more questions.

W2: A fine kettle of fish.

W1: You can't even imagine.

W2: If only I could think.

M: I can't,

W1: I can't,

M: I can't,

W2: I can't,

M: I can't,

W1: A game.

W2: A game.

[Blackout. 3]

W2: When I came in you were already in bed.

M: Can't you see I'm sick?

W2: I can't,

W1: Poor girl.

M: Don't you see I'm sick?

W2: Or do you perhaps think it was, she was tired of him?

W1: But I don't think she'd...

M: Poor thing.

W2: You are not bad at all. You are very good. I want you to know I would never have done this if he hadn't. I want you to know I would never have done this if he hadn't deserved it. I didn't do—

M: Good night.

W1: —afraid of what you might do. For I know you won't do anything, will you.

M: —all—

W2: Will you.

W1: No.

M: —a little bit.

W1: What is to become of you? It's the law of the jungle. It's survival of the fittest. It's a cruel world.

What is to become of you?

W2: That's true. It's true. It's true.

M: —what is to become of you?

W1: —that's true.

M: —a little dinghy—

W1: Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is.

Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it

W2: Perhaps—

M: The shade of a shade.

W1: Just a shade. That's all.

M: I too craved to be in my grave.

W2: Let me look at you again.

W1: No. It kills.

M: Let me look at you again.

W1: I can't stand this. I hate it.M: Let me look at you again.

W2: It's too much for me.

 ${\bf M}$: At your picture in my eyes. You must find all this strange.

[Blackout. 3]

M: You must find this strange.

[Blackout. 5] [REPEAT PLAY]