

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 This version is an excerpt of the script after four iterations when all lines have been replaced by newly generated text.]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) 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 you, I believe you, I believe you, I believe you, I believe you, I believe you, I believe you, 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.

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.

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]