

GPT-3 and Short Story Writing: What I learned after AI wrote my story?

I am a professional playwright and an AI Ethics Researcher. Recently, I have fed a storyline of my recent play (to premiere on Oct. 23 at Lithuanian National Drama Theatre) into GPT3 to see how it would react to my story pitch. I then guided it through the plot to see which character changes and turns it would predict. This paper is an analysis of the outcomes, yet the outcomes outlive analysis. In the current production of the play, we have incorporated predictions that GPT3 has made. Similarly, we have made decisions that we believe GPT3 could not have made. This brings us to broader conclusions regarding the future of AI in creating narrative.

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Below we present a story that resulted from me cooperating with GPT3.

She waited there for almost an hour until he finally returned, shovelling some of his slimy lunch into the pockets of his coat. He'd taken time to shower, and (she thought) to change into a new suit. He looked to be around the same age as her, yet something seemed strange about him. She couldn't really think what.

It was really exciting for her to meet him. But she had to contain herself. When she approached him for the first time her heart was racing. She wasn't used to being surrounded by the luxury of such offices.

"Mr. Berton?" she asked tentatively, waiting for him to take notice of her. She was almost excited for him when she saw the shocked look on his face.

"Who wants to know?" he mumbled, walking next to her.

"My name's Alice Claudette. I've heard a lot about you... and your office... and your couture".

Alice followed him - Frank Berton - around the office as he fondled his papers around.

It was all suspiciously familiar.

"Mr. Berton, I would love to work for you."

"I'm sure you would," he said gloomily.

"I've always admired law... especially the criminal case," she told him. "It's so unpredictable."

"It's that... yes," he said, smirking at her. "Why the fuck would you want to work with me? I'm a monster. I'm a beast. I defend killers".

Alice shrugged. "My interests are different to other people's. I've always been interested in cases that bend the facts, the ones that are unusual. I think it's so cool that you defend these prisoners. It's out of the ordinary... I'm not so different to them. It's almost like we're the same". She lowered her eyes coyly.

Frank finally gave her a serious look. He considered her. She could be a great worker. He could make her work hard.

"Why do you want to work with me?" he asked coldly. "Just leave. You'll do better somewhere else, some other place. It doesn't matter, nobody really wants to work here at all."

Alice shook her head slowly. "I do want to work with you. I am the best. I am not afraid of you or the killers you defend".

Alice was wearing a fashionable suit. Frank was equally well-dressed but had a face of a fucking brutal being. He was menacing. Frank was scary. He was a scary man.

He decided to give her a chance. "Okay, Alice... we'll see how well you do. If you're something special I might keep you on."

Frank's mouth turned into a smile. It was the type of wolfish grin a predator gave its prey. It made Alice even more excited than before.

She worked alongside Frank for half a year. They grew closer together. Alice's boyfriend Carroll was jealous of their relationship. But he had nothing to offer. He was just a normal dude.

The lawyer's office was in the city. Alice was pretty happy about it. By the riverside there was a bridge. She liked to go walking there after work. It was a nice walk. It was a beautiful time. It was her time.

After work, Alice went to the Chinese parlour to get a painful massage. Frank always told her it was good to be tough. It was better for law, he said.

The dude that gave her the massage was amazing. He really worked. He pressed against her painful spots, making her cry.

A week passed.

Carroll came into her bedroom one morning - when she was getting ready for work - and he looked more miserable than ever. He asked her about work. He said: "You're working too much. Work is not everything, you know. I think there's something suspicious with you and that guy. Why don't you quit?"