

FLAVIUS

composed by Jenny Filipetti,
Jeremy Ashkenas, and Donko Jeliaskov
from a processing playwriting grammar
and Shakespearean n-gram generator.

Flavius was first performed at Brown University in March 2008, featuring Jeremy Ashkenas as LORD FLAVIUS, Jenny Filipetti as LADY ANNABELLE, and Donko Jeliaskov as LUCITOR.

Cast

LORD FLAVIUS
His wife, LADY ANNABELLE
LUCITOR

Scene 1

LUCITOR

If I led them there, to sleep with this grove till o'er Lord Flavius's archery.
Fill thy true love, take, love, and dance—it should be watchers.
In maiden meditation, fancy-free. She must dance it so pale.
The cease of sensuality, the chaste dames even as luscious Lady Annabelle...

But wherefore should you hear, Lord Flavius?
Be assured of the devil. Come to controversy.
When Lord Flavius under my credit with torches and all fiery red, opening on a
child.
Which is mad to every region, and clamor roar upon the couple. Following
darkness, think of war. In the place, they fight!
Let him as are afraid of love have no remedy.

What bloody accidents.

Scene 2

LORD FLAVIUS jolts awake, waking LADY ANNABELLE.

LORD FLAVIUS

Lady Annabelle! Ay, lady. If for love, for the world!

Tell me, my young mistress of reason.
Being native hue of my imaginations.
I dare scarce found my lord, there,
now are pictures out I had received,
ever will make us round and go and meet in woe.
The thoughts aim he hath given up thyme, supply it with bitter wrong,
and the juice on in rage strike those anon with sweet queen.
And certain stars shot madly sweep the day!

LADY ANNABELLE

That light of a colt indeed, one cast away from you,
if it hath play'd on your beams!
If you doth most mistake in the fiery glow-worm's eyes a man as Lucitor.
With purple grapes, green turf at his own shadow,
if two earthly power to heaven.

LORD FLAVIUS

This night's accidents does chide with "Hail, King of the graves,
all That cuckold him." It proves my thoughts.

LADY ANNABELLE

He would have no age found on your bed, my lord.

As he speaks, LORD FLAVIUS becomes worried and walks away.

LORD FLAVIUS

I have that hath promised:
I obey; the worlds suffer.
Hell is made drunk.
We had made for ruin's wasteful entrance.
It will not so heavily with blood burns,
how I will shake thy crown does me question of my heart.
And you find me see:— The air With this that a month, unhand me.

LADY ANNABELLE touches LORD FLAVIUS's shoulder.

LADY ANNABELLE

My lord, you can; you have the right and sighting.

LORD FLAVIUS

Patient, I would bear welcome in compassing thy name. Silence awhile.

Scene 3

LADY ANNABELLE

What heinous sin is rose of him

with the better by the cleanliest shift is but talk.
O, how weak a man? Is it our tragedy?
Lord Flavius, You give myself—
not to men; I'll prove the doors he hath importun'd me tomorrow;
let her fault her king.
No jewel is it of sanctity as fast as easy tasks.

Alas, dear love, Which sometime hath importun'd me In
honourable ladies most deject and this same wicked bastard of smiles.

Lord Flavius, this attribute to thee. You taught me sort all!
You are not in the ring, the false steward, this same progeny.
Treason is mingled with love to me.

Scene 4

LUCITOR

Seeking sweet sleep I fixed on dilatory time. Alack, a little godliness I give
glimmering light, and the sea-maid's music ...

LORD FLAVIUS

What news of hell!

LUCITOR

The magnifico is sated with the cables of purpose! Come hither, cover'd with a
disdainful youth. Take heed the Fairy King, attend his hairy temples. I am a
Messenger.

LORD FLAVIUS

Still harping on the temple... Now, what else? Mine uncle! Ghost. The flames
must render it. Making night hideous and bounteous—thou, a form, indeed.
Why, even to the soul so pale? I'll run from peril.

LUCITOR

Hell is blessing, if I cannot—you not—lie near this kill. Churl, upon my
henchman fear not. Some vile squealing of his eyes, to sweep the pack of our
carnal stings, our territory, thy lands. Even as you would thou dost wake, all is
banish'd. O monstrous birth to bed.

LORD FLAVIUS

Before, never, so mean, my foe. O, give words upon my love, my fury, that I
would have speech straight. And pestilent congregation of the end life now
falls. As in the world were hallow'd. [*Leaps into the light.*] Dost thou couldst,
doctor, cast a passion. A pestilence on her part. I cannot move.

LUCITOR

With black-brow'd night ... the thoughts unnatural. So do what is done. Is Lady Annabelle gone till now? I not breathe my blood. Filth, thou bring her here.

LORD FLAVIUS

Alas, poor malice remains in mine. For the soul is only to seduce! 'Tis deeply sworn. Leave me hideous to her husband's limbs? So bated me to pieces. O, a dowager of life, my whole function. Unworthy, a life of prologue or cry of barren sceptre. Why, all my sword. Ghost!

LUCITOR and LORD FLAVIUS begin to fight.

LORD FLAVIUS

How to write "whore" upon? What forgeries you fit!

LUCITOR

I care not. All fiery red, opening on thee. I am a headless bear!

LORD FLAVIUS

O sland'rous world! Get thee gone. This machine is a mistress of blood.

LUCITOR

And maidens call me an imperious lion. Sue to redder drops.

LORD FLAVIUS

I'll silence in thee! This is my government. Drown the gentle day, for I have reach'd. Here's metal more dear. Take, thou wilt, thou shalt!

LUCITOR

Thou wouldst wrongly win.

LUCITOR forces LORD FLAVIUS'S sword upon him, and LORD FLAVIUS expires.

LORD FLAVIUS

I came with my heart: but as death, I smile. Lady Annabelle, I'll visit you.

LUCITOR

To what we destroy. It is not; my sweet peace.

Scene 5

LADY ANNABELLE

A guiltless death was woe so affrighted!
My mother show'd me see; what we assay'd to him.
Some say I came, saw, and cannot lack of horrors—
the comes the morning bedtime. What angel wakes me
of thy black silk hair, your tributary drops forth to forswear him.

But what tongue of love. I did hide their effect of a private check.
What makes the weaker vessel, as she died singing it.
Peace, fool; he's indicted falsely.

Scene 6

LORD FLAVIUS

Drop tears shall I. Am I, then,
you?—sure thou hold'st up the last?
You, seeming sweet, convert to thicken
other grounds.

LADY ANNABELLE

Not proud you chide me, Lord Flavius, The words can you have your inky brows.
No, faith, die with bitter words.
Flavius, Stole from the loss of grief.
What is apter to strengthen that you chide me not how?
Well, to have you.
You say what you will,
for I tell me your hand Gave sign for hate him heart-whole.

LORD FLAVIUS

Greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, waterrugs, and this, the mobled queen,
the Murder most of sheep-skins? They laugh in his hands.
Let Lucitor himself might be tam'd so.
But doth tend upon him.
What shall determine this,
honest ghost, while I am bound more remove
Say from day I say blood of Christians, nor I am done.
Nay, then, now the unworthy takes, When honour's at it, That lov'd you; and
her neck: lays him asleep, leaves him. Hide fox, and trumpets' clang?

LADY ANNABELLE

Do you tell me? The devil art beautiful. Dost thou go by this? No, my lord.
I would cure you, something, and break one fault bear that love too.

LORD FLAVIUS

A mote will snatch at my ghostly confessor,
Two bosoms interchained with traitorous gifts,
Tis better to take on him any hard.

LADY ANNABELLE

[aside] His sleeping here comes good my soul. And all a fool!

Matter, the way, you company?

Tis strange, my troth.
What tongue of love, my life in my sweet breaths
will, I were to perform it.
Come, woo me, a likely piece of my lord.
You stared upon me—
myself and play needs no longer stay.
I cannot lack of the cutter-off of love me, choose.
Sleep thou, and it out of sin.

[aside] Downright he rose and have no means,
nor pluck the work. There, give it quickly, and live.

Say you yourself good, and receive them.
Hark, boy, run to have slain my complexion!
dost thou look'st thou met but they will not now.
Out, fool!
Marry, to heaven.

Now, Lucitor, and unpleasing sharps. Some war with you. Do not how Time try.
Adieu.