

*From the Birds: A Modern Adaptation*

PITHETAERUS, 20s

EULPIDES, 20s

IRIS, immortal (347)

*Two humans have choked off the Gods supply of sacrificial smoke. They send a messenger, Iris, to negotiate.)*

PITHETAERUS

Do you think big wings will impress a goddess?

EULPIDES

No. You're going to have to seduce her with your inner beauty.

PITHETAERUS

Damn.

*(Enter IRIS. IRIS wears a rainbow colored undershirt beneath a black trench coat. She looks like a depressed teenager, albeit with a small set of dainty wings taped to her back.)*

Whoah.

IRIS

What's up?

PITHETAERUS

My name is Pithetaerus and this is my associate Eulpides, and together we rule Birdville.

EULPIDES

No it's E pops.

PITHETAERUS

Did I say we? I meant me. I rule Birdville. I hope power impresses you.

IRIS

Whatever. Is there like anything to around here?

PITHETAERUS

What?

IRIS

This place is boring and it sucks.

PITHETAERUS

Well um... we're still working on it.

IRIS

Okay, so... Hera sent me down here to figure out what you guys are doing. Whatever. I don't care. It's not like I matter anyway.

PITHETAERUS

I'm sorry, what's your name?

IRIS

Iris. I hate it.

EULPIDES

I think it's a pretty name.

IRIS

Shut up. It's a name for Grandmas.

PITHETAERUS

What are you Goddess of, Iris?

IRIS

Pain. I wish. No I'm just a messenger Goddess. I go back and forth and my symbol is the...

*(she can't bring herself to say it.)*

EULPIDES

What?

IRIS

Rainbow. I hate rainbows. Like, I was into rainbows like three hundred years ago, you know? And then it's like, I don't like rainbows any more, but they won't let me switch. So I'm stuck with the lame rainbow symbol even though I hate it. I mean, I've painted my whole temple black and everything, but still, we gotta have a freaking rainbow come shining in every time anyone does something. It's so lame.

EULPIDES

I like rainbows.

*(she narrows her eyes and glares at him.)*

PITHETAERUS

Listen, Iris, you tell Zeus for me—

IRIS

I don't work for Zeus, I work for Hera.

PITHETAERUS

Okay, well, when you go back to Olympus tell Hera to tell Zeus that we are going to cut off all their sacrificial smoke until they surrender all their powers to the birds.

IRIS

You seriously want me to tell her that?

PITHETAERUS

Yeah. That's what's going on here.

EULPIDES

But you can say it nicely if you want.

IRIS

Whatever.

*(she starts to leave.)*

PITHETAERUS

Hey wait a minute.

IRIS

What?

PITHETAERUS

What are you doing later?

IRIS

Nothing.

PITHETAERUS

You wanna do something?

IRIS

With you?

PITHETAERUS

Yeah.

IRIS

Are you like a bird or a human? I can't figure out what you're supposed to be.

PITHETAERUS

I'm whatever you want me to be, baby.

IRIS

Look, I'm a goddess—

PITHETAERUS

I know. You're a hot goddess. You're the goddess of hotness.

IRIS

I'm not going to date a mortal.

PITHETAERUS

But—

IRIS

I've gone out with a hundred-handed titan before, all right? I'm not going out with you.

EULPIDES

What was it like going out with a guy with a hundred hands?

IRIS

It was kinda like a carwash. And not in a good way. You guys are lame, I'm gonna go write in my journal.

*(she takes out her journal and moves to the opposite side of the stage.)a*

PITHETAERUS

I'm going to marry that girl, Eulpides.

EULPIDES

Are you sure you want to?

*(To read the rest of this play, please visit [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com))*