

EVIL EYES

by Herbert M. Midgley
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TIME: Present

PLACE: In the south

CHARACTERS:

JACK – A prisoner

JOE - A detective

SCENE ONE

JOE is walking towards a small cell. JACK is sitting in a chair looking at the ceiling smiling.

JOE

Jack, I hear that you want to talk.

JACK

You heard what?

JOE

I'm not going to waste my time. Do you want to talk or not? I have work I need to do.

JACK

Like solve old murder cases? (JACK stares at JOE)

JOE

Fine, guard, let me out. He doesn't want to talk.

JACK

No, wait! I want to talk! I don't want to go back to my cell, I haven't been out of my cell for months. I'll talk! Please sit down. Please?

JOE

So talk. Let me start the tape recorder. (JOE fumbles with the tape recorder) OK, it's ready. Start anytime you want.

JACK

What do you want to know?

JOE

I'll make it simple for you. Tell me how many people you've killed.

JACK

Don't you mean murdered?

JOE

I'm about to leave. (JOE stares at JACK)

JACK

How many did I murder? Hmm, let me see. How many fingers and toes do you have?

JOE

Twenty.

JACK

So do I. (Beat) Twenty plus twenty. Twenty times twenty. (Beat) Who knows?

JOE

So forty or four hundred?

JACK

Somewhere in between I guess. (Beat) Does that make me a bad person?

JOE

Seeing that most people in the world haven't killed one, yeah it does.

JACK

What about those soldiers in Iraq? Does that make them bad too?

JOE

They are defending America in a war. You aren't.

JACK

But what if I was protecting something more important than that? Something so important that I was willing to give up my freedom for the past thirty years. Would that make a difference?

JOE

So what are you trying to say?

JACK

The sun goes up in the morning. (Beat) And it goes down at night. What I did was as natural as that.

JOE

Did someone tell you to do it?

JACK

No! I knew it when I was born. I knew it all of my life. It was destined for me to do this. It was manifest destiny if you will.

JOE

So, tell about how you picked your victims.

JACK

I didn't pick them, they picked me. You could see it in their eyes.

JOE

What did you see in their eyes?

JACK

Do you believe in God detective? An almighty force that glides your hand.

JOE

At times.

JACK

Angels. Do you believe in them?

JOE

I haven't seen any in life.

JACK

So does that mean that there isn't any then?

JOE

It does in my line of work.

JACK

Detective, angels do walk the Earth. (Beat) But there aren't the type you see in pictures, you know the ones with wings. The Archangels are warriors that fight Demons in a moral combat. Warriors fighting evil.

JOE

Ok, so tell me more about the murders you did.

JACK

What if they all had to die? What if God wanted them dead, and I was the instrument to do it?

JOE

Is that what you believe? God told you to kill all of those women.

JACK

He didn't have to. You could see the evil in their eyes. (Beat) Even you could see in them.

JOE

Jack, you killed them all at night, how could you see their eyes?

JACK

They all had evil in their eyes. They had to die.

JOE

Some were teenagers, some were grandmothers.

JACK

It's always the ones you least suspect. Age doesn't matter to God. Evil often appears in the innocence. Don't you see it? Haven't you seen evil in a women's eyes before?

JOE

Let's get back to why I'm here. Jack, why did you kill them?

JACK

Evil. Those women were evil. Can't you see it, *I'm an Archangel!* I do the bidding of God. And I'm not *crazy*. Just because God *talks* to me, doesn't mean that I'm insane! I'm a prophet doing *His* bidding!

JOE

So God told you to do it. Jack, that's not even original. I thought that you were special. But you are just like all of those other crackpots. Another nut job killing women because you can't get any. How pathetic.

JACK

So I'm pathetic. I have saved the world more times than you have fingers, and I'm pathetic. If you want to see pathetic, look in the mirror. When was the last time you had supper with your wife? When was the last time you spend a day with your kids without running out to *solve a big case*. I'm pathetic? Here I'm in jail for thirty years, and I have a more normal life than you do.

JOE

I'm done.

JACK

The truth hurts. Did I hurt you? Joe isn't. Joe the detective. Joe the police detective that can solve any case. But you can't touch me. I'm out in a few days, and legally you can't do a thing about it.

JOE

I would've never made a deal with you.

JACK

They had to. There was no evidence. I'm an Archangel. Touched by the hand of God. To stop me, they had to make a deal. You would've done the same, you would've had no choice. I had to be stopped. Right?

JOE

So you plea to one case of second-degree murder and you get fifty years. In return, you help solve all the open murder cases the involve women from that summer.

JACK

And so I went to prison. Locked up. And old Jack was a model prisoner. And I got one day off for every three days of good behavior. The warden said that he never had a prisoner as well behaved as me. I guess I'm a nice guy deep down inside.

JOE

You make me sick! Scum! Human garbage that I can't wait to see die!

JACK

Is that a threat Joe? A terroristict threat from a police officer. That's not nice. (Shakes finger at him) What if the media would catch wind of this threat against a model prisoner? A prisoner that has served his time and is about to join society again. That wouldn't be good for you career not would it Joe?

JOE

I will be watching you every minute when you get out. If you drive through a yellow light, you're mine.

JACK

My driver's license has expired a few years back Joe, I won't be driving for a while if ever. I wouldn't want to break the law now would I?

JOE

No. I guess not. But you shouldn't fear the police Jack. You should fear your new neighbors. How do you think they are going to feel having a convicted serial killer living next to their kids?

JACK

Joe, can't you understand? The evil is gone! I was able to purified world. There isn't any more evil! I saved the world from Satan! Can't you understand that?

JOE

I see. Jack, I wish you well. Good luck where ever you are going. (JOE turns his back on JACK)

JACK

You don't mean that do you Joe? Joe? Do you? You can't believe me, you have to stop me! And you know that! You better find a way to stop me! For you wife! For you kids! You have to stop me!

JOE

I loved you mom. (JOE turns around and turns off the tape recorder and pulls out his service revolver and shoots JACK's in his head. JOE puts down his gun, his badge and photo of his mother and walks out of the cell.)

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