

**THE WOLF AT THE END OF THE BLOCK**

by IKE HOLTER

**16<sup>th</sup> Street Theater**

**ABE SIDE**

A monologue from pages 25-26

ABE

he's in his 50's, maybe? Early, mid fifties, no later than that  
you could tell he--

you could tell he's been in some fights, I mean he was dressed ok, uh, button down,  
pants, slacks, maybe,  
dressed Ok, but--

Somebody you wouldn't wanna talk back to.

So I didn't.

So I pay.

And that's when he says "Fucking wetback. Wetback spic. Fucking dirtbag wetback  
spic, walk. Walk outta here. Go home, get out, jump over the fucking fence before we  
make it a fucking wall stay away get out you hear me just go."

Over and over and over.

And I move--like I'm going to go out the front door--

I move to do that, and then I immediately double back and run out the back door,  
past the bar, I just push it open and I'm moving and I'm moving and I'm flying and  
just when I think I'm free somebody comes up from the side of the alley,

pounds me, fist hits my shoulder just pounds me,

and I'm down, and he's on top of me, and it's my face, it's my nose, it's my neck,

I push back to run I try to escape just even deflect and again

it's my face, it's my nose, it's my neck,

and I barricade my chest and push against him,

I push against him

the only thing I can do is push against him: "Stop."

.....And I get up and I run and I run and I run and it's not until I wake up in the  
morning on somebody's stoop that I realize I blacked out.