

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

by IKE HOLTER

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

**JAMES SIDE**

A monologue from page 49

JAMES

I couldn't do what you do.

Try to place myself in other people's shoes, yea?

When I'm out, at work, and I get the call, and I go,

I try to place myself in the position of the person I'm supposed to go against.

And it's hard.

I will admit that straight off, it is hard for me to look at someone  
who doesn't look like me

and put all my history into their heads and then say to myself "Oh ok, this led him to this. That  
led him to this. He led himself to this",

it's hard, real hard, and it's hard cause it's impossible.

I wouldn't be me...if I was you, and vice versa, you admit that, you know that; can't put my brain  
in somebody else's head but

I can try, in that moment, with everything I got  
to be a good person.

...And that's a fight I don't always walk away from as a--

Can't always win that fight.

I see hundreds of people go by a day,

and that's only a fraction of the thousands that pass by,

only thing is, when I'm at work I'm in a uniform;

they can see me, I can't see them, see?

So it takes a...

Takes a certain kind of person to do what I do.

I'm the one who has to decide.

And it can never be wrong, cause if it is, I'm not the person who gets to decide anymore,

I'm the person who's dead.