

# HARRY IN WISCONSIN

by  
Ellen Margolis

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CHARACTERS:

HARRY, a guy in his late 20s or early 30s. North England or Scottish accent.

HARRY is speaking to an unseen interviewer.

I wasn't one to think much about the afterlife. Heaven and that. Anyways, I was up in—oh—I should tell you, I've got a habit, a history you might say, of saying Yes to travel. Specially on my trip to America. "*Do you want to spend Easter at me grandad's?*" "Sure, why not?" "*Have you ever been to a wind farm?*" "Hell, no! Let's do it!" "*Dya fancy a road trip to the Upper Peninsula?*" "Do I!"

Lot of the time, seems like I'd end up ridin' in the bag of the truck, with the guitars and the duffel bags. There'd be the guy drivin', right, his girlfriend, her friend, and then me in the back. And usually a dog as well.

Lots of times, to tell the god's truth, I didn't catch where we were headed—and you don't like asking people to repeat themselves too much. I wasn't workin' any type of regular job, just playin' on the street or in a café if they'd have me. So if somebody said "*Do you fancy a day at so-and-so?*" Sorry, I mean [bright American accent] "*Would you like to visit Wild Rose?*" I'd say "sure thing, cheers, man!" not knowin' if Wild Rose was a girl or a place or, like, a very well-known horse.

[laughs] You got to stop me when I go on a tangent, mate. Your audience isn't gonna care about this. I suppose you can edit the bad bits out, yeah?

Anyways, so, this one night, I was ridin' in the back of this truck. We're headed up to somebody's uncle's Christmas tree farm or somethin'. [indicates the front seat passengers]

This guy Lee, driving—flippin’ great percussionist—and his girlfriend, and her sister, and me.

[sits up and pants like a dog]

And after a couple hours I knocked on the window. I think they’d forgotten about me!

[American girl, super friendly] “Hey!” [Harry] “Hey, I could use a piss!” “Whaaaaat?”

[gesturing] “Can we stop for a pee break?”

And we’re going through all this farm country, you know, coulda stopped anywhere, but I guess they had someplace in mind. And we finally pull into this little town, and Lee pulls the truck over, and I hop out and follow them. And brilliant, it’s a pub. And beers are two bucks. And I’m excited, cause I’ve got, like, twenty in my pocket from playin’ in front of the library that morning. So I tell them “First one’s on me!” and I dash for the loo.

[stands, peeing] Aaaah. You know how a pee can feel so great, specially a nice long one? I can hear me Ma, “*why don’t you ever take care of that before you leave the house, Harry?*” After a minute, I guess I look up, and there in front of me, on the opposite side of this big glass wall, are my friends. Staring at me. And I’ve got my pants down, and my willy in my hand, don’t I?

“Shite!”

And they’re wavin’, and then I realize Lee is tryin’ to signal me or somethin’. He’s goin’ [oversized pantomime] “YOU CAN SEE US BUT WE CAN’T SEE YOU.” And after a minute, I get it. Flippin’ absolutely brilliant. They got that one-way glass stuff in the bathrooms. You stand there, and you look at everybody, and nobody can see you.

And my friends go off to the bar, and I finish peeing, and I just stand there and watch the scene in this sweet little pub, middle of nowhere. Don’t know if it was the piss, or comin’ in from the cold, or the prospect of a beer or two after a long day and money in my pocket to pay

for it, but I couldn't a felt more peaceful, you know? Just standin' there with my pecker in my hand, watchin' the world go by. [he stands and watches]

So when I got *here*, you know, and they asked me—yeah, right, *that's* my point! They ask you, don't they, if you've got any ideas how you'd like to spend eternity. They've got all the usual of course—tropical islands and that. But you can make your own plan as well. So that's what I asked for—men's room of a little tavern, see-through mirror in front of me, and all the world on the other side. Doesn't sound like much when I say it, but the feelin' can't be beat.

Another thing that might surprise people, if you've got time? You know how they say your life flashes before you? It does do, but there's a purpose to it. It happens just as you're goin', just as you're slippin' away there, and what you see is—and I don't know how you *know* this, but you do, you know—what you see is all the many, many times you might have died but you didn't. From your mum lettin' loose of your pram and it rollin' down the street and somebody savin' you, to the time you had a fever for three days when you were ten years old, to the time you would have choked on your own sick but your mates turned you right way round. And you see it all, and you realize “Oh, yeah. So this is my time, then. Got it.”

They've really worked it out so cleverly, that's my point. So you can tell everybody not to worry about death.