

# 11 MINUTES

By Shawn Deal

Copyright © 2024 by Shawn Deal, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-231-5

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

*Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.*

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

# 11 MINUTES

*A Dramatic Monologue*

**By Shawn Deal**

**SYNOPSIS:** Every 11 minutes someone dies of fentanyl poisoning. What if you were one of the someones but didn't know it? No matter that Megan is dead... she still has to come to terms with her demise.

**TIME:** Present.

**SETTING:** Megan is a ghost and is, at different times, either in body or spirit, present at all of the locations she mentions in the monologue. Megan's bedroom, Boyfriend (Troy Williver's) house, Troy Williver's basement, Trial for Troy Williver.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female)*

MEGAN (f)..... Teenage girl.

**SET:** Bare stage.

**PRODUCTION NOTES:** This can be done very simply: bare stage, no costuming and no props.

**DIRECTOR'S NOTES:** However, you can have her present herself as a ghost or dead. Makeup paling out her complexion. Or costuming of what she might have worn to bed or dressed in at her funeral. The main character goes through a variety of emotions in this: Sadness, regret, anger and depression as she searches to understand what has happened to her. The actor should try to interweave as many of these emotions throughout the beats of this play. The last thing you want to do is to only focus on one of the emotions.

**MEGAN:** My name is Megan O'Hare, and one morning, I simply didn't wake up. I died in my sleep, at home in my bedroom, in my bed, wrapped under a quilted blanket my grandmother made me for my last birthday.

My mother discovered me. She thought it was strange that Whisper, our orange-haired cat, was not cuddled up in the blanket with me. He always spent the mornings with me. I guess I sleep warmer than anyone else or maybe it's because I never toss and turn during the night. The position I fall asleep in is the exact position I wake up in. Well... at least... I guess it was. Anyway, it was because Whisper was out walking around, trying to find a sunny spot to lay, that roused my mother's attention and why she chose that exact moment to check on me.

So maybe it is best right now if I restate my opening sentence: I once was the girl known as Megan April O'Hare, and I'm now coming out as a ghost, or spirit or some sort of supernatural being. I honestly don't even know what I am currently, and really, it's not important.

I don't exactly know when I became aware of my new state of being. Clearly, sometime after I died but before my mother came into my bedroom that morning.

I was confused and dizzy, like I had just gotten off a very fast-moving merry-go-round. You know, one of those old ones you used to find in parks, where someone spins and spins and spins you, and you just hold on to one of those bent bars for dear life. And you could do it with three or four of your friends. It was like getting off one of those, the dizzy feeling, the queasy stomach, the barely keeping my legs underneath me.

The first thing I remember quite clearly is seeing myself curled up on my bed in my grandmother's quilt.

I even briefly, albeit very briefly, thought—Wow, don't I look peaceful. I must be getting some good sleep. I even hoped I was having a wonderful dream.

It didn't occur to me that I could possibly have been dreaming right at that moment as I looked down at myself. Or that something unusual was happening. It never entered my mind that I was sick, or in trouble, or... dead. None of that occurred to me, until my mother walked through my bedroom door, without knocking again and said:

"Megs, wake up. Time to get going."

Always the same wake-up greeting every day. If I'd heard it once, I'd heard it a thousand times or more. (*Thoughtful pause.*) I'd love to hear it again.

Of course, it was always followed up by the all too common complaint of "Megan April, why can't you keep your room clean? At least pick up the floor. I can't take two steps in here."

Typical mother behavior. I bet mothers all over the world make the same complaint. I wonder if they are taught that? Or was it something handed down? Did my grandmother complain to my mother about the messy state of her bedroom? Is it just natural instincts that appear when you become a mother? I guess I will never know.

As my mother tried to gauge the correct and safe place to move her foot, she had noticed that I had yet to respond.

I saw the concern cross her face. It was in her eyes really, and I watched her venture across the forbidden jungle that was my bedroom floor.

She stretched out her hand to touch my face. She went for my forehead. Probably thought I was sick, running a fever, most likely. I'm not sure if anything else had crossed her mind yet. I'm sure she was expecting to feel a hot forehead, or even a clammy one, but she got a rigid cold one.

"Megs?" She said in an elevated voice. Not quite high pitched, but certainly with a huge spoonful of panic. Her hand left my forehead and went to my shoulder and shook it. "Megs, wake up!" That was said in something smaller than a shout. Then came the full-blown "MEGS, WAKE UP!"

That's when the crying began and the scream of pure agony escaped my mother's lungs.

In this entire story, that was the absolute worst moment, seeing all the pain on my mother's face, to hear all the pain from my mother's soul. It was at that moment I truly felt my mother's love.

It's not that I didn't know she loved me. Of course, I knew she loved me. But when you are a teenager, sometimes you take it for granted. I mean, she's there every day, packing my lunch for school, taking me to cheerleader practice, fixing my dinner, washing my clothes. They were all the everyday tasks that my mom did because she loved me. It's easy to take those everyday things for granted.

There I was, watching my mother in more pain than she had ever been in—in her life—knowing it was all because she loved me. She ran out of my bedroom screaming, crying. Off, I presume, to call 911.

Obviously, it was too late for that—too late for me.

I had a heart condition when I was alive. Technically, I had a heart murmur ever since I was a baby. I took medication for it. It was very exacting—the same dosage, the same time every day. So it

was immediately thought that I had had some sort of heart episode or I had stopped taking my pills.

Like I would have done that.

I knew how important it was to take the medication and to take it on time. They thought I may have taken too much. I admit, I could have done that. It was so automatic to take the pills that sometimes I would forget if I had or had not taken them.

I could have made that mistake pretty easily.

Frankly, that's what most everyone thought.

I had been under some pressure with tests at school and cheerleading, and this led to me either forgetting to take the medication or taking too much of it.

My mom beat herself up for not making sure I was taking my medicine correctly. She blamed herself. She cried all the time. Every time she went into the bathroom at night before bed, and often, if she just suddenly remembered something about me, she cried. It was hard to watch.

Here's the thing though. Where everyone living thought it was something about the medication or a heart episode, I was unsure. You see, I couldn't remember how I got to bed that night. In fact, I didn't remember being in my house that night.

The last thing I did remember was being over at my boyfriend's house and having a smoke.

Troy Williver was one of the wide receivers for our high school football team. He was the one who caught the go-ahead touchdown that put our team in the state playoffs for the first time in fifteen years, and he was my boyfriend.

My last two weeks alive were the greatest two weeks of my life.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from  
11 MINUTES by Shawn Deal. For performance rights  
and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact  
us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**

**DO NOT COPY**