

JUST A TASTE  
By Natalie Estelle Marsan

Characters

MEGAN, 26

BEAU, 32

Where and When

A one bedroom apartment in Greenwich Village. 9:07 p.m.

*It's the day after NYU School of Law's graduation.*

*Recent graduate MEGAN cleans dishes in her kitchen sink. She's wearing an orange scoop-neck tank top, a white button up blouse rolled up at the sleeves, and very short jean shorts. The song "So This is Love" by Ilene Woods and Michael Douglas can be heard from Megan's purple speaker positioned on the side table next to her couch. She sings along, swaying to the music. Everything in Megan's apartment has its place, that way nothing gets lost or damaged. The apartment buzzer goes off.*

MEGAN: Damnit.

*MEGAN wipes her hands on the towel hanging from the handle of the oven and buzzes someone in. She grabs her phone off of the kitchen counter. The song stops and sexy lo-fi beats start playing. She lowers the volume considerably. There's a knock at the door. She adjusts her bra to push up her boobs and flips her hair. She opens the door. Recent graduate BEAU leans on the doorframe. He's wearing a wrinkly white T-shirt, black skinny jeans, and a gray beanie.*

MEGAN: Hello, sir. Come on in. Please.

BEAU: What's up?

MEGAN: Just waiting on you. How was your day?

BEAU: Pretty good. I slept until three and then played video games with Aaron and Eddie and then I came here.

MEGAN: You were out late last night. You texted me at four.

BEAU: I was so drunk. Eddie bought everyone Long Islands at last call and my motor function went adios.

MEGAN: Commencement was super overwhelming, and I had the Order of the Coif ceremony the day before, so I went to dinner with my parents, came home and crashed.

BEAU: Cool.

*BEAU closes the front door behind him. He takes two steps closer to MEGAN and leans in for a kiss.*

MEGAN: Can I ask you something?

BEAU: Hit me.

MEGAN: Why didn't you walk at commencement?

BEAU: I don't know. I didn't want to.

MEGAN: You have a doctorate from NYU. You didn't want to celebrate that?

BEAU: I did celebrate with everyone. Last night at Pubkey.

MEGAN: What about your family? I know your dad isn't a part of your life, but I bet your mom would have flown out.

BEAU: She would have. It's fine, don't worry about it.

MEGAN: You were missed.

BEAU: You missed me?

MEGAN: Did you bring the pen?

BEAU: Is that all I'm good for? Providing you with weed?

MEGAN: Yes.

BEAU: Nice deflection.

*BEAU hands MEGAN his weed pen. She takes a long drag of it. He laughs, slips off his Vans and tosses them near the door.*

BEAU: How was your day?

MEGAN: Good. I got up, went to the gym, made breakfast, went to the library, started Bar review, came back, did laundry, cleaned the bathroom, I picked up my New York State license-

BEAU: Let me see it.

MEGAN: Why?

BEAU: Why not?

MEGAN: I had to take a new picture. It doesn't look like me.

BEAU: Now I have to see it.

MEGAN: No. What else did I do? Oh, yes, I went grocery shopping, I talked to Elena on the phone and then I made dinner and now you're here.

BEAU: Woah. Productive. Who's Elena?

MEGAN: My sister.

BEAU: That's right. I have to start packing.

MEGAN: Nine more days. You start your job in September, right? Personal injury law?

BEAU: September 1st.

MEGAN: Me too. Well, Cravath hasn't given me a firm start date.

BEAU: I guess I have to study for that pesky Bar.

MEGAN: We have to *pass* that pesky Bar.

BEAU: You'll be fine.

MEGAN: Studying is all I can think about.

BEAU: I'm buying a car.

MEGAN: Really?

BEAU: Yeah, off my buddy Zion. He buys and sells cars. I ran my old one into the ground before I came here for school and I didn't want to buy a new one until I moved back home.

MEGAN: Is it a truck?

BEAU: No. You think I would drive a truck?

MEGAN: The #1 selling car in the U.S. is the Ford F-150.

BEAU: I know that.

MEGAN: It was an educated guess. Whatever. Wow, a car. You're such an adult.

BEAU: My new apartment is next to a dog park.

MEGAN: You told me. Maisy'll get a kick out of that.

BEAU: Yeah. I miss her so much. I get her on the weekends, at least. Liz is giving me a hard time—

MEGAN: That sucks.

*MEGAN leaves the kitchen and sits down on the couch.*

BEAU: Sorry.

MEGAN: What? You share your dog with your ex.

BEAU: It felt weird saying her name in front of you just now.

MEGAN: I know who she is. I've met her.

BEAU: When did you meet her?

MEGAN: You don't remember? You brought her to that cocktail hour after 1L orientation. She was in town for my Christmas party last year.

BEAU: I forgot about that party. You fit a lot of people in here.

MEGAN: Liz was really nice.

BEAU: Glad to hear it.

MEGAN: From what I can remember. I think we exchanged numbers. That's so weird.

*BEAU nods his head.*

MEGAN: You don't have to walk on eggshells around me.

BEAU: I don't want to hurt-

MEGAN: Let's just...enjoy the next nine days.

BEAU: Yes. Let's.

*BEAU comes and sits on the couch next to MEGAN. MEGAN spreads her legs across BEAU.*

MEGAN: I shaved my legs for you.

*BEAU starts rubbing her legs.*

BEAU: Hell yeah. I shaved my chin for you.

MEGAN: Very nice.

*BEAU and MEGAN rest their heads on the couch. They stare at each other.*

BEAU: Hi.

MEGAN: Hi.

*MEGAN kisses BEAU quickly.*

BEAU: You can kiss me again.

*MEGAN goes in for another kiss. This one is longer. MEGAN pulls away.*

BEAU: Yeah. That's good. You look really pretty.

MEGAN: Thank you.

BEAU: Or. Whatever.

*BEAU looks away. MEGAN pulls his chin to hers.*

MEGAN: You made me blush, that's all.

*BEAU kisses MEGAN. BEAU pulls away.*

BEAU: Can I buy you breakfast tomorrow morning?

MEGAN: I'm going to a yoga class at 9.

BEAU: I'll get you coffee.

*MEGAN laughs*

BEAU: What?

MEGAN: In six months, you've never asked to stay over or offered to buy me anything.

BEAU: I know. I won't get you the coffee, it was a dumb idea-

MEGAN: No. Coffee sounds good. I want the coffee.

*BEAU kisses MEGAN, hard.*

BEAU: You're working me up.

*BEAU starts rubbing up and down MEGAN's legs.*

BEAU: You are so fucking sexy.

MEGAN: You want a chocolate covered caramel?

BEAU: Huh?

MEGAN: They're in the fridge, so they are really chewy and I need one. You want one?

BEAU: Okay.



*MEGAN stands up and gets the caramels from the fridge. They are unopened. She takes out two, and puts them back in the fridge. She feeds one to BEAU. Actually, she shoves the caramel in his mouth.*

MEGAN: How does it taste?

BEAU: *(almost choking)* Good. Very good.

*MEGAN sits back down and bites into her caramel and moans. She takes another bite and moans again. BEAU is staring at her.*

MEGAN: Oh, was I moaning?

BEAU: Yeah.

MEGAN: That's crazy. I can't believe I did that.

*MEGAN finishes the caramel and a piece of chocolate falls on her chest.*

MEGAN: Could you get that for me?

*BEAU smiles and eats the piece of chocolate off of her chest.*

MEGAN: Thank you.

BEAU: You've got some chocolate on your lips.

*BEAU licks the chocolate off of MEGAN's mouth, and pulls away.*

MEGAN: Is it gone?

BEAU: For now.

MEGAN: Oh.

*BEAU reaches into his pocket and grabs his weed pen. He hands it to MEGAN. She takes one more hit of it and relaxes into the couch. BEAU stands up and laughs. He puts the weed pen on the kitchen counter with the rest of his belongings and comes back to the couch.*

BEAU: What do you want to do?

MEGAN: I don't know.

BEAU: You want to watch a movie?

MEGAN: Maybe.

BEAU: Tell me what you want.

MEGAN: I don't know.

BEAU: I want to take you to the bedroom.

MEGAN: Do it.

*BEAU stands MEGAN up and leads her to the bedroom. He sits her down on the bed. BEAU grabs MEGAN and passionately kisses her. MEGAN pulls away.*

MEGAN: Can you go get me another chocolate covered caramel?

BEAU: Okay.

*BEAU leaves the bedroom.*

*MEGAN takes off her white button-up, curls it into a ball, and throws it into the hamper next to her vanity across from her bed. BEAU re-enters with the caramel.*

MEGAN: Feed it to me, please.

BEAU: Okay.

MEGAN: What?

BEAU: You're really weird.

*BEAU feeds MEGAN the caramel. BEAU takes off her shirt. MEGAN grabs him and kisses him.*

*MEGAN takes off his shirt. BEAU pushes her down on the bed.*

BEAU: You like that?

MEGAN: Uh-huh.

*BEAU gets on top of MEGAN and starts kissing her neck aggressively.*

MEGAN: Slow. Nice and slow.

*BEAU slows down. MEGAN starts breathing heavily. BEAU grabs the throw blanket at the end of  
MEGAN's bed and drapes it on top of both of them.*

BEAU: You don't need these.

*BEAU takes MEGAN's shorts and underwear off and throws them on the floor. BEAU disappears under  
the blanket. MEGAN closes her eyes.*

MEGAN: Woah.

*BEAU takes off his pants and underwear and gets on top of her.*

BEAU: Do you want me?

MEGAN: Yes. Can we take it slow?

BEAU: Whatever you want.

*Their sex starts out slow and passionate. BEAU gets more energetic.*

MEGAN: A little slower.

BEAU: Say please.

MEGAN: Please.

*BEAU starts thrusting harder and faster. MEGAN turns her face away from him.*

BEAU: Look at me.

*MEGAN looks at him and lets out a loud cry, grabbing his arms.*

BEAU: You're okay.

MEGAN: Wait.

BEAU: You feel amazing.

*MEGAN whimpers and BEAU groans. MEGAN is breathing heavily. BEAU smiles and pulls the blanket over the two of them. He kisses her forehead.*

BEAU: Good girl.

*BEAU stretches, looks up at the ceiling, and laughs.*

BEAU: That was good, right? – Oh, are you okay?

MEGAN: Yes.

*MEGAN starts weeping. BEAU looks at her, frozen. He watches her cry for a while.*

MEGAN: I'm sorry.

BEAU: Can I get you something?

MEGAN: No, thank you.

BEAU: Water?

MEGAN: Maybe a towel. There's one hanging from the handle of the oven.

*BEAU puts on his boxers and leaves to go get the towel. MEGAN sits up. BEAU hands her the towel.*

*MEGAN wipes herself off and wraps herself up in the blanket. She flips over onto her stomach and buries herself in her pillows.*

MEGAN: I'm sorry.

BEAU: Can I touch you?

MEGAN: Yes.

*BEAU sits down next to her and rubs her back tenderly. MEGAN starts crying again. BEAU pulls his hand away and moves farther away from her on the bed.*

MEGAN: I'm sorry.

BEAU: It's okay.

MEGAN: I'm sorry.

BEAU: Can I get you anything else?

MEGAN: Can you grab that t-shirt?

*MEGAN points to an open shelving unit filled with pristinely folded clothing across from BEAU.*

BEAU: This one?

MEGAN: No.

BEAU: This one?

MEGAN: No.

BEAU: This one?

MEGAN: Yeah.

*BEAU grabs an oversized, worn-in gray t-shirt that says 'NYU LAW' and hands it to MEGAN. She sits up and starts putting on her shirt.*

MEGAN: I can explain.

*Long pause.*

MEGAN: It's really hard to say.

BEAU: I'm listening..

*MEGAN looks at BEAU and starts rubbing his arm.*

MEGAN: It's not you.

BEAU: Okay.

MEGAN: What?

BEAU: I don't really know what to say.

MEGAN: That's okay. I can tell you're freaking out.

BEAU: I'm not freaking out.

MEGAN: I can see you freaking out.

BEAU: *(whispered)* No, I'm not.

MEGAN: You're whispering. You can't even put breath underneath your words.

BEAU: Yes, I can.

*MEGAN pulls away. Long pause. She finally speaks.*

MEGAN: You're wonderful.

BEAU: Thank you.

*Long pause. BEAU finally speaks.*

BEAU: Did it feel okay?

*MEGAN nods her head.*

MEGAN: If you can't handle this and you want to leave, you can.

BEAU: You won't be mad?

MEGAN: No. I won't be mad.

*MEGAN reaches out her hand and places it on the bed in front of the BEAU*

MEGAN: I have...been lonely for a really long time, and I felt close to you.

BEAU: I felt close to you, too.

MEGAN: It was...

BEAU: Overwhelming?

MEGAN: Overwhelming.

BEAU: Yeah.

MEGAN: I'm okay.

*Long pause. MEGAN makes a face like she's about to say something, but doesn't.*

BEAU. Can you say what you're thinking?

MEGAN: You can go if you want.

BEAU: Do you want me to go?

MEGAN: Well...I assume you don't want to be friends anymore after this.

BEAU: After what?

MEGAN: Me. Crying.

BEAU: Don't be embarrassed. People cry after sex.

MEGAN: Yeah, and then the other person leaves. It's okay. I won't hold it against you.



BEAU: I wouldn't do that-

*BEAU pulls his hand away. MEGAN looks at him.*

MEGAN: Please say something.

BEAU: I'm sorry.

MEGAN: I'm sorry.

*MEGAN starts laughing.*

BEAU: What? Say it!

MEGAN: You know how in movies, there are scenes where there's like ten words spoken in total, but they are actually, like, speaking novels? It means so much more than that? That's what just happened with us.

BEAU: I'm sorry.

MEGAN: Will we ever talk again? After you move?

BEAU: We can.

MEGAN: Do you want to?

BEAU: Sure.

MEGAN: I want to.

BEAU: Okay. We'll talk.

MEGAN: This is what it's like to be vulnerable, isn't it?

*BEAU doesn't say anything. He stares at his feet.*

BEAU: I'm sorry.

MEGAN: Yeah.

*MEGAN wipes the tears from her face. She points to the shelving unit again.*

MEGAN: Can you grab those shorts for me? Underneath the—

BEAU: These?

MEGAN: Yeah.

*MEGAN puts a pair of black basketball shorts on and stands up. She grabs a hair tie from her nightstand and puts her hair in a ponytail. She walks over to BEAU and pats him on the shoulder.*

MEGAN: Don't freak out. Everything's fine.

*MEGAN walks out of her bedroom. She stands in the kitchen and waits for BEAU to dress himself. She sees his weed vape. She takes it and sucks on it, but nothing comes out. BEAU walks out fully clothed as she puts it down on his beanie, frustrated.*

MEGAN: It's clogged. Can you fix it, please?

BEAU: Sure.

*BEAU unclogs the weed vape and hands it to her. MEGAN takes two tiny hits and one big hit. She starts coughing and leans over the kitchen counter.*

MEGAN: Can you hand me my water bottle? It's —

BEAU: In your room on your nightstand. I got it.

*BEAU gets MEGAN's water bottle and hands it to her. MEGAN drinks out of it, grabs another chocolate covered caramel out of the fridge, and then walks past BEAU back into her bedroom. MEGAN sits on her bed, eating the caramel. She gets chocolate all over her mouth. Fifteen seconds go by and BEAU re-enters her bedroom. He stands in the doorway.*

BEAU: Are you gonna be okay?

MEGAN: I will be.

BEAU: Can I give you a hug?

MEGAN: Yes.

*BEAU hugs MEGAN. MEGAN squeezes BEAU tighter with each breath in and out. After five or so breaths, they pull away from each other.*

MEGAN: I wish I could have stayed sexy to the end.

BEAU: You were sexy.

MEGAN: When?

BEAU: Up until you started crying.

MEGAN: So, during sex?

BEAU: Yes.

MEGAN: Oh.

BEAU: While you were crying, you were beautiful.

MEGAN: Would you kiss me if I asked you to?

BEAU: Yes.

*BEAU kisses MEGAN. BEAU laughs as he licks the chocolate off of her mouth, but realizes how intimate he's being. He breaks away.*

BEAU: I'm sorry my life is so complicated.

MEGAN: *(shaking her head)* No. Don't. Don't do that.

BEAU: I wish that things were different..that it was a clean break...you know.

MEGAN: It's messy.

BEAU: Yeah.

MEGAN: You're still in love with Liz. I'm just a pitstop on your way to your final destination. Not in a truck.

BEAU: I didn't want to hurt you.

MEGAN: Stop.

BEAU: What?

MEGAN: You are going to live a really good life.

BEAU: So are you.

*MEGAN is sitting on the bed. BEAU is standing over her. They are in the same position they were in earlier. They both realize it.*

BEAU: Should I go?

MEGAN: Probably.

*BEAU tucks MEGAN's loose hair behind her ear, stands her up and leads her to the door of her apartment. BEAU puts on his shoes.*

BEAU: Are you gonna be okay?

MEGAN: Yes, stop asking me that.

BEAU: Can I see you before I leave?

*MEGAN doesn't answer.*

BEAU: You don't have to make up your mind right now.

MEGAN: Thank you.

BEAU: See you around?

MEGAN: Yeah. See you around.

*Intense eye contact. MEGAN breaks away first, quickly followed by BEAU.*

BEAU: Okay.

*BEAU grabs his stuff off of the kitchen counter and leaves. MEGAN lingers near the door for a moment, then spots her phone on the couch. She grabs it, turns off the music and puts her podcast back on. She turns the TV off. She goes to the sink and begins washing the rest of the dishes. The apartment buzzer goes off. MEGAN looks towards the door. She wipes her hands on her shirt and buzzes her guest in. She stands there and waits. There's a knock at the door. She opens it, and it's BEAU!*

BEAU: I forgot something.

MEGAN: Yeah, you did.

*MEGAN grabs his face and kisses him, hard. BEAU hesitates at first, and then wraps his arms around her. He even lifts her off the ground for a second. She pulls away, holding both of his hands.*

MEGAN: I'm canceling my yoga class and you're buying me pancakes.

*BEAU looks at her for a moment.*

BEAU: I left my pen. It's right there. On your counter.

*MEGAN drops both of BEAU's hands and turns around. The weed pen is exactly where he said it was. Sitting on the counter. She stands there, frozen, not knowing what to do.*

BEAU: Can I grab it?

*MEGAN nods. BEAU squeezes past MEGAN and grabs the pen. He squeezes back around her in the doorway. He looks at MEGAN. She hasn't moved.*

BEAU: I'm sorry.

*MEGAN doesn't respond.*

BEAU: You know what? You should keep this. I know you like it. I have another one, so don't worry about it.

*BEAU smiles at MEGAN and hands her the weed pen. She looks at it, and then back at him.*

MEGAN: No, thank you. It's not good for me.

*BEAU's smile disappears. He nods and puts the pen back in his pocket.*

BEAU: I-

MEGAN: Leave. Now.

*BEAU looks at MEGAN, surprised by her hostility. She glares at him. He hesitates before turning around and leaving. MEGAN slams the door until she gets to the lock in the doorframe, and then closes it with caution. She walks back to the sink. She picks up the sponge next to the sink and throws it at the couch, splashing water everywhere.*

MEGAN: FUCK YOU. YOU DON'T DESERVE ME. YOU NEVER DID. ASSHOLE HICK.  
ENJOY KANSAS. YEAH, ENJOY.

*MEGAN grabs a paper towel out of the dispenser on her kitchen counter and wipes up the water on the floor. She picks up the sponge off of the couch. She stares at it. Holding the sponge and the paper towel in one hand, she reaches for her phone with the other. She turns off the podcast and disconnects from her speaker. She sits on the floor in front of the couch, scrolls for a moment, and puts her phone up to her ear.*

MEGAN: Hello? Hi. Is this Liz?

END OF PLAY