

**WE OPENED GIFTS ON  
CHRISTMAS MORNING**

**by Katarzyna Müller**

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### **Characters**

BILL 40s, male.

SARAH 30s, female.

*Casting: The best person for the role is any ethnicity or race, and any path - whether biological or otherwise - to gender identification.*

*BILL and SARAH are lower middle-class. They both work full-time. It is the combination of their wages that enables them to pay the rent and buy food for their growing family.*

### **Setting**

BILL and SARAH's living room.

### **Time**

The present.

### **Synopsis**

On Christmas Eve, Sarah tells Bill that she is leaving him. On Christmas morning, before their children wake up, they deal with the aftermath.

*(Christmas lights twinkle around the space.)*

*(A man on a sofa, facing a woman in an armchair.)*

BILL

It didn't have to be like this. I think even you can understand that, deep down inside. I mean, it's your fault. There's no other way to look at this situation. It's your fuckin' fault.

... ..

You're selfish.

... ..

You're fuckin' selfish.

... ..

God damn it, Sarah! Did you think about me? Did you think about the kids?

... ..

What'd you want me to tell 'em? Your mama wants to leave? I can't say that, Sarah. It would break their fuckin' hearts.

... ..

It broke my heart, when you said that last night.

... ..

You think I was just gonna hand over the keys, Sarah? That's my fuckin' car. I don't care if you got a cousin that'll take you in. Fuck you. And fuck *her*.

... ..

Never gonna forgive you, Sarah. You ruined fuckin' Christmas.

*(BILL lays his hands on his thighs.)*

BILL cont.

Now what? I ain't gonna lie to you, Sarah. Never lied to you before and ain't gonna start now. I didn't really think about what we're s'posed to do now.

... ..

I still love you.

... ..

I don't care you said all those mean things to me, Sarah. I still love you.

... ..

I just wish, shit, I just wish it didn't come to this.

... ..

... ..

You had your hair done yesterday and I thought – God damn it, Sarah, you had your hair done and you put on a new dress and I thought you put it on for me, Sarah.

... ..

... ..

Hey, I got you something.

... ..

You want me to open it for you? No? OK maybe later.

... ..

See, this is the hard part, Sarah. You not talkin' to me. I feel like I'm talkin' to myself.

BILL cont.

Did you talk to *him*, Sarah? I bet you talked to him a lot. When did you talk to him? At work? On your cell phone? I can check, Sarah.

... ..

Yeah, yeah, yeah. You said there wasn't anyone else. I'm not stupid, Sarah. You had your hair done and you put on a fuckin' new dress.

.....

What am I gonna do now, with this mess that you made?

... ..

... ..

*(BILL grabs SUE's purse.)*

*(He rummages through it.)*

*(He pulls out a pair of sunglasses.)*

*(He places the sunglasses on SARAH's face.)*

*(SARAH starts to fall over, limply.)*

*(BILL pushes her back up.)*

*(SFX: three kids, waking up.)*

Ki-ids! Santa was here! You wanna see what he brought ya?

*(Lights OUT)*

***INSPIRED BY THE HEADLINE:***

MAN CONVICTED OF MURDER AFTER KILLING WIFE AND HAVING  
KIDS OPEN CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN FRONT OF HER BODY

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