

Female:

***It's Terrible Being Nice***

Comedic female monologue from the play [Goodbye Charles](#)  
by Gabriel Davis

*(Cynthia addresses the man on his knee with a little box in his hand)*

Don't do it! Don't open that little box one more crack! Don't ask me to marry you. Shh, shh, shh. Don't say another word. Just listen.

I can't let you do this to me. I mean, before I met you I used to be such a bitch. I mean, seriously, everyone at work thought I was a huge bitch. No one actually liked me. Those people I introduced to you as my friends. They're not my friends. They're scared of me. Or they were...before I met you.

Before you, I never said please or thank you at restaurants. I never smiled or laughed at anyone's jokes but mine. I never used to tip more than 10%. I was quick with insults. I always had a cruel word. I was cold, cross, crass, falsely compassionate.

But since being with you, I've begun to feel all...warm inside. Fuzzy. I find myself wanting to stroll in the park and whistle!

I have these thoughts, these urges to donate to charities and help out in soup kitchens, and hug people. Since being with you, I've given nearly ten dollars to homeless men, helped three old ladies cross the street, and I bought one of my so called "friends" a present at full price. And it was something I knew she'd like.

Don't you see? Don't you see you've made me NICE!? And what really scares me is that you'll open that box and ask me to marry you, and I'll...I'll just nicely say "yes," and then I'll be nice for life.

I'll be singing "kumbaya" for the rest of my days. I'll give back to the community, to the Salvation Army, to The MAKE A WISH FOUNDATION! And I'll do it anonymously.

And then one day, years from now, I'll wake up and I'll have the horrible realization that I lived a good life—that I contributed.

Please, for the love of God, put that box away. I mean, the planet already has millions of nice people. It doesn't need me too. I am a bitch! And I want to stay that way! Please, stop, don't—I'm asking you – No, I'm begging you – I'm getting down on my knees.

Will you please, please not marry me? ---End of Monologue---