

FEMALE

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 be such a jerk. I mean, seriously, everyone at work thought I was a huge jerk. No one actually liked me. Those people I introduced to you as my friends. They're not my friends. They're scared of me.

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.

Don't you see? Don't you see you're making 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.

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. 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?