

His Arranged Wife

Female Characters	Brief Introduction	Voice
Mia	the female protagonist, aged 20-30. Her parents don't treat her well, and often swear at her or beat her. She relied really much on her boyfriend, Drake, but Drake cheated on her and thought of her as a burden.	Young, kind of quite and sad
Emma	Ace's mother She is fragile and	Weak, sensitive, nervous
Linda	Ace's aunt She is trying to find a bride for her nephew, and Mia now is the last hope of her.	Gentle, mature
Mia's mother	She doesn't treat Mia well and can't tolerate Mia's bad attitude. She often pretends to be a kind mother when others are present.	Bossy, irritable, unfriendly
Male Characters		
Ace	the male protagonist, around 30. He had a bad relationship with his father, and his mother is the only one he loves in	Thick, low Mature, unhappy, cold

	his family. However, he conceals some secrets from all of his family. These secrets changed his characteristics and made him an irritable and scary person.	
Ace's father	He is very unhappy with his son and now tries to get his son married.	Bossy and irritable Maybe sounds like Harry Potter's uncle

Female Script

Please read the highlighted part only.

Text 1 (excerpted from the chapter “Broken”)

Introduction: Mia found Drake, her boyfriend cheated on her.

I sighed, and started to speak, "I don't care how you've ever felt about me. It's nice to hear your confession. At least, I'm not being greedy anymore by forcing you to stay with me, even though it was unknowingly. I didn't know you didn't like me and you were only in a bondage."

"Drake," I continued. "My opinion about you was different. So, before I'll let you go forever, I want you to know that you were the best thing that ever happened to me. You were the only one that comforted me when no one was around. You were the only thing I appreciated in my entire life. You were the best."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "You were a gift, a blessing, my joy, my everything."

I felt bitter as I stated everything, and felt even more bitter as he showed nothing but apathy.

"Thank you for being part of my life. Although you are now a history, I still appreciate your comfort. But unfortunately, comfortability doesn't last forever. Thanks again." I finally stated as I turned to take my leave.

I couldn't speak further. He didn't seem to have interest in all I was saying. All he was interested in was the fun they were about to have. A fun called 'Lust.'

I stepped out of his house, and froze for a while. I needed to leave the vicinity. It only brought sad memories and nothing else. My heart was burning more. I didn't know where I was heading, but I was willing to be patient for 'destiny.' I needed to leave the next phase of my life to 'destiny.'

Text 2 (excerpted from chapter “Proposal”)

Introduction: Linda came to Mia's home and asked her to marry to her nephew, Ace.

"Here she is." My mom stated as she sauntered to me.

"What?" I asked confusingly.

She grinned at me and held my arms, like a true and loving mother. "Mia." She called calmly. "Why don't you come and relax a bit? You don't always have to trouble yourself with all this stuff. You can go on this errand some other time."

I raised an eyebrow at her, wondering what was making her act nice. I was pretty sure something was wrong with her. "What's wrong with you ma?" I was forced to ask.

She giggled and left my arm, turning to face me directly. "Wrong?" She asked as her facial expression changed totally. She frowned and clenched her teeth against each other. "I need you to act cool right now. If you mess this up, I'll kill you. I promise." She muttered quietly.

I seriously hated this woman. Why was she threatening me now?

I tightened my fingers into a fist and bit my cheek from the inside. What a bad mother I had. Forcing me to pretend like she was?

She grabbed me as we traipsed to the living room. My dad sat on a chair opposite to the lady who was around, sipping from his cup of tea. I flared my nose in disgust of how pretentious my parents could be.

I glanced at the woman, and immediately observed her. I was pretty sure I had seen her before.

"Hi Mia. If I'm not mistaken?" She greeted me.

"Hi." I responded with a small smile. A really fake one.

"Can you please have your seat?" She asked calmly.

"Oh, I'd love to but I--" I said, but my mum interrupted.

"Definitely. She'll sit. I've told her to stop worrying about these errands, but she's so amazing that she always wants to do all the work." She said as she let out a fake chuckle.

"Oh, that's great." The lady said, and I turned back to her, plastering a pretentious smile across my face. "It's a great thing to be hardworking you know?"

"Yes ma'am." I replied.

"Ok dear, will you have your seat now?" She asked again.

I smiled, and stuttered, "Ok ma'am."

I glimpsed at my mum and sat on the couch my dad was sitting on. He acted all gentle and cool. He even smiled as I sat.

"So..." The lady started to speak, grasping my attention to her. "Do you remember me?" She asked.

"Err, you look quite familiar but I just can't recall where I've seen you." I told her.

"Hmm." She said and she clasped her hands against each other. "That's not surprising though. You were younger then."

"Oh." I got uncomfortable by our boring conversation.

"Well..." She grinned a little. "I was the one who visited you at the hospital, five years ago, when you were sick for some reason."

"Oh. I remember that." I sounded rueful. I didn't like that memory at all. My parents caused the affliction that day. They troubled me and hit me to the point I almost died. They were the only reason I was ever admitted to a hospital, not even from a sickness. They were the reason for the downfall at all intervals in my life. But thanks to Drake, I cared less about them and focused more on loving myself. I couldn't let some impassioned people like them ruin me completely.

"That's good then." She said.

"It's nice to have you here. Do you mind eating something?" I suggested, although I wasn't interested in a conversation with her.

"No." She replied with a smile, and folded her legs across each other. "I only came here for a reason."

I rolled my eyes at her and turned back to the lady. "What reason?" I asked as I kept my pretence on track.

"First," she proceeded to say. "I'm Linda. Linda Lorenzo."

"You're Spanish?" I asked.

"No." She giggled. "I married a Spanish. But I'm a US base. And he's late though."

"Oh, sorry for that."

"No problem at all. It's been a while."

"Well..." She sighed. "You seem like you are in a hurry. Let me go straight to my reason for having to come here."

"It's not that ma'am. I also need to get to work." I mentioned it to her.

I turned to my mom. She still gave me a cold look, a more intense one. She was also gesticulating about something, using her eyes, but I didn't understand her. I turned from looking at her, trying to ignore her completely.

"So what's the reason you've come here ma'am?" I asked, impatient.

"I'm from the Norman's." She informed me.

"You're sure? I mean...how's that even possible?" I was finally able to speak after a short silence.

"Yes." She said as she giggled. "I told you I came for a reason."

"So...?" I remained impatient.

"Would you let her speak?" My mum finally cried. I knew she'd utter some word soon. She looked more than frustrated already. She really had a problem with me at all times. She also hated it when anyone liked me.

"Mia dear." Linda called, causing me to gaze at her again.

"I want you to get married to my nephew." Linda finally stated.

Text 3: (excerpted from the chapter "Quarrel")

Introduction: Ace was forced by his father to get married.

He stared at me calmly, breathed out. "You've got to get married."

I scoffed, stood from my seat, definitely not wanting to believe his words. "Do you think this is a joke or something?"

"I know it's not a joke." The way he had said that, expressed he was indifferent to whatever was going on. Was this man fine?

"Then what's going on?" I snorted, tucked my hands into the pocket of my chinos pants, gazed at him. "You must be crazy to think I'll accept your dumb proposal."

"Ace!" The moment I said that to dad, mom cried, hurried to me. Well, she hated seeing me insult my irresponsible dad. "Don't speak to your dad like that. What is wrong with you?"

"What is wrong with me?" I scoffed, my wrath worsening. "Everything is wrong with you all."

She moved closer, slowly cupped my jaw in her hands, her face beaming with so much worry. "Ace dear, can you please go upstairs?" She offered.

"Alfred!" Mom hurled. Well, before he had hit me, she had been able to stop him. "Don't do this please. Stop this nonsense. Will you both keep on quarrelling for the rest of your lives"

"Mom," I called gently, boiling within. I was angry. So angry, my anger getting to the uncontrollable level. "Move away. Let him hit me as he always has. Let him force me to do something I don't want to do. Let him kill me. Let him do it!" I uttered in a yell.

Mom turned to me, caressed my cheek with her knuckle. She looked so worried and pale, even sick. "My boy, please go upstairs. I'll be with you soon. Please."

Male Script

Please read the highlighted part only.

Text 1 (excerpted from the chapter “Suicide”)

Introduction: Ace saved Mia from suicide.

"You're fine?" I asked as I stared at her in the darkness. The moon wasn't so bright for me to observe her face, but I could see her a little.

She used her hands to tug her head softly, and steered her neck a little to face me "Am I still alive?" She asked, making me lift an eyebrow at her.

I sighed furiously, "Yes you are. Get up now."

I helped to raise her from the ground, and finally, we were on our feet. She rubbed her hands against her face like a confused human, and raised her neck to set her gaze on me.

"W--why did you stop me?" She asked softly, in a stutter.

"Because you were being disgusting." I uttered. I just couldn't control my words when I was angry.

"W--what?" She asked in a soft voice.

"Yeah. And dumb too." I added, causing her to give me a dirty look.

"How can you even say that to someone you know nothing about?" She grumbled amid gritted teeth.

"Rude?" I asked as I creased my arms across my chest. "I'm speaking the truth you know?"

"Who the heck are you?!" She hollered, still in between clenched teeth.

"You don't need to know who I am." I was so indifferent to her. "Don't yell at me, ok?"

"Why shouldn't I?" She asked sharply. "How is killing myself even your problem?"

I glared harder, literally furious at the fact that she ought to be thanking me for saving her life. Did she think she was some kind of cartoon character who could be saved at any time? We were speaking of “death” here!

"You know what? I think I made a mistake by saving you from drowning."

"Yeah, you did," she bit out.

"Alright." I scrunched my nose, getting more irritated by the attitude she was giving me. Not thinking further, I reached for her waist, and shove her into my arms. "I'll throw you back in there," I announced.

"W—what? Leave me! You idiot! What the heck is wrong with you? How can you drop me in the water?" She cried, hitting her hands against my hard chest so she could leave my grip.

"Are you crazy? Please stop. Please!" She cried further.

About two feet away from the water, I stopped moving, taking a deep breath to try and keep myself calm. Her hot tears could be felt on my chest as she dug her head into it.

What was with these tears now?

"Please stop." She beseeched, faintly, sobbing like she wouldn't cry again. "I'm sorry for yelling. Just leave me please."

I rolled my eyes, and released her tiny body from my hard jerk. "So you're scared to go into the water now?" I questioned.

She didn't give me a reply, only staring at the floor as if she was embarrassed.

"You can't answer me now right?"

She still kept quiet and didn't raise her head. She probably wasn't fine, but I cared less. The fact she was about to commit suicide vexed me. I didn't believe suicide was an answer in any way.

"I don't know," she replied after a long silence.

"You don't know?"

"Yes."

I exhaled, irritated, but just stared at her. I needed to hit some word into her null head.

"You're confused, you know?" I started to speak. "First, you wanted to kill yourself, and I saved you. You complained about it, so I decided to throw you in there, but then you cried for your release. And now, you don't know whether you want to die or not. What kind of a person are you?"

"You know nothing about me, so don't be judgemental." I could feel some anger or frustration in her voice. Woah, I wasn't the reason for her calamity, was I?

"Judgemental?" I snorted, twitched my neck to my side before facing her again. This woman was testing my patience. "I don't think anyone has a genuine reason to die. Some people are in the hospital fighting for this life you wanna end. Wait, do you think death will solve the problem? If life can't, what's the probability death would? What would be of those who need you? If not now, think about the future."

The proximity was quiet for a while. The moon shone a bit, so I could barely see her face. She averted from our gaze as soon as she noticed mine too. Why would she do that? I was good looking for... whatever's sake.

I was already more than irritated. I came to the beach to relax and get my mind off my dad's dumb frustration, and also the dumb marriage my parents were planning. But here I was, trying to help someone when I hadn't even helped myself.

"Ok," she murmured, almost in a whisper. If I didn't have sharp ears, I wouldn't have heard her say that.

"You should leave now. Why would a lady be out by this time of the night? It isn't even safe," I explain. Like she even cared.

Text 2 (excerpted from the chapter "Quarrel")

Introduction: a quarrel between Ace and his father

He stared at me calmly, breathed out. "You've got to get married."

I scoffed, stood from my seat, definitely not wanting to believe his words. "Do you think this is a joke or something?"

"I know it's not a joke." The way he had said that, expressed he was indifferent to whatever was going on. Was this man fine?

"Then what's going on?" I snorted, tucked my hands into the pocket of my chinos pants, gazed at him. "You must be crazy to think I'll accept your dumb proposal."

"Ace!" The moment I said that to dad, mom cried, hurried to me. Well, she hated seeing me insult my irresponsible dad. "Don't speak to your dad like that. What is wrong with you?"

"What is wrong with me?" I scoffed, my wrath worsening. "Everything is wrong with you all."

She moved closer, slowly cupped my jaw in her hands, her face beaming with so much worry. "Ace dear, can you please go upstairs?" She offered.

"No, mom." I walked past her, stood in front of dad, and glared even harder at him. "Dad, what do you want to gain from this? I know you can never do a thing for your son without getting something good out of it."

He stood up from his seat as well, the anger in his eyes making him seem like a hammer hit his head. "Keep your mouth shut," he warned. "Who told you you've the right to yell at me like that?"

Yell? Who yelled? Was this man battling a mental issue?

I scoffed, and tucked my arms across my chest. "I need an answer. What's going on here?"

"Keep quiet." His tone grew stricter.

"Don't tell me to!" I retorted amid gritted teeth. "Listen to yourself before you ask me to keep quiet"

His dirty looks incremented, and without giving a second thought, he attempted to hit me. What was the meaning of this? Did he expect me to keep quiet, when he had just said something crazy

"Alfred!" Mom hurled. Well, before he had hit me, she had been able to stop him. "Don't do this please. Stop this nonsense. Will you both keep on quarrelling for the rest of your lives"

"Mom," I called gently, boiling within. I was angry. So angry, my anger getting to the uncontrollable level. "Move away. Let him hit me as he always has. Let him force me to do something I don't want to do. Let him kill me. Let him do it!" I uttered in a yell.

Mom turned to me, caressed my cheek with her knuckle. She looked so worried and pale, even sick. "My boy, please go upstairs. I'll be with you soon. Please."

I swallowed hard, and took a glimpse at dad. He didn't even look sorry in any way. All I could read from his face was anger. When was this man going to change? He wanted me to get married, but he was the reason I hated marriage. He was the reason I was this cruel and irritable.

I hated this man so much!

The fact that he wasn't sorry about his reaction was almost hurting. But before it could hurt me, I stormed up the stairs, and headed to my old room. The place where I had only bad memories.

"You annoying son! You're only a wasted sperm! I wish I never gave birth to you!"

He cursed as I trudged up the stairs, but I chose to ignore him although it caused a terrible increase in my annoyed state. He didn't even deserve my time.