

## The God-sent Spouse



*Revised Edition.*

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## WHAT'S NEW?

This is the third edition of this story. The first publication was titled *Mine*. In addition to a change of title, the second revision also resulted in the deletion of one scene between Fimba and Wirngo, with minimal change to the story.

This 2020 edition has witnessed a cut in wordiness, from slightly below thirty thousand words to twenty-four thousand words, with a prolongation of one scene to include conversations between Wirngo and Biy.

Efforts have also been made to give the characters a more Cameroonian accent.

The two appendices have equally been edited, slashing wordiness and enhancing readability. An additional appendix has been included to address other specific situations Christian Singles face when they hear God tell them who to marry.

## **CHARACTERS**

**YAFE**

**TAN**

**BURUSHAGA**

**FIMBA**

**WIRNGO**

**CHIA**

**MIRABELLE**

**SURGEON**

**NURSE**

**MUNA**

**MAMA LUNGAI**

**MA KEMBONG**

**BALAK**

**BIY**

**PASTOR BRENDAN**

**PASTOR EBENEZER**

## **MAMA NGWAFESS**

### **EXTRA**

*The play takes place over a few years in various locations in Bamenda and Kumba, Cameroon.*

## **ACT I**

### **SCENE 1**

*A restaurant. Past midday.*

***YAFE**, a twenty-something-year-old woman, fair, average height, and **TAN**, dark, slim, and tall, the same age group with Yafe, sit at a table with food plates in front of them.*

*Three other customers sit at other tables.*

*Yafe's phone rings.*

**YAFE:** Hi, dear.

**CALLER:** Where are you?

**YAFE:** I'm at a restaurant. It's break time.

**CALLER:** You sure? Who are you with?

**YAFE:** With Tan.

**CALLER:** Give her the phone.

*Yafe gives the phone to Tan.*

**TAN:** Buru, you don't believe your woman when she tells you she's in a restaurant at break time, with her *female* friend?

**BURU:** She hasn't screamed, so how is that your headache? Give her the phone!

*Tan gives the phone to Yafe.*

**BURU:** I just called to know how you're doing. Goodbye.

**YAFE:** Bye. *(Puts the phone on the table.)*

**TAN:** I'll say it again and again: you're getting married to a Police Inspector. You better think twice before it's too late. I don't want to see my best friend regretting in marriage.

**YAFE:** Burushaga is mine and I am his.

**TAN** *(sarcastically):* He's my apple among the trees. *(Kisses her teeth.)* O Lord, I am comfortable being single.

**YAFE:** Wait until the day you meet Mr. Right.

**TAN:** Yes, Mr. Right, not Mr. Assumed Right whose third name should be Wrong. When I meet Mr. Truly Right, I won't be comfortable being single.

**YAFE:** I won't argue with you again whether Buru is Mr. Right or not. God works in mysterious ways. Buru is not the man I ever dreamed of, the kind of man I prayed for, but God does his things his ways.

**TAN:** Yafe, listen. I am not saying Buru is not Mr. Right. He's simply not the Mr. Right for you. He can be Mr. Right for whosoever, I don't care. This guy lacks manners, he is immature, and (--)

**YAFE:** Who's paying for this food, me or you?

**TAN:** Me. Listen to me, my sis. If (--)

**YAFE:** Enough. You hate Buru for nothing.

**TAN:** You just refuse to acknowledge the truth.

**YAFE:** Pay the bill. My break is over.

## **SCENE 2**

*Large provision store. Late afternoon.*

***FIMBA**, a twenty-something-year-old man, leans against the door, punching a calculator.*

***CHIA**, the dark teenage salesboy, stands in the middle of the shop with arms folded.*

*A few seconds later, **WIRNGO**, a twenty-something-year-old, not too tall, light-brown, long curly hair, clad in a flowery chiffon top on a denim skirt, comes in.*

**FIMBA AND CHIA:** You're welcome.

**WIRNGO:** Thanks.

*Chia gives Wirngo a basket and she goes to the shelves. After picking up some items, she brings the basket to the table where Chia calculates her bill.*

**CHIA:** Pay to my patrong\*.

*Wirngo hands some money to Fimba and collects her receipt.*

**WIRNGO:** Excuse me, sir, do you know where I can get the services of an electrician?

**FIMBA:** Sorry. The one I know has gone out of town for work.

**WIRNGO:** Oh God, what do I do now?

**FIMBA:** What's the problem?

**WIRNGO:** The house I packed into the day before yesterday has severe low voltage. In the night I have to use a torch.

**FIMBA:** Ashia\*\*. Let me see. I'll give you the number of the electrician I know. You can call him. Maybe he knows someone who can fix your problem.

*Fimba writes on a piece of paper and gives it to Wirngo.*

**WIRNGO:** Thank you so much, dear. God bless you.

**FIMBA:** You're welcome. God bless you, too.

*Wirngo leaves.*

**CHIA:** I don't like these girls that call everybody dear, dear. Can you imagine that yesterday one called me dear?

**FIMBA** (*laughs*): Village boy, welcome to township.

**CHIA:** Patrong, I don't like it. The only person I can even try to call dear will be my wife.

*Fimba laughs while Chia stands beside the table, arms folded.*

\* *Cameroonian Pidgin English word for master or boss.*

*\*\* Expression of sympathy.*

### **SCENE 3**

*Busy roadside. Late evening.*

*Yafe and Tan walk along the roadside. Several taxis are on the road, in both directions.*

**YAFE:** God has blessed Glory with a wonderful gift. I like it when she coordinates the singspiration.

**TAN:** Me too. She knows how to keep things in order.

**YAFE:** Can we practice a song for next time?

**TAN:** Why not? What about (--)

*Someone calls from behind them: Yafe! Yafe!*

*Yafe and Tan turn around. **BURU**, a fair-complexioned, handsome twenty-something-year-old man, approaches.*

*Tan frowns.*

**BURU** (to Yafe): I expected to meet you at the church door after parking the instruments.

*Tan stares at Yafe.*

**YAFE:** You didn't tell me to wait for you, and it's getting late.

**BURU:** Must I tell you every time to wait for me? (*Looking at his watch:*) This is just 6:51.

**YAFE:** Dear, I have assignments from work that I must complete this night. Tomorrow is Monday, remember?

**BURU:** Give me some respect. I'm not your boss to know you always have assignments over the weekend.

**YAFE:** I'm sorry. Why did you want me to wait?

*Tan leaves.*

**BURU:** My mother is coming tomorrow in the evening. I want you to come to my place after work and prepare pounded cocoyams and Eru.

**YAFE:** Dear, why didn't you tell me this before now? I close from work at 3:30 p.m. When will I go to the market, then to your place on time to prepare pounded cocoyam and Eru for your mother? When I don't behave well, they'd call me a bad daughter-in-law, isn't it?

**BURU:** Sorry.

**YAFE:** Okay. You give me some money, I'll see how to get the items during break tomorrow and (--)

**BURU:** I think you should make a list and give me. I'm my own boss; I have time. I'll get the items for you.

**YAFE:** That's so sweet, darling. But you can make the list, nah? At least, you know what is necessary.

**BURU:** I don't know.

**YAFE:** Okay. Buy cocoyams.

**BURU:** Mom's bringing cocoyams.

**YAFE:** All right. Buy Eru, canda, beef – or chicken, yes, chicken – crayfish, red oil – if you don't have enough – and (--)

**BURU:** Just listen to yourself. Red oil, if you don't have enough. If you did your job in my house, as other girls do with their fiancés, you would know what is available or not.

**YAFE** (*swallows*): Don't forget to buy waterleaf and pepper – if mom eats pepper. Please, can you help me clean the cocoyams and put on the fire before I come?

**BURU:** I won't have time. Is it because I accepted to buy those items for you? It's because my mother is coming. Come early tomorrow.

**YAFE:** Okay.

**BURU:** Make sure you go straight to your place. Avoid chatting for long with that useless girl. I can see she doesn't like me. Tell her it's the same here.

**YAFE:** Goodnight.

**BURU:** Goodnight.

*Yafe catches up with Tan.*

**YAFE:** Tan, I don't like the way you left.

**TAN:** One, it's past time for my favorite series. Two, I am sick and tired of seeing this man pop everywhere you go? Is he MTN or what? I mean, isn't it nauseating?

**YAFE:** Nauseating? How? For God's sake, Buru and I are engaged. We need to see each other often.

**TAN:** The frequency is not even my problem. It's the policing and the way he talks to you. Like you're a child that doesn't know her left from her right.

**YAFE:** Why are you constantly finding fault where there's none? Buru is God's will for my life.

**TAN:** No, Buru is Buru's will for your life. Listen to me, if you continue with this boy, you're going to regret tomorrow. Look at how a man you're engaged to treats you. He pulls you by the nose all the time. (*Mimics Buru.*) I expected to see you at the church door.

**YAFE:** Tan, it takes time for two people to get to walk together well. That's just Buru's temperament. I'm adapting to it.

**TAN:** For two years and yet no change? Just count me out of this. I will not, with eyes wide open, escort my best friend to a life of bondage. Because if he treats you now like some kid, it's but sure that after (--)

**YAFE:** You don't understand how God works.

**TAN** (*sarcastically*): Oh yeah, he works in mysterious ways.

**YAFE:** Buru is a Godsend. My Godsend.

**TAN:** OMG! For real? You need to check your dictionary, babe.

**YAFE:** Are you saying Buru should never get married because he's just being himself?

**TAN:** He can marry anyone! It must not be you!

**YAFE:** Someone will have to marry him, and I'm certain God wants me to be that person.

**TAN:** All right. I see you're ready to accommodate anything.

**YAFE:** I'm only ready to accommodate God's will.

*Tan's phone rings.*

**TAN:** Hello, Mirabelle...Dear Jesus...Calm down, okay? We're on our way. Taxi! Taxi!

**YAFE:** What's wrong?

**TAN:** Mirabelle's brother has had an accident.

## **SCENE 4**

*District Hospital, Kumba. 7:24 p.m.*

*A taxi drops Yafe and Tan at the gate. They rush to the emergency unit where **MIRABELLE**, a young woman of their age group, slumps into their hands.*

*A handful of other sympathizers comfort her middle-aged mother.*

**TAN:** Your brother shall not die in Jesus's name.

**YAFE AND MIRABELLE:** Amen.

**TAN:** God is in control. Death is not your brother's portion.

**YAFE AND MIRABELLE:** Amen.

**MIRABELLE:** He's my only brother. So young and full of dreams.

**YAFE:** God is in control, dear. Calm down.

*A middle-aged man approaches.*

**MIRABELLE:** Daddy! *(Falls into his arms.)*

*Yafe and Tan find somewhere and sit to pray.*

## **ONE HOUR THIRTY MINUTES LATER**

*A middle-aged surgeon comes out, his mask hanging around his neck.*

**SURGEON:** Where are the parents of the boy? Come with me.

*Mirabelle and her parents follow him inside.*

*A few seconds later, loud wails come from inside. The others rush in.*

*Tan and Yafe support their inconsolable friend to a bench outside.*

**9 p.m.**

*A nurse comes out.*

**NURSE:** You can see the corpse before we transfer it to the mortuary.

*Mirabelle goes to her mother and holds her hand. Tan and Yafe whisper to each other.*

**TAN:** I don't like viewing corpses, especially at night.

**YAFE:** Me too.

*Tan and Yafe remain outside while the rest go in.*

**YAFE:** I'm tongue-tied. *(Sighs.)* I don't know what I would do if I were to lose two siblings in one year.

**TAN:** In moments like this, one is tempted to question the goodness and faithfulness of God.

**YAFE:** God works in mysterious ways, you know. We cannot question his ways.

Mirabelle will be emotionally shattered for a long time.

**TAN:** We need to stand by her. I've some accumulated days-off. What about you, will you be going for the burial?

**YAFE:** Fortunate you. I hope they grant me permission but I doubt the chances.

*Someone taps Yafe on the shoulder. She turns around.*

**BURU:** What are you doing here? You told me you had assignments.

**YAFE:** I...I...eh...

**BURU:** I...I...eh...?

**YAFE:** A friend of ours just...just lost the...the brother. She called immediately after we parted that he had been involved in a car accident. We had to rush here immediately.

**BURU:** Why didn't you call me? If I had not seen you here, would you have bothered to tell me about a friend losing the brother and you being out at this hour? You know it's dangerous (--)

**TAN** (*to Buru*): And you, what are you doing out at this time of the night? (*Points a finger.*) Buru or whatever you call yourself, I (--)

**YAFE** (*beats down Tan's finger*): Stop it! Just stop it! (*To Buru*) Please, dear, I'm sorry. Forgive me. I should have called you. But it was so sudden...so urgent...and... it didn't even cross my mind to call you.

**BURU:** Go home immediately. Now!

*Tan grabs Yafe's hand while staring at Buru.*

**TAN:** She's going nowhere until our friend comes out from seeing her brother's corpse!

**YAFE:** Tan, let me go!

**TAN** (*grabs her waist*): You're going nowhere!

**BURU** (*to Yafe*): See me tomorrow. First thing in the morning.

*Buru leaves.*

**YAFE:** For God's sake, this is a delicate situation. Why are you worsening it? We must cooperate with God to see his will for our lives fulfilled, else we hinder it.

**TAN:** O yeah, I agree, but in this (--)

**YAFE:** You don't know this man as I do. He can just say it's over.

**TAN:** Halleluiah! Stop tolerating nonsense and blaming it on God. The Bible says every good and perfect gift comes from above. A man that is abusive and domineering doesn't look like a perfect gift.

**YAFE:** I didn't say he's a perfect gift, but (--)

*The door opens. Mirabelle and her family come out. Tan and Yafe accompany them out of the hospital premises.*

## **SCENE 5**

*Well-furnished living room. Morning.*

*Yafe stands, staring at a bedroom door. Some seconds later, Buru comes out of the room and leans on the doorpost, hands in his trouser pockets.*

**BURU:** Do you want this relationship or not?

**YAFE:** I want it.

**BURU:** Why?

**YAFE:** The Lord told me you're my husband.

**BURU:** Are you respecting me as the Bible commands? You tell me at 7 that you're going home, but I find you out at past 9. To add pepper to the wound, you allow your disrespectful friend to rubbish me.

**YAFE:** I'm very sorry. It won't happen again. Forgive me.

**BURU** (*paces the room*): Maybe you think it's settled that the Lord told you I'm your husband. For your information, if I can't see submission in you, I'll break this relationship. And you know what it means: you'll miss God's perfect will. You'll then marry another man under God's permissive will.

**YAFE:** Dear, forgive me. I'm very sorry.

**BURU:** Since last night I've been thinking. If you want me to marry you, you must change some things. One, you must unfriend that Tan or whatever she calls herself. Two, you must promise to keep your word. If you say you're going home, you're going home. If something happens, you let me know. Do you know how embarrassing it was for me to find you out there at past 9 p.m.? And you let your friend talk to me!

**YAFE:** Our friend was bereaved. It was improper for me to leave before she was back from seeing the brother's corpse.

**BURU:** Wow! So you were only pretending when you asked Tan to let you go. I hope your waiting resurrected the dead man. Listen, young woman, there's something I've never told you. Girls in the church came after me. Yes, girls wrote me letters, some even gave me gifts. Right now, there are girls eyeing me. But I engaged you because

God told me you're my wife. So treat this relationship with all the seriousness it deserves, or else (--)

**YAFE** (*kneels*): Please, forgive me. I'm very sorry. Please, forgive me.

*Long pause.*

**BURU**: I forgive you, but you must know that forgiveness has limits. Next time, I won't forgive.

**YAFE**: Thank you very much. (*Stands up.*) Let me rush to work.

**BURU**: Make sure you are here at 4.

**YAFE**: Unfailingly! Wonderful day, dear! (*Rushes out.*)

## **SCENE 6**

*Along a street. Morning.*

*Fimba comes along, humming a tune.*

**FIMBA**: DO YOUR WONDERS IN MY LIFE,

O LORD MY GOD

YOU HAVE NOT CHANGED

DO IT FOR ME

AS IN THE DAYS OF OLD

DO IT AGAIN

I HAVE GREAT EXPECTATIONS

DO IT AGAIN

*He notices Wirngo, leaning on a pillar of an apartment building and busy on her phone.*

**FIMBA:** Hey, good morning.

**WIRNGO:** Hi. Hey! It's you! Thank you very much for your help the other day.

Somebody came and fixed the electricity problem.

**FIMBA:** Glad to hear that. How are you finding the quarter?

**WIRNGO:** Getting used to it. With good people like you around.

**FIMBA:** Great. I want to see a sick friend around the corner over there.

**WIRNGO:** All right. Have a nice time.

*Fimba turns to go, then hesitates.*

**FIMBA:** Dear, where do you come from?

**WIRNGO:** My village? Oku. Where I was before coming here? Douala.

**FIMBA:** What do you do for a living?

**WIRNGO:** Ehmm...ehmm...I don't yet have a steady job...I'm into any odd job I see...till

I can get a good job. Do you have one for me?

**FIMBA:** Well, let's say no for now. Or do you want to come and clean my shop?

*They laugh.*

**FIMBA:** Are you a Christian?

**WIRNGO:** Of course.

**FIMBA:** Where do you attend church?

**WIRNGO:** Ehmm...I'm still new here, so I haven't found a church yet.

**FIMBA:** Which church did you attend before coming here?

**WIRNGO:** Fresh Fire. I saw a church signpost down that way. On Sunday I'll go check it out.

**FIMBA:** New Life Chapel. It's a good church. But you could come to my church. It's a bit far, but I have an okada\*.

**WIRNGO:** No, I don't want to attend a church that's far.

**FIMBA:** It's all right, dear. New Life Chapel is a good church. Can I have your number and name, please?

**WIRNGO:** Wirngo.

**FIMBA:** I'm Fimba.

*They save each other's number.*

**FIMBA:** Thanks, I'll give you a call. Are you on WhatsApp?

**WIRNGO:** Yeah, that's my WhatsApp number.

**FIMBA:** Nice time, dear.

**WIRNGO:** Same to you.

\* *Bike*

## **SCENE 7**

*Buru's residence. 7 p.m.*

*Yafe serves the table. **MAMA LUNGAI**, a plump, dark, fifty-something-year-old, watches TV with Buru.*

**MAMA LUNGAI:** I want you children to hurry up. Two years is too long.

**YAFE:** Mom, it depends on Buru. He's the one to decide when we get married.

**BURU:** January next year.

**MAMA LUNGAI:** Six more months?

**YAFE:** Dear, that's too far, nah? I suggest November this year.

**BURU:** Because the money is not coming out of your pocket. *(To his mother.)* Mom, after the December business boom, I shall have enough money to do the traditional rites and the church wedding, stress-free.

**MAMA LUNGAI:** But traditional rites are never completed. Isn't that so, Yafe? Or don't I understand the tradition of the Oku's?

**YAFE:** You're right, mom. There are essential things he must bring for my mother and maternal aunts. Then the marriage is good to go.

**BURU** (*mimics Yafe*): Then the marriage is good to go. Without the bride price being paid? Anyway, I have decided that I shall not owe my father-in-law a dime when I leave Oku. I shall pay for my wife, full and complete.

**MAMA LUNGAI:** Can you pay for a woman full and complete? What is the price of a human being? The traditional marriage is just to cement the relationship between the two families.

**BURU:** Cement? With that kind of money usually demanded, plus items I've heard some of my friends talk of? My friend got married, his wife is from...eh... I've forgotten the name of the tribe; they asked him for 1.5 million. That's before the palm oil and other items.

**MAMA LUNGAI:** 1.5 million dollars or francs?

*Buru sighs.*

**MAMA LUNGAI:** Even if it was 10 million, is that the price for a human being? Did your friend not pay?

**BURU:** He bargained. Yafe, it's time you started coaching your parents. They better behave when I come to Oku with my people. If they act as if you're the only girl in the universe, if they think I need to refund all the money they spent in educating, feeding, and clothing you, you shall see me evaporating into thin air.

**MAMA LUNGAI:** Don't worry, my dear daughter. My husband and I will marry you into our family. Let your parents ask for a million francs, we'll pay. Don't mind this Burushaga.

## **SCENE 8**

*Sitting room. Night.*

**MUNA**, a man of Fimba's age, lies on the couch, reading a book. Fimba comes in.

**MUNA** (*sits up*): Welcome, bro. I was feeling really lonely and bored.

**FIMBA:** Then get married.

**MUNA** (*laughs*): Who told you marriage cures loneliness. There's a colleague of mine who hates closing time. He doesn't know where to spend the hours till the next morning.

**FIMBA:** That's what happens when you marry the wrong person.

I am also lonely but not bored. I'm rather burdened. You need to pray for me.

**MUNA:** You then see that marriage doesn't always cure loneliness?

**FIMBA:** Don't use an unbeliever's testimony to discourage me. We need to marry the right women. I have a burden.

**MUNA:** What's it?

**FIMBA:** It's a good burden. There's this new sister not too far from my shop. I first met her in the shop about a week ago and then in her house two days ago. I feel like God is ministering to me about marrying her.

**MUNA:** Who is she and where's she from?

**FIMBA:** I...I...don't really know her that much but she's from Oku, light in complexion, and (--)

**MUNA:** You don't know her that much and you're already thinking of marrying her?

**FIMBA:** Yes...no. I mean it's not me. I feel like the Spirit of the Lord is showing me something. I'm not lusting after this girl.

**MUNA:** Bro, I think you should get to know her better. You can mistake another voice for God's.

**FIMBA:** I hear God about my business and other things. You remember, you were afraid that you'd not get this well-paying job, but the Lord spoke to me to tell you to go ahead and apply for it, that the job is yours. And that's just one example of me hearing the voice of God.

The voice I'm hearing about this girl is similar to the voice of God that I've been hearing concerning other things.

**MUNA:** Similar, right? If I were you, I'd consider that I am not hearing anything at all. First, establish a simple friendly relationship that can help you get to know this girl.

**FIMBA:** When I say similar, it doesn't mean different. I'm very sure of what I'm feeling and I've been praying very much these days.

**MUNA:** Looks like your mind is made up.

**FIMBA:** Not really. I need your prayers. If it's not the will of God, let him tell me clearly. I'll obey.

**MUNA:** What exactly do you want us to pray for? Relax, man. Know whether she's engaged to someone else or, maybe, even married.

**FIMBA:** She's not yet married.

**MUNA:** Engaged?

**FIMBA:** She could be engaged to the wrong person. I've seen the Lord break those kinds of relationships.

**MUNA:** All the same, get to know her before thinking about what God is ministering or not ministering to you.

I cooked bachelor's food – Garri and fried egg.

**FIMBA:** I don't have appetite.

## **SCENE 9**

*Yafe's residence. Late afternoon.*

*Yafe is lying on the couch, chopping off her fingernails. Tan, seated on the same chair, watches her.*

**TAN:** My number has made your blacklist, right? I came to your workplace two days ago, and they told me you were too busy to see me. Since when?

**YAFE:** Don't worry about me.

**TAN:** Something tells me your God's-will-husband has told you to end our friendship. But I'm not surprised.

**YAFE:** You have to understand that doing what God wants is more important than friendship. You're constantly giving Buru judgment instead of mercy. Are you more justified in God's sight than Buru?

**TAN:** What has justification got to do with this? Did this man brainwash you with love charm?

You've been in this so-called engagement for close to two years, yet I can't see its effect on you.

**YAFE:** What do you mean?

**TAN:** Is there anything you can brandish as a sign of Buru's love for you?

**YAFE** (*sitting up*): I don't love him for his money! I love him for his heart!

**TAN:** What heart? And who says you want his money or that you should? I'm just saying the man's actions don't match his I-love-you's and the-Lord-told-me-you're-my-wife lies. Men in love are givers, girl, not takers. While you use your salary to buy him

clothes, shoes, wristwatch, and equipment for his apartment, he excels in policing you around. When he's not yet married to you. Can you imagine what would happen when you finally say I do and officially become Madam Burushaga? My friend, you'll spend the rest of your life in a tight police cell!

**YAFE:** Tan, people mature and change; Buru is not an exception. Give him some grace, okay? I'm ready to work with him. In the future, when he's the mature, godly man he should be, I'll be glad I stuck with him.

**TAN:** I'm glad you even acknowledge his unbearable, domineering, immature, and wicked attitude, but what guarantee do you have that he'll change? You might be dead before he does.

**YAFE:** The God who said we're supposed to get married knew the challenges we'll encounter, so I won't let go just because Buru is not yet perfect. I'm (--)

*A bike sounds outside. Yafe pushes Tan inside the bedroom and closes the door at the second Buru comes in.*

**YAFE** *(speaks faster)*: Dear, you're welcome.

**BURU:** Thanks. How are you today?

**YAFE:** I'm great. *(Scratches the back of her neck.)* And you?

**BURU:** Very hungry. What have you cooked?

**YAFE:** I just came back from work and was still thinking of what to cook.

**BURU:** Prepare something quick.

*Buru lies down on the couch.*

*Yafe goes into her bedroom and closes the door behind her. Tan stares at her.*

*They speak in whispers.*

**YAFE:** I beg you in the name of God, if you know you're my friend, please, stay quiet.

**TAN:** I will shout.

**YAFE:** Please, don't!

*Yafe takes a two thousand francs note from the top of her bed and gives it to Tan.*

**YAFE:** Take this money. Just stay here till he leaves.

**TAN:** Is this a bribe?

**YAFE:** Ooooh! Just take it.

**TAN:** I'm not touching that money until you tell me what it is for. *(Throws the money on Yafe.)*

**YAFE:** Take it. For appeasement.

**TAN:** Appeasement? But I don't want it!

**YAFE:** Then, a request for your understanding.

**TAN:** And is this all you're paying for detaining me here against my will?

**YAFE:** I don't have more money. Take this and shut up. *(Thrusts the money onto Tan's palm.)* See you later.

*Yafe goes out into the sitting room. Buru's eyes are closed. She goes into the kitchen.*

### **THIRTY MINUTES LATER**

*Yafe brings a tray containing two plates, one with boiled spaghetti, and the other with tomato stew and fresh fish. She places the tray on the table and wakes Buru.*

**BURU:** Spaghetti? Don't you have plantains or something heavier?

**YAFE:** I have plantains but they're not yet ripe.

**BURU:** Then buy me bread and banana.

*Yafe takes a banknote from Buru and goes out.*

*Inside the bedroom, Tan hears footsteps approaching. She jumps out of bed and hides behind the wardrobe at the lower part of the bed. Buru opens the door and sends his head inside, looking around the room. Then he goes in and inspects some of the items on the top of the bed: body lotion, face and hair products, etc. His eyes look around the room again. Tan pushes herself further behind the dresses.*

*After several seconds, Buru goes out to the living room. Tan exhales heavily, twisting her face.*

*Yafe returns with a loaf of bread and six fingers of yellow banana. She hands some coins to Buru as his balance. He puts the money in his trouser pocket.*

*Yafe brings him a knife.*

**BURU:** Mom called. She said I should greet you.

**YAFE:** She called me the day before yesterday.

**BURU:** What did she say?

**YAFE:** Just greeting.

**BURU:** She still wants us to get married before the end of the year. What do you think?

**YAFE:** You're the head; whatever you say is okay by me.

**BURU:** Why are you nervous?

**YAFE:** I'm stressed. I had much work today at the office.

**BURU:** We could settle for November as you said. You can start asking your friends to participate in the bridal train. But I don't want to see that Tan there. I don't want arrogant, disrespectful, and...stupid women escorting my wife to the altar.

If the Lord had instead revealed to me to marry Tan, I'd have released holy ghost fire, thunder, lightning mixed with sulfur and brimstone on that revelation. I pity the poor guy who'll marry that useless (--)

**YAFE:** Aah! ( *Holding her stomach* ). Aah! Aaaah!

**BURU:** What's it?

**YAFE:** Aah! Period pain. (*Runs to the bedroom and locks the door.*) Aaah! Jesus.

**BURU:** Ashia. Take some painkillers, okay?

**YAFE** (*looking at Tan*): I will. (*Whispers to Tan:*) Please, please, please, stay quiet. I beg you. I know you're offended, but please, stay quiet.

**TAN** (*whispers*): Congratulations, Madam Burushaga. From bribe to lies to what next?

**YAFE**: Shhh...

**TAN**: I'm just watching this movie and wondering how the story would end.

**YAFE**: Be quiet!

*Yafe goes to the top of the bed and shuffles some items.*

*Buru calls from the living room.*

**BURU**: Are you through?

**YAFE** (*looking at Tan*): I'm almost through, honey. Give me a few seconds.

*Yafe comes out to the living room.*

**BURU**: Ashia. What have you taken? Do you even have painkillers in the house here with you?

**YAFE**: Yeah. Paracetamol, two tablets.

**BURU**: You chewed them? Or do you have water in the bedroom there?

**YAFE**: I'm used to chewing tablets. (*Laughs artificially.*)

**BURU**: You women are in trouble. Thank God, he made me a man.

**YAFE**: When you leave, I'm going straight to bed.

**BURU:** As I was saying, I don't want that Tan on the bridal train. Do you even know she's not happy seeing you get married before her?

**YAFE:** I can't let her discourage me. I love you.

**BURU:** It's her useless attitude that's driving men away from her.

**YAFE:** As mom was saying, the bride price in Oku is not very expensive. If a man loves his future son-in-law, he may only ask him for the basic requirements and arrange with him to fulfill other rites gradually. So dear, you won't spend much.

**BURU:** I wasn't going to spend much. See, I'm very serious; if your parents ask for three hundred thousand, you would remain single. Even if my parents give me the money, I'll put it into my business.

**YAFE:** You're very hard, honey. *(Laughs.)* You don't know how to be romantic.

**BURU:** I'm just being honest. Parents should know that it's a favor to them and their daughter for a man to come after her. Women outnumber men, so some women have to remain single. That's why parents should be grateful to their sons-in-law. I think our people should adopt the groom price.

**YAFE:** Chai! Your own, noh. Hmm.

**BURU:** It's true, nah.

*Buru finishes his food and Yafe clears the table.*

**BURU:** Come and see me off.

*They go outside. Buru holds Yafe's hand and looks amorously into her eyes.*

**BURU:** Still feeling pain?

**YAFE:** Small.

**BURU:** I heard that when a woman starts giving birth, the pain goes away. November is not far.

**YAFE:** Do you know how painful childbirth is?

**BURU:** But that's just once in a while. Once every year.

**YAFE:** What!? Every year!? I'm no baby factory.

**BURU:** I'm just joking. But once every two years, right?

**YAFE:** Let me see. Okay, once every two years.

**BURU:** For the next twelve to sixteen years.

**YAFE:** Hey! Who gives birth to so many children these days?

*They laugh. Buru mounts his bike.*

**YAFE** *(scratches her head)*: Dear.

**BURU:** What?

**YAFE:** If we're bringing the wedding closer, in November, I think we should go for the medical tests as the pastor suggested, considering the fact that we'll have to repeat the HIV test after three months.

**BURU:** I'll only do that because the church insists to see the results before conducting the wedding. The Lord said we're ordained to be.

**YAFE:** The tests don't stop couples from getting married if they truly love their partner. But it's important to know our health status.

**BURU:** I'm ready to marry you no matter what the hospital says. Will you do same for me?

**YAFE:** Don't pull my legs.

**BURU:** Answer the question.

**YAFE:** I don't think you have a dreadful condition.

**BURU:** Then let's insist to the pastor that we're not for the tests. Why waste our money?

**YAFE:** If we refuse, he may suspect us. Let's just do the checkup to fulfill all righteousness.

**BURU:** Okay. Think of a convenient date.

**YAFE:** I will.

**BURU:** Goodnight and take care. Five kisses for you.

**YAFE:** And ten for you! Goodnight.

*Buru rides away. Yafe returns to the living room. Tan is eating.*

**TAN:** What a wonderful couple you are. A domineering husband and a lying wife. He wouldn't have needed thunder and lightning in my case, 'cause God can't take his beautiful daughter like me and give it to him.

**YAFE:** Tan, please, for the sake of God, stay away from me. It's good we separate on good terms than to be enemies for life. You've said it: you won't support my marriage to Buru. But please, don't spoil it.

**TAN:** After I leave here today, our relationship comes to an end. Before I forget, your blood money is on your bed.

**YAFE:** Watch your tongue.

**TAN:** Mirabelle is grieving. Seriously. Last time I visited, she was wondering why in the world you've not even called.

**YAFE:** I'll try and call her.

**TAN** (*in a sober voice*): Yafe, you may think I'm hard, but I'm not. I just fear that you may be making a terrible mistake. My inability to make you understand this is the reason for my frustration and harsh words. My heart is in the right place.

**YAFE:** The wrath of man does not work the righteousness of God.

**TAN:** I'm sorry, forgive me.

*Tan goes out. Yafe stares at the closed door.*

## SCENE 10

*Fimba's shop. Daylight hours.*

*Chia attends to some customers. Fimba sits near the door in deep thought. A few minutes later, he jumps up and adjusts his collar.*

*Wirngo comes in.*

**FIMBA:** Good to see you again.

**WIRNGO:** Thank you, dear. How are you doing?

**FIMBA:** Very good, as you can see. Need some items?

**WIRNGO:** Yeah.

*Wirngo takes a basket and goes to the shelves. Fimba watches as she picks up the items: a tin of Ovaltine™, a packet of sugar, 5 bars of Mambo™ chocolate, a tin of Dolait™ Milk.*

*She comes to the table for her bill.*

**FIMBA:** You don't have to pay.

**WIRNGO:** Why?

**FIMBA:** It's my blessing to you today.

**WIRNGO:** Awww! Thank you so much, sweetheart. It's been a long time since someone just gave me things for nothing.

**FIMBA** (*grins*): Can I invite you to my church this Sunday?

**WIRNGO** (*verbalizing*): So this was to serve as an invitation to church, eh? No wonder.

(*To Fimba:*) I'd have really loved to come but I'm busy on Sunday...I...

**FIMBA**: I understand. But you won't also refuse me taking you out.

**WIRNGO** (*verbalizing*): Now I understand better. Yeye man. (*To Fimba:*) It depends on the time.

**FIMBA**: You give me a suitable time.

**WIRNGO**: Let me see...Today is Tuesday; let's keep it for Saturday evening then. Bye.

**FIMBA**: God bless you. Bye.

*Wirngo leaves. Fimba, with an unconscious smile, watches her go.*

## **SCENE 11**

*Fimba's bedroom. Night.*

*Fimba, lying on his bed, dials a number and takes the phone to his ear.*

**FIMBA**: Hey Muna, the Muna! I am super excited! Guess what?

**MUNA**: You made a lot of money today.

**FIMBA**: No, I make money every day.

**MUNA**: Tell me, then.

**FIMBA:** The Lord has confirmed Wirngo.

**MUNA:** How?

**FIMBA:** I got up this morning and prayed. I told the Lord that he should confirm to me that Wirngo is going to be my wife. That he should make her come to my shop today and buy Dolait Milk. You can guess the rest of the story.

**MUNA:** Mere coincidence. Dolait is a popular brand.

**FIMBA:** No, she came in response to my prayer. She has not been to the shop for some time now. Why today? Why Dolait milk to-day? It was a confirmatory sign from the Lord. She's going to be my wife. I'm so h.a.p.p.y! I, Fimba (*places hand on chest*) am getting m.a.r.r.i.e.d very soon!

**MUNA:** I'm happy for you, my bro. I hope I meet my own Wirngo too.

**FIMBA:** Bro, you know you'll be my best man.

**MUNA:** Of course. So when do you intend to ask her out?

**FIMBA:** We have a date on Saturday evening. I'm gonna pop the big question before the day is over!

**MUNA:** So soon?

**FIMBA:** I've been praying for a wife for years now. If God has said she's the one, what should prevent me from proposing to her?

**MUNA:** I'm jealous.

**FIMBA:** I'm praying for you. Your own time won't be long from now.

**MUNA:** Amen.

*Short pause.*

**FIMBA:** Bro, I've not felt so good in a very long time. Wirngo is a Godsend, my Godsend. My business is even affected. The boom I've experienced these days is one in a long time. For all my struggles, God is repaying me double this year. *(Sings.)* This is my year to celebrate...

**MUNA:** This deserves some popping of something, how do you see?

**FIMBA** *(laughs)*: I know. Come here tomorrow.

## **SCENE 12**

*Tan's bedroom. 11 p.m.*

*Tan tosses and turns on the bed several times. She gets up to a sitting position and picks up her phone. After pondering for some seconds, she puts the phone back on the bed.*

*A few seconds later, she takes the phone again and dials.*

**TAN:** No one will say I didn't try.

*She takes the phone to her ear and waits.*

**TAN:** Hello, Ma Kembong. I'm so sorry for disturbing your sleep.

**MA KEMBONG:** O no, dear child. I wasn't yet asleep. Papa and I just came back from a wake-keeping.

**TAN:** Ah! Who died?

**MA KEMBONG:** I don't think you know him. It's someone who has lived out of the village all his life. He is a relative of Papa's former colleague.

**TAN:** Ok.

**MA KEMBONG:** How are you over there?

**TAN:** Mama, we're fine.

*Short pause.*

**MA KEMBONG:** What made you call at this late hour?

*Short pause.*

**TAN:** Mama, I don't know if I should be saying this. I really doubt if I'm right. But I'm worried.

**MA KEMBONG:** What is it? Don't hide anything from us.

**TAN:** It's about your daughter, my friend, Yafe.

**MA KEMBONG:** What about her?

**TAN:** It's about Buru, the man she wants to marry. Are you still there, mama?

**MA KEMBONG:** I'm listening.

**TAN:** Mama, how do you feel about the man?

**MA KEMBONG:** Tan, if you have anything, don't hide it from me. You're the one living with them. You may know some things that we don't.

**TAN:** The way the man treats Yafe, the way he behaves, I don't believe he'll make a good husband to her.

*Long pause.*

**MA KEMBONG:** You asked me how I feel towards that relationship. I must confess, I don't feel good. My blood doesn't accept the man. Not that I know anything about him apart from what my daughter has told us. But from the first day I saw him... *(sighs)*.

Papa and I refused to acknowledge the relationship, but you know, our daughter cried and cried and cried every day in our ears. She told us she cannot marry someone else if we do not consent to her marriage to Buru. Her father had no choice but to give our consent.

**TAN:** Mama, you shouldn't have accepted. If tomorrow, while married to him, she regrets, you and papa would share some of the blame.

**MA KEMBONG:** You're right, my daughter. But after she had wearied us, her father said we should let her have her way and face the consequences. We did let her know we were giving our consent reluctantly.

**TAN:** Mama, Yafe doesn't care whether your consent was reluctant or not. She claims God told them to get married.

**MA KEMBONG:** That's another issue. What if we resist God?

*Short pause.*

**TAN:** I don't feel comfortable being the only one saying this is not God. It seems like I'm not happy for my friend. I believe God is speaking through the reservation in you and papa, and also through the circumstances Yafe is experiencing with this boy. That's what I believe God is saying: that he does not want this relationship.

*Short pause.*

**MA KEMBONG:** What can we do? We gave our consent already. The man's parents have visited us. What shall we say to them if we suddenly change our minds? *(Sighs.)*

**TAN:** *(heaves):* I don't know what else to say.

**MA KEMBONG:** Thank you for showing concern. Let's just commit the situation into God's hands. Is that okay?

**TAN:** I've heard you, Mama. Goodnight.

**MA KEMBONG:** Hold on! When are you bringing your own man home? Dust is entering our wide-open eyes. Our mouths are longing to lick oil.

**TAN** *(laughs.):* Mama, God will bring someone my way.

**MA KEMBONG:** He will. We shall continue praying.

**TAN:** Thank you, Mama. Goodnight. Greet Papa.

*Tan drops the call. Short pause.*

**TAN:** Well, I've done my part.

## **SCENE 13**

*Buru's living room. Daylight hours.*

**BALAK**, *Buru's friend and age mate sits with him, watching TV.*

**BURU:** Yafe, be fast! You've wasted a lot of time in there!

**BALAK:** Bro, that's not how to talk to a lady. You can see she's doing her best.

**BURU:** She's too slow and annoying.

**BALAK:** Shouting can only cause mistakes in there. If you want a good meal, you have to be patient. Or better still, just help her.

**BURU:** Our people say you can't have a fire tool and still burn your fingers on charcoal.

**BALAK:** You're not serious. Young boy like you?

**BURU:** We're Africans, Balak. In our culture, men don't help in the kitchen.

**BALAK:** Sometimes your talk makes me wonder whether you're truly born-again.

**BURU:** I'm born-again. Seven years now. But born-again doesn't mean we abandon our culture. The white man's culture is not superior. Why can't they also copy from us?

**BALAK:** Helping your wife is now a white man's culture?

**BURU:** A man can help, but it's not forced or expected. Many years ago, our women did not complain of going to the farm, coming back, and cooking for their men who stayed at home to discuss with friends, eat kola nuts, and drink palm wine. But today, most women will not tolerate that because they've been taught to hate our culture.

**BALAK:** Yafe, how are you coping with him?

**YAFE** (*from the kitchen:*) Praying seriously for him.

**BURU** (*To Yafe:*) Don't waste your time.

*Yafe brings out the food and sets the table. Buru sends his hand into his trouser pocket and hands Yafe a banknote.*

**BURU:** Buy drinks for us.

**BALAK:** Give me the money.

*Balak takes the money from Yafe and goes out.*

**BURU:** Yafe, we're Africans. Be a humble woman and you'd enjoy your home. If you listen to people, it will only trouble you.

I'll work hard to provide for you and our children because that's what a man should do, but never expect that I will cook, clean, or wash dresses.

*A moment later Balak comes back with three bottles of Malta Guinness.*

*After eating.*

**BALAK:** Thank you, Yafe. The food was nice.

**BURU:** You're intentional about making me look bad.

**BALAK:** If your conscience is pricked, repent. *(To Yafe:)* Thank you, our dear wife.

**YAFE:** You're welcome.

**BURU:** Thank you, honey. You're a great cook.

**YAFE:** Thanks, dear.

**BALAK:** Yafe, I hope you won't mind me taking my leave now. Bachelors like us only stay in a place long enough to eat.

**BURU:** Lazy man. I know you.

**YAFE:** Thanks for eating.

**BALAK** *(to Buru:)* You can't remove the food from my stomach. Come and see me off.

*(To Yafe:)* See you next time, dear.

**YAFE:** Next time.

*Buru follows Balak outside.*

**BURU:** Man, you make my lady think I'm not caring.

**BALAK:** But you're not. She's a nice girl, but I see you're taking her for granted.

**BURU:** She doesn't complain. She's a good woman, like our mothers.

**BALAK:** Meaning you should treat her like a piece of rag or a piece of dry wood that has no feelings, right?

**BURU:** I insist, she's not complaining.

**BALAK:** Could it be you need a little more time to mature for marriage?

**BURU:** I'm more than mature. My house is in order.

**BALAK:** Buying a complete set of chairs and owning a hi-jack bike doesn't make one ready for marriage. It takes character.

**BURU:** No one's perfect.

**BALAK:** If a caring man comes her way, you'd be surprised at what actions she can take.

**BURU:** Are you the one to slay me, my brother?

**BALAK:** You know I have a fiancée. But she's my queen, not my doormat.

**BURU:** Live your life and let me live mine. I won't give a woman the chance to put my head in her armpit. Thank God, Yafe knows God wants her to marry me. She'll have to disobey God to dump me.

**BALAK:** You know, I care absolutely nothing about this whole "the Lord told me thing". Some of you guys behave as if that's the recipe for good marriages. Treat your lover right, okay? I love Susan, and I treat her well. She's happy and blessed to have me.

**BURU:** Yafe is happy and blessed to have me, too.

*Balak shakes his head. Buru grimaces.*

## **ACT II**

### **SCENE 1**

*Restaurant. Afternoon.*

*Muna and a worried Fimba wait for their food.*

**MUNA:** Bro, are you sure you heard from God?

**FIMBA:** Very sure.

**MUNA:** Why then did she reject your proposal?

**FIMBA:** I'm confused, man.

*Short pause.*

**MUNA:** Well, I think I know why she turned down your proposal.

**FIMBA:** Why?

**MUNA:** You were too fast. God spoke to you, and then you just hurriedly proposed to the girl. Did you consider that he may not have spoken to her yet? You think you're some hot, handsome guy that would sweep any and every lady off her feet? *(Laughs.)*

**FIMBA:** Hey, it's not about the physical here. I want a godly woman.

**MUNA:** Godly or ungodly, we marry people we like. What have you done to let her love you to the point of wanting to marry you?

**FIMBA:** You're right. I should have waited. So what should I do now?

**MUNA:** Pray that God will speak to her, too. You've already ruined the opportunity to establish a mere friendship with her.

*A servant delivers their orders and leaves.*

**MUNA:** Another thought you need to consider is that maybe your emotions are deceiving you. Because of the feelings you have, you may be hearing something God is not saying.

**FIMBA:** I don't think so. As you said, I acted hastily.

## **SCENE 2**

*Yafe's bedroom. Night.*

*Yafe kneels beside the bed.*

**YAFE:** Father, Burushaga treats me like a piece of wood. If not because you told me that he's the right one, I'd have let go. I feel nervous in his presence. I feel frustrated. I'm not free to be myself. I'm always under pressure to impress him. He's always looking for something wrong to complain about or to make me see that he's the man.

I am ready to submit as a wife, but he doesn't have to intimidate me before I do that.

Father, teach Buru how to be a caring and loving man.

*She pauses and lets the tears drop.*

Please, Lord, help Buru to (--)

*Yafe's phone rings on the top of the bed. She wipes away her tears, gets up from the kneeling position, and picks the call.*

**YAFE:** Hello.

**CALLER:** Hello. Is this Yafe?

**YAFE:** Yes, who's on the line, please?

**CALLER:** I'm calling from Bamenda.

**YAFE:** Okay, but who are you, Mister?

**CALLER:** Don't worry. You'll soon get to know me. How are you doing?

**YAFE:** Are you sure you haven't missed the number?

**CALLER:** I don't think so. Am I not talking with Yafe Berkline?

**YAFE:** Yes. Where did you get my number?

**CALLER:** Never mind. I will be in Kumba in two weeks and will appreciate an opportunity to meet with you.

**YAFE:** What for?

**CALLER:** Don't worry, my dear; it can only be good news.

**YAFE:** I don't like meeting strangers.

**CALLER:** I may be a stranger, but the person who recommended you to me is no stranger to you.

**YAFE:** Who are you? And what do you want from me?

**CALLER:** Don't be afraid. In subsequent calls, I shall reveal my identity to you.

**YAFE:** Just tell me who you are.

**CALLER:** Next time, dear. God bless you. Goodnight.

*Yafe looks at her screen until the caller drops.*

**YAFE:** This is strange. Why am I happy with a call from a total stranger? *(Long pause.)* I see. Tan is trying to unhook me from Buru! ... But wait a minute. It doesn't make sense. Tan would gladly have a man instead of sending him my way...Or does she care so much that all she wants to see is Buru out of my life? ... Whatever, it will be good to hear from this stranger again.

### **SCENE 3**

*Fimba's shop. Early morning.*

*Chia is arranging the shop. Fimba comes in.*

**CHIA:** Good morning, patrong. You look tired.

**FIMBA:** I didn't sleep well last night. *(Yawns.)* I think I should clean my face before customers start coming. *(Yawns again).*

**CHIA:** You have a problem?

**FIMBA:** Sorry Chia, you can't understand.

**CHIA:** Just tell me. I can help.

**FIMBA:** You're a small boy.

**CHIA:** It's about that girl that collects things here and does not pay. *(Laughs)*.

**FIMBA:** Chia, be careful with me.

*Wirngo comes in.*

**FIMBA:** Hey! What a divine coincidence! Just talking about you, and here you are.

**WIRNGO:** Good morning.

**FIMBA:** How are you, dear? What can I offer you today?

**WIRNGO:** I need *(reads from a list)* a packet of powdered sugar, a pack of malt drink 35cl bottles, 10 sachets of vanilla, 2 sachets of Margarine, 2kg of flour (--)

**FIMBA:** Throwing a party!?

**WIRNGO:** A tray of eggs, a bottle of Mayonnaise, and a liter of groundnut oil. Oh no, a friend of mine is coming over to spend a few days.

**FIMBA:** Okay, let me get the items for you.

*Fimba assembles the items and throws in an extra packet of Cabin™ biscuit. He packages them in a Sacks & Motors, and motions to Wirngo to come outside with him.*

**FIMBA:** Sister Wirngo, it's been over a month since I spoke to you. You don't pick my calls; you ignore my WhatsApp messages. I've been to your place several evenings and you were not in. See, I'm ready to do anything to satisfy your expectations.

**WIRNGO:** Brother, I simply told you my mind. I could deceive you but I don't want to because I see you're a good man.

**FIMBA:** If I'm a good man, what's stopping you from accepting to marry me? I promise to make you happy.

**WIRNGO:** Nothing against you, but there's no attraction.

**FIMBA:** Give it a try. The attraction will come, believe me.

**WIRNGO:** I've said no, and I won't change my mind. *(Taking money out of her purse.)*  
How much do I pay for these items?

**FIMBA:** You do not pay.

**WIRNGO:** Thank you. Good day.

**FIMBA:** When do I see you again?

*Wirngo leaves and Fimba goes inside.*

**CHIA:** If she comes when I'm alone, she must pay. Even double.

**FIMBA:** I love that girl with all my heart.

*Chia laughs and falls on a bag of rice. Fimba sighs and goes to his table.*

## SCENE 4

*Wirngo's residence. Night.*

*A jeep stands in front of the house.*

*Fimba comes by, inspects the car, and then goes to the door. He presses his ear against the door. Music and laughter come from inside.*

**FIMBA** (*verbalizing*): Is one of these men her boyfriend? Should I knock? No. What would I say I've come to do here at this hour? (*Pause.*) O Lord, why does it have to be this way?

*Presses his ear onto the door. The music overshadows the voices.*

**FIMBA**: Father, I don't just understand this anymore. I'm (--)

*The door screeches. As fast as lightning, Fimba jumps up and stands behind the first pillar on the verandah.*

*A tall man passes to the nearby bush to ease himself. Fimba hides behind the second pillar.*

**FIMBA** (*verbalizing*): Dear Lord, see what you're putting me through! What lessons are you really teaching me out of this? (*Sighs.*)

*The man returns inside.*

*Fimba goes to the door, eavesdrops for a few seconds, and then slowly walks away into the darkness.*

**FIMBA** (verbalizing): Lord, was I mistaken? That handsome man is Wirngo's boyfriend.

**INAUDIBLE VOICE:** Son, other men are also interested in her 'cause she's a beautiful woman. Because of their physical looks and money, she's seeing things carnally. But she'll come around. Just invite her to church. And also pray to blind her eyes to any man that is trying to fool her.

**FIMBA:** Thank you, Lord. I'll invite her to church.

**INAUDIBLE VOICE:** Invite her to church this Sunday. And give her more gifts. You must surpass what that man is giving her, if not (--)

**FIMBA:** Lord, I'll do as you've said. Let me rush home before the rains start.

**INAUDIBLE VOICE:** Run, son. Run!

## **SCENE 5**

*Burushaga's residence. Night.*

*Yafe comes out of the kitchen, takes her phone from a purse and dials.*

**YAFE:** Hello, dear. I'm leaving.

**BURU:** Wait till I come.

**YAFE:** It's late.

**BURU:** In a few months, you'll be in that house full time, so you better learn how to sit there for hours. *(Drops the call.)*

*Moments later, Buru comes in.*

**BURU:** Wow! This place looks and smells good. Thank you, my love.

**YAFE:** You're welcome. Can I go now?

**BURU:** What are you going to do in your place? Spend some time with me. I'll drop you at your place at 8:30.

**YAFE:** I'm tired. I want to rest.

**BURU:** Why not rest here?

**YAFE:** No, I just want to go to my place.

**BURU:** Did I force you to clean and cook? You don't look as happy as you used to.

*Long silence.*

**BURU:** See, Yafe, no one is begging you to stay in this relationship. Follow your convictions and let peace reign. For your information, I can cook; I can clean. But would you be happy if you come here and I'm the one doing the things that the woman is supposed to do?

**YAFE:** It's okay. Let me go.

**BURU:** So I've been talking to the air? (*Mimics:*) It's okay. Let me go.

*Yafe gets up to go.*

**BURU:** Yafe, it's either you sit down and we talk or you walk out, forever.

*Yafe sits down.*

**BURU:** If there's one thing I hate, it's called disrespect. How dare you walk out on me?  
What's eating you up?

**YAFE** (*sobs*): I don't feel loved. I feel frustrated, used, and (--)

**BURU:** Of course, I love you! But if you do something wrong, I won't keep quiet just because I love you.

*Yafe sobs. Buru cuddles her.*

*Long pause.*

**BURU:** Look into my eyes. (*Yafe looks at him.*) They burn with the fire of love. If you listen to my chest, you would hear my heart beating poum, poum, poum, because of the love I have for you. I can't wait for November to come.

*Yafe wipes away her tears.*

**BURU:** Can I kiss you?

*Yafe withdraws her hand.*

**YAFE:** No. Let's wait until the wedding day.

**BURU:** Just a kiss.

**YAFE:** No. I'm not comfortable with that.

**BURU:** You're my wife. In the spirit, we're already married. Wedding is just the physical manifestation. In some cultures, we have the right to have sex even now.

**YAFE:** You haven't paid my bride price, so I'm not yet your wife.

**BURU:** In the spirit you are.

**YAFE:** I want physical marriage. Pay my bride price.

**BURU:** But I'll pay.

**YAFE:** Pay first.

**BURU:** So you won't let me kiss you.

**YAFE:** Yes.

*Buru brings his face closer. Yafe pushes him away.*

**BURU:** You said, yes. Why push me away?

**YAFE:** You asked: so you won't let me kiss you? I answered: yes, I won't let you kiss me.

**BURU:** You're too strict. All these people you see wedding in church, they've been kissing, romancing, and making love, even before paying the bride price. Some don't even pay the bride price until they've had all their children. They just rush to the church or council, get married without paying the bride price.

**YAFE:** We're called to be different. You have the money, pay my bride price.

**BURU:** As you wish, Madam. Is someone still feeling unloved?

**YAFE:** I'm fine. But when are we going for the medical checkup? Time is running out.

**BURU:** Next week. Can we eat?

*Yafe goes into the kitchen.*

## **SCENE 6**

*Fimba's shop. Morning.*

*Fimba and Chia serve clients. Wirngo comes in, accompanied by another young woman, **BIY**.*

*Fimba comes to them.*

**FIMBA:** You're welcome.

**WIRNGO:** Good morning.

**FIMBA:** Is this the friend you said was coming over?

**WIRNGO:** Yes, her name is Biy.

**FIMBA:** Sister Biy, it's good to meet you.

**BIY:** The pleasure is mine, brother. *(Chuckles.)*

*Wirngo and Biy go to the shelves and pick items. A tin of milk, two tubes of toothpaste, a packet of sugar, 4 cubes of washing soap, a palette of bottled water, and loaves of bread.*

*Chia winces.*

*Wirngo and Biy come to the table for their bill.*

**FIMBA:** You already know I won't collect money from you.

*Chia frowns*

**WIRNGO:** Thanks. Have a nice day.

**FIMBA:** Wait. Please, I invite you to my church this Sunday. Don't say no, again.

**WIRNGO** (*verbalizing*): If I say no again, he would stop giving me things. (*To Fimba:*)

Okay. When do the services start?

**FIMBA:** 8 a.m. I'll come and pick you up.

**WIRNGO:** Deal. Biy, let's go.

*Wirngo and Biy go out.*

**BIY:** Chai, you're wicked, Wirngo. You'll never change. Crafty girl.

**WIRNGO** (*Laughs*): I told you, he's my mumu\*. My Godsend to ease my life in this hard economy.

**BIY:** But why are you deceiving him? Just marry him.

**WIRNGO:** Me, deceiving him? If he's chosen to give me freebies, that's his business. It isn't my fault that he's not the kind of man I want.

Take a good look at me. Can this guy maintain me? Well, yeah, he has a big store, but what is a provision store, after all? My monthly expenditure on manicure, pedicure,

facial and hairdo will bankrupt him in six months. I need a guy with plenty of money.  
(Laughs). And handsomeness, too.

**BIY:** Then stop collecting his gifts.

**WIRNGO:** I'm not forcing him.

**BIY:** You come to his shop because you know he won't accept your money.

**WIRNGO:** You'd do the same if you were in my shoes.

**BIY:** Lie. Honestly, at the end of the day, we need caring guys. Faithful husbands, not these *cheetahs* (Laughs.) Forget the swag and photogenic men. Every woman needs a man who'd do anything for her. I wish (--)

**WIRNGO:** Hey, don't even think about it. If you collect this my husband, (Laughs), this my mumu\*, I'll skin you alive.

**BIY:** So would you really follow him to church?

**WIRNGO:** Maybe.

**BIY:** Holy ghost fire will arrest you. (Laughs.) You'll fall on the ground and confess all your atrocities.

**WIRNGO:** Are you serious?

**BIY:** You know some of these churches.

**WIRNGO:** I'll drag you there. You need to confess, too. Don't think you're better than me.

**BIY:** I can never step my foot into that kind of church.

**WIRNGO:** I'm not sure this my generous husband goes to that kind of church.

**BIY:** But I know that if you follow him to church, something must happen.

**WIRNGO:** Like what?

**BIY:** If he's in one of these prophesying churches, he can tell his prophet to prophesy to you about him. This is how they'll do it: the prophet will start, "I see you refusing a man". You'll say, "yes, man of God". The prophet will then say, "You don't like him, but that's the right man for you. I can see you living happily with the man. I can see you with two beautiful daughters and two sons". *(Laughs.)*

**WIRNGO:** God forbid. I cannot fall for their manipulation.

\* *Fool*

## **SCENE 7**

*Inside a church. Late morning.*

*About a hundred people are seated on the pews. **PASTOR BRENDAN**, a dark and stocky man, early forties, speaks from the pulpit.*

**PASTOR B:** We thank the Lord for today's service. I'm sure everyone here was blessed. Brother Ngoh, Mama Yefon and our visitor, Ms. Wirngo, please, see me in my office.

May the grace...

**CHURCH:** May the grace of our Lord be with us all. Amen.

*As the others disperse, Fimba moves to a corner to wait for Wirngo.*

**FIMBA:** Lord, you're faithful. Thank you, Father.

*A few minutes later, Wirngo comes out, fuming.*

**WIRNGO:** Take me out of this place! I don't even know why I accepted to come here in the first place.

**FIMBA:** What has the Pastor told you?

**WIRNGO:** Don't even bother dropping me. I'll take a taxi.

*Wirngo leaves, muttering. Fimba rushes after her.*

## **SCENE 8**

*Bedroom. 8 p.m.*

*Yafe comes in, dressed in pajamas. Her phone rings. She looks at the screen and smiles.*

**CALLER:** Good evening, Yafe.

**YAFE:** I'm not talking until you tell me who you are and how you got my number and what you want from me.

**CALLER:** My name is Muna. I'm an IT specialist, living in Bamenda. My aunt gave me your number.

**YAFE:** Who's your aunt?

**MUNA:** Mrs. Ateh Miranda, working at the delegation of Basic Education.

**YAFE:** I know her. Why didn't she first contact me before sending you my number?

**MUNA:** I don't know. But she assured me that you're a wonderful girl. I'll be in Kumba next week to meet you. Is that okay with you?

*Long pause.*

**MUNA:** Hello, are you still there?

**YAFE:** I don't know.

**MUNA:** What do you mean?

*Short pause.*

**YAFE:** I don't know you.

**MUNA:** Exactly why we need to meet each other; I don't know you, too. But I love the report my aunt gave about you. I know her to be a sincere Christian woman.

*Short pause.*

**YAFE:** Okay. Just call when you arrive. I'll come see you in Mrs. Ateh's place.

**MUNA:** Presently, she's on holiday in the village. On her way to the village, she gave me your number.

*Short pause.*

**YAFE:** Just call me when you arrive. I'll tell you where to see me.

**MUNA:** Thanks a lot, dear. I really appreciate it. Goodnight.

**YAFE:** Goodnight.

*Muna drops the call. Yafe stares at her phone.*

**YAFE:** Am I not opening the door for the devil to come in to steal, kill, and destroy? O God, have mercy.

*Her phone rings.*

**YAFE:** Hello, dear.

**BURU:** What kind of a woman are you!?

**YAFE:** What is it?

**BURU:** The pastor told me you came asking about kissing. What exactly did you want to hear from him!?

**YAFE:** I...I...only asked him if it's okay for two people engaged to be married to begin kissing and things like that.

**BURU:** Shut up! You told him I wanted to kiss you, right? That I said it was okay for us to have sex.

**YAFE:** No, I didn't! I only wanted to find out what the Bible says about romance before marriage. I didn't even ask in a bad way.

**BURU:** What the bible says about kissing? If it's wrong, is it everything the bible condemns that you no longer do? I hate a holier-than-thou attitude! What crime did I commit? Is this how you intend to treat me when we get married? There are better girls out there, I hope you know that.

**YAFE:** Dear, please, don't be angry. I had no wrong motive when I asked Pastor Ebenezer that question. Please, forgive me.

**BURU:** Always think twice, thrice, before you speak. I hate embarrassment.

**YAFE:** I'm sorry. Please, forgive me.

**BURU:** Goodnight

**YAFE:** Good...night.

*Yafe sits on the bed for a long time, staring at her phone.*

**YAFE:** O Lord, if only I had the liberty to make a choice. But Father, I want what you want for me.

*She takes her phone.*

**YAFE:** Sorry, Mr. Muna. I'm engaged to be married in a few months.

*She stares at the screen.*

**YAFE:** I honestly don't want to send this message. Why am I feeling this way? (*Sighs and puts away the phone.*)

## **SCENE 9**

*Fimba's shop. 9 a.m.*

*Chia attends to customers. Fimba does calculations at the table.*

*Muna comes in.*

**FIMBA:** Hey, bro. You're welcome

**MUNA:** Thanks. I paid my ticket at the agency and said let me sit with you till take-off.

**FIMBA:** Traveling to?

**MUNA:** Kumba.

**FIMBA:** Work?

**MUNA** (*smiles*): No. My aunt recommended one girl to me.

**FIMBA:** Bro! And you're already on the way without telling me?

**MUNA:** But I'm here to inform you, nah.

**FIMBA:** While your ticket is already paid? Well, I forgive you. So who's the girl?

**MUNA:** I don't know her but my aunt said she's a very good girl. I've spoken with the girl twice on the phone.

**FIMBA:** Why should you go so far? If the Lord has a wife for you, she would be around you, in your vicinity or around your job site. I bet you there are female colleagues, good women, dying to have you. Even in the church, there are sisters praying to God concerning you.

**MUNA:** That's your own theology. Abraham sent his servant on a long distance to seek a wife for Isaac.

**FIMBA:** Because there were no godly women around him. So instead of Isaac to patiently wait for the servant to bring Rebecca, Isaac is now going on the long journey in search of a wife?

This is the analogy I'd give you: Abraham represents God who knows his son needs a wife. His servants, God's angels, go on a mission on our behalf, to bring Rebecca, the wife to Isaac, that is, us, by causing our paths to cross.

**MUNA:** I think you should close down this shop and head to the seminary. You're too much, Rt. Reverend Fimba.

**FIMBA:** In our day and age, who chooses a wife again for another? Don't you have eyes?

**MUNA:** Fimba, this is a mere recommendation. I'm just going to see the girl, no commitments yet.

By the way, you've just contradicted your analogy.

**FIMBA:** Well, my only advice is that you don't tell the girl anything until you've heard from the Lord first.

**MUNA:** Okay.

*Long pause.*

**MUNA:** How's Wirngo?

**FIMBA:** She doesn't come to the shop anymore. I just laugh because I know one day she would come crawling and begging. Who plays with God?

*Muna stares into space. Fimba continues with the calculations.*

**TEN MINUTES LATER...**

**MUNA:** See you when I come back tomorrow.

**FIMBA:** Don't get carried away by emotions and physical beauty.

**MUNA:** Thanks, bro.

## **SCENE 10**

*Residence. Evening.*

*Tan watches television.*

*Yafe knocks and comes in, wearing a hijab. She closes the door and takes off the covering.*

*Tan laughs.*

**YAFE:** Trouble in Katanga.

*Tan laughs hysterically for more than half a minute.*

**TAN:** My sister, you've chosen to make your life miserable. Don't be surprised if Burushaga shows up here. I can assure you: that would be the end of this relationship. Don't blame me o. You're the one who carried your two kolo, kolo legs into my house.

**YAFE:** Someone's in town to see me. He'll meet me here.

**TAN:** Who?

**YAFE:** I don't know him.

*Yafe's phone rings. She picks.*

**YAFE:** Where are you now? ... Okay. Take a bike and give the phone to the rider.

*Short pause.*

**YAFE:** Yes...Roundabout...Yes...Okay. (*Call drops.*)

**TAN:** How is the plot of this movie progressing? I'm lost.

**YAFE:** When he comes, excuse us so we can talk.

**TAN:** The part I'm playing in this drama is becoming uncomfortable. Now and then I'm called upon to act without having been given the script beforehand. You know, I'm not good at ad-lib. I may say something terrible, unconsciously.

**YAFE:** Just act, okay? Just act.

*Yafe sits down. The next second, she stands and paces the room.*

*Minutes later, her phone rings again.*

**YAFE:** I'm coming.

*Yafe covers her head and goes out. A moment later, she comes in, holding a shopping bag, followed by Muna.*

*She takes off the hijab.*

**YAFE:** Meet my friend, Tan. Tan, this is Muna.

*Muna and Tan greet each other as Yafe goes into the kitchen with the bag.*

**TAN:** I'm next door. *(Goes out.)*

*Intercut.*

## **SCENE 11**

*Outside Wirngo's apartment. Evening.*

*Fimba knocks on the door.*

*A moment later, Wirngo opens and sighs.*

**WIRNGO:** What brings you here?

**FIMBA:** Sister Wirngo, you're disobeying God.

**WIRNGO:** I don't understand.

**FIMBA:** The Lord has already spoken to you about marrying me, but you're rebellious.

**WIRNGO:** I don't understand what you (--)

**FIMBA:** Why do you keep rejecting my proposal?

**WIRNGO:** 'Cause I don't want to marry you! Stop pestering me! You think you can make me change my mind?

**FIMBA:** No, I can't change your mind. But there's Someone who'll do so.

**WIRNGO:** Brother man, I can't be manipulated.

**FIMBA:** Manipulated? You call God's ways manipulation? You know what? I'm tired of chasing you.

*Fimba leaves. Wirngo goes inside.*

## **BACK TO SCENE 10**

**MUNA:** I understand it's a hard place to be when you believe the Lord has told you to marry someone and they're taking you for granted. But are you *really* sure the Lord spoke to you?

**YAFE:** Yeah, though some situations now make me doubt. I have at least two incidents that confirmed to me he's the one. He too believes God spoke to him about me.

*Long pause.*

**MUNA:** The Bible says a wife is a good thing. A husband is also a good thing. How should a man treat a good thing? How should a woman treat a good thing? If you value it, you wouldn't treat it poorly.

*Yafe stares intently at Muna.*

**YAFE** (*verbalizing*): How I wish I can accompany this one to Bamenda this very night. (*To Muna, absentmindedly:*) You're right.

**MUNA:** Forget about the convictions you felt or still feel. Can you tolerate this man for the rest of your life – if he doesn't change?

*Yafe sighs and bows her head.*

**YAFE** (*verbalizing*): How will I live with the knowledge that I clung to false convictions for almost two years? (*To Muna:*) Only God knows the future. He may change.

**MUNA:** What if he doesn't?

*Yafe's phone rings. She rejects the call.*

**YAFE:** I don't want to think about it.

**MUNA:** I'm not asking these questions to get you to my side. It's for your happiness.

*Yafe's phone rings. She shuts it down.*

**YAFE:** It's easier remaining with him than letting go. For the sake of my beliefs. I don't want to regret tomorrow.

**MUNA:** I understand.

**YAFE:** No, you don't.

**MUNA** (*laughs*): Well, I believe I do. When one has a sincere heart to do only that which God wants, it's a hard place to be when you encounter situations that make you want to reconsider your convictions about what the Lord has told you.

**YAFE:** Is God's will always perfect?

*Long pause.*

**MUNA:** That's a difficult question. I'd say you must consider the person's behavior before you make your final decision. Don't go into a relationship hoping that the other person will change into who you want him to be. What if they don't change?

*Long pause.*

**MUNA:** No human is perfect. But they should at least be good; someone you're happy and comfortable being with, not someone you are with just because the Lord said he's the right one for you.

**YAFE:** Thank you very much. I feel relieved talking to you even though my confusion persists.

**MUNA:** Thanks for the chat. I have to go. I'll spend the night with a friend and then I'll travel back to Bamenda tomorrow morning.

**YAFE:** Sorry for making you come all the way from Bamenda.

**MUNA:** No problem. Though I would have been happier if I helped you clear your confusion.

**YAFE:** Why didn't you come my way before? You're a nice person.

**MUNA:** I wish I'd met you earlier, too. You resemble my late sister. She was my best friend.

**YAFE:** Oh, sorry.

**MUNA:** Never mind, she died many years ago. I've to go.

**YAFE:** Let me inform Tan that you're leaving.

*Yafe goes out.*

*Moments later, Buru comes in.*

**MUNA:** Good evening, sir.

**BURU:** Evening. Where's the girl who lives here?

**MUNA:** She is (--). Oh, here they are.

*Yafe and Tan come in. Yafe sees Buru and freezes.*

**BURU:** I knew it! That's why you refused to pick my calls. You even switched off your phone!

**YAFE:** Dear, please, I can explain. It's not what you think.

**BURU:** There's nothing to explain. This relationship is over!

**YAFE:** No, don't say that! No!

**BURU:** Call your parents and tell them. Tell them before your retired soldier of a father borrows money, hoping to repay with the bride price from me. Adeus. (*Goes out.*)

*Yafe sobs.*

**TAN:** I told you. I'm very happy but it pains me that you had to wait this long, and receive so many insults. This rascal doesn't deserve you.

*Very long pause.*

**MUNA:** From what I've judged, it's either the man believes God led him to you when he doesn't like you, or he was using 'thus says the Lord' to blind you to his lack of good manners. He's a narcissist.

**TAN:** Mr. Muna, I believe the second judgment is the correct one. In order to get Yafe to accept him easily, he lied that the Lord revealed to him that she's his wife-to-be.

**YAFE** (*sobbing*): But I had convictions, too. God also spoke to me.

**TAN:** God did not speak to you! What is so hard to understand in this?

**MUNA:** The man's actions reveal the kind of man he is, and that should not be ignored.

**YAFE:** Maybe I was wrong to let you come. This wouldn't have happened.

**MUNA:** I don't think so. You said the guy has been treating you poorly. You don't have to blame yourself for the breakup.

**TAN:** Did you hear that? Wipe those tears!

**MUNA:** Let her weep. It's a normal reaction to pain. She'll get some relief from that.

**TAN:** Mr. Muna, thank you for coming. This is what I've been praying for.

**MUNA:** Let's pray she heals soon. Call me Muna. *(To Yafe:)* Dear, you were sincere in your desire to please the Lord, even if it means marrying an abuser. But you were sincerely wrong about this man. God loves you and has only the best for you.

**TAN:** Did you hear that? Only the best.

**MUNA:** Sometimes, breakups are God's will, to help us see things clearly.

**TAN:** Exactly. Thank you, Jesus.

**YAFE:** Thank you, Muna.

**MUNA:** When you heal, you'll look back and be grateful to God for the pain.

**YAFE:** I doubt.

**TAN:** You will. *(To Muna:)* Sorry, we can't offer you anything today.

**MUNA:** Who'd eat in this atmosphere? Another time, dear. *(To Yafe:)* Let me go. I'll see you tomorrow before going back to Bamenda.

**YAFE:** I'll be grateful.

*Tan and Yafe see Muna to the roadside.*

**MUNA** *(To Yafe):* Don't regret whatever has happened today. This is God's handwork. If you must cry, cry before God. Tell him everything, the pain and all. Let him comfort you and make things clear to you.

**YAFE:** Thanks so much.

*Muna mounts a bike and goes away, waving.*

**YAFE** (*humorously*): I think it's time to go with the permissive will of God.

**TAN**: Explain.

**YAFE**: If the perfect will of God can be so burdensome and the permissive will so enticing, I choose to go with the permissive will. (*Laughs.*)

**TAN**: Miracle!

*They laugh hysterically.*

**TAN**: What did Muna bring?

**YAFE**: I saw a liter of pure Oku honey, fresh groundnuts (--)

**TAN**: Honey? I like this guy already. Let's (--)

*Yafe's phone rings.*

**TAN**: Who's it?

**YAFE**: Burushaga.

**TAN**: Blacklist. Immediately!

## **SCENE 12**

*Buru's living room. Evening.*

*Buru presses his phone against his ear. After a while, the phone makes a thud sound.*

*Buru redials and takes the phone to his ear again.*

*A minute later, he redials.*

*Intercut.*

## **BACK TO SCENE 10**

**TAN:** So what are the plans?

**YAFE:** I'll speak with Muna tomorrow. Falling in love with someone else is so refreshing, but potentially dangerous. The sound of his soft voice drowns my heart but I won't rush into the relationship.

**TAN:** The love potion just expired and Buru forgot to renew it on time! *(Laughs.)* You're right. Muna looks like a nice guy, but one never can tell. Count on me to pray with you for this one.

**YAFE:** My main worry right now is Buru's mom. She adores me. And the pastor, too.

**TAN:** Do you know what I think? Go see her and explain the situation. Before Buru feeds her with lies. But be careful not to return to the son when you encounter the kindness of the mother.

**YAFE:** Dear Lord, help me.

*Intercut.*

## **BACK TO SCENE 12**

*Buru holds his phone against the ear. Moments later he drops the phone, dials again and takes the phone to his ear.*

*Again.*

*And again.*

**BURU:** Good evening, Balak.

**BALAK:** Hey, good evening. How?

**BURU:** I'm not fine.

**BALAK:** Whatzup?

**BURU:** It's over between Yafe and me.

**BALAK:** What do you mean?

**BURU:** You heard me right.

**BALAK:** What happened?

**BURU:** She called off the relationship. I've been trying her number, it seems she's put off the phone or blacklisted my number.

**BALAK:** Wait, wait, wait. She called off the relationship? How?

**BURU:** We had a little misunderstanding, but it's getting to an hour now and her number is not passing.

**BALAK** (*laughing*): Is that all? And you're shaking like an old dross? My guy, cool down. Yafe can't call off a wedding four months to the date.

**BURU:** I hope so. I really hope so.

**BALAK:** I'm sure she's just annoyed with you for the moment. She'll pick your call in the morning.

**BURU:** Thanks, man.

**BALAK:** Nothing, bro.

**BURU:** It's a goodnight.

**BALAK:** Goodnight.

*Buru stares at his phone.*

## **SCENE 13**

*In front of the church building. 5 p.m.*

**YAFE:** I'm confused. He left without seeing me as promised. I'm sure Mrs. Ateh told him to let go.

**TAN:** Calm down. At least, he called to inform you he was leaving.

**YAFE:** He was in a haste to leave. No explanation. He didn't even sound as caring as he was yesterday.

**TAN:** Wait and see what happens before you make your conclusions. Let's go in; they've started singing.

**YAFE:** I don't know if I'll get anything from today's lesson.

**TAN:** I know you're hurting, but I beg you in the name of God, relax your face. This is not the end of life.

**YAFE:** But what if all that happened yesterday was wrong? What if I opened the door for Muna to come and separate us? Was it right to believe that God never spoke to me about Buru? What if (--)

**TAN:** Let me know this from you: why did you let Buru go? Because of his attitude or because of Muna?

**YAFE:** I didn't let Buru go.

**TAN:** But you were happy he called off the relationship.

*Yafe purses her lips.*

**TAN:** If Muna never calls, would you go back to beg Burushaga?

**YAFE:** Buru has drained my battery this afternoon with calls.

**TAN:** What? I thought you blacklisted him.

*Yafe traces the grass near her feet with her eyes.*

**TAN:** So what if Muna is gone for good? Are you too old to find true love? Why give a second thought when you can be free?

**YAFE:** Easier said than done.

## **SCENE 14**

*Fimba's residence. Night.*

*Fimba works on a calculator. Muna comes in.*

**FIMBA:** Hey, you're back, but why that look on your face? *(Laughs.)* I warned you.

**MUNA:** Wirngo is dating someone else. I saw (--).

**FIMBA:** How do you know?

**MUNA:** I saw her with one Arrey, my former colleague at JB Informatique.

**FIMBA:** And so? It could be her brother, cousin, uncle, distant relation, or mere friend.

**MUNA:** None of the above. Wirngo is from Oku in the Northwest, and Arrey is from Mamfe in the Southwest. They can't be relations. Besides, (--)

**FIMBA:** Don't make me laugh. So people from different regions of Cameroon can't be relations or friends?

**MUNA:** Fimba, I'm sure of what I'm saying. Wirngo and Arrey are dating.

**FIMBA:** I don't believe you. That girl's going to be my wife. I didn't show her to you so you could monitor her around.

**MUNA:** Bro, I think it's time you wake up to the fact that (--)

**FIMBA:** Hold it. I believe what the Lord told me. Let Wirngo date anyone else, the relationship won't end in marriage. (*Short pause.*) Did you meet the girl in Kumba?

**MUNA:** It's complicated. That's all I'll say for now.

**FIMBA:** Why wouldn't it be complex? The moment you decided to leave Bamenda to go get a wife in faraway Kumba, you were embarking on a complicated journey. Why not wait upon the Lord?

**MUNA:** The location or distance isn't the cause. Stop making wrong judgments. Kumba is not that far. People date across international boundaries, what do you make of that?

**FIMBA:** So because people do that, it's right?

**MUNA:** There's no formula for finding a wife. I know what I want in a mate. I won't conform to stereotypes.

**FIMBA:** Stereotypes!

*Very long pause.*

**MUNA:** On my way back, Wirngo was on the same bus with Arrey. Nursed in his arms all the way.

**FIMBA:** Muna, we are city people. You should know that platonic friends can sometimes show levels of intimacy that are suspicious. Wirngo is a friendly and outgoing person. Stop making wrong judgments. Stereotypes.

**MUNA:** Haba\*! Haba!! Haaa-ba!!!

**FIMBA:** Haba what?

**MUNA:** Haba nothing. Goodnight.

**FIMBA:** Goodnight.

*Muna leaves.*

**FIMBA** (*verbalizing*): Lord, Wirngo is dating someone else. Must I continue to wait?

Maybe, Arrey went to introduce her to his parents.

**INAUDIBLE VOICE:** Dating is not marriage.

**FIMBA:** Then, why did you bring her my way when she's not yet ready to marry me? I'm suffering.

**INAUDIBLE VOICE:** Do you dare question my ways?

*Long pause.*

**FIMBA:** I'm sorry, Lord. Forgive me. I know your ways and thoughts are higher than mine.

*\* An exclamation signifying surprise.*

## **SCENE 15**

*Buru's living room. 10 p.m.*

*Buru lies down on the bed and as soon gets up to a sitting position. He takes his phone from the table and scrolls on the screen. Several minutes pass.*

**BURU:** Jesus!

*He dials a number and waits.*

**BURU:** Balak. It's truly over. She blocked me on Facebook! She blocked me on Facebook!

**BALAK:** Who blocked you on Facebook?

**BURU:** Your father, stupid! Didn't I tell you last night that Yafe called off our relationship?

**BALAK:** Wow.

**BURU:** Wow? A girl just dumped me and all you say is wow?

**BALAK:** Bro, I don't know what to say.

**BURU:** Guy, you don't care how I feel. You're disappointing me, too.

**BALAK:** Calm down. Can you give me permission to speak with her sometime within the week? I'll be less busy on Friday.

**BURU:** No. No, no. I won't beg her. If she wants to come begging, let her come. But if she expects me to do so, she's wasting her time.

**BALAK:** Tell me. Who hurt who? Who needs forgiveness from who?

**BURU:** She hurt me. She disobeyed my instructions. She's the one to come begging, not me.

**BALAK:** Then permit me to speak with her and get her to come and beg you.

**BURU:** Don't. Let's allow everything in the hands of God. If she's mine, she'll come back to me.

**BALAK:** If we leave it for God, promise me you won't worry over this again.

**BURU:** I promise.

## **SCENE 16**

*Tan's apartment. Daylight hours.*

*Tan watches television. Yafe stares into space.*

**YAFE:** I miss Muna. This is the third day since he returned to Bamenda, and he hasn't called. I called him last night and asked how he traveled. He was just cold, like he never wanted me to call.

**TAN:** It may be hard on him too, you know. Remember, in his presence, you were still begging Buru. He may feel that you just want him now because Buru called off the relationship.

**YAFE:** Lord, I'm finished.

**TAN:** You need to heal. Muna may have been only an instrument for God to separate you and Buru.

**YAFE:** Don't tell me that. Being with Buru is better than singleness!

**TAN:** I know (--)

*Someone knocks the door.*

**TAN** (*whispers*): Go into the bedroom now. Quick!

*Yafe runs into the bedroom. Tan opens the door and Buru comes in. He looks around.*

**BURU:** Where's Yafe?

*Tan doesn't answer.*

**BURU:** If she comes around, tell her I said I'm doing just fine without her. Also, tell her I'm a man, I can get married next month or at fifty. I have girls begging me to notice them. Before she'll ever find a man to fall in love with, I'll be a father of two.

And as for you, read my lips, it shall never be well with you and your generation. You had no serious man in your life and you made it your purpose to deprive Yafe of a blissful marriage. I saw a boyfriend last time I was here. I pity the guy 'cause he'll regret the day he fell in love with you if he goes ahead to marry you.

**TAN:** A curse causeless shall not come. I'm blessed by God and no mortal tongue can reverse it.

*Buru looks around and then leaves.*

*Yafe comes out of the bedroom.*

**TAN:** I expected you to come out and beg him. You said he's better than singleness.

**YAFE:** What if Muna calls after I reconcile?

**TAN:** You're just confused.

## **SCENE 17**

*Outside a building. Daylight hours.*

*Buru leans on a pillar, busy on his phone.*

**BURU** (*verbalizing*): She has changed her relationship status from engaged to single. (*Sighs*). Her timeline is not visible to the public. What should I do now?... Okay. I'll not put up a picture of myself as the profile picture of this fake account. Yeah...Let me send her a friend request. Let's hope she accepts. God help her, she would receive a tanker of my insults.

## **SCENE 18**

*Office. Daylight hours.*

*Buru and Yafe sit across from Pastor Ebenezer, whose hands lie on the table beside a Bible.*

**PASTOR E:** Yafe, are you willing to say here exactly what you told me?

**YAFE:** Yes, pastor. I don't think Buru loves me.

**BURU:** I don't like (--)

**PASTOR E:** Brother Buru, wait. Yafe, continue.

**YAFE:** I'm not free to be me. He scolds me at the least mistake, makes me feel like I'm a child.

**PASTOR E:** Yafe, relationships go through challenges.

**YAFE:** I've tolerated enough. I've prayed my eyes out, but everything remains the same.

**PASTOR E:** Brother Buru, please, recount what you told me.

**BURU:** Pastor, what I say she shouldn't do, it's exactly what she will do. She annoys me all the time. She's not submissive as the Bible commands.

*Short pause.*

**PASTOR E:** Are you through?

**BURU:** Yes, sir.

**PASTOR E:** Now, who called off the relationship?

**YAFE:** He did.

**BURU:** I was annoyed.

**PASTOR E:** One person at a time. Yafe.

**YAFE:** Pastor, he did. Tan is my witness.

**BURU:** You caused it, Yafe. Pastor, I'd told her to stop seeing that Tan, but she wouldn't listen – lack of submission. I went to her house, didn't see her there. I called her, she didn't pick. Something told me she was with Tan. I then went to Tan's place. Lo and behold, there she was. In anger, I declared the relationship over. But I didn't really mean it.

**PASTOR E:** Did you ask her why she went there in the first place?

**YAFE:** He didn't. He came in and embarrassed me in front of everyone. He even insulted my parents.

**BURU:** I was angry. I didn't think. That's why I hate to be angry.

*Buru hangs down his head. Yafe wipes away tears.*

**PASTOR E:** Yafe, brother Buru is not yet ready to let go. Please, can you reconsider and let's talk? Let's see how to settle the misunderstanding and get you guys going in the right direction. This is why I had said you two had delayed beginning your pre-marriage counseling.

**YAFE:** Pastor, he said premarital counseling is a waste of time and money.

**PASTOR E:** You need to know how to handle marriage's challenges and stop reacting negatively towards each other. Please, you two come back to the relationship and let's sort things out.

**YAFE:** Buru's views on submission are too much for me. I'm tired of always begging and saying I'm sorry, even in situations where he should be the one apologizing.

**PASTOR E:** We shall handle that. I'll take you on lessons about respect, love, and submission. Buru has an underlying problem with anger, but he still loves you. Give him more time to deal with the problem.

**BURU:** That's right, sir.

**YAFE (sobs):** I've tolerated enough. What stops him from hiding his attitude now in the name of change, so that after we get married (--)

**BURU:** Stop making assumptions. Pastor, see what I'm talking about? This is how she disrespects me all the time.

**PASTOR E:** All right. Marriage should not be forced on anyone. What I'd say for now is that you forgive each other, as brother and sister. Your eternal relationship in the Lord outlives a romantic relationship now.

**YAFE:** I've forgiven you, brother Buru.

*Long pause.*

**PASTOR E:** Buru?

**BURU (To Yafe):** I forgive you, too. But I hope you don't (--)

**PASTOR E:** Buru, let it go. See me on Friday. Let's pray.

## **SCENE 19**

*Burushaga's bedroom. Night.*

*Buru scrolls on his phone. A minute later...*

**BURU:** What!?! She has unblocked me!?! (*Whistles.*) Now is the time to show her I've moved on, and I'm happy without her. F\_\_\_ Pastor Ebenezer and his nonsense counseling. F\_\_\_ every other person who tells me I need to apologize to her. She'll beg me.

Where are those nice photos? This one. What should we caption it? I LOVE MY LIFE. Yeah. Add two smiling emojis. Great.

And then this one should be...okay. HAPPY BEING ME. This third one ...okay. 21 CARAT DIAMOND. PURE GOLD.

Oh, someone has already commented on the first pic. FINE BOBO. I like this.

**ONE MONTH LATER**

**SCENE 20**

*Tan's residence. Daylight hours.*

*Tan goes into the kitchen. Yafe sits in the living room.*

**YAFE:** I miss Burushaga. I almost called him last night. He wasn't perfect, but he loved me. I should've listened to Pastor Ebenezer and worked things out. Buru needed help.

*Tan comes out and leans on the kitchen door.*

**TAN:** Let it never be said that I was the one who stopped you from marrying the man your heart loves. Do whatever your heart tells you to do.

**YAFE:** My heart misses him, but also dreads reconciliation. Most of the time on Facebook, I stalk him. It pains to see he's moved on and is happy without me.

**TAN:** You won't get something contrary from my mouth.

**YAFE:** I have a feeling he's also stalking me.

*Tan goes into the kitchen.*

**YAFE:** I'll also post my own amazingly happy selfies. It's a psychological war.

**TAN** (*from the kitchen*): Just go and beg him.

*Yafe joins Tan in the kitchen.*

**YAFE:** I don't want to go back to him. But I miss him. Terribly. Especially in the nights, when I'm alone. (*Sighs*).

*Tan faces Yafe.*

**TAN:** Girl, you're suffering from withdrawal syndrome.

**YAFE** (*Chuckles*): Is there such thing as withdrawal syndrome in romance?

**TAN:** Oh yeah. It usually happens that after a breakup, even the partner that was happy for the breakup, may want...that is, still desire a return to the relationship. They may make attempts or succeed to restore the relationship, even under the same conditions that necessitated the breakup.

Because of the emotional bond you've had with a lover, it's not just as easy as saying it to walk away and never be tempted to look back.

**YAFE:** You're right. I've debated the issue with myself several nights. Part of me – the logical part – is happy we broke up. That I can breathe some fresh air, that I can be me, that I can repent from lies telling, and that (--)

**TAN:** And bribery.

*They whoop with laughter.*

**YAFE:** But the feeling part of me desperately wants back that romance.

**TAN:** Romance or bondage?

**YAFE:** Maybe both. *(Laughing.)* Romantic bondage.

**TAN:** Please, I'm so hungry. I don't want to die of laughter.

*Tan resumes stirring the content in the pot.*

**YAFE:** I'll go and see his mother sometime next week. You tell me how to explain the situation to her.

**TAN:** No, no, no! You figure that one out.

**YAFE:** Buru should have told her, but I think it's polite for me to speak with her also. I've blacklisted her number and the numbers of other family members.

*(Rehearsing.)* Mom, I'm sorry to tell you this, but I can't continue with your son. He has proven to me that I'm not worthy of his love. I tried to tolerate his...ehmm...his bad

manners – ouch! What a terrible phrase – his lack of good behavior...ehmm... I've seen  
re (--)

**TAN:** Shut up. This is what and how you'll say it. Mom, your son is a scumbag, not  
worthy of my love.

**YAFE:** I can't talk like that. She's been good to me.

**TAN:** You're describing her son, not her.

**YAFE:** All the same, I can't talk like that. It'll hurt that kind woman.

**TAN:** You need to let her know it's her son that spoiled the relationship, not you. And  
then you explain his behavior which you can no longer tolerate. That way she can better  
help the son.

**YAFE:** It's not gonna be easy.

## **ACT III**

### **SCENE 1**

*Fimba's shop. Daylight hours.*

*Fimba is busy with some papers and a calculator. Muna comes in.*

**FIMBA:** Hey bro, how you?

**MUNA:** Fine. And you?

**FIMBA:** Good. What's up? You've been so busy. Your number, too.

**MUNA:** I'm cool. Maybe you always called when my battery is low. I'll be traveling to Kumba, to visit the girl I told you about.

**FIMBA:** Has the Lord confirmed she's the one?

*Muna scratches his head.*

**MUNA:** If I say no, you'd tell me I shouldn't go see her. If I say, yes, you'd ask me for the supernatural signs of confirmation. So I don't know what to say.

**FIMBA:** I understand what you've just said. You're ashamed to admit that you want a relationship which you can't tell for sure God sanctions.

**MUNA:** That's your interpretation, and you are entitled to it. I'll be traveling tomorrow. After I talk with her, we shall know exactly where the relationship stands.

**FIMBA:** Bro, do you really have to go that far? How much is the fare to Kumba aller-et-retour? Plus chop money, fifteen thousand! If God has a wife for you, he'll bring her to you, to your doorsteps.

**MUNA:** How much are you losing in free provisions to Wirngo?

**FIMBA:** The Lord has already confirmed she's my wife-to-be. I'm losing nothing. Besides, she doesn't come here anymore.

**MUNA:** Let's wait and see.

**FIMBA:** Doubting Thomas.

**MUNA:** When it comes to the "Lord told me he or she is my....," I remain a doubting Thomas until fulfillment.

**FIMBA:** Doesn't God speak?

**MUNA:** He does, but when many people have heard their emotions and desires, and call it God, and it doesn't come to pass, it makes one skeptical. God is not a liar.

**FIMBA:** And I'm one of those people?

**MUNA:** I don't know. Only time will tell.

**FIMBA:** Is that why you don't care about God's will concerning your girlfriend in Kumba?

**MUNA:** I didn't say I wasn't seeking God's guidance and help. I'm doing so – with my eyes and ears wide open. I've also spoken with the pastor and received his counsel. If I see anything funny, I go run nine-ninety. (*Laughs.*)

**FIMBA:** Okay. Good luck.

**MUNA:** Hey, bro, you don't have to be sarcastic.

**FIMBA:** Preach that to yourself! When it comes to Wirngo, it is permissible for you to be sarcastic, and yet I can't do that about your girlfriend?

**MUNA:** Goodbye.

## **SCENE 2**

*Yafe's residence. Evening.*

*Yafe and Muna sit opposite each other.*

**MUNA:** I had to give you time to sort out things and decide on either moving on or mending things with your ex.

**YAFE:** Ex. That word hurts.

**MUNA** *(laughs)*: Sorry. What should I have rather said?

**YAFE:** No, it's not about you using the word. I'm just thinking of what I went through. It would have felt better if someone else was that ex.

**MUNA** *(laughing)*: You're very funny.

**YAFE:** I'm just saying it the way I see it.

**MUNA:** Now that you're freely free, do you think we can develop something? Can we build a relationship?

**YAFE:** Let's give it a try.

**MUNA** (*laughs*): We're not giving it a try! We're building a serious relationship. I'm into this with both feet. What about you?

**YAFE:** (*In Pidgin:*) We go see. (*Laughs.*)

### **SCENE 3**

*In front of the church building. Late afternoon.*

*Yafe stands alone. Sometimes she smiles into space. Sometimes her face is pensive.*

*Tan comes by.*

**TAN:** Hope I didn't keep you waiting.

**YAFE:** No. I haven't been here long. How was your day?

**TAN:** Great. Hey, take it easy.

**YAFE:** What?

**TAN:** The way your cheeks have blossomed, hmm, before the wedding you'll get too fat. You may not easily find a fitting gown.

**YAFE** (*laughing*): Do I really look fat? I know I feel fat but I didn't think it's noticeable.

**TAN:** Very, very noticeable. I'm sure everyone can read it on your face: *she's in love*.

**YAFE** (*in Pidgin*): I di shy.

**TAN:** Why? It's natural. I want to get my own love too and talk about wedding plans. I'm tired of being single.

**YAFE:** What about (--)

**TAN:** Ah! That one? Let's just wait and see if the admiration will turn into something serious.

**FIVE MONTHS LATER**

#### **SCENE 4**

*Muna's Residence. Evening.*

*Muna and Fimba sit in the living room. Muna busies on his phone. Fimba yawns and leans on the couch.*

*Yafe comes out from the kitchen and sits beside Muna.*

**MUNA:** Thanks again, dear. The food was great. I can't wait to have you here permanently.

**FIMBA:** You wanted a cook?

**MUNA:** Come on, bro. You know it's more than that. The Bible says two are better than one.

**FIMBA:** Anyway, I'm happy you guys are getting on well...and so fast. I wish I were in your shoes.

**MUNA:** We're grateful to God for the way things have progressed for us and we don't intend to prolong them unnecessarily. Five months gone. This is February; June, we should be getting m.a.r.r.i.e.d. *(Laughs.)*

**FIMBA:** I can't tell you how envious I am. Man, I've waited for too long.

**YAFE:** God makes all things beautiful in his time.

**FIMBA:** True, my sister. It's just that his time takes very long in some people's cases.  
*(Heaves.)*

Let's talk about something else. Will you still be here when I come back from Douala on Tuesday? I want to get something special for you.

**YAFE:** Awww, thank you, dear. Unfortunately, I'll return to Kumba on Monday.

**FIMBA:** I'll keep it. Next time you come, or when Muna goes to Kumba I'll send it.

**YAFE:** Thanks a lot. You're such a nice man. I pray that you get a decent woman.

*Fimba looks at Muna. Muna shrugs.*

**MUNA:** She's just speaking her mind. I've not told her anything.

**YAFE:** What's going on?

**MUNA:** Nothing. Just that Fimba thinks I sent you to advise him.

**YAFE:** No! That's just a wish. You're a good man.

**FIMBA:** Thank you, Yafe. God's choice is the best. You're a good woman, too, and (--)

**MUNA:** Bro, this woman is mine. Don't try to woo her.

**FIMBA:** You're stupid. Can't someone compliment your woman?

**MUNA:** She's mine.

*Yafe giggles.*

**FIMBA:** *(To Yafe:)* Will the institution where you work transfer you to Bamenda after your wedding?

**MUNA:** If they deny her a transfer, I'm taking my wife out of there with immediate effect. She can't stay in Kumba while I stay in Bamenda. Never! I can provide for my family.

**FIMBA:** She's not dumb. Let her speak for herself.

*Yafe and Muna laugh.*

**YAFE:** All I need to do is notify them when I get married and to apply for a transfer to the Bamenda Branch.

**MUNA:** And my babe will be home finally!

**FIMBA:** Let's go. I want to sleep.

*Muna and Yafe laugh.*

**MUNA:** Someone is jealous.

*Fimba goes out, followed by Muna and Yafe. Outside, Yafe leans on the wall beside the door.*

**MUNA** (*To Fimba*): Bro, go ahead. I want to wish my babe goodnight.

**FIMBA**: Goodnight, Yafe. See you tomorrow.

**YAFE**: Thanks for coming. Goodnight.

*Fimba goes away.*

**MUNA**: You stay well, hmm?

**YAFE**: Hmm.

**MUNA**: I feel like standing here with you, but let me go. I love you.

**YAFE**: Love you, too. Goodnight.

**MUNA**: Goodnight, babe. I love you.

**YAFE** (*laughing*): I love you, too. Goodnight!

**MUNA**: What? Why are you laughing? I know you feel the same way. You wish I could stay longer, right?

**YAFE**: Yeah.

What do you think about Tan and your friend, Fimba?

**MUNA**: Sweetheart, don't even dare go there.

**YAFE:** Why? But I see he really wants to get married. Don't you see they could make a good couple?

**MUNA:** You won't understand.

**YAFE:** Is he engaged to someone?

**MUNA:** It's not just a long story, it's a difficult one. Didn't you hear him say God's choice is the best? I think he resents the girl's ways but feels compelled towards her by God. Terrible, right?

**YAFE:** What are you talking about?

*Fimba calls to Muna.*

**FIMBA:** Maybe you should tell me you've changed your mind and would rather spend the night at your house with your babe.

**MUNA** *(to Fimba):* Bro, I'm coming.

**FIMBA:** Yeah, coming by staying. I'm going.

**MUNA** *(to Yafe):* Let me go. Goodnight, dear. See you in the morning.

**YAFE:** Go!

**MUNA:** I'll go. *(Continues to ogle into her eyes.)*

**YAFE:** Go. Staying longer can breed problems for us. Go.

**MUNA:** I made a promise to God, and I'm making it to you now: 'I will give my wife her first kiss from me at the altar. I mean it, and I also want you to keep me accountable if in a moment of rash sensuality I want to break that vow.

**YAFE:** Praise God! I hold you by your word. Now, you go. *(Beats him on the back.)* Go!

**FIVE MONTHS LATER**

**SCENE 5**

*Fimba's shop. Afternoon.*

*Fimba leans beside the door, looking through some papers.*

*Muna approaches.*

**MUNA:** Hey, bro.

**FIMBA:** I hope all is well. I thought the sweetness of the honeymoon made you forget about your friend. It happens, you know. When friends get married, their bachelor friends become non-existent.

How's your wife?

**MUNA:** She's fine.

**FIMBA:** As in women's fine?

**MUNA:** Yeah.

**FIMBA:** O boy! So soon? Congrats! But you don't look excited. Is all well?

**MUNA:** All will be well. I spoke with your mother yesterday night. She's coming over the weekend.

**FIMBA:** Why?

**MUNA:** To talk some sense into you.

**FIMBA:** What sense?

**MUNA:** That you keep waiting for a girl to make up her mind for over two years now is not normal.

**FIMBA:** What's abnormal about it? Others have waited for longer than that. The Lord told me that that girl is going to be my wife. He said I need to be patient to see his will come to pass.

**MUNA:** When? When you're already an old man? If the Lord spoke to you, he'd have equally spoken to the lady by now.

**FIMBA:** He did.

**MUNA:** He did?

**FIMBA:** Yes, he did, but she's rebellious. But no problem, she'll finally humble herself and accept to marry me. There's the case of one brother I know, the Lord spoke to him about a certain sister (--)

**MUNA:** Fimba, if Wirngo is rebellious, then God didn't speak to you. Two cannot walk together without agreement. He cannot tell you she's (--)

**FIMBA:** There's time for everything. There shall be a time for agreement.

**MUNA:** Why would God talk to you about a woman and then it's over two years and she's still saying, no?

**FIMBA:** The Lord told me it has something to do with a trial of faith.

**MUNA:** Whose faith?

**FIMBA:** Mine. In Scripture, there are many examples of God revealing his will to his servants, and then it takes so many years for the fulfillment to come. That's where the trial of faith comes in, to see if you'll stay true to what God said or you'll get led by circumstances and emotions.

The time between waiting and fulfillment is called the trial of faith. Like in Joseph's case, it took thirteen years for him to see God's word come true. During that time, the Bible says, the word of the Lord tried him. Thank God, he persevered. You know, he could have (--)

**MUNA:** Man, I must confess: I'm impressed with your Bible study, but I just feel it doesn't apply here. Those cases in the Bible are about destiny and God preparing his servant before establishing them in the place of purpose. It doesn't apply to what you're allowing this stupid girl to put you through. Wirngo is not going to be your wife! You better stop believing sh (--)

**FIMBA:** You won't get it! It's to me the Lord spoke, okay? When I was praying about the issue last night, the Lord told me she's not spiritually mature to understand the reason he's bringing us together. That she's carnally-minded. But the Lord also told me (--)

**MUNA:** Chai! Since you met this girl, you've been hearing the Lord too much. *The Lord told me this, the Lord told me that.* Bro, you need to wake up and stop listening to that voice in your head. Rebuke it!

I've seen that girl several times in town in very compromising environments. She's not born-again.

**FIMBA:** What were you doing in compromising environments, too? Did you go there for evangelism, Mr. Judge?

The Lord told me Wirngo is truly born-again but is not yet putting in the effort toward sanctification. She's a member of New Life Chapel, and I've (--)

**MUNA:** And so? Anyone can be a member of the church of their choice! Wirngo can even open her own church and become a prophetess.

**FIMBA:** Muna, stop joking. Wirngo may not be perfect yet, nobody is perfect, but at least, she has the spirit of the Lord in her.

**MUNA:** Who has bewitched you? Which spirit? The one of harlotry?

**FIMBA:** Muna! Have you ever seen her practicing harlotry? Mind the words you use about the woman I want to marry.

Even if she were a harlot, if you know your Bible very well, you'd remember the Lord told Prophet Hosea to marry one!

**MUNA:** Haba! You surprise me, bro. What has come over you?

**FIMBA:** My marriage to Wirngo will be for her spiritual advancement. That's God's design to strengthen her. She's weak now, but the Lord told me her latter glorious life will shock all who know her now.

That woman you call a harlot I see in her a giant woman of God. Give her the same patience the Lord is giving her. The same patience the Lord gave you.

*Long Pause.*

**MUNA:** You need to swallow your pride and accept the truth: the Lord did not speak to you. You heard your emotions or, probably, the devil. Yeah, the devil is involved in this, 'cause I can't believe you're saying all this.

**FIMBA:** Get thee behind me, Satan!

**MUNA:** I am not Satan, and I won't get behind thee.

The longer you cling to the belief that God spoke to you about Wirngo, the more you'll hear that voice in your head rationalizing and excusing this girl's immoral behavior. The more you'll dream and see visions about her.

For your information, Wirngo is no giant woman of God! She's an agent of darkness, sent to derail you from God's path.

**FIMBA:** Get thee behind me, Satan.

*Muna leaves.*

**FIMBA:** Wirngo is my wife. In the spirit, we're already married. Nobody will stop me from marrying her in the physical. I command in the name of Jesus that her eyes be blinded to any man who is trying to deceive her!

*Chia shakes his head disbelievingly as Fimba continues to pray.*

## **SCENE 6**

*Fimba's living room. Evening.*

**MAMA NGWAFESS**, a dark fifty-something-year-old, sits on the couch, her head thrown backward.

*Fimba paces the room.*

*Some minutes later, Muna comes in and sits down.*

**MAMA NG:** Muna, your friend has refused to talk.

**FIMBA:** Mama, what should I tell you? God spoke to me and that's why you people cannot understand my actions. You want me to get a wife, yes, but I've chosen to wait for her who's going to be mine. Where is the crime in waiting? I'm not even yet thirty! What's the big deal!? Why (--)

*Pastor Brendan knocks and comes in.*

**FIMBA:** Pastor, what a surprise.

**PASTOR B:** Yes, it is, brother Fimba.

**FIMBA:** Meet my mother, Mama Ngwafess.

**PASTOR B:** Mama, you're welcome to Bamenda. How is Nkambe?

**MAMA NG:** We're all doing fine, Pastor.

*Pastor sits opposite Muna.*

**FIMBA:** Pastor, I'm so glad you're here. I don't know if you were invited by Muna or it's a mere coincidence, but I thank God for your coming.

**MUNA:** Pastor, Mama, let's talk so I can go back home, my wife's not feeling fine.

I called you here because of my friend and brother Fimba, whose case I've already explained in detail to each of you. I've tried to help him on my own to no avail. Please, talk some sense into my friend.

And Fimba, in the name of the Lord, I ask you to listen to wise counsel.

*Fimba snorts, knocking his knees together.*

**PASTOR B:** Well, we can't proceed without hearing his own narrative. Brother Fimba, can we talk?

**FIMBA:** Pastor, I've been waiting for a message from you.

**PASTOR B:** Is that so?

**FIMBA:** Yeah. The Lord revealed my wife to you, and I've (--)

**PASTOR B:** What? I can't remember. I would've told you.

**FIMBA** (*furrows his brow*): Maybe you didn't recognize it, but (--)

**MUNA:** Can we talk? I have very little time to be here.

**FIMBA:** I met this girl two years ago, the Lord told me she's the woman for me. I talked to her, but to date, she's still not given me a positive answer. I've prayed and I'm still convinced she's going to be my wife. I've chosen to wait until she comes around.

**PASTOR B:** If what Muna told me is true, then you need to withdraw your heart from that girl.

**FIMBA:** Pastor, there is no going back on this. I heard the Lord clearly.

Wirngo has issues, yes, but that doesn't mean she won't change. Muna is looking at the outward appearance, but God is looking at the heart and the future.

**MAMA NG:** My son wants to repeat the mistakes of thousands of people. Fimba, listen to me. I was happily married to your father before death took him away from me five years ago. But before him, I was madly in love with another man whom I thought God told me he was my husband.

I am glad that the relationship didn't end in marriage. The man was a professional liar, he even cheated on me, but I kept holding on to what I called conviction from the Lord and ignored his blatant sinning.

It was the intervention of my own father that broke the relationship. I cried my eyes out. But when the love spell cleared from my eyes, I saw my mistakes.

Your father was a godly man, but I never once heard the Lord tell me in any dramatic way to marry him. I loved him and he loved me sincerely. He wasn't perfect, but he was an honest man.

**FIMBA:** Mama, I refrained from interrupting your sermon, but let me ask this. Does God not...or let me put it this way: can God not tell one who to marry?

**PASTOR B:** He can and still does. But (--)

**FIMBA:** Thank you, Pastor! Then, why (--)

**PASTOR B:** Before I met my wife Kinyuy, the Lord had spoken to me about her, but I didn't cling to a voice or knowing or whatever they call it. I didn't even tell her what the Lord had told me, because I wanted to prove the word. And that is because I had learned my bitter lessons.

Before her, I had loudly and clearly heard the Lord about one girl. This lady dealt with me. She was a green snake in green grass, but I was just blinded to her actions because of what the Lord was whispering into my head.

When I met my present wife, I was super cautious and prayerful, with an open heart.

We spoke a lot, I got to know her, she got to know me, and when I proposed she gave a resounding yes. Today, we are happily married.

I know people whom God specifically revealed their partners to, and I also know many, many who only fell in love with each other and got married.

**FIMBA:** Pastor, I belong to the privileged category of those to whom God specifically reveals their spouses.

**PASTOR B:** If what Muna told me is true, you're wrong. By the way, what were you talking about God revealing your spouse to me? When was that?

**FIMBA:** Easter, 2012, I invited Wirngo to church, praying that somehow she would also sense the Lord's will concerning our relationship. When you called her to your office – which you don't do for every visitor – I presumed the Lord had told you she's my wife. But I kept quiet as a matter of respect because (--)

**PASTOR B:** Oh! Oh! Oh! One tall, fair girl?

**FIMBA:** Yes, pastor.

**PASTOR B:** Fimba, you have a serious problem. That girl is not even born-again. When she came to church, I felt a strong leading to present the gospel to her but she stomped out of my office before I could finish. I didn't even know you were the one who invited her to church.

**MUNA:** Pastor, Mama, I saw the girl yesterday in the evening in her new quarter. I didn't tell Fimba about it because he wouldn't have listened. Wirngo is currently pregnant.

**FIMBA:** Which Wirngo? You're lying in order to (--)

**MUNA:** Why would I lie? You're my best friend.

*Long pause.*

*Fimba furrows his brow.*

**PASTOR B** (*shakes his head*): I know one case, the man believed the Lord spoke to him about marrying a certain woman, but today, they're getting a divorce. He can't tolerate her impenitence, recurrent unchastity, and evil behavior, warning signs which were there before they got married.

*Muna and Fimba exchange stares.*

**PASTOR B**: I have heard similar accounts where someone feels they heard God about marrying a particular person, but it never ended in the civil registration office or in church.

A sister waited for a brother for seven years, turning down other men, and he never came. She only heard his wedding banns being read.

Like Mama said, most times, people ignore the person's misbehavior and only cling to a supposed word from God or they cling to a conviction and refuse to give a chance to those interested in them.

I think it's high time singles understand they're not getting married to a conviction but to a person. Convictions alone don't produce good marriages; responsible behavior does.

**MAMA NG**: That's right, Pastor. You don't get married to a conviction. You get married to a person, their behavior, their character, their life purpose, and everything. The conviction you feel today may not sustain the marriage in the event of a person's bad attitude.

**PASTOR B:** Fimba, I know it's hard and humiliating for you to accept it wasn't the Lord who spoke to you, but the sure sign that it is God is when that word from him gets fulfilled.

**MUNA:** I have to go.

**MAMA NG:** Son, thank you so much. Greet Yafe for me. Tell her I'll see her tomorrow.

**MUNA:** I will, Mama. Pastor, thanks for coming. Good night. Bro, everything will be fine. This girl never deserved the pain you went through. You'll meet your suitable mate someday.

**MAMA NG:** Amen.

*Muna leaves.*

**PASTOR B:** I'll also take my leave. I have a sick member to pray for before I return home.

**MAMA NG:** Pastor, thank you for coming. I'll make sure he sees you within the week for more counseling.

*Pastor Brendan leaves.*

**MAMA NG:** Son, I know you're confused and hurt. I know it's a hard place 'cause I've been there myself. But hear this: God will make all things beautiful again.

**FIMBA:** Mama, maybe I wasn't prayerful enough. According to pastor Brendan, God wanted to save Wirngo. Maybe, I should've (--)

**MAMA NG:** Did you not tell Muna that the Lord said Wirngo was already born-again?

**SOME TIME LATER**

**SCENE 7**

*Fimba's residence. Night.*

*Muna and pregnant Yafe come in.*

**FIMBA:** Yafe, glad to see you again. It's been long.

**YAFE:** Thank you. How have you been?

**FIMBA:** Not too bad. And you?

**MUNA:** By the grace of God, we're doing fine.

**FIMBA** *(to Muna):* You're not her mouthpiece. Let her talk.

**YAFE:** We're doing fine, dear. I thought you'd come visiting.

**FIMBA:** I'm very sorry. I've been so busy putting one or two things together. What can I offer you?

**MUNA:** Nothing. Our visit will be brief. As you can see, my wife's condition can't permit her to sit in one place for long; her feet would swell.

**FIMBA:** Yafe, what can I offer you?

**YAFE** (*laughs*): Fruit juice.

**FIMBA**: Okay. I'll blend some paw-paw for you. You like it?

**YAFE**: Perfect.

*Fimba goes to the kitchen.*

*Muna and Yafe speak in low voices.*

**YAFE**: Please, be cordial.

**MUNA**: How uncordial am I, huh?

**YAFE**: He still hurts. Don't make him feel more uncomfortable. He's such a nice man.

**MUNA**: Yeah, he is. Some girls are funny, you know. The man that Wirngo is pregnant for is a married man whose wife is not ready for polygamy. She wanted money, she got trouble. Probably, she'd had too many abortions that she's bound to keep this pregnancy.

**YAFE**: Can we change the topic?

**MUNA** (*laughs*): Yes, sir.

**YAFE**: I know you care for your friend. And I'm happy about that.

**MUNA**: I don't resent your rebuke, sir.

**YAFE**: Hey.

**MUNA:** I'm also happy you care about my friend, although your care is fifty percent selfish.

**YAFE** (*laughs*): It's good selfishness. Tan will make him happy, and he's such a great guy.

**MUNA:** Looks like you'd prefer him to me.

**YAFE** (*laughs*): You won't extract a confession from me.

**MUNA:** You're empathetic.

**YAFE:** I am! No one understands the pain like he who has experienced it. Right now, you're acting more like Tan in my case.

**MUNA:** Really? (*Laughs.*) Imagine that I married Tan. We'll discuss our friends' *God told me cases* and have many laughs.

*They laugh.*

**YAFE:** Sorry, you don't have to marry her to have such good laughs.

*Fimba comes back with a glass of Paw-paw smoothie for Yafe.*

**MUNA:** Bro, I'd love to have some pineapple juice.

**FIMBA** (*pointing*): That's the direction to the kitchen.

*Muna goes to the kitchen, laughing.*

**FIMBA:** I can see my brother is taking good care of you. I'm happy.

**YAFE:** He's a good man. I'm very grateful to God for giving him to me.

**FIMBA:** Marriage is good, eh?

**YAFE:** More than good. It's wonderful.

**FIMBA:** Wow.

*Awkward silence.*

**YAFE:** God is good, you know. When I look at my husband and the life we live, I cringe at the thought of what I was going in for before God brought Muna my way. My husband is a Godsend. God is so good.

**FIMBA:** True.

**YAFE:** It wasn't easy letting go, but at the end of the day, it was for good, both for me and for Buru. I got a good husband, and he got a new leaf. The other day he called me.

**FIMBA:** Really?

**YAFE:** Yeah. He apologized for the way he had treated me. He also thanked me for the experience because it taught him a good lesson. He said I was the second girl to dump him because of his domineering attitude.

After he saw that I'd moved on with Muna, he realized he needed to seek help to overcome his destructive habit.

**FIMBA:** Wow.

*Awkward silence.*

**YAFE:** My husband and I have been praying for you. Dear, God will give you a wife suitable for you. He knows your desire and sees the sincerity of your heart. He can't fail.

**FIMBA:** Thank you. Despite what happened, I still love the Lord and want to serve him all my days. I need a wife with whom I can serve him faithfully.

*Muna comes back with a plate of sliced pineapple.*

**MUNA** (to *Fimba*): Do you mind sharing with me?

**FIMBA:** I mind.

**MUNA:** Thanks, anyway.

**YAFE:** God will grant the desires of your heart because they are desires after his own heart.

**FIMBA:** Amen.

**MUNA:** Can I be privy to your conversation?

**FIMBA:** Why not? You'd be the first to tell me the two became one.

*General laughter.*

**MUNA:** This house feels so cold and lonely. How do you manage to stay alone all the time? Isn't it time to (--)

**FIMBA:** Stop it. You of all people have known me well enough to know that all things being normal, I should have married before you.

**MUNA:** Marriage is the reason why we're here this evening.

**FIMBA** (to Yafe): Dear, pull up your legs onto the seat. I don't want your husband to blame me for keeping you guys here longer than intended and causing your legs to swell. (To Muna:) What are you talking about?

**MUNA:** Bro, we understand this has been a difficult time for you. My wife went through a similar experience and as she told me, it was hard clearing the fog of confusion and pain, it was hard letting go of her feelings and some things she had held onto. But thank God, she's fine today and happily married.

*Long pause.*

**MUNA:** We've been praying for you and... (looks at Yafe. She nods.) ...and we've been thinking, too. If you want it, we would love to see you and Tan – you marched with her during the wedding, she was my wife's bridesmaid – we'd love to see you two get along. My wife has known her for the past five years, and... But, it's just a suggestion.

*Long pause.*

**FIMBA:** She's as good as your babe?

**MUNA:** Yes.

**FIMBA:** Can cook like her?

*Yafe laughs. Muna looks to her for the reply.*

**YAFE:** Yes, she can cook.

**FIMBA:** Do you think she'll accept me?

**MUNA:** Yes, we've probed her and we're certain she will accept you.

**FIMBA:** Please, give me her number.

**END**

### **Take home from the story**

Be careful about emotions and desires, especially in the area of romantic relationships. Emotions can sometimes be so strong and convincing that it becomes hard to tell when God is speaking.

Do not get married to 'a conviction'. Don't cling to a supposed word from God, an emotion or 'confirmatory sign' while ignoring relationship red flags.

The only proof that God spoke to you, which you can cling onto, is when that word gets fulfilled.

Janet Bengan

## **APPENDIX ONE**

### **So God told you, "She or he is your wife (husband)?"**

I believe that until the Lord Jesus comes back, this issue of 'God told me to marry them' will remain. It would be great if there are only success stories, but many times, they are not. Instead, there usually is an abundance of regret, confusion, disappointments, and disillusion stories.

I had once been a victim of conviction and confirmatory signs which never saw fulfillment. When the relationship crashed, I was devastated emotionally, psychologically, and spiritually. I laugh because I can't believe I recovered; it was one of the darkest moments of my life, and I didn't believe that I can ever be normal again.

And it was not really because of the man, but because of the thought of having done something wrong to cause God's will not to come to pass. This is not really my fictionalized story, but like Yafe in the play, I constantly asked the question 'but what about what the Lord told me'?

For a long time, I blamed and hated myself. I had failed God. Since I got born-again I had believed and taught that we're supposed to trust God to lead us to the right person in order to avoid unfortunate relationships, but here was I with a negative testimony.

I hated myself and believed God hated me too. I didn't think he will ever use me again.

But after a long time, the scales began to fall, and I came to a place where I heartily appreciated God for deliverance. I call it deliverance because the path God wanted me

to go in, the path he'd always drawn my heart towards that direction, I would never have followed if he did not deliver me from that conviction.

I know several persons who've been victims as well. Because this is a perennial problem among Christian Singles, I wrote this play and attached the appendices. I pray the story blesses someone as much as it entertains them.

### **IGNORING RED FLAGS**

The biggest problem people who've 'heard from God about marrying someone' usually have is the ignoring of red flags. The 'word from God' trumps all logical reasoning and biblical principles.

All the focus is on the 'fact' that God has spoken and the mistaken belief is 'all will be well, and we shall live happily ever after'.

It is true that sometimes what God tells us to do defies logic. For example, telling Moses and the Israelites to go forward while the Red Sea stared at them. But in relationships, that shouldn't be the case.

To throw every piece of advice out the window while clinging to a 'word from God' about marrying someone whose actions are red flags and warning signs against such a relationship, is not only stupid but dangerous. You are setting yourself up for regrets in the future unless God's mercies intervene.

That is not to say relationships and marriages don't sometimes experience turmoil. But when someone is constantly causing you to regret the relationship, it's hard to believe

that God would give such a person to his son or daughter who sincerely desires to live for the Lord.

## **FEELINGS ARE NORMAL**

It is normal to have feelings for the opposite sex. It is normal to admire someone who possesses desirable qualities. As long as the admiration is not mixed with sexual fantasies and lust.

But there are things you can do to cause the admiration to either wane or to intensify. Unfortunately, many singles only tend to intensify the feelings.

In that situation, it becomes easier to "hear God" tell you he's going to be your husband." Or "She's going to be your wife."

And you may begin to see circumstances differently – seeing confirmatory signs everywhere. A smile from that person, an ambiguous statement from them, even your dreams begin to prophesy that he or she is going to be your spouse.

For the woman, the waiting period begins. Waiting for the guy to come along. In some cases, the wait takes several years.

Or she takes steps to make him notice her and manipulates him into asking her out. Or she begins to pray what I call witchcraft prayers, mentioning the guy's name and asking God to make him desire her.

For the guy, the situation can be less burdensome. He can easily ascertain the 'word from God' by approaching the lady. If she turns him down, he can either dismiss the feeling or the 'word from the Lord' or he can persevere for some time in his chase.

Sadly, like Fimba in the play, some guys choose to wait and wait and wait, rationalizing, dismissing, and ignoring every red flag. And probably praying witchcraft prayers.

### **HARD TO ACCEPT GOD DIDN'T SPEAK**

Muna tells Fimba to swallow his pride and accept that God never spoke to him in the first place. This is important because many times, the clinging to the 'word from God' even in the face of failure is usually because of the pain involved in accepting that the conviction wasn't from God.

That's what happened to me. I couldn't just bring myself to accept that God did not speak to me after the relationship failed. I've spoken with other singles, and it's always hard.

Tucked somewhere in a part of our mind is the belief that somehow we disrupted God's plan. Or that we weren't prayerful enough and the devil outsmarted us. Or that there was something we needed to do but didn't do because we were ignorant of, but didn't make the effort to seek and receive wisdom and guidance from God.

Talk of warped reasoning. Grasping at illogical rationality to protect our dignity and integrity, to avoid the humiliation of ego that comes with the truth that God never spoke to us. That we heard our emotions, desires, or the devil.

## **LEARNING FROM EXPERIENCE**

Experiences offer us the opportunity for growth and maturity. When we fail to learn these lessons, we continue to make the same mistakes.

A guy courts a girl claiming 'God revealed...', the relationship fails. He dates another, claiming the same thing. The second relationship also fails. He goes in for the third, still 'hearing' from God!

That makes God schizophrenic and unreliable – he says yes and no at the same time. He leads us into what he is not able to complete. He tells us they're our mate when he knows ahead of time they won't come or they won't accept us.

That is not the God of the Bible.

## **WHAT IS IMPORTANT: CHARACTER OR CONFIRMATORY SIGN?**

Singles need to learn not to be overly concerned about whether God spoke or not as about the character of the person they desire to be with.

I know that doesn't sound spiritual. But if spiritual is what is responsible for so much heartbreak, confusion, and a blurred image of God's love and faithfulness, it's high time to embrace the 'less spiritual' strategy.

The truth is, if you are in a relationship that God doesn't want you in, and you are in tune with him, willing to let go of emotions and listen to his voice in your spirit and the principles of his word, God would make it known to you.

Therefore, there shouldn't be fear in the heart of any child of God that they don't have 'supernatural' confirmations for their relationship.

### **IF THE LORD SHOWS YOU WHO TO MARRY**

If you're a woman, let God do his work. Ascertain his will by allowing him to orchestrate circumstances to bring about fulfillment. Desist from trying to make God's will to happen through your gymnastics.

However, if you've waited long, and the desire is going nowhere, and you're close to that man, where you can consider him as a friend or a brother who wouldn't think of you in a negative light if you disclose your admiration, you can approach him. It's a terrible place to harbor unfulfilled desires for a long time. So, tell the brother what's eating you up.

Don't say the Lord said he's your husband. Don't try to manipulate him. Only inform him you love him. His response – whether yes or no – will help to settle your mind.

But, you must be sure it's not desperation pushing you to take that route. Pray about it and make sure God is not objecting to that move.

I wouldn't have recommended this path for a woman, but I know people I respect so much in whose relationship the women made the first move, being convinced that God

was in it. It worked and they've been happily married for decades with a firm mentality of 'til death do us part'.

It may not work for you but it would help your mind to rest. It will help you to consider other men you might have been ignoring while waiting for your admirer to come along.

If you're a man, approach her. While dating, observe her. Do not ignore persistent evil acts.

## **OTHER IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS**

Do not go into a relationship with reservations in your heart. I had reservations from the onset but ignored them because the "word from God" was more important than my objections.

God's word and guidance are important. As Christians, we must walk in obedience to the Lord. But where we can't find a direct scripture for our situation, his still, small voice in our spirits becomes a more reliable guide than emotions or physical circumstances or a prophecy.

A reservation in your heart is a strong check when it comes to relationships. You recognize it when romantic feelings wouldn't silence it.

## **APPENDIX TWO**

### **God can and will tell you who to marry**

I saw the need to add this chapter in order to avoid another extreme. Extremes exist in almost everything, and the solution to one extreme is not another extreme.

Because of the high frequency of failed "words from God" about marrying someone, some Christians conclude that God cannot and will never tell you who to marry. That it is all up to you to go about looking for a mate.

That hurts the amazing testimonies of those whom it is evident God spoke to them and led them to their spouses. And there are many such testimonies.

Just because some experience failure doesn't mean others do not register genuine success.

God is our Father. And his Fatherly heart is not happy when we make fatal mistakes. He guides, he leads. He tells us to ask for wisdom where we lack it, and he promises to give liberally, without grudging.

I believe you can and should expect God's leading and guidance as you seek a wife or husband. As a Christian, you shouldn't go into a relationship without seeking God.

Only, do not seek to have an exact experience with someone else. You're unique – the way God leads me may be different from the way he leads you.

Also, remember that guidance in romantic relationships is usually clouded by our emotions. Therefore, it is unwise to quickly conclude that God has said this or that, or to cling to a supposed word from God.

If you're in a relationship and your heart harbors reservation, for whatever reason, do not ignore it. There's a high probability that that is the voice of God. If the person's behavior causes serious concern, do not ignore it. God's guidance is not some vague feeling, a thought, or a voice that doesn't align with the realities at hand.

I do not believe that when God created you, he also created your counterpart of the opposite sex, someone you were "ordained" to marry; someone you are inescapably bound to marry.

I've witnessed where someone believes their spouse is not the one God ordained for them, and they're ready to divorce that one and go marry the God-ordained one.

The increase in the cases of divorce and remarriage for unbiblical reasons among Christians today has made some not to take their marriage vows seriously. They can divorce and remarry for any reason, including 'marrying the God-ordained one you had missed'.

## **HOW TO INCREASE YOUR CHANCES OF HEARING GOD REVEAL WHO TO MARRY**

- Walk closely with God and learn to hear and differentiate his voice from other voices.**

Closer intimacy helps give you God's perspective in life. It helps you to understand the path God wants you to take in life. And it also helps you to understand the kind of mate that fits you. Two cannot walk together without agreement.

Agreement doesn't necessarily mean the same career path or complementary paths. But your mate should be able to encourage you to pursue your God-given purpose. If they hate the path God wants you to walk in, they're not suitable for you.

□ [Prepare for marriage](#) (There's a useful infographic attached to this article.)

I don't mean you long for marriage or daydream about it. **Learn about marriage.** Read good books on marriage. Learn the different roles of the spouses.

This not only prepares you for your role but helps you to see if the person who comes your way is ready for marriage.

Physical maturity, having money, or becoming born-again, are not the qualifications for marriage.

Many Christian singles desiring marriage are not yet ready for the responsibilities. They long for sex and status. They want to conform because they see their friends getting married and updating profile pictures. They have family pressuring them.

As such they bow to the pressure to consider anyone available. In those moments, it becomes hard to hear God. Or even if God speaks, they're ready to ignore or silence his voice.

Preparing for marriage helps you to know what a good mate is. I didn't say, perfect mate. Good mate. If you don't know who a godly husband is, you'll accept anything with

a penis. If you don't know who a godly wife is, you'll accept anything with a pair of boobs and...

Sorry for the hard language. I hope the message sinks in, though.

Our society and the church desperately need good marriages that reflect the beauty of the relationship between Christ and his Bride, the Church. One way to make this happen is to inspire singles to approach marriage the right way.

I wish I can give you a step by step approach. But the secret lies in your relationship with the Lord. It's not a formula. Let him lead you.

## APPENDIX THREE

### SPECIFIC SITUATIONS

I address these worries with caution. I can't be that bold to say this is God, this isn't God. As stated above, the only proof that it is God speaking is when his word comes to pass, but because your present situation could actually be God, my advice is that you lean on the side of caution: **Consider that God has not spoken.**

After all, if God shows you, he will bring it to pass even if you shelve the revelation. Unless there's something specific God tells you to do about it.

#### **1. *God showed me my husband, but he's in a relationship.***

This could be God. This may not be God. Why would he not tell the man that he's in a doomed relationship? Why would God not intervene and tell the guy that you're the right one?

Or could it be the guy is ignoring God's voice and you need to pray more so that he obeys God?

I am not saying that you should pray for him. I'm only unearthing some of the rationalizations Singles usually go for in such situations. Praying for the man only keeps him in your mind, increasing and prolonging your agony over unfulfilled desire.

What can you do instead? Consider that God has not spoken. Go about your normal life. Walk more closely with the Lord, spending time in prayer and the word. Look for

opportunities to be active so you don't have much time to isolate yourself and daydream about the man.

**2. *God showed me my husband, but we're not together now because God also told me we are not yet mature.***

Chances are, it is not God talking to you. God is concerned about your maturity, and he would rather be challenging you with opportunities to grow than showing you who to marry while informing you you're not mature.

It is hard to mature when you're being flooded with warm feelings for someone. It is hard to mature when you have a circumstance that is putting pressure on you to mature.

In this case, you would struggle to mature so God can bring that guy into your life. That kind of maturity has no roots.

Rather, walk more closely with the Lord and pray for the grace to get over the romantic feelings.

**3. *God showed me my spouse 2 (or 5, 7, 10!) years ago.***

Chances are, this is not God. If you're eligible for marriage, God would not punish you with an unfulfilled desire for someone who is not ready or who doesn't want anything to do with you. I believe God speaks to both persons. It is an agonizing place to be waiting for someone to make up their minds concerning you.

If there are other persons interested in you, pay attention to them. Don't reject those who want you with the hope that the one "God told you is going to be your spouse" will

finally like you. Especially if you're a woman, you're putting yourself at a disadvantage where you may finally remain single.

**4. *The wife (or husband) God showed me is getting married to someone else.***

***What should I do?***

Accept that God did not speak to you. Learn your lessons. And move on.

**5. *I don't like the person God has told me to marry.***

Why don't you like them? Because of their low level of education, social and economic status, religious zeal, lack of social skills and etiquette?

Would you like them if they changed? Understand that your mate can improve.

Consider that you also have flaws and need to grow in one area or another. Stop being carnally-minded. Accept God's guidance and help your mate to become better.

None of the above? Then, do not marry them!

After marriage, you would live with them in the same house, have sexual intercourse, wake up every morning beside them, bear children with them. It is important that you like them, that you have physical attraction for them, that you enjoy being with them.

Do not marry someone simply because "God told you they are your mate."

**6. *God told me to marry a non-Christian***

Lie!

**7. *My parents (or pastor) do not approve of God's choice for me.***

Parental consent is important and you should seek to have your parents' blessing on your relationship.

Unfortunately, sometimes, parents and even spiritual leaders are selfish and worldly in their counsel. Listen to their counsel and pick out what aligns with God's word. Then you go with God.

Thank you for reading to the end. I pray the Spirit of God brings to your understanding the things I've not been able to articulate and the ones I've not highlighted.

I pray for God's grace upon you to take a stand for God, to live for him alone, not because you want him to reward you with a mate, but because he's your creator. Because he's your God.

If you enjoyed this, you would also love another of my free educational Christian plays and books. [Click on this link to download them.](#)

God bless.

Janet Bengan

[www.janetbengan.com](http://www.janetbengan.com)

## **ABOUT JANET**

I am just a woman who loves Jesus.

That's a summarized summary of who I am!

In detail, I hail from the English-speaking region of the Republic of Cameroon. I consider myself some sort of Christian minister gifted by God with talents to use for His glory. I'm passionate about writing, singing, and encouraging two things: the pursuit of intimacy with God and a purpose-driven life.

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