

# Rescuing Thine Injured Princess

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Knight × Princess (Part I)  
Part I • [Part II](#)
  - ❖ **Tags:**  
[F4F] [princess speaker] [knight listener] [archaic English] [confession] [friends to lovers] [sapphic] [forbidden love]
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1,524 spoken words
  - ❖ **Summary:**  
*Thou noticest that the princess hath left for the grove in the nearby forest, without the protection of her guard. When thou richest her, thou findest that she is in combat with a wild wolf, and with thine aid, the two of you drive it off. At thine insistence, she alloweth thee to attend to her wounds, and she revealeth that she hath noticed thine affections for her, though this revelation cometh with a confession of her own.*
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  - ❖ **Editing:**  
Small changes to the scripts are okay, but please ask before making any major line changes, additions, deletions, gender swaps, etc. Vocal cues and sound effects are suggestions, so feel free to be creative with those!
  - ❖ **Other notes:**  
I find it easier to write the listener's dialogue rather than keep track of half of a conversation, so their lines are given for context but aren't meant to be voiced. The word counts given only include the spoken text.
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## Characters:

- **Isolde (speaker)** – Princess of the realm, next in line for the throne. She is well-educated and perceptive of those around her, and is considered quite clever, and she always seemeth to have a plan at hand. Despite—or perhaps because of—her station, she acteth with certain independence, liberal in her beliefs and loathe to merely conform to societal norms. She hath noticed the listener's apparent affection for her, and is eager to return it to someone she such admireth, even if such return needeth remain at present secret, though she desireth strongly that their relationship should become publicly recognised as any counterpart arrangement that mayeth be proposed.
- **unnamed listener** – One of very few female knights in the realm, yet she hath amongst the highest records of the knights. She is generally well-respected by those around her, yet she faceth undue slight on account of her sex. She is very diligent and hard-working—a fact which her position proveth—and like her princess, striveth to challenge expectations; however, this earneth her a reputation which resulteth in her being distanced by many and which seeth her unfavourable by most men to be wed—which bothereth her not, especially as such qualities are precisely that which, in part, draweth the princess toward her.

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### **Formatting Guide:**

spoken text (Isolde)

(tone marker)

[...] = a short pause

*[This is a stage direction and/or SFX.]*

« example listener dialogue, not intended to be voiced »

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*[Forest near the castle, early evening. Isolde hath wandered off on her own through the forest and is currently being attacked by a wolf, though she is mostly able to hold her own with the dagger she carrieth. Sounds of this scuffle are audible as the listener rusheth in, sword drawn.]*

« (concerned) Princess! »

**(distracted) Who is there?**

*[Isolde instinctively turneth to face the listener momentarily, breaking her concentration and allowing the wolf to scratch her left arm. She draweth a breath through her teeth in pain.]*

**(pained) Thou wilt pay for that, wolf...**

« (as she cometh up to Isolde) Princess, fall back! »

*[The wolf noticeth the listener approach and instead chooseth to disengage, retreating into the forest.]*

**(playfully) Hmph. It is probably wise not to face us two-on-one, I suppose.**

« (concerned) Are you okay? »

**Hm? Yes, I'm fine.**

« Truthfully, Princess. »

**(sighs, acquiescently) Fine... Two minor injuries: a shallow bite on my calf and this scratch upon mine arm.**

« May I see them? »

**Yes, thou mayest.**

*[Isolde showeth the listener her two injuries from her fight with the wolf.]*

« These are not "minor" injuries. »

**I suppose they may look that way on account of the fact that the wolf didst manage to draw blood, but these do not pain me.**

« "Yet", my Lady. The adrenaline of the fight courseth yet within you. »

**Perhaps. Even now, I can feel my heart racing, so perhaps it is the adrenaline which is merely staving off the pain.**

« Regardless, it is prudent to wash the wounds and to bandage them so as to ensure they doth not become infected. »

Indeed, if thou dost insist. I know this forest well: there is a small creek nearby, just beyond this hill.

« Very well. Can you walk, Princess? »

Yes, my knight. *(sharply, yet playfully)* I am not so fragile as thou seemest to believe.

« *(bashfully)* I'm sorry. I do not mean to doubt your abilities. »

*[The two begin walking.]*

*(after a moment)* Rather, in truth, I do appreciate thy concern. Thou hast always been inordinately kind to me.

« *(flustered)* I-It is merely my duty, Princess... »

*(giggling)* Nn... Thy duty is to protect me, Miss Knight. What thou doest beyond that is merely by social etiquette or of thine own volition.

« I... But then still I have failed in my duty on account of your injuries. I have not protected you. »

*(gently)* On the contrary. In fact, thou hast protected me far better than any of thy fellow knights, have you not?

« *(quietly)* I suppose that's true. »

Indeed.

*[The two continue walking for a few moments. The flowing creek soon becometh audible.]*

There. Betwixt those trees and those rocks, we shall find the creek. Canst thou hear it?

« Yes, I do. »

*[After another short lull, the two arrive at the creek. Isolde moveth to take a seat on one of the rocks near the edge of the water.]*

*(tentatively)* May I sit down here and entrust myself to thy care?

« Of course, My Lady. »

Thank you.

*[Isolde taketh a seat on the rock.]*

Being short, it doth not seem that the skirt of this dress is in any way damaged. Shall it suffice if I remove this shoe and stocking?

« I believe so, yes. »

**Very well.**

*[Isolde removeth her right shoe and stocking revealing her injury. Seeing it for the first time, she is suddenly concerned.]*

**(tentatively) How severe is it?**

*[The listener inspecteth the wound and hesitateth, searching for a proper response.]*

« You're lucky, in some ways. »

**(lightly, almost laughing) "Lucky" to have been attacked by a wolf?**

« (quickly) No. No, of course not. It's merely that, given the circumstances, it could be much worse. »

*[After a moment, the listener starteth scooping water from the creek over Isolde's wound. Isolde is surprised by the water's coldness.]*

**(surprised) Ah!**

« Are you okay? »

**Y-Yes, I'm fine. The water is merely cold and caught me by surprise. Nothing more. Thou mayest continue, please.**

« I have a cloth and some bandages. Please, Princess, allow me to... »

**(warmly) Thou art indeed prepared, then. (slightly tongue-in-cheek) Thou wouldst be surprised, perhaps, by the reports I hear from Sir Brangaine about some of the other knights.**

*[The listener doth not initially respond, afraid to speak ill of the other knights but afraid to openly disagree with the princess. Isolde can sense this.]*

**(gently) At ease, gentle knight. Thou needst not be so nervous in my company. I do seem to recall having this conversation with thee once or twice before.**

« I'm sorry, Princess. »

**Nn, thou needst not apologise. I merely... (trails off) No matter. Continue, please.**

« Very well. Though I must warn you that it shall hurt whilst I finish cleaning it. »

**Yes, I understand. I trust that thou wilt be gentle, so... worry not.**

*[The listener cleaneth and bandageth the bite on Isolde's leg. Isolde mayeth let out a sound of pain occasionally throughout.]*

**...And now the one on mine arm?**

« Yes, Princess. »

**'Tis a shame the sleeve hath ripped. I quite like this dress... I'll have to ask Lady Ilia to repair it before my father finds out...**

**The issue at present, however, is that I cannot raise this sleeve high enough that thou canst attend to that scratch as well. Canst thou unfasten the buttons along my back?**

*[The listener hesitateth, blushing.]*

*(teasingly)* **Thy cheeks have turned such a bright red. *(gently)* Doth the idea dissettle thee?**

« P-Princess, the indecency...! »

*(nonchalantly)* **I see little issue with it. We are but two women alone in the forest, far from any other eyes. I have naught that thou hast not in this regard, nor the contrary, and besides, thou ignorest both my handmaiden and my chemise.**

*[The listener hesitateth another beat.]*

*(teasingly)* **Or is there another reason that thou art so flustered?**

« *(flustered)* N-No, of course not. »

*(giggling, teasingly)* **Thou forgetest that it is politically advantageous that I be trained to be perceptive of people. Thou canst not fool me, I should think, especially in light of the attention I pay to thee. But no matter.**

*[The listener begineth undoing the buttons on Isolde's back.]*

« Like this, Princess? »

**Indeed. [...] Thou art most gentle and thy hands are rather warm...**

*[The listener finisheth unbuttoning the bodice of the dress, and Isolde pulleth her torso from it, allowing the listener to clean and bandage her arm. After a moment:]*

*(quietly, seriously)* **May I ask thee a somewhat serious question? Thou needst not answer it should it discomfort thee.**

« Of course. You are the princess—you need not ask my permission. »

(sighs) Perhaps I need not, indeed. However, I do not desire that this conversation be eclipsed by our positions. Rather, I seek an honest answer, such as thou art willing to give one, my role as thy princess wholly notwithstanding. Might we be merely two noblewomen in private conversation?

« Indeed, as you wish. What is your question, then? »

[There is a moment before Isolde respondeth. In this time, the listener hath finished bandaging the injury and helped Isolde back into her dress.]

Why didst thou decide to become a knight? As thou knowest well, there are very few women in such position... Thou hidest it not—nor shouldst thou, such are my thoughts—yet I cannot imagine 'tis always a comfortable position.

I know thy records well, and I hold no slight or doubt against thy talents, nor hesitation to entrust my life to thy protection... But being a knight is a difficult and dangerous endeavour, and one—(annoyed) for good or ill—not (slightly emphasised) seen suited for our sex.

Nor seemest thou of especially infeminine disposition, for I have seen thee at our grand soirées where, relieved of thy duty, thou seemest to eagerly take to an elegant dress and thou dancest with such brightness... and thou carriest thyself with such gentle comportment...

(suddenly self-conscious) I... I apologise if I ramble too long, yet...

« (also self-conscious) It flusters me to know that you have watched me so... »

(warmly) Thou intriguest me for reasons and in ways several. Though thou shouldst be flattered more than flustered, for mine attention is not in judgment.

« Flattered I may be, but flustered too. »

(softly, giggling) I suppose both might be allowable.

« (tentatively) May I ask for what ends you keep me in your attention?  
»

(lightly) Thou mayest. Thy curiosity is not without its merit, I suppose.

My curiosity of thee is in part on account of those traits which I have already listed, in short because thou defiest expectation, which naturally draweth mine attention, on account that it draweth the attention of all those around thee.

And thou art at (scoffs slightly) such an age that the question of whom thou mightest marry raiseth itself whenever such matters come to bear upon conversation all too commonly amongst nobles. Yet thou hast garnered such a reputation on account of thine actions that doth effect an unfavourable opinion in the hearts of most otherwise suitable men... (slyly) the which I suspect displeaseth you none—

« (surprised) Princess, how...?! »

(giggling) I told thee: I have been trained to perceive people.. to say nothing of my personal interest in the matter.

« (confused) What do you mean? »

Well, we are of a similar age, no? And my position as princess doth... advance... the existing concern as to when I might be wed—a topic of conversation in which I find an absolute displeasure, for mine eye seeketh neither the hearts of men.

Forgive me, gentle knight, if mine assumptions should prove in error, and I shall humbly accept what abashment or modesty thou thinkest fair for so overstepping, but else: I have noticed the way thine eye so oft trieth to intercept mine, and I hope to recognise its tender longing as mine own.

(quietly) ...Are mine eyes and aims misplaced?

« (flustered) I... Princess... I have not the words to express my thoughts at present. »

(quietly, gently) There will be a later time for articulate thoughts, shouldst thou wish it. And I am also aware that such a confession on my part must weigh heavily upon thy mind, unsure as thou art how to respond. Worry not: at present, I seek not refined nor articulate thoughts.

(breathlessly) No, a mere nod or shake of the head shall suffice, my dear.

[The listener noddeth silently. Isolde kisseth her gently.]

(breathlessly) Good girl...

« Forgive me. I had never allowed myself to entertain the idea that you might share these feelings of mine... »

(warmly) Well, entertain the idea now, gentle knight. And know that our desires seem one in this regard.

« That is a relief to hear, and rather comforting, but... »

But...? What is thy concern?

« The matter of consequence. What form might our relationship take, when such ties betwixt women are not respected or entertained, and if we are both expected to wed what man our parents might decide? »

(sighs) An excellent question, and yet one whose answer I have not yet found, I must admit. And yet... And yet I could no longer hold my tongue silent, especially in such situation.



I would, of course, that any such relationship betwixt thee and me be seen equal to any counterpart that might be arranged for us, yet it doth seem that some discussion needeth be had in that regard.

(slyly) Fortunately, I am rather oft named the "clever little princess" of this realm, thus I reckon I might discover some scheme we might employ.

« Do you have any ideas? »

Indeed, though all mine ideas at present treat only the symptoms and not the root cause.

Wouldst thou accept were I to propose that thou permanently become mine own personal guard, rather than that continueth on rotation of all the kingdom's knights of sufficient calibre?

« Of course, Princess. I would be most honoured. »

(warmly) Thine answer pleaseth me well. In addition that the idea conferreth upon thee an additional mark of honour—(aside, affectionately) such as thou needest not—it should grant us some additional affordance of regular privacy without much risk of suspicion.

« That seemeth an excellent idea, but is not the question itself due to arouse suspicion of its own accord? »

(pondering a moment) I think not. The present method intendeth to avoid complacency on the part of the knight lest he be too at ease. Yet I believe it a straightforward argument that familiarity should beget a confidence and necessary competence in the role, and that I should feel more secure in knowing she who protects me. And that thou art the sole woman with qualifications for the duty, I reckon, is reason enough that I should feel comfortable with thee.

Dost thou not agree?

« I understand the argument well, and believe it sound. Do you believe your parents will hear it fairly? »

I believe they must, yes. If there be nothing else, thou wert she who came to my rescue today. Thinkest thou that the other knights have even noticed mine absence?

« You would admit your own negligence of safety in going off on your own? »

(warmly) If it be necessary, I would admit to them far greater error.

(playfully yet sharply) Yet, to my credit, I am not so foolish as to evade my protectors with no means to effect mine own safety. Thou knowest that I outclass many of our soldiers with a blade.

« (teasingly) At your father's behest, on account of your... tendency to do exactly this. »

(giggling) Indeed, he was not pleased to learn of this tendency of mine. Yet this arrangement proveth a willingness to allow compromise, which should not be ignored.

« You make a strong point. »

Then I shall speak with them this evening on the matter. I expect that it shall pass in my favour, yet thou shouldst be prepared for a summons in the coming days to testify to thine own end, in fairness to thyself.

« That seemeth fair and just. I am content with that. »

In this case... dost thou wish to return to the castle? or shall we continue on to the grove that was my destination ere that wolf did so rudely interrupt?

« I would the grove, if it pleaseth you. »

(warmly) Very well. Let us away, then.