

A Knight and his Queen I

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Summary: Being a knight is tough work, especially if that includes working as one of the queen's personal guards. Especially if the queen is currently facing the anger of an entire country for a particular decision which might very well change the future for everyone under her rule. But there's a side that only those closest to her get to see- someone like her personal guard.

Setting: Late evening, in the beginning of fall. Temperatures are beginning to dwindle and reach towards the zero-mark as people start to prepare for yet another harsh couple of months. A devastating turn of events has backed the country into a corner, leaving the ruler with only desperate measures to turn the tide.

Word Count: 1'300

Tags: Historical, Supportive, Casual, Knight, MxF, FxF,

Script

[Angry chatter is heard in the background, although the voices slowly fade as the echo of Listener's footsteps takes focus.]

[Loud door slam]

Knight: My Queen? You're back early, how did the audience g- **that bad**, huh? And you're... what is that? Tomatoes? They dared attack you? My Queen- tell me who they were and I'll-

[Knight's voice grows surprised at the sudden interruption.]

Knight: What? You don't want me to- I know they're your beloved subjects and all, but they can't just **attack** you without consequences!

Knight: Yes, I know- I know. You don't want to be the kind of ruler to punish your people for every little minor thing- and that's exactly why they love you. But listen, and forgive me my bluntness my queen- if you keep letting them get away with everything, they won't know where the line is drawn.

Knight: My apologies, your highness. You know I'm only looking out for you- or at least, I **hope** you know that. I am the knight responsible for your personal safety after all- which is why I really didn't like the idea of you going out to address them by yourself. I still think it's a bad idea- after all, look what happened! You're covered in rotten vegetables, for goodness sake! Let me call one of your ladies-in-waiting, get you washed up and changed and all that.

Knight: No? Why not? Surely you don't intend on walking around with that stained dress for the rest of the day?

[Knight notices the queen's expression.]

Knight: Oh- no, no, **no**. Look here, there's no need to cry. It's just a dress, I'm sorry if I was being a bit harsh- please, don't cry!

Knight: What's that? Your fault? No, your highness, **no**. None of this is your fault!

[In an angry monologue to himself- the knight curses at the subjects who dared attack his queen.]

Knight: Oh, they'll be sorry when I find out who they are. Look at her! She's in tears! I've never seen her cry over a dress before- something else must have happened too, I just don't know what that is-

[Knight is brought back to the present as the queen says something.]

Knight: Pardon me, my queen, what was that? You're not crying over your dress? Well, what else happened? Are you hurt anywhere- did they hurt you? No...? What are those tears for then? You can tell me, I'm here for you even if I'm just a guard with a fancy title.

Knight: ...you think this entire situation is your fault? Why, I'm shocked, my queen. I don't know what to say... how in the world could you think such a thing?

[There's a slight rustle as the knight steps closer to the queen.]

Knight: **You.** Are by far the most suitable person to lead these people. Don't ever doubt that. Sure, we're in a bad spot right now, and the country's not doing so terribly good- but that doesn't make you a bad leader! Quite the opposite, if I may speak my mind. You've kept the country afloat up until now- and anyone who doesn't realize the tremendous work you've put in- I mean, **all those sleepless nights you've spent searching for answers**, is a fool.

Knight: No, my Queen. Please, don't blame yourself for the situation we're in right now. The people know you're doing your best, they understand where your decision is coming from. Come on, dry those tears. Let me see that beautiful smile of yours, the kind that won you the heart of this country, there we go!

Knight: Now, let's hear. What did your advisors say? What about the general? He's always been a bit on the gruff side, hasn't he? Ever so loyal to your father- but never quite on the same level with you, if I'm allowed to say so myself. Did he speak against you?

[In an angry, slightly exasperated voice.]

Knight: Why of course he did! That man wouldn't be able to tell a good decision from a bad one if it so stared at him in the eye! Your highness, I simply don't understand why you haven't sent him on his way and gotten another general. All he ever does is to criticize your plans to make himself look superior!

Knight: -to surround yourself with people of the same mind would make you weak? He makes you consider different viewpoints as well? Well, I mean, you're right- of course you are my queen, but the way he goes about it! I wouldn't be surprised if **he** was the one causing all the turmoil that's befallen these lands! Who does he think he's speaking to? You are his queen after all, and a great woman at that! Even better than your father in my opinion.

[Knight realizes his mistake and apologizes.]

Knight: Forgive me, my queen. I spoke out of turn. Your father was a great king in his own right, who ruled this country in the way he saw best. Let's just say that there were some aspects to him that didn't- and still don't sit well with me. What? Which ones? Are you sure you want me to say? I don't wish to offend you by speaking my mind. **What?** No, not because I think it would end me in the gallows! I'm well aware that you're not the old king, your highness. Your heart is too good for that.

Knight: Well if you insist, your wish is my command after all. How do I put this, though, in a somewhat nice way? Your father- he had a habit of, how do I put it- disposing of whoever didn't agree with him. And he was always so busy with his work that he barely even spared a glance at the rest of his family. I mean, who does that? Especially towards his own child! Pardon me for saying so, but your father was a cold and cruel man in many ways.

[There's a rustle as Knight stands up and walks over to the balcony.]

Knight: The sun has gone down, huh. And the stars are out, look at them shine. Are you sure you want to keep the balcony doors open? Oh, you'll close them yourself if it gets too cold. Alright, I suppose that's up to you. Might I ask at least that you don't let them stay open for too long? It's not exactly summer anymore, and the temperature isn't as forgiving as it was, I don't want you to become ill and have to remain bedridden. Although, you could certainly do with some more rest after all these sleepless nights you've pulled. Am I lecturing you? No my queen, or at least I don't mean to, your health and wellbeing is my top priority, that's all. It'd pain me to see you suffer in any way.

Knight: You don't need to thank me, my queen. I'm sure any other guard here in the castle would say the same.

[Knight in a surprised and somewhat embarrassed voice.]

Knight: Oh, but I'm keeping you awake when you're already exhausted. That yawn right there was the biggest I've ever seen.

[In a much quieter voice.]

Knight: And I'm kind of counting on you being too tired to be offended by that.

[Soft footsteps are heard as the knight makes for the door.]

Knight: Good evening then, my queen. I'll be right outside the door here if you need anything. All night long, as always.

Knight: If the general comes by, or anyone else for that matter, I'll tell them you've already retired for the night and can't be bothered until tomorrow. I wish you a good rest, your majesty. Good night.