H-056

THE CREATION OF THE ROLE OF ELIZABETH IN MAXWELL ANDERSON'S ELIZABETH THE QUEEN AND AN ANALYSIS OF THE ACTING PROBLEMS INVOLVED

By

Mariam Agnes Alexanian

A THESIS

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies of Michigan State College of Agriculture and Applied Science in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of MASTER OF ARTS

Department of Speech, Dramatics, and Radio Education

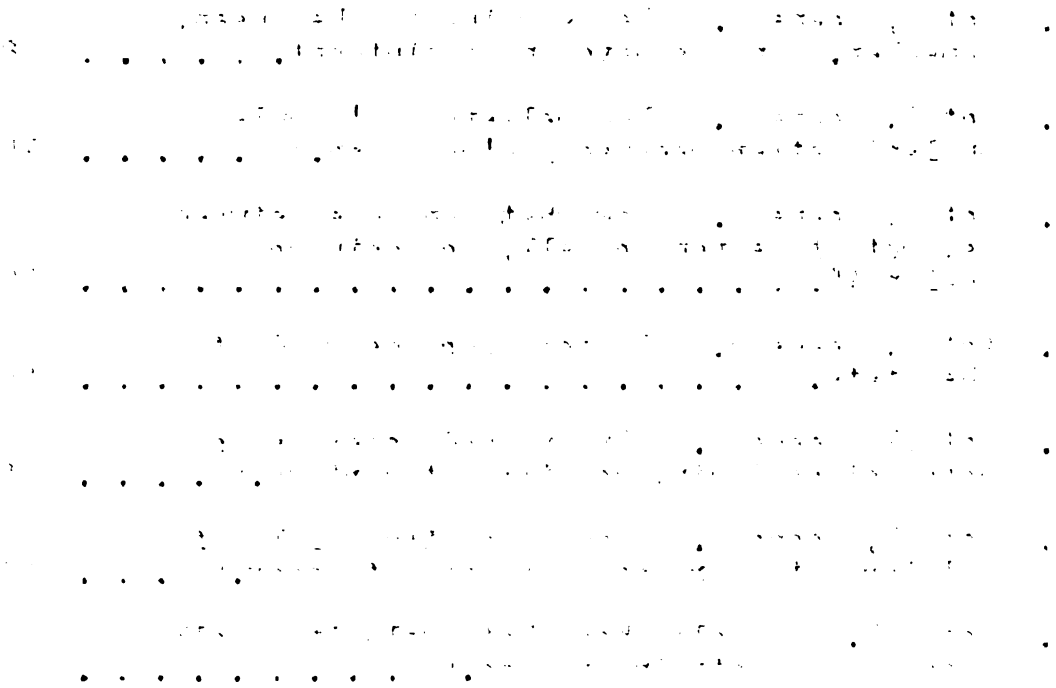
July 1950

Acknowledgement is hereby made to Mr. D.C. Buell, Mr. S.C. Chenoweth, and Miss Lucia Morgan for their assistance and supervision in the completion of this thesis; to Mr. E.A. Andreasen, Mr. R.W. Duckwall, Jr., Mr. C.H. Nickle, Mr. H.F. Niven, Jr., and Miss Bodil Genkel for their technical supervision of Elizabeth The Queen; and to all those persons, both faculty and students, who so kindly gave their time and effort to the production of the play.

To my parents--whose understanding help and constant encouragement have made the undertaking and the completion of this project possible. I hereby lovingly dedicate this thesis to my Father and Mother.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS



CHAPTER I

AN HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF THE PERIOD OF ELIZABETH TUDOR'S LIFE

In order to analyze the character of England's Queen Elizabeth as it is reflected in history, a study of the historical background of the period during which she lived is necessary. Therefore, the purpose of this chapter is to gain a better understanding of the major political and religious problems of England and the Continent during the sixteenth century.

The history of Europe during the sixteenth century was closely allied with the period of the Reformation. England, Spain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands figure prominently in all of the political and religious policies of the period. No country or personality can be adequately studied except in relationship to the other. Politics and religion became entangled and neither could be conducted without the other. Thus two parties developed—the Catholics and the Protestants. Nearly all of Northern Europe revolted against Papal authority and Denmark, Norway, and Sweden followed soon after. Germany, Switzerland, France, Scotland, and the Netherlands were divided, but Protestantism was fostered eagerly and quickly in all of these countries. Only in France did Catholicism remain the dominant religion.

With these religious changes, came advancement in nearly every other field. Economic conditions were improved; the intellectual renaissance encouraged an interest in education and literature; scientific investigations flourished; exploration increased the number of trading companies; settlements were founded in the new world; and politics was finally divorced from religion.

The struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism eventually settled around Spain and England, the two dominant powers. Charles V of Spain staunchly stood by Rome and Papal authority. England, however, took steps toward the Protestant Reformation. Henry VIII of England had his marriage to Catherine of Aragon dissolved through divorce. This action placed Henry as the supreme head of the English church, affecting the beginning of England's break with Rome. Catherine was Spanish and represented Catholicism. Neither the Pope or Charles V of Spain wanted to lose this tie between England and Papal authority, and so they threatened Henry with excommunication from the Church of Rome. Henry VIII was determined to divorce Catherine even if it meant breaking away from the Catholic faith. Therefore, Catherine's marriage was dissolved on the grounds that she had been the wife of Henry's brother and, although she had borne Henry a

daughter, she had since been unable to produce a male heir for the throne of England. The people of England quietly accepted Henry's direct break with Rome on the pretense that a male heir could be produced from a new union.

Henry then married Anne Boleyn.[1] On September 7, 1533, a daughter was born to Anne Boleyn and King Henry VIII. The birth of Elizabeth Tudor was a hindrance rather than a help. Both parents had anxiously anticipated the birth of a son. England wanted a Prince to succeed Henry, but Anne only bore the child Elizabeth and two stillborn sons.

Catherine of Aragon died on January 9, 1536. Within four months after Catherine's death, Anne Boleyn was found guilty of adultery and incest and was executed at the Tower on May 19, 1536. Her marriage to Henry was declared invalid from the beginning and Elizabeth, who was two years and eight months old, was pronounced illegitimate by Act of Parliament.[2] Elizabeth now occupied the same position as Catherine's daughter Mary.

---

1 Mandell Creighton, Queen Elizabeth (London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1920), p. 1.

2 John Ernest Neale, Queen Elizabeth (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1934), pp. 7-9.

Henry, therefore, had three illegitimate children--Mary, Elizabeth, and the Duke of Richmond who died soon after. The day after Anne's execution Henry married Jane Seymour. In October 1537 she bore Henry a son, Prince Edward, and within a few weeks she died. Henry, in turn, married Anne of Cleves, Katharine Howard, and Catherine Parr.

Henry VIII died on January 28, 1547 and his young son, Edward VI, succeeded him to the throne from 1547 to 1553. Edward and Thomas Seymour, brothers of Jane Seymour, were favored uncles of the new King. Edward Seymour, Lord Somerset, was awarded the office of Lord Protector to Edward VI, and Thomas Seymour was created Lord Admiral. Shortly after Henry's death Thomas Seymour, having been refused the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, married Henry's sixth wife, Catherine Parr, with whom Elizabeth was living. Catherine, in 1548, sent Elizabeth away from the Seymour household because of the suspected romantic relationship between Elizabeth and Thomas.[3]

The following August Catherine Parr died in childbed. Thomas Seymour laid his plans to marry the Princess Elizabeth, annex her lands to his, and marry the young King Edward to Lady Jane Grey. On January 17, 1549,

---

3 Edward Spencer Beesly, Queen Elizabeth (New York: Macmillan and Company, 1892), p. 2.

Thomas Seymour was arrested and sent to the Tower. Elizabeth was confined to her house, but she was finally absolved of any connection with Seymour.

> Practically there is no doubt of his treason, and had he then been fairly brought to trial, Somerset would have been free from reproach. But the question was debated in parliament whether the Admiral should be so tried, or attainted, and attainder was decided on after he had refused to answer to the Council; as he was entitled to do. He was allowed to plead before a committee of both Houses in his own defence, but did not take advantage of the permission: virtually he was denied the right of an open trial, and was condemned without such defence as he had to make being heard. Cranmer signed the death-sentence: Latimer defended it. The fact is significant of the chaos into which English ideas of justice and fairplay had fallen. The Protector's brother was executed at the end of March.[4]

Six months later the Council turned against Somerset too. In September 1549 he was sent to the Tower. He spent three months there while the Council deposed him from the Protectorate. Somerset was then released and his political activities came to an end. The Duke of Northumberland rose to power in Somerset's place and three years later he rid himself of the former Lord Protector. Then, in January 1552, Somerset was executed at the Tower.

Northumberland planned to change the course of succession to the English throne by marrying one of his

---

4 Arthur D. Innes, England Under the Tudors (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1931), p. 198.

sons, Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey. The dying Edward VI agreed with Northumberland's plans and a will was drawn up declaring that Lady Jane Grey and Dudley should succeed Edward. Thus Mary and Elizabeth were put out of the succession. The Council strongly objected to the policy though they finally signed the Letters on June 21, 1553.[5] Edward died on July 6th. Both Elizabeth and her older half-sister, Mary, were victims of Northumberland's attempt to place the young couple on the throne. On July 10th Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen in London, but the rest of the plans completely miscarried. England defended Mary's cause instead and stopped Northumberland's rebellion. Elizabeth rode to join Mary and they entered London on August 3, 1553.

England was faced with the situation from which Henry VIII strove to save her—a woman ruler. Mary's Coronation took place on October 1, 1553. Of all the traitors in the Northumberland plot, only Northumberland and two of his companions were executed. Lady Jane Grey and her husband were merely detained in ward and many others were allowed to go free.

Shortly after Mary was crowned Parliament repealed all the laws of Edward's reign concerning religion and

---

5 George Macaulay Trevelyan, History of England (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1929), p. 317.

returned to the fold of the Catholic church. To further the Catholic cause in England, and because of her Spanish blood, Mary arranged a marriage for herself with Philip of Spain. The Protestants lost no time in acting. Early in 1554 rebellions against Mary broke out in various parts of England. The most notable was Sir Thomas Wyatt's in January 1554. His plan was to have Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, marry Princess Elizabeth and then to place the couple on the throne.

How much Elizabeth knew about the plot or to what extent she participated in it is uncertain.[6] When news of the rebellion reached Mary, she immediately ordered Elizabeth to come from Hatfield to London. Elizabeth replied that she was too ill to move. In the meantime, Wyatt advanced towards London. When he reached the Capital, however, his forces had dwindled and he was easily captured. Wyatt was beheaded and many of his followers were hanged. Lady Jane Grey, her father, and Guildford Dudley, her husband, were executed so that they could not be the center of any future plots, and Elizabeth and Courtenay were placed in the Tower.[7]

---

6 Ibid., p. 319.

7 Neale, op. cit., p. 37.

No proof could be manufactured to condemn Elizabeth. It was finally recognized that she could not be put to death. After two months in the Tower, she was taken by barge to Richmond and then to Woodstock with Sir Henry Bedingfield, a member of the Privy Council, as custodian.

In July 1554, Mary Tudor married Philip of Spain. At the end of the year England's reconciliation with Rome was complete. All the anti-Roman legislation since 1529 was repealed, and the former authority of the bishops and of the canon law was restored. Philip, meanwhile, bore the title of King of England, but Parliament would not allow his Coronation.

After the collapse of Wyatt's rebellion Mary resorted to heresy trials and to the burning of heretics, the most notable being Archbishop Cranmer who had played a preminent part in Anne Boleyn's marriage and execution. Year by year people met death at the stake. These persecutions only turned England more strongly than ever against Mary, Philip, and the church of Rome.

Philip left England in August 1555 and returned to Spain. He then became King of Spain after the abdication of Charles V the following January. Before the year was finished Spain and France were at war, and in 1557 Philip brought England into it. On January 6, 1558 England lost Calais, the last bit of her territory

in France.

All of Mary's policies seemed doomed to failure. The return to Catholicism had bred unrest among the Protestants. The persecutions and the heresy trials had encouraged hatred toward Mary and her Spanish husband. The loss of Calais had been a bitter blow to England. The strict taxation measures were hard on the people. In addition, the harvests had been extremely poor and bad epidemics were running throughout the entire country. These were the results of Mary's five year reign. Eleven days before her death, due to the urgings of Philip and her Council, Mary was forced to recognize Elizabeth as her successor.[8] Mary died on November 17, 1558.

Elizabeth's Coronation took place on January 15, 1559. Five days later Sir William Cecil, later known as Lord Burghley, was appointed as her Principal Secretary. Besides Cecil, Elizabeth appointed to her Council Sir Nicholas Bacon, uncle of the great philosopher Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir Francis Walsingham, who was mainly responsible for England's first secret service.

Elizabeth's Council immediately faced serious questions in regard to policy and foremost was the problem of religion. Philip of Spain's prime objective was to

---

8 Ibid., p. 51.

keep England in the power of the church of Rome. But Elizabeth preferred a Protestant policy for England. The chief members of her Council were all Protestants, the Catholic members being displaced from the Council. Elizabeth herself never made any formal religious statement of her own throughout her reign, but the Protestant influences that surrounded her were too powerful to overlook. Consequently, an anti-Roman policy was adopted.

Sir Nicholas Bacon was Elizabeth's spokesman at her first Parliament in 1559 when the religious policy of the new reign was established. The results were seen in the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. The Act of Supremacy severed English allegiance to the Papacy, recognized Elizabeth as the Supreme Governor of the church of England, and required all church and government officials to take an oath of allegiance to the new church head. The Act of Uniformity decreed that all church services should be held according to the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI.[9] Many Protestants replaced the bishops of Mary's reign, most notable being Matthew Parker, who became the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Pope in Rome denounced the

---

9 R.B. Wernham and J.C. Walker, England Under Elizabeth (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1932), pp. 164-167.

new Prayer Book and forbade Catholics to attend the English services. All of the religious legislation during Mary's reign was wiped out by the middle of 1559.

The financial condition of England was an equally important problem to be faced. A rehabilitation of finances and of England's credit was necessary.

> The presence of a new tone in the Government was immediately felt in mercantile circles, and the negotiation of necessary loans became a reasonable business transaction instead of an affair of usurious bargaining, both in England and on the Continent. Finally, before Elizabeth had been two years on the throne, measures were promulgated for calling in the whole of the debased coinage which had been issued during the last fifteen years, and putting in circulation a new and honest currency. It seems to have been owing to a miscalculation, not a sharp practice, that the Government did in fact make a small profit out of this transaction.[10]

England was also vitally concerned about the marriage of their monarch. Henry VIII married six times and produced but one male heir. Edward VI died before he could marry. Mary wed a Spanish Prince and died childless. The English people wanted to secure the succession to the throne with an heir, but they also set strict limitations as to its father. Elizabeth was by far the best marriage to be had in Europe and every eligible bachelor and widower knew it. The first suitor was the English Earl of Arundel. Philip II of Spain was interested and Secretary

---

10 Innes, op. cit., pp. 245-246.

Cecil wanted her to marry the Scotch Earl of Arran or Prince Eric of Sweden, both Protestants. The Archdukes Ferdinand and Charles of Austria were added to the list when Philip II was married and Elizabeth herself seemed interested in Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Leicester was the son of Northumberland who had tried to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne and was subsequently executed during Mary's reign. If it had not been for the scandal and suspicion connected with the death of Leicester's wife and his unpopularity with certain factions, it is highly probable that Elizabeth would have married him.[11]

Seven years after her acession she was still undecided as to the marriage question. Meanwhile her councillors pressed the matter of succession, the most serious being the pretentions of Mary Queen of Scotland. Mary Stuart, the great-granddaughter of Henry VII, had married Francis II of France on April 24, 1558. One year later Henry II of France died and Francis and Mary became King and Queen of France. As Queen of France and Scotland, Mary incorporated the Arms of England with the French arms. Elizabeth was quick to protest and, under the influence of the French Guise's, Mary and Francis refused to

---

11 J.B. Black, The Reign of Elizabeth (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1936), p. 43.

remove them.[12]

Francis II died in December 1560 and on August 19, 1561 Mary Stuart returned to Scotland, the country she had left thirteen years before. The situation in Scotland had been a signally unstable one for many years. The French Catholics objected to the Reformation there. The reformers were under the direction of two of the ablest Scottish statesmen--the Earl of Moray, Mary's half-brother, and Maitland, Earl of Lethington. Moray and Lethington, along with the churchman John Knox, worked unceasingly to secure a Protestant Government in Scotland.

For three years Mary left the ruling of her country to Moray and Maitland. Negotiations perpetually came to a deadlock between Elizabeth and Mary. Mary refused to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh recognizing Elizabeth's position until Elizabeth accorded the succession of the throne of England to Mary." Religion cut athwart politics and Mary Stuart became the focus of Catholic hopes to depose Elizabeth and seek a Catholic Prince for the throne of England.

In 1562 Elizabeth was stricken with small pox and the possibility of her death forced the problem of succession to the fore. Mary Stuart had a claim to the English

---

12 Stefan Zweig, Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles (New York: The Viking Press, 1935), pp. 23-25.

throne by inheritance as did Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, whose mother was the daughter of Margaret Tudor. Elizabeth recovered but Mary's position became increasingly salient. Moray and Maitland threatened Elizabeth with the possibility of a union between Mary and Philip of Spain. Elizabeth counteracted with the Earl of Leicester as a candidate for a husband to Mary. This was the situation for nearly four years until the English Earl of Lennox and his son, Lord Darnley, went to Scotland in February 1565. Contrary to the wishes of all, Mary wed Darnley.[13]

In opposition the Protestant Lords in Scotland forced an open rebellion. Moray and Maitland violently disagreed and on October 6, 1565 Moray was forced to flee to England. Mary, however, was being strongly influenced by her Italian secretary, David Rizzio. Jealous of the influence Rizzio had over Mary, the Scottish Lords and Darnley finally acted in March 1566. They broke into Mary's room at Holyrood and murdered Rizzio in her presence. Three months later, on June 19th, Mary gave birth to a son, James. Mary, under the influence of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, reconciled herself with Moray, Maitland, and Darnley. The following months were filled with

---

13 Mandell Creighton, The Age of Elizabeth (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1925), p. 70.

intrigues and plots and the climax came on February 9, 1567 when Darnley's house was blown up and his strangled body was found in the garden.

Mary and her Scottish lover Bothwell were implicated and, although her part in the plot was never proved, it is generally conceeded that she played a prominent part in the murder.[14] Moray completely abandoned Mary and Bothwell fled to Norway where he was eventually executed. Mary was held prisoner in Lochleven Castle. She was forced to abdicate in favor of her infant son and Moray was made Regent. She succeeded in escaping from Lochleven on May 16, 1568. Mary fled to England and was put in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury away from her Catholic friends in the North.

The year 1568 was also an uneasy one on the Continent. The French were attempting to put an end to the religious wars that they were undergoing. Trouble in the Netherlands was just beginning and the situation between Spain and England was troublesome. The strong possibility of Philip championing Mary Stuart's cause was always present.

This was the situation in 1569 which led to the uprising of the English Northern Earls, Northumberland

---

14 Zweig, op. cit., pp. 190-191.

and Westmoreland. They received encouragement from France, Spain, and the Pope to depose Elizabeth and put Mary on the throne. However, the cause was hopeless from the beginning and England had little difficulty in stopping the one serious revolt of Elizabeth's reign.

The year 1570 opened with the murder in Scotland of the Regent Moray. Rome took the opportunity to issue the long delayed excommunication, depriving Elizabeth of her pretended title to the Kingdom of England, releasing her subjects from their allegiance to her, and interdicting obedience to her laws. The actual outcome was far different from anything Rome had anticipated. The English stood by Elizabeth more strongly than ever before.

> Englishmen of the Roman Communion have a right to be proud that so many in those years of storm and stress neither relinquished their faith nor forget their patriotism; yet when their fellow-subjects had been thus absolved of their allegiance, the Protestants can hardly be blamed for being over-ready to assume that they were in league with the Queen's enemies. The Pope could have done nothing calculated more thoroughly to translate the ordinary sentiment of loyalty into a passion of resentment against its opposite.[15]

England had to contend also with Ireland, France, and Spain. Ireland, like Scotland, could be used as a base of operations against England. Ireland was a country of continuous revolts and dangers of revolts and was

---

15 Innes, op. cit., p. 283.

staunchly Catholic. While France was always striving to rebuild the old France-Scottish alliance, she was not beneath receiving aid from Elizabeth in her religious difficulties. Elizabeth still dangled the marriage proposition in front of them and in the end they were to become allies. Spain, by this time, had gained the America's, the route to the east, and trade with India and Japan. Spain was, without a doubt, the strongest power at this period. She controlled the seas and laid the foundation for expansion. But Philip's position was vulnerable. Financially Spain was in a serious condition. Their empire had been too scattered to defend properly. They had to protect themselves on the Western Mediterranean against the Turks. And the Netherlands were a constant source of trouble.

> In 1575 England's position in Europe, though far from secure, was relatively safe. The foreign debt, which had hung like a millstone round her neck since the commencement of the reign, was practically extinguished. Trade was beginning to bloom, and for the next eleven years wealth poured into the country. The queen's credit stood high in Europe--much higher than King Philip's, who could not borrow money at less than from 12 to 18 per cent., while Elizabeth could have it at 8 or 9 per cent. The renewal of the treaty of Blois with Henry III removed any immediate danger from France: the crisis with Spain had been disposed of by the treaty of Bristol and the reopening of traffic between England and Antwerp; and Scotland was quiescent under the anglophil government of Morton, the king being a minor of nine years. Apart from the unalterable enmity of Rome and of the exiles who flitted about the Continent like uneasy

> ghosts, living meagrely on Spanish pensions and hoping for the 'enterprise' that would restore them in triumph to their native land, there was little to trouble the queen except the continued turmoil in the Netherlands.[16]

Elizabeth kept the revolt in the Netherlands going for two reasons. In the first place, if Philip was the victor there was always the chance he would turn his arms against Elizabeth in favor of the Catholics, striking at her from the Netherlands. Secondly, France might heed the call of the rebels with the object of annexing the Low Countries. Elizabeth found it beneficial to employ these tactics until Philip either tired of war or submitted.

While Elizabeth was occupied with the Netherlands, Mary Stuart initiated a plot against her with a Florentine banker by the name of Ridolfi. By the end of the year Walsingham and his agents had discovered the plot. Ridolfi escaped to Spain; Norfolk, who was to have married Mary in the event the plot was successful, was executed; and Mary herself remained a prisoner.[17]

Henry III, Duke of Anjou, succeeded to the throne of France in the spring of 1574. As Anjou had once been encouraged as a suitor to Elizabeth, now his younger brother, the Duke of Alencon, was encouraged. Elizabeth

---

16 Black, op. cit., pp. 287-288.

17 James Richard Joy, An Outline History of England (New York: Chautauqua Press, 1890), p. 195.

seemed determined to marry him, against the advice of Cecil and the Council. This struggle between Elizabeth and her Councillors went on until 1583 when Elizabeth finally closed the matter and ended the question of her marriage. In the meantime, the marriage proposal proved an excellent political weapon.

During these years, 1574-1583, Sir Francis Drake made his successful passage through the Straits of Magellan. Sir Walter Raleigh sent expeditions to the New World that settled in Virginia. The first Jesuit missioners landed in England to win back the people to the old faith. Elizabeth continued to frighten Philip with the prospect of an Anglo-French alliance. French policy took a more active turn against Spain. Events in Scotland took a more favourable turn and the situation in Ireland was comparatively peaceful.

Early in 1583 Mary Stuart began another plot, this time with Francis Throgmorton. The plan was for a French invasion of England under the protection of Spain.[18] It was stopped in good time, however, and Mary's second serious threat to Elizabeth's throne collapsed.

Of equal importance was the assassination in 1584 of William of Orange, the leader in the Netherlands' fight

---

18 Ibid., p. 199.

for freedom. With his death the possibility of Philip's success there became imminent. But the Hollanders held out against Philip, and England was saved temporarily from sending aid. Leicester was sent to the Netherlands in 1586 with partial help. He accomplished nothing, however, and by the end of the year he was back in London.

At the same time in England Walsingham was preparing the final trap for Mary Stuart's death. Anthony Babington and a Jesuit named Ballard were plotting to assassinate Elizabeth. Walsingham and the Queen were informed of each new development of the plot. When every member connected with it had completely committed themselves, Walsingham stepped in and had the conspirators arrested. For eighteen years Mary had been a prisoner in England. The situation was finally brought before Parliament and the House of Commons where Mary was accused of being a murderess, an adulteress, and a common disturber of Elizabeth's realm. On February 8, 1587 she met her death on the block.[19] The obvious heir to the throne of England was now the Protestant James of Scotland. There was a split in the Catholic ranks and any reasonable hope of a Catholic rebellion in England vanished. The Protestant Reformation was well underway in England. As religion

---

19 Creighton, Queen Elizabeth, pp. 227-230.

and politics were finally disentangled, the beneficial idea of toleration was born.

The results of Mary Stuart's execution were far-reaching. England stood alone. Spain, France, and Scotland objected to the execution. Ireland was in revolt and trouble was still brewing in the Netherlands.

> At last, however, the endless evasion had ceased to be possible. Leicester's campaign in the Netherlands, feeble as it was, and Drake's expedition to Cartagena, put an end to the theory that Spain and England were at peace. It was known that in the ports of Spain and Portugal Philip was making his slow preparations for a naval attack; his ablest admiral, Santa Cruz, had formulated a vast scheme--vaster indeed than Philip was ever prepared to adopt. The Guises were prepared to go any lengths to prevent the legitimate Protestant succession in France; and the French King had publicly thrown in his lot with the Guises. Now also Mary Stewart was not only out of the way herself, but before her death had declared against the succession of her own claims of her son, and had acknowledged Philip, a legitimate descendant of John of Gaunt, as her heir. At last in Philip's mind the suppression of Elizabeth acquired precedence over the suppression of the Provinces.[20]

Sir Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth on April 2, 1587 with nine fighting ships and transports for Cadiz and Lisbon. Against the advice of the Vice Admiral Burrough and his Council of War, Drake entered Cadiz, wrought terrific destruction, and confiscated all the stores he could. He then captured the Sargres forts at Capt St. Vincent. Philip's transport arrangements were located there

---

20 Innes, op. cit., p. 356.

and Drake's destruction crippled the Armada for many months. Drake then sailed home, having made it impossible for the Armada to sail during 1587. When Drake returned to Plymouth, he brought enough booty to more than pay for the cost of the expedition.

While England and Spain were at last preparing for open war, France was caught up in the war of the three Henries--Henry II, Henry of Navarre, and Henry of Guise.[21] Spain could not expect any substantial aid from France, and England anticipated no difficulties of danger from Scotland and Ireland.

> The Armada put to sea with about 130 ships. Of these, 62 were of over 300 tons burden. The whole English fleet is given as 197 ships including the 34 of the Royal Navy. Of these, only 49 exceeded 200 tons. The average tonnage of the 62 was quite double that of the 49; and the aggregate of the 130 was approximately double that of the 197. The recorded lists and estimates also give the Spaniards double the number of men and guns. Many of the great Spaniards were little more than transports; on the other hand, half the English ships were too small for effective fighting. But there is little doubt that the English fighting ships were much better armed relatively to their size; that the guns were better, and infinitely better handled. The ships were in fact far superior as fighting machines, because the two fleets were built, armed, and manned, on two diametrically opposed theories of naval tactics: which may be summed up by saying that the Spaniards relied upon mass, and hand to hand fighting, the English on mobility and artillery; applying unconsciously by sea the principles by which the great land-tacticians of the past, Edward III. and Henry V.,

---

21 Creighton, The Age of Elizabeth, pp. 172-174.

> had shattered greatly superior hosts at Crecy and Agincourt. The finer comprehension of naval strategy on the part of the English admirals had been made of no account by the ignorance of the supreme authority, which detained the fleet on the coast: but their tactical developments were unhampered. For the first time on a large scale the accustomed rules were about to be discarded.[22]

Leicester was in command of the Land Forces. The Lord Admiral Howard of Effingham was in command of the English fleet. Drake went as Vice-Admiral and John Hawkins as Rear-Admiral. The Duke of Medina Sidonia was in charge of the Spanish Armada when it sailed from Lisbon on May 20, 1588. It was not until July 20th that they came in view of Plymouth where the major part of the English fleet was lying. After three encounters the English scored their first victory and the Armada was unable to secure a station in the channel. The Armada went to Calais and the English fleet sent eight fireships on them. Panic resulted and the fleet became scattered during the night. The next morning the entire English force lay to the windward within striking distance. The struggle that followed was a desperate one and did not let up until both fleets began to run low on amunition. The English withdrew from the engagement when a storm blew up. When it cleared the Spanish were in full flight.[23]

---

22 Innes, op. cit., pp. 360-361.

23 Wernham and Walker, op. cit., pp. 76-79.

The English lost about a hundred men and one ship. Not more than half of the Armada returned to Spain. Nineteen are recorded as wrecked on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland; five were lost in France and Holland; two were sunk in the battle; two were abandoned to the English; and the fate is unknown of thirty-five of the ships.[24]

The issues that had finally sent the Armada to England were many. The religious problem, England's help in the Netherlands, the English raids on Spanish coasts, Mary Stuart's execution, and the political and economic situation were all involved. The defeat of the Armada secured England's position as the dominant power on the seas and in the world and greatly weakened Spain's.

The reign of Elizabeth and of the statesmen who were her councillors was at its peak. England had proved herself the mightiest power in Europe. She now controlled the seas and had defeated every attempt to bring England back to Catholicism. England had a more religiously tolerant state than existed any where in Europe. Elizabeth had kept England at peace and created the greatest of national spirits. Nicholas Bacon died in 1579, Leicester in 1588. Of more political importance was the death of

---

24 Black, op. cit., p. 352.

the French Duke of Guise on December 23, 1588.[25] Nine months later Henry III was assassinated and Henry of Navarre claimed the crown of France.

Drake and Norreys, accompanied by the young Earl of Essex, led a counter-Armada against Spain in the spring of 1589. Nothing was accomplished other than proving that England was still stronger than Spain. Drake had failed, but Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Essex--Walsingham's son-in-law and Leicester's step-son--became the leading exponents of Drake's policy of war and action. Elizabeth and Burghley were of the school of peace at any cost, and Burghley's son, Robert Cecil, became the agent of his father's policy.

In 1590 Walsingham died. Of the trusty servants with whom Elizabeth began her reign, Burghley alone remained.

> The leading men of the new generation were Robert Cecil, the Treasurer's second son, trained to business under his father's eye, and of qualities similar, though inferior; Nottingham (formerly Howard of Effingham), a straight-forward man of no great ability, but acceptable to the Queen for his father's services and his own (and not the less for his fine presence); the accomplished Buckhurst; the brilliant Raleigh; and, younger than the rest, Essex.[26]

---

25 Creighton, op. cit., pp. 180-181.

26 Beesly, op. cit., pp. 211-212.

During the years, 1592-1594, operations against Spain consisted mainly of raids by privateering ships. The injury to Spanish trade and to Philip's finances was considerable. Those tactics did not stop Philip from trying to reorganize his navy. Frobisher stopped these plans with a successful attack against Spain on the coast of Brittany. Frobisher died during the encounter, but the move, one that Raleigh strongly advised, proved thoroughly effective.

Ireland, however, presented a much more serious problem. Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, had determined to renew the old contest between Ireland and England. Tyrone was corresponding with Philip in 1594 and a plan was underway, with Ireland as a base of operations, for another Spanish war with Elizabeth. Therefore, late in 1595, Elizabeth sent Drake and Hawkins on their last attack on Philip. Hawkins died shortly after they sailed from England and on January 28, 1596 Drake himself died.[27] They had been unable to raid any of the strongly fortified Spanish coastal cities, they missed the Spanish fleet, and they were unable to return with booty of any kind. The expedition returned to England without accomplishing anything.

---

27 Edward P. Cheyney, A History of England, Vol. I (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1926), pp. 545-549.

Restless at his failure so far, Philip's determination to subdue England grew more acute. Orders and counter-orders were issued from the English royal throne. There were frantic appeals on the part of the French for alliances against King Philip. On April 14, 1596 the Spaniards took Calais. In June an English force was organized to attack Cadiz. Howard of Effingham commanded as Admiral, the Earl of Essex as General in Chief, and Sir Francis Vere commanded the well-trained troops. Cadiz was taken on June 20, 1596.[28] The expedition was a brilliant success and made the twenty-nine year old Essex a national hero.

The following summer Essex, Howard, and Raleigh commanded another expedition against Spain. Corunna and Ferrol, which they planned on attacking, were forewarned; the winds were unfavourable; the Spanish treasure fleet escaped them; and Raleigh and Essex quarreled violently. They returned home with little accomplished. Spain could still not muster enough to force open action, however, so Tyrone came to temporary peace terms with the English government concerning the Irish rebellions.[29]

---

28 Creighton, op. cit., pp. 220-221.

29 Mandell Creighton, The Tudors and the Reformation (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1924), p. 82.

Burghley died, on August 4, 1598, at the age of seventy-eight. Six weeks later, in his seventy-first year, Philip of Spain followed him to the grave. Elizabeth, at sixty-five, was the last of that generation still alive. The prominent figures now were Henry IV of France, Philip III of Spain, Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Earl of Essex--all of a younger generation.

A disasterous defeat for the English in Ireland occurred in 1598. Essex went to Ireland in April 1599 with the title of Lord Lieutenant and Governor-General. With a warrant to return in a year's time, he headed the largest army ever sent to Ireland--21,000 men. Essex had been commanded to push straight into Ulster, as he had himself advised, and finish the war. Instead he proceeded to Leinster, Munster, and Dublin. He wrote furious letters of complaint that the Council, Raleigh, and Cecil were deliberately trying to destroy him for their own ends. Elizabeth immediately sent him orders to march against Tyrone and on no account to leave Ireland. Essex did so in August 1599. But, before any action could be effected, Tyrone invited Essex to a parley. The result was a pseudo-peace treaty. Both armies withdrew and Essex fled from Ireland. On September 28, 1599, back in London, he was put under arrest.

He remained in custody from October 1599 to August 1600.[30]

Lord Mountjoy was sent in the place of Essex to Ireland and he met with tremendous success in subduing Tyrone. Cecil's party was now in complete control, but, after his release, Essex was still the center of intrigues against the crown. He tried to persuade James of Scotland to join his cause and enforce his right to the English crown. He urged Mountjoy to take his army and join James. A large number of men of the sword, who were supporters of his cause, gathered at Essex's house. As a popular hero, Essex assured himself of the backing of the English people.

> In February 1601 plans for the "coup d'etat" were concocted at Drury House, the residence of his principal supporter, the Earl of Southampton. It was believed that he could calculate on a following of 120, composed of two earls, Southampton and Rutland, several barons, and a large number of gentlemen. By this time, however, the court had learnt of the strange goings-on at Drury House, and on 7 February the earl was summoned to appear before the council. It had probably come to Elizabeth's ears that the play of Richard II had been staged, with the sanction of his supporters, at the Globe theatre--an ominous event in itself.[31]

Essex did not obey the summons to attend the Council. On February 8, 1601 he led a group of three hundred men into London to overthrow the Government. London did not respond to his appeal, however, and that

---

30 Beesly, op. cit., pp. 217-218.

31 Black, op. cit., pp. 371-372.

night Essex was a prisoner in the Tower. The trial proceeded without delay, Elizabeth signed the death warrant, and on February 25, 1601, in his thirty-fourth year, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was beheaded. Of his accomplices, five were executed, Southampton was pardoned, and the others were either fined or imprisoned.

At the time of Essex's death there were rumors again of another Spanish invasion by way of Ireland. Mountjoy displayed his military ability at its best and succeeded in destroying the last effort of Philip III. The Irish rebellion was finally broken and Tyrone came to terms with England. The English government succeeded again in remaining supreme.

In Scotland James became more involved in the question of succession to the English throne. Both Cecil and Raleigh were corresponding secretly with James for favour in the advent that he became King. By the end of 1602 Elizabeth showed signs of being in ill-health. She outlived by five years her greatest adversary, Philip. He died, having failed in Holland, France, and England.

Elizabeth would die having accomplished much for England. The manifold dangers of foreign attack had been successfully faced; the might of Spain was broken; the sea became England's and the highroad to an empire was opened wide; the nation was brought back from the brink of

anarchy; the popular confidence in the monarchy was restored; and a national feeling was developed of a depth and strength never before experienced.

The intellectual renaissance that developed during this period aroused an interest in education which produced an abundance of grammar and elementary schools. Education became the privilege of classes to whom it had been unattainable before. A knowledge of English was demanded and histories of England's past were sold in large quantities. Translations of the classics issued from the press frequently and phamphleteers began to mold public opinion.

The Elizabethan age in literature is one of the greatest in history. It was an expression of the English people's consciousness of their own power and of their national greatness. John Lyly, with his Romance of Euphues, founded a new style of speaking and writing. It was an affected style, but a style readily adapted by the Court and Elizabeth.[32] Sir Philip Sidney, a nephew of Leicester, employed a more sober and straightforward style of writing with his The Queen of the May, Arcadia, and Defence of Poesie.[33] The philosopher, Sir Francis

---

32 George Freedley and John A. Reeves, A History of the Theatre (New York: Crown Publishers, 1941), p. 103.

33 Charles W. Eliot, editor, The Harvard Classics, Vol. XXVII (New York: P.F. Collier and Son Company, 1910), pp. 5-6.

Bacon, exemplifies the Elizabethan prose writers at their best. His Essays are excellent examples of the new English literature.[34]

The dramatists and poets, however, bring this period its greatest glory. Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets show the beginnings of these love poets. Edmund Spenser's Faerie Queen is perhaps most representative of the new culture. It is the great epic of Elizabethan England. At the time of the defeat of the Armada the excitement of the English people reached its peak and drama began to flourish more fervently than ever. Of the dramatists, Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nash, and Shakespeare are the most notable. Christopher Marlowe only lived to the age of twenty-eight, but in that short time he wrote Tamburlaine the Great, The Jew of Malta, and Faustus. It was in Shakespeare that Elizabethan drama reached its height. His comedies, tragedies, and histories have established his reputation as a poetic genius. Thus the poetry, prose, and drama represented England and her people at their greatest.[35]

The standard of living conditions was immeasurably increased with the development of industry and commerce.

---

34 Ibid., pp. 60-61.

35 Marchette Chute, Shakespeare of London (New York: E.P. Dutton and Company Incorporated, 1949), 397 pp.

In 1560 the coinage was stabilized by recalling the old debased coins and replacing these with new standard ones. The Poor Law of 1601, requiring all able-bodied men to work, increased the number of farm laborers. In commerce the government formed numerous trading companies--the Muscovy Company, the Levant Company, the Turkey Company, the Eastland Company, and the East India Company. With the increase in trade England developed a large merchant marine and both exports and imports increased in volume.

In the central government the Queen controlled Parliament and, while it was an almost absolute rule, she ruled under the constitutional forms. In local government the old nobility had lost its former power. The administration of justice was greatly improved under Elizabeth over that of the other Tudor rulers.

The religious situation resulted in the establishing of Anglicanism, although the Catholics and Non-Conformists still had a small foothold. The Protestant reformation, under the leadership of John Knox in Scotland, was well underway after the execution of Mary Stuart. Scotland and England were completely at peace. Ireland was comparatively quiet after Mountjoy's successes and Spain's ambitions were completely frustrated.

This was the position of England at the beginning of 1603. By March Elizabeth was desperately ill. The

last act of her reign was the naming of James of Scotland as her successor. Then, on March 24, 1603, at the age of seventy, Elizabeth Tudor died.

CHAPTER II

A CHARACTER ANALYSIS OF ELIZABETH TUDOR

An historical background of the period of Elizabeth's life presents an understanding of the major political and religious events that were taking place. When studying the character of Queen Elizabeth as a woman in history, it is necessary to take into consideration the psychological, sociological, and physiological factors that contribute to the making of this enigmatic and contradictory monarch. The major psychological factors that will be evaluated are Elizabeth's abilities and qualities, her temperament, the chief disappointments and frustrations in her life, her personal ambitions and attitude toward life, her moral standards, complexes, and intelligence quotient. Elizabeth's class, occupation, education, religion, home life, race and nationality, political affiliations, and amusements are the sociological factors that will be analyzed. The physiological factors of Elizabeth's life that will be considered are her age, sex, appearance, height, posture, color of hair, eyes, and skin, and other hereditary influences that directly affected her.

In policy Elizabeth used dissimulation, pliability, indecision, procrastination, parsimony, cunning, and prevarication. In this manner she dealt with France and

and Spain, and Rome and Calvin. She was Protestant because of her birth and became the leader of both the Reformation and the Renaissance. Elizabeth kept England at peace for thirty years. Her subtle intellect, whether being exercised at Court Festivities or in the Council, combined itself easily with her temperament.

> That too--in its mixture of the masculine and the feminine, of vigour and sinuosity, or pertinacity and vacillation--was precisely what her case required. A deep instinct made it almost impossible for her to come to a fixed determination upon any subject whatever. Or, if she did, she immediately proceeded to contradict her resolution with the utmost violence, and, after that, to contradict her contradiction more violently still....Her femininity save her....Yet if is true that a woman's evasiveness was not enough; male courage, male energy were needed, if she were to escape the pressure that came upon her from every side. Those qualities she also possessed.[1]

She was infinitely subtle and humane. Her temper was violent and instantaneous. She was vigorous, swore vividly, spat like a man, and struck with her extraordinarily long hands. Her laughter was immediate and stimulating. Elizabeth loved hunting and out-of-doors activities one moment, but the next moment would find her with her secretaries coldly discussing state business. Although she dressed with elaborate femininity, Elizabeth talked and acted like a man. She was in every respect a representative of the Renaissance. She knew six languages,

---

1 Lytton Strachey, Elizabeth and Essex (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928), pp. 11-13.

was a student of Greek, an excellent musician, and had a rich background in painting and poetry. Her dancing, after the Florentine style, was magnificent. Elizabeth's conversation was brilliant, humerous, and intelligent. Her command over words and her perception of personalities made her one of the greatest diplomats of her age.[2]

As a young girl, Elizabeth studied under Richard Cox, whom she afterwards made Bishop of Ely, Sir John Cheke, the great Cambridge scholar, and later, Roger Ascham. It was with these men that Elizabeth's intelligence was nurtured and bred. The brilliant mind, for which she was to be greatly admired in later years, was carefully trained.

> "It is difficult to say," Ascham told his friend Sturm, the celebrated Strassburg scholar and Protestant, "whether the gifts of nature or of fortune are most to be admired in my distinguished mistress. The praise which Aristotle gives, wholly centres in her; beauty, stature, prudence, and industry. She has just passed her sixteenth birthday and shows such dignity and gentleness as are wonderful at her age and in her rank. Her study of true religion and learning is most eager. Her mind has no womanly weakness, her perserverance is equal to that of a man, and her memory long keeps what it quickly picks up. She talks French and Italian as well as she does English, and has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, moderately in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her handwriting. She delights as much in music as she

---

2 Ibid., pp. 11-18.

> is skillful in it. In adornment she is elegant rather than showy....I am inventing nothing, my dear Sturm; there is no need.[3]

Roger Ascham's observation of this young girl show the beginnings of that side of her nature for which all men were to praise her--her intelligence, determination, and versatility. Each of these characteristics Elizabeth found valuable in all of her dealings. What is more important, she knew how to use them to her best advantage.

> Nor was it only in her mind that these complicated contrasts were apparent; they dominated her physical being too. The tall and bony frame was subject to strange weaknesses. Rheumatisms racked her; intolerable headaches laid her prone in agony; a hideous ulcer poisoned her existence for years....In spite of her prolonged and varied sufferings, Elizabeth was fundamentally strong. She lived to be seventy--a great age in those days--discharging to the end the laborious duties of government; throughout her life she was capable of unusual bodily exertion;... Probably the solution of the riddle--suggested at the time by various onlookers, and accepted by learned authorities since--was that most of her ailments were of an hysterical origin. That iron structure was a prey to nerves. The hazards and anxieties in which she passed her life would have been enough in themselves to shake the health of the most vigorous; but it so happened that, in Elizabeth's case, there was a special cause for a neurotic condition: her sexual organisation was seriously warped....
>
> From its very beginning her emotional life had been subjected to extraordinary strains. The intensely impressionable years of her early childhood had been for her a period of excitement, terror, and tragedy.
> . . . . . .

---

3 John Ernest Neale, Queen Elizabeth (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1934), pp. 16-17.

> Who can wonder that her maturity should have been marked by signs of nervous infirmity?...Marriage was distasteful to her, and marry she would not. For more than twenty years, until age freed her from the controversy, she resisted, through an incredible series of delays, ambiguities, perfidies, and tergiversations, the incessant pressure of her ministers, her parliaments, and her people.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Everything points to the conclusion that such--the result of the profound psychological disturbances of her childhood--was the state of Elizabeth.[4]

In spite of all the power she possessed, Elizabeth was also an extremely insecure woman. The basis of this insecurity started when she was born to Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII, an unwanted daughter. When Elizabeth was two and a half years old she was the legitimate heir to the English throne. Her older half-sister Mary had been declared illegitimate when Henry VIII had divorced Catherine of Aragon in order to marry Anne Boleyn. After Anne was executed, Elizabeth was banished from her father's sight. She was sent to Hunsdon House, in Hertfordshire, where she was put under the care of Lady Margaret Bryan, Katharine Ashley, and Blanche Parry.

Elizabeth had been uprooted from all that stood for security to her. For the next eleven years her affections had never been able to make claims anywhere. At the age of fourteen she suddenly found herself settled in the

---

4 Strachey, op. cit., pp. 19-24.

atmosphere of home life. After Henry's death in 1547 she was placed under the care of the Queen-Dowager, Catherine Parr. Thomas Seymour, after proposing and being refused by Elizabeth, married Catherine and it was with this couple that Elizabeth found herself. For once she felt security in her life and attached all of her emotions to this feeling of stability that had been denied her for fourteen years. She continued her education here with Roger Ascham and laid the firm foundation for all of the intellectual dealings as a future Queen. As she grew to enjoy Seymour's company more and more, she soon began to think of other things. The Lord Admiral was a man in his late thirties. He had had short-lived love affairs, brief political dreams, and great ambitions. What started as a flirtation between Elizabeth and Seymour soon bloomed into a love affair between a young girl, experiencing her first feelings of security, companionship, and love, and a man old enough to be her father. History records the early days of their romance as being the happiest and most carefree in Elizabeth's life. Catherine Parr seemed ignorant of the extent to which it had gone. In 1548, however, Catherine became pregnant.

> As sometimes happens on such occasions, the husband looked around for comfort and found it, in this case, quite close at hand. His attentions to Elizabeth became more eager and his opportunities for being alone

> with her increased. The Queen, in her sixth month of her pregnancy, came one day unexpectedly upon them--Elizabeth and Lord Seymour--"he having her in his arms." He must have had her in his arms before this and often, and so it must have been the secrecy which offended his lawful wife. We gather that she was offended and that the Princess was frightened. Perhaps the Admiral was at last frightened too.[5]

That spring Elizabeth was sent away from the Seymour household and the following August, Catherine died in childbed. The double shock of being banished from another home and the death of Catherine was a tremendous one for Elizabeth. Once again she stood alone and Seymour's actions after the death of his wife did not improve matters any.[6] His ambitions carried him farther away from what he wanted and the early part of 1549 found him a prisoner in the Tower. Along with Seymour went Catherine Ashley, Elizabeth's governess, and Thomas Parry, her steward. Elizabeth was confined at Hatfield. Her position became extremely perilous as the Lord Protector Somerset and the Council tried to draw her into the affair. It was rumored that she was with child by Seymour and that they were plotting to take the throne.[7] For the first time Elizabeth had

---

5 Katharine Anthony, Queen Elizabeth (Garden City, New York: Garden City Publishing Company, 1929), p. 41.

6 Edward Spencer Beesly, Queen Elizabeth (New York: Macmillan Company, 1892), pp. 2-3.

7 Anthony, op. cit., p. 51.

real fear for her life, but she also was provided with her first opportunity to prove herself as a woman of extreme skillfulness.

She stood by her innocence steadfastly, cautiously and prudently working around the Council until they finally absolved her of any connection with Seymour. Elizabeth's ability as a stateswoman showed itself for the first time in all the power that she was to employ in her future role. Her brief experience with security and its abrupt conclusion taught her how to deal with people. Never committing herself or involving herself unwittingly, she succeeded in completely baffling her accusors. Her fundamental feeling of unstability forced that side of her character that was contradictory and puzzling, that side that forbade Elizabeth from ever showing her real emotions or thoughts. Nothing could prevent the death of Thomas Seymour and, on March 20, 1549, he met his death on the scaffold.

> This was a crushing experience for a girl of sixteen. It was undoubtedly the great crisis of Elizabeth's life, and did more than anything else to form her character. She learned, and she never forgot the lesson, that it was dangerous to follow her inclinations and indulge her affections. She dearly loved Seymour, with the ardour of a passionate girl. She was on the brink of a secret marriage with him, though she knew his coarse character and had been witness of the unhappiness of his former wife. She had a strong feeling of attachment for Catherine Ashley, and had trusted to her discretion.

> She learned the limitations of human trustworthiness, the inevitableness of personal responsibility. All this was an unwelcome revelation of life and its issues to herself. She must trust in herself and in herself only. Rigorous self-repression and self-restraint could alone enable her to stand securely. Love, trust, confidence were all beset with dangers.[8]

Years later Elizabeth became entangled in another love affair, this time with Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester. He was consumed with ambition as Seymour had been and its focal point was always Elizabeth. Elizabeth, in turn, first encouraged then discouraged him. As usual, she refused to come to any decision concerning the marriage problem. Here is another facet of this many-sided character. Elizabeth seemed unable to come to a decision, or if one was made, to stick by it. Always procrastinating, evading, changing her mind, no one was capable of knowing what she really thought. The Leicester affair is an excellent example. She refused to marry him because he was a subject, and yet she refused to marry a foreigner because he was not English. Elizabeth did not give up Leicester either. The scandal and gossip connected with their names grew to large proportions and, with the sudden death of Dudley's wife, Amy Robsart, it reached its climax.

---

8 Mandell Creighton, Queen Elizabeth (London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1920), pp. 15-16.

> Elizabeth, as she looked back upon the past, must have seen that she was repeating a former experience. She had endangered herself before by a coarse flirtation with Seymour: now there was no one to call her to account, but she was endangering her position by an unseemly flirtation with Dudley. Doubtless she saw her folly and regretted it; but she was too proud to avow her regret, or to reverse her conduct suddenly. Still her eyes were open to the fact that she was derided abroad and had sown discontent at home. In the beginning of October she told Cecil "that she had made up her mind and did not intend to marry Lord Robert"; Yet she did not break off her intimacy with him.[9]

Once again Elizabeth had given herself in love and had allowed the woman to rule the queen. Nothing stopped her until the general unrest of her people made itself known. Her loyalty to England is the one consistent factor in Elizabeth's character. Her deep feeling of love and responsibility for her people would never allow her to make a step that would endanger their loyalty to her. Elizabeth seemed to give herself completely to her country as she was never able to do with any one person. Although her name was linked with Dudley's for the next thirty years, she never allowed herself to let her emotions rule her head again. The lesson she learned from Seymour's death, and later from Dudley's love, was undoubtedly great.

After the death of Thomas Seymour and during the remainder of Edward's reign she spent her time at Hatfield or Ashridge. Ascham continued as her tutor and Elizabeth

---

9 Ibid., p. 68.

threw herself headlong into her studies. Her reputation had been damaged materially and she was determined to rebuild it. She lived quietly, behaved modestly, and acted in as pious a manner as possible.[10]

> It was only natural that Elizabeth should have looked to Mary for an example of exalter demeanour. Mary was the only woman in her environment who represented royalty. She was the offspring of the world's highest culture, for Spain was then the Beau Brummel among nations, the home of fine manners and silk stockings, where people were inclined to look down from great heights on the crude English. The child of Anne Boleyn must have early realized her inferior ancestry and tried unconsciously to imitate her Spanish-English sister. It would be interesting to know where the two girls got the deep contralto voices, sometimes referred to as harsh, which characterized them both in womanhood. As they shared the red hair of the Tudors, they also had this common trait, however it originated.... Both of the Tudor Princesses had a strong motive for adopting the unfeminine trait. Circumstances compelled them from their earliest infancy to play the part of men in life, whether they liked the role or not. A harsh commanding voice may have been a help to them in this.[11]

The necessity of Elizabeth's impressing her older half-sister with her good reputation cannot be undervalued. Edward VI was ill and Mary would ascend the throne. Mary's distrust of her had shown itself from the moment of Elizabeth's birth. If Mary became Queen of England it was necessary for Elizabeth to be in her good graces. Too

---

10 Ibid., pp. 15-16.

11 Anthony, op. cit., pp. 24-25.

many Tudors had gone to the Tower for Elizabeth not to realize that this fate was just as possible for her. Elizabeth had successfully escaped peril with Thomas Seymour, yet she still faced dangers in the event Mary became queen. Elizabeth's keen and adroit judgement of her future forced in her character a subtle and cunning manner which she used to great advantage for the next fifty years. This clear-sighted looking ahead that was so characteristic of Elizabeth's later policies showed itself for the first time.

By the middle of May 1553, Edward was dead and the Northumberland fiasco had miscarried. Elizabeth rode to London where she met Mary and, on August 3, 1553, they entered the city.

> The two half-sisters were a striking contrast. Mary was in her thirty-eighth year; short, very thin, with a round face, reddish hair, large light eyes, and broad, rather low nose. She had once been attractive, but worry had marred her looks and made her prematurely grave; ill-health, too, the result perhaps of her sufferings had helped to steal her youth away. Elizabeth was just twenty, in the full bloom of life. Some thought her very handsome, others rather comely than handsome. She was moderately tall, with a fine figure to which her dignified carriage lent impressive majesty. Her hair was golden, but more red than yellow; her skin was fine, though of an olive complexion. She had striking eyes, and above all, beautiful hands which she knew how to display. The old world and the new; such were these two daughters of Henry VIII.[12]

---

12 Neale, op. cit., p. 28.

Elizabeth faced a grave problem. Nothing had been done about her illegitimate status and Mary had no intentions of correcting the situation. So deepened the intrigue between these two sisters, one a staunch Catholic and the other a Protestant, who strove to please her sister by attending Mass. True to the follies of the age, plots developed and maintained as their center, Elizabeth. Ever increasing were the plots to make Elizabeth Queen and rid the country of Mary. Once again Elizabeth had good reason to fear for her life and, hardened as she had become, she learned what was to be the basis of her later policies--rule by your head and think only of England. The insecurity of her position paralleled itself with the Seymour affair. Elizabeth was wiser now. Her diplomacy in handling Mary saved her. The cold, objective intelligence of this young Princess enabled her to see what the future might have in store for her. Elizabeth would not allow anything to destroy her opportunity of one day being Queen of England.

Mary, in the meantime, was corresponding with her cousin, the Emperor Charles V of Spain, for a marriage between herself and his son, Philip.

> No caution could overcome the repugnance of the English people to this invitation of a foreigner to mix in English affairs. It was in vain to represent

to Mary the dangers which she ran. "Rather death," she said, "than marriage with any one save the Prince of Spain."[13]

This was the situation in 1554 when Sir Thomas Wyatt rebelled. The plot was frustrated, but provided Mary with an excellent reason for placing Elizabeth in the Tower.

> It was discovered that Wyatt had twice written to her and received answers, but they were verbal and amounted to nothing. They may not even have been hers, for some of her servants had been involved in the conspiracy, and there is no saying what use they had made of her name. Anyhow, verbal answers could always be repudiated. Elizabeth did not stop at this: "As for the traitor Wyatt," she said, "he might preadventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him." Whether she was speaking the truth, or whether, as is possible, it was a clever half-truth, there is no means of saying. It is difficult to believe that she was ignorant of the conspiracy. She may not have approved of it, for it was not in her nature to rejoice at the prospect of receiving a crown at the hands of rebels and at the expense of her sister's life. But supposing--as hints in later life suggest--that she both knew and disapproved, she could neither resist nor betray men who were devoted to her cause. Her only possible line of conduct was to keep clear of anything that might fatally compromise her. It called for skill, but skill of a kind that was supremely hers. The Government could say no more, nor can posterity say more, than the words which she was said to have scratched on a window pane:
>
> Much suspected by me,
> Nothing proved can be.[14]

---

13 Creighton, op. cit., pp. 25-26.

14 Neale, op. cit., p. 37.

After two months in the Tower, Elizabeth was finally released. Mary was not blind, however, to the developments and worked harder than ever at a plan to strike Elizabeth out of the succession. If it had not been for Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain perhaps she would have succeeded. As it turned out Mary became a lovesick woman and would do anything to please the husband who grew to hate the country and his wife. Philip saw in Elizabeth the possibility of a good marriage with some Prince of the Roman faith. The advantages for tying England more firmly to Catholicism could not be overlooked. Philip wanted Elizabeth's freedom and Mary obeyed him. Philip left England and only once returned, and then to engage England in a war with France. While in England as a bridegroom, Elizabeth had been able to befriend Philip. Partly through his efforts she retrieved her liberty. Throughout the rest of Mary's reign, Elizabeth managed to say out of trouble and to quell the attempts of her loyal friends to put her on the throne in Mary's place. On November 17, 1559, Mary died, closing an unhappy chapter and not promising a pleasing beginning for Elizabeth. England had grown skeptical of women rulers and was doubtful of the qualities of this young girl. Elizabeth ascended the throne when she was twenty-five; Mary when she was thirty-eight.

> Few rulers ever ascended a throne better prepared for her task than did Elizabeth. The facts of her personal experience had corresponded with the experience of the nation. Her own life had been interwoven with the national life. She had been in imminent danger, both under Edward and under Mary. She had suffered; she had learned as the nation learned and suffered. She had lived amongst perils, and had been taught the need of prudence. Self-mastery, and self-restraint had been forced upon her. Bitter experience had taught her how little she could satisfy her own desires, how little she could confide in the wisdom or discretion of others. She had spent long hours in enforced solitude and reflection as the drama of events passed before her. She had seen the failures of others lives, their disappointments, and their tragic end. And, in all this, she had been no idle spectator, but one whose own fortunes were deeply involved; and at each new turn of events men's minds had been more closely directed to her, so that her personal importance had been emphasised. She seemed to form part of all that the nation had passed through. Now she was called upon to amend the melancholy results of the ill-directed zeal of others, to bring back England to peace and security. . . . Her training had been severe; but to that severity was due the character and the qualities which enabled her to face the work which lay before her. She would not have had it otherwise, for it made her one with the people.[15]

Elizabeth was now confronted with an entirely new and different situation. She was in absolute control and was granted all of the security of position that had been denied her during the first twenty-five years of her life. That she could never trust even the security of kingship is shown in the way she jealously guarded her new position; in the way she suspiciously handled all who came in contact with her; and in the way she clung to all the adverse

---

15 Creighton, op. cit., pp. 41-42.

qualities she had been forced to knit into her personality as a young girl.

As a queen she was royally imperious and personally charming like her father Henry VIII; cautious, prudent, thrifty, and stingy like her grandfather Henry VII. Elizabeth was as gracious as her mother, but not as affectionate. She never experienced the full meaning of love--not with a Seymour, a Leicester, or an Essex. She was proud, vain, unscrupulous, and cold like both her parents.[16] She could be sincere and natural at times, and dissemble with great ability at other times. Yet, although she was inconstant and uncertain, she deeply felt the responsibility of her position and in this Elizabeth fully represented England. She created a feeling of personal loyalty in her subjects by avoiding unhealthy undertakings and keeping down expenses. In the light of facts it would appear that she acted with the results in mind, not caring what the means might be. Elizabeth never acted until she was assured of the popular backing and yet she never took either her people or her Council into her full confidence.

The first important act of Elizabeth's reign was her appointment of Sir William Cecil, later known as Lord Burghley, as her Principal Secretary. A man of thirty-

---

16 Ibid., pp. 5-6.

eight, of middle class stock, he had been Personal Secretary to the Lord Protector Somerset and had managed to survive his fall, Northumberland's rise and fall, and Lady Jane Grey's. By choice he was a Protestant but, during Mary's reign, he conformed to Catholicism. He was to be the dominant voice in Elizabeth's policy for the next forty years.

> He was a person in whom intellect and not emotion ruled; and he sought intelligence even in marriage. His first wife was Cheke's sister, his second one of the brilliant daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, whom Ascham named with Lady Jane Grey as the most learned women in England. His capacity for work, his care for detail, his grasp of difficulties, amounted to genius; and if ever there was a perfect minister, it was he. No step was more propitious at the opening of Elizabeth's reign than his appointment as Principal Secretary.[17]

Elizabeth and Burghley were as one with all of the policies of the reign. When Elizabeth was impulsive, contradictory, or demanding, Burghley was cautious, deliberate, and prudent.

Besides Burghley, Elizabeth appointed Sir Francis Walsingham to her Council. For over forty years Elizabeth trusted these two men more than any of her Council. She found them loyal, able, and resourceful, and in return they received her loyalty.

---

17 Neale, op. cit., p. 53.

> Walsingham won his position by sheer force of ability and character; qualities in him which were probably discovered by the penetration of William Cecil, with whom he was always on the most cordial terms, although himself the advocate of a much bolder policy than was favoured by the cautious Lord Treasurer. None could say of Walsingham, as his enemies have said of Cecil, that he was in any degree a time server; he was not only as incorruptible, but it could never be hinted that in affairs of State his line of action was deflected by a hair's breadth by any considerations of personal advantage or advancement. He indulged in none of those arts of courtiership which not only a Leicester, a Hatton, or an Essex, but even a Raleigh, took no shame in employing to extravagance. Not Knollys nor Hunsdon, her own outspoken kinsmen, could be more blunt and outspoken to their royal mistress than he. It would be difficult to find in the long roll of English statesmen one more resolutely disinterested, or one whose services, being admittedly so great, were rewarded so meagrely.[18]

Although Elizabeth's loyalty did not often manifest itself in generosity, she relied heavily on these two men. Never having received generosity as a child, Elizabeth never found it within her power to be overtly generous with others. She repaid them by giving them her confidence and by following most of their advice. Elizabeth, who was passionately against war-like measures, found them a stabilizing influence for the hotheads at court who favored war. While Burghley figures in her religious and political policies, Walsingham appears mainly in the light of a secret service agent. Elizabeth could not have done without either of these brilliant men.

---

18 Arthur D. Innes, Ten Tudor Statesmen (London: Grayson and Grayson, 1934), pp. 241-242.

The complete antithesis to Elizabeth was Mary Stuart, the romantic Queen of Scotland and the Isles. Mary Stuart had few of Elizabeth's qualities. She was a romantic and acted as one in every sense of the word. The struggle between these two women went on for twenty-nine years and ended with Mary's death on the block. They were both at different ends of the pole as women and as queens.

> Mary Stuart was the champion of the old Catholic faith; Elizabeth Tudor constituted herself the defender of the Reformation. The two queens symbolized two antagonistic eras, two antagonistic outlooks upon the universe; Mary incorporating that which was dying out, the Middle Ages, the days of Chivalry; Elizabeth being the embodiment of the new, the coming time. Thus the birth-pangs of a fresh turn in history came to be suffered in the struggle that ensued between these cousins.[19]

Elizabeth's indecision concerning Mary's death is the greatest example of her inability to make up her mind. The insistence of the councillors that she sign the death-warrant made it easier for Elizabeth, for she was anxious to shift the blame from herself to the members of her Council. This way Elizabeth's clemency would be praised, and the Continent could not blame her for Mary's death. Still Elizabeth would not come to a definite decision. Her uncertainty led to outbursts of temper and overwrought

---

19 Stefan Zweig, Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles (New York: The Viking Press, 1935), p. 80.

nerves. After putting it off for nearly a half a year, Elizabeth signed the death-warrant and Mary was executed. Even with this positive act, Elizabeth took a reverse stand and declared she never intended that the death-warrant be carried out.

One of the greatest dangers to her political security was removed when Mary Stuart was executed. Her next victory came with the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The defensive period was over and England began to lay the foundations of a worldwide empire. It is at this point that Elizabeth reached the highest peak of personal victory for herself and England. She had ruled England for thirty years. Her private life had become one with the state. She had never married, although her councillors and her subjects had desperately wanted it. She had successfully warded it off, year after year, until now marriage was too late. She had involved England in a war with Spain only when it had become unavoidable to do anything else. The country was now prosperous and unified and the people humbly thanked their queen for it.

Elizabeth herself was older now. She could sit back and relax, discard the mask she had worn for so long, but she chose to keep it on. The characteristic qualities that had been implanted in her as a young girl had become too much an integral part of her. Whether she

wanted to or not, Elizabeth could never show her real self. Elizabeth was still distrustful of people and situations, and could not even now trust in the security with which she found herself surrounded. She was still unable to completely give her love, trust, or confidence and, as a result, she drew more than ever within herself and lived the rest of her years as much an enigma as ever.

When she was at this peak of personal victory, her favourite, Leicester, died. For thirty years Elizabeth had continued in her relationship with him and, although her love was first for England, she had attached herself to him as a symbol of past love and youth. The ties of the past were beginning to leave her. The last person who was left for her to love was Leicester's step-son Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. There was a fatal attraction between Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex; a woman of fifty-five who was trying to recapture youth, and an ambitious man of twenty-one. Essex, like his predecessors Seymour and Leicester, was a dashing, young court favourite, full of the adventure of the age.

> The ambiguous years passed, and the time came at length when there could be no longer a purpose in marriage. But the Queen's curious temperament remained. With the approach of old age, her emotional excitements did not diminish. Perhaps, indeed, they actually increased; though here too there was a mystification. Elizabeth had been attractive as a girl; she remained for many years a handsome woman;

> but at last the traces of beauty were replaced by hard lines, borrowed colours, and a certain grotesque intensity. Yet, as her charms grew less, her insistence on their presence grew greater. She had been content with the devoted homage of her contemporaries; but from the young men who surrounded her in her old age she required--and received--the expressions of romantic passion. The affairs of State went on in a fandango of sighs, ecstasies, and procrastinations. Her prestige, which success had made enormous, was still further magnified by this transcendental atmosphere of personal worship. . . . Her clearsightedness, so tremendous in her dealings with outward circumstances, stopped short when she turned her eyes within. There her vision grew artificial and confused. It seemed as if, in obedience to a subtle instinct, she had succeeded in becoming one of the greatest of worldly realists by dint of concentrating the whole romance of her nature upon herself. The result was unusual. The wisest of rulers, obsessed by a preposterous vanity, existed in a universe that was composed entirely either of absurd, rose-tinted fantasies or the coldest and hardest of facts. There were no transitions--only opposites, juxtaposed. The extraordinary spirit was all steel one moment and all flutters the next. Once more her beauty had conquered, once more her fascinations had evoked the inevitable response. She eagerly absorbed the elaborate adoration of her lovers, and, in the same instant, by a final stroke of luck and cunning, converted them--like everything else she had anything to do with--into a paying concern.[20]

Elizabeth had had little difficulty with troublesome subjects. They had a deeprooted faith in their queen and were not tempted to arouse her anger. Essex probably caused Elizabeth her most anxiety. At first their relationship was romantic and easy going, but these two distinct personalities were not without their quarrels. In

---

20 Strachey, op. cit., pp. 25-27.

the end it proved to be Essex's undoing. They were forever quarreling, separating, reconciling, and quarreling again. This relationship was to be repeated many times before they finally parted.

Early in 1593 Essex was sworn into the Privy Council. Elizabeth was sixty; Essex, twenty-five.

> As time crept upon her, she seemed to shrink and retreat into the serried gorgeousness of her apparel. Farthingale and ruff became wider and wider, sleeves swelled beyond the circumference of the normal human body, her Majesty was lost within them, and it was impossible to calculate her form. Only the women who dressed her knew that she was a skeleton, still covered with skin but almost devoid of flesh. Between the flaming impossibility of the wig and the width of the cartwheel ruff, the world could only see a carefully painted skull, domineered over by that high, arrogant, hawk-like nose; but from their deeply sunken sockets, the dark, glowing eyes were disquietingly alive. One thing alone time had scarcely touched, her long, beautiful hands. Their skin was drier and the blue paths of their veins more distinct, that was all.[21]

Essex, throughout his brief career, was the most generous patron of Anthony and Francis Bacon. In every attempt for his friends he failed, however, and in his own fatal hour neither came to his aid. Francis eventually turned to the side of Burghley's hunch-back son, Robert Cecil, and Sir Walter Raleigh. Robert Cecil had virtually taken over the position of Principal Secretary when

---

21 J. Delves-Broughton, Crown Imperial (London: Faber and Faber, LTD, 1949), pp. 432-433.

Sir Francis Walsingham died in 1590. He had been carefully educated and possessed much of the great ability that his father had. Raleigh was representative of the rising generation, the men of action. He taught England the might of her fleet and he opened up for her the idea of an Empire beyond the seas. Raleigh's policies agreed in the main with those of the Cecils. The Cecils had no liking for Essex, and Essex, in his turn, was violently jealous of Raleigh's favour with Elizabeth. Essex, who could never conceal his feelings concerning anything, made his enmity known and Elizabeth used this also to her own advantage.

> One day, during a discussion about the appointment of a Lord Deputy for Ireland, Essex was irritated that Elizabeth did not follow his advice. He turned his back upon her with a gesture of contempt. Elizabeth's wrath flamed out in a moment. She gave Essex a box on the ear, and told him to "go and be hanged". Essex, in a fury, clutched his sword, and Nottingham had to come between them and drag away Essex, who swore that he would not have brooked such an affront from Henry VIII himself. It was some time before Essex could be induced to apologise, but Elizabeth never entirely forgave him.[22]

He left the court and went to Wanstead. At the same time the court was shocked by the death of Burghley. Not ten days after his death, the situation in Ireland became more serious. Essex reconciled with Elizabeth.

---

22 Creighton, op. cit., pp. 279-280.

It was not the same as before and perhaps each had a certain premonition of what the future held. The appointment of a Lord Deputy in Ireland was imperative, but Essex disputed every choice. In desperation he suggested himself and Elizabeth accepted. He bungled his job in Ireland with slowness and indecision. After a pseudo-treaty in Ireland, he returned to London, a disgrace in the eyes of the court, a hero in the eyes of the public.

Essex was put under arrest and was not released until eleven months later. He soon fell to plots and intrigues against the Government and when the Council demanded his attendance he refused to go to Court. Instead his adherents had the players at Southwark act Richard the Second, including in it the scene of the deposition of King Richard which had been censored by the Government. The next day, with a band of some hundred men, Essex walked through the streets of London to the Strand, but without the popular backing he had expected. The Queen's troops appeared and Essex surrendered. He went to the Tower on February 8, 1601. Even before his trial, there was no doubt as to the outcome. For once Elizabeth never hesitated in making a decision. For once Elizabeth stuck by her original decision. The trial took place on February 19th and Elizabeth signed the death-warrant without delay when it was brought to her. On February 25, 1601,

the Earl of Essex was beheaded. Elizabeth, in her sixty-seventh year, outlived another lover.

> Afterwards a romantic story was told, which made the final catastrophe the consequence of a dramatic mishap. The tale is well known: how, in happier days, the Queen gave the Earl a ring, with the promise that, whenever he sent it back to her, it would always bring forgiveness; how Essex, leaning from a window of the Tower, entrusted the ring to a boy, bidding him take it to Lady Scrope, and beg her to present it to her Majesty; how the boy, in mistake, gave the ring to Lady Scrope's sister, Lady Nottingham, the wife of the Earl's enemy; how Lady Nottingham kept it, and said nothing, until, on her deathbed two years later, she confessed all to the Queen, who, with the exclamation "God may forgive you, Madam, but I never can!" brought down the curtain on the tragedy. . . . but it does not belong to history. The improbability of its details is too glaring, and the testimony against it is overpowering. . . . Essex made no appeal. Of what use would be a cry for mercy? Elizabeth would listen to nothing, if she was deaf to her own heart.[23]

Elizabeth only lived two more years. She never survived this last shock. She suffered much during the last days of her life and her Coronation Ring which she had never taken off had grown into the flesh. It was filed off and it was as though her last tie with life was gone. On March 24, 1603 she died.

Elizabeth's character still remains a perplexing mystery. Her life was a constant struggle from beginning to end. A realist, she possessed abilities of statesmanship that amounted almost to genius. She knew the virtue

---

23 Strachey, op. cit., pp. 264-265.

of moderation and precaution. Although she always postponed decisions, yet with tough determination she pinched and scraped when State expenses were concerned. Elizabeth lived only for England, but behind her apparently cold and hard tactics was a warmth that manifested itself in her relationships with Seymour, Leicester, and Essex. Her temper was violent and sudden, changing as quickly from outbursts of anger to displays of kindness. Any spilling of blood, whether on the block or in war, was foreign to her personality. Elizabeth always looked ahead and surrounded herself wisely with an organization of clear-thinking statesmen. She was vain in her desire to be considered the greatest of rulers. She was a supreme egoist, passionately desiring power, and bent on seeing England great.

Elizabeth was dissentient, puzzling, distrustful, crafty, skillful, able, circumspective, diplomatic, and far-sighted in her political life. At the same time she was loving, humane, clement, insecure, and completely frustrated in her personal life. The two lives cannot be separated. Elizabeth was fully representative of her period and cannot be judged as queen and woman. The two were interwoven too tightly to see one without the other. The queen influenced the woman,

and the woman influenced the queen. "The country mourned her like an orphan when she died. Her reign was a marriage, and the nation was her child."[24]

---

24 Anthony, op. cit., p. 258.

CHAPTER III

THE ROLE OF ELIZABETH AS CREATED BY MAXWELL ANDERSON AND THE ACTING SCRIPT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE PRODUCTION OF ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

A study of the psychological, sociological, and physiological factors that contributed to the character of Queen Elizabeth was necessary in order to more fully understand her as she is seen in history. With this background of Elizabeth as an historical character, it is necessary to analyze Maxwell Anderson's conception of her in Elizabeth the Queen. Before considering what facets of her character Mr. Anderson has employed in the process of creating an acting role, a discussion of the adaptation of historical facts is required.

Elizabeth the Queen concerns the love affair of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex, his generalship in Ireland, and his execution. Mr. Anderson has included in his play Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Bacon. However, he has deleted and transposed some factual material. Certain major liberties have been taken in the writing of the play for dramatic purposes, in order to present a more compact picture of the events that took place.

The play begins just before Essex goes to Ireland,

which was in April 1599, and concludes with his execution on February 25, 1601. Historically, Lord Burghley died on August 4, 1598 before Essex's venture to Ireland. However, because Burghley represented so much of Elizabeth's reign, he was retained as were the other historical characters. History and drama run parallel through Essex's return and imprisonment on September 28, 1599. Here Mr. Anderson departs from history and the play concludes with Essex's execution. Actually, he was released in August 1600. The following February he revolted against the Government and was again arrested and sent to the Tower. This time Elizabeth ordered his death and on February 25th, nearly two years after his return from Ireland, he was beheaded.

In order to understand how Maxwell Anderson has developed his creation of Elizabeth in the play, an analysis of the script itself is necessary.

> The main temper of the play is unquestionably one of consistent, bitter disillusionment and cynicism. The other characters, the statesmen who surround the Queen--Cecil, Raleigh, Bacon--are one and all schemers and intriguers, their actions governed only by lust for power. To hold power is inevitably to traffic in it and be corrupted by it, Anderson would seem to say; the councilors of Elizabeth's court are kin to the Continental Congressmen of Valley Forge and the corrupt legislators of Both Your Houses.[1]

---

1 Eleanor Flexner, American Playwrights: 1918-1938 (New York: Simon and Shuster, Incorporated, 1938), p. 91.

Act I opens in an entrance hall before the palace at Whitehall. Sir Walter Raleigh and Elizabeth's Lady-in-Waiting, Penelope Gray, present the exposition of the play. The Earl of Essex and Queen Elizabeth have quarreled, but Essex is expected back at court that very day. Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention of his new silver suiting. This was an actual event that Mr. Anderson has incorporated into the play. After Essex's successful venture to Cadiz in 1597 there was a temporary truce between Essex and Raleigh.

> Raleigh celebrated the occasion by having made for him a suit of silver armour; and so once more, superb and glittering, the dangerous man stood in the royal antechamber at Whitehall.[2]

Sir Robert Cecil arrives and the discussion that ensues between Cecil and Raleigh presents a double picture--one of Raleigh's intense dislike of Essex, and one of Elizabeth's and Essex's relationship. Raleigh asks Cecil:

> Which does she love more,
> Her Earl or her kingdom?...
> She loves her kingdom
> More than all men, and always will.[3]

---

2 Lytton Strachey, Elizabeth and Essex (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928), p. 136.

3 Maxwell Anderson, Elizabeth the Queen (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1930), p. 13.

All her long life Elizabeth exemplified this--her struggle to become Queen of England, her refusals to marry, and her jealous love of power. She placed the love of her kingdom first. She had never shared her power with her love, and it was unlikely that she would start to now. The decision lay with Elizabeth, but indecisive and contradictory as she was, Essex's enemies had reason to fear. Cecil's statement, "This Elizabeth of ours can be difficult on her good days--and there have been no good ones lately",[4] further illustrates the fear they had of her undisciplined and violent temper.

To rid themselves of Essex, Raleigh and Cecil plot to send him to Ireland.[5] Mr. Anderson has used this historical basis to build up even more strongly the resentment that existed at court between Robert Cecil and Walter Raleigh toward Essex. Essex then enters with silver armor for all of the Queen's Guard. This incident has no foundation in history, but dramatically is useful in pointing up the forward and youthful attitude of the Queen's young lover.

The scene that follows, between Essex and Sir Francis Bacon, is based partially on letters that Bacon

---

4 Ibid., p. 12.

5 Arthur D. Innes, Ten Tudor Statesmen (London: Grayson and Grayson, 1934), p. 281.

wrote Essex, and partially on Elizabeth's personal attitude about war.[6]

> She is a woman and fights a womanish war....
> You are loved better than
> The Queen. That is your danger. She will not suffer
> A subject to eclipse her; she cannot suffer it.
> Make no mistake. She will not....
> Count not too much on the loves of queens.[7]

Elizabeth's dislike of warlike measures, her ever-present fear that her security might be snatched from her, her vanity as queen, and her warmness as a lover--all of these traits which she displayed all of her life, are pointed out to Essex by Bacon. But Essex exemplifies the Thomas Seymour of Elizabeth's youth--the dashing court favourite who was too ambitious and too greedy for power and who died for it. Mr. Anderson has echoed here those few times in Elizabeth's long life when she allowed her heart to rule her head. He underlines this feeling with the constant reminder that, in the long run, England would always come first and the cold objectivity that Elizabeth exercised for so long would not fail her now.

The first scene of the play points out Elizabeth's age and her desire to recapture youth with a youthful lover, her enigmatic character, and the control she still

---

6 Strachey, op. cit., pp. 119-122; 190-195.

7 Anderson, op. cit., pp. 19-22.

had over her subjects and the world. Although Elizabeth herself is not in the scene, Mr. Anderson has succeeded in painting a composite picture of the Queen as she was seen by historians in her long reign--a picture of the woman and the queen, the lover and the diplomat. He has clearly outlined the problems of court intrigue that were ever-present during Elizabeth's reign. He has drawn an historically accurate blueprint of the personages involved in the intricacies of court life.

Scene 2 of Act I takes place in the Queen's study. A short interview ensues between Essex and Penelope Gray in which Essex declares his love of Elizabeth. Penelope is not an historical character, but is representative of the young Ladies-in-Waiting with whom Elizabeth surrounded herself. With Penelope's departure Elizabeth enters. After a reconciliation between the two, Elizabeth shows her violent temper and then, as suddenly, her love for Essex. The incident is typical of their entire relationship with their constant quarrels, departings, and reconciliations. Elizabeth's lines illustrate this when she says to Essex:

> You are young and strangely winning and strangely sweet.
> My heart goes out to you wherever you are.
> And something in me has drawn you. But this same thing
> That draws us together hurts and blinds us until

We strike at one another....
I think if we are to love we must love and be silent--
For when we speak----[8]

The lines show what Elizabeth has seen in this handsome youth and also the impossibility of their situation. Both people, as history repeats time and again, were drawn to each other. The differences and the similarities of their personalities and positions made it impossible for them to meet on common ground.

Elizabeth's and Essex's discussion of war and his success in Cadiz further illustrates the basic difference between them. Elizabeth never sent her people to war until it was absolutely necessary. The only great war of her reign was the Armada in 1588 in which England won world supremacy. Mr. Anderson's lines sum up the philosophy by which she lived and ruled:

A campaign into Spain's pure madness, and to strike
at Flanders
At the same moment--think of the drain in men
And the drain on the treasury, and the risks we'd
run
Of being unable to follow success or failure
For lack of troops and money---!...
Never yet has a warlike expedition
Brought me back what it cost!...
I have kept the peace
And kept my people happy and prosperous....
It requires more courage not to fight than to fight
When one is surrounded by hasty hot-heads, urging

---

8 Ibid., pp. 27-29.

> Campaigns in all directions....
> It's because I believe in peace and have no faith
> In wars or what wars win.[9]

It has been pointed out previously that this was the policy that Elizabeth followed without fail. Mr. Anderson has accurately dramatized this fundamental trait of Elizabeth's. In this scene Essex calls Elizabeth a penny-pincher, a coward, and a weasel queen. While standing for the hot-blooded younger generation, Essex is contrasted with Elizabeth to show more of her characteristic qualities. Each accusation is true of Elizabeth's past dealings as queen, and each is employed by Mr. Anderson to further round out the personality he is creating.

When their quarrel reaches its peak Essex tells Elizabeth that she is a touchy queen. Elizabeth's sudden reversal of temperament brings out her life as a child as the daughter of Henry VIII.

> I had bad bringing up.
> I was never sure who my mother was going to be
> Next day, and it shook my nerves.[10]

The scene then swiftly concludes with a reconciliation between the lovers and a warning from Elizabeth of Cecil's plans to bait Essex into going to Ireland.

---

9 Ibid., pp. 29-31.

10 Ibid., p. 32.

Mr. Anderson builds the entire association between Elizabeth and Essex as a passionate love affair. In this scene he has developed the theme of great love. He has continued to build up the perplexity of Elizabeth's character by showing in turn her jealousy, her humor, and her love; her love of swearing and the sudden outbursts of temper that so characterize her; her ability as a stateswoman and her policy of peace in regard to war; and her great wisdom and foresight.

Act I, scene 3, takes place in the Council Chamber. The Queen, her fool, Essex, Burghley, Raleigh, Cecil, and numerous Councillors are present. Reference is made to the Spanish hostages. The actual event took place in 1596 when Essex returned from Cadiz in triumph and glory. The Queen insisted that the ransoms from the wealthy hostages belonged to the crown instead of to Essex. Mr. Anderson has transposed historical facts and included them, at a later date, in his play. However, the situation remained the same. Elizabeth demanded the ransoms and then unexpectedly reversed and allowed Essex and his men to keep them.

The Irish problem was the next pressing issue that came before the Council. Tyrone's rebellion in Ulster required immediate attention and an appointment was urgent. Essex, following Bacon's advice, suggested several of

Cecil's friends for the Generalship. When he found these rejected, in anger, he offered his own services.

> Opposition always tended to make Essex lose his head. He grew angry; the Mountjoy proposal seriously vexed him, and the renewal of Knollys' name was the last straw. He fulminated against such notions, and, as he did so, slipped--after what he had himself said, it was an easy, an almost inevitable transition--into an assertion of his own claims. Some councillors supported him, declaring that all would be well if the Earl went; the Queen was impressed; Essex had embarked on a heated struggle--he had pitted himself against Knollys and Mountjoy, and he would win. Francis Bacon had prophesied all too truly--the reckless man had indeed "passed from dissimulation to verity." Win he did. The Queen, bringing the discussion to a close, announced her decision: since Essex was convinced that he could pacify Ireland, and since he was so anxious for the office, he should have it; she would make him her Lord Deputy. With long elated strides and flashing glances he left the room in triumph; and so--with shuffling gait and looks of mild urbanity--did Robert Cecil.[11]

Mr. Anderson has only changed Elizabeth's own personal reactions to this appointment. Historically this scene is accurate in fact. The playwright has afforded himself of the opportunity to show the Queen's willingness in shifting decisions from herself to others. He has shown Elizabeth's sly insight into political and diplomatic problems, her control in the Council, and, once again, her violent temper, climaxing the sequence with: "Yes. Go to Ireland. Go to Hell."[12]

---

11 Strachey, op. cit., pp. 192-193.

12 Anderson, op. cit., p. 46.

The remainder of the scene is pure fiction. Although there is a romantic legend about Elizabeth giving Essex a ring, it is quite unfounded in the annal's of history. However, it affords Mr. Anderson with the opportunity to portray Elizabeth's love for Essex and her fear of him, her foresight of what is to come, her hesitation, caution, and her forgiving nature. Actually it was some months before Essex departed for Ireland. During this interim Essex gravely repented his decision, and Elizabeth wavered between sending him and keeping him in London. Finally she signed his appointment as Lord Deputy and he left amid the cheers of the London citizens. Francis Bacon later wrote:

> I did as plainly see...his overthrow chained, as it were, by destiny to that journey as it is possible for a man to ground a judgment upon future contingents.[13]

Act II opens with a scene that takes place in Essex's tent in Ireland. The playwright depicts the deplorable situation of Essex and his army in Ireland--the illnesses, the losses of men, the lack of supplies and money, and the general unrest among the troops. The scene is heightened dramatically with the entrance of a Courier who brings a letter from Elizabeth demanding

---

13 Strachey, op. cit., p. 198.

that Essex return to London to give himself up. Essex rebels at this humiliation and determines to enter London and take over the Government. Certain liberties have been taken at this point with the course of history. The Queen wrote repeatedly demanding Essex to stay in Ireland and finish the war. However, Essex was faced with failure with each move he made. His sudden decision to return followed a pseudo-peace treaty he effected with the Irish rebel Tyrone. The many letters that passed between Elizabeth and Essex are still preserved and never once did she order his return to London.

The second scene of this act is based primarily on the assumption that Elizabeth's and Essex's letters to each other had been intercepted. Although historically inaccurate, it still provides the forewarning that Cecil and Raleigh have the upper hand at Court and are even capable of turning Sir Francis Bacon against Essex, his patron and friend. The remainder of the scene between Elizabeth and Bacon is based partially on an actual interview between the two. When Elizabeth questioned Bacon about Essex's situation in Ireland he replied:

> "Madam," he said, "if you had my Lord of Essex here with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, and continued him still about you for society to yourself, and for an honour and ornament to your attendance and Court in the eyes of your people, and in the eyes of foreign ambassadors, then were he in

> his right element. For to discontent him as you do, and yet to put arms and power into his hands, may be a kind of temptation to make him prove cumbersome and unruly. And therefore if you would send for him, and satisfy him with honour here near you, if your affairs --which I am not acquainted with--will permit it, I think were the best way."[14]

Other than this historical incident the scene is primarily plotted to indicate the emotional strain Elizabeth was under. Mr. Anderson has used it to show her shrewd, subtle, and cunning intellect working at odds with her strong desire for love and tenderness. He has built in one speech all of these characteristics and indicates the rationalization process that she went through in forcing her mind to rule over her heart.

> I'm gone mad
> Pacing my room, pacing the room of my mind.
> They say a woman's mind is an airless room,
> Sunless and airless, where she must walk alone,
> Saying he loves me, loves me, loves me not,
> And has never loved me. The world goes by all shadows,
> And there are voices, all echoes till he speaks--
> And there's no light till his presence makes a light
> There in that room. But I am a Queen. Where I walk
> Is a hall of torture, where the curious gods bring all
> Their racks and gyves, and stretch me
> Till I cry out. They watch me with eyes of iron.
> Waiting to hear what I cry! I am crying now--
> Listen, you gods of iron! He never loved me--
> He wanted my kingdom only--
> Loose me and let me go! I am still Queen--

---

14 Ibid., p. 210.

That I have! That he will not take from me.
I shall be Queen, and walk his room no more.
He thought to break me down by not answering--
Break me until I'd say, I'm yours, I'm all yours--
what I am
And have, all yours! That I will never, never,
Never say. I'm not broken yet.[15]

The entire scene was used in order to more fully round out the character of the Queen as she existed in history and as the playwright has created her for drama. He succeeds in remaining true to both history and drama and presents a believable human being undergoing normal human emotions.

Scene 3 of Act II takes place in the Council Chamber. It opens with Burghley and Cecil discussing the possibility of a reconciliation between Elizabeth and Essex. News is received that Essex's house in the Strand is full of rebels. The events of Essex's return and his preparation for attack on London are factual, but have been transposed from a later date. These events actually took place in 1601 just preceding his second arrest. Besides these treasonous actions, Sir Gilly Merrick, one of Essex's adherents, went to the players at Southwark.

He was determined, he said, that the people should see that a Sovereign of England could be deposed, and he asked the players to act that afternoon the play of Richard the Second. The players demurred: the play

---

15 Anderson, op. cit., pp. 67-68.

> was an old one, and they would lose money by its performance. But Sir Gilly insisted; he offered them forty shillings if they would do as he wished; and on these terms the play was acted. Surely a strange circumstance! Sir Gilly must have been more conversant with history than literature; for how otherwise could he have imagined that the spectacle of the pathetic ruin of Shakespeare's minor poet of a hero could have nerved any man on earth to lift a hand, in actual fact, against so oddly different a ruler?[16]

This has been changed in order to show Elizabeth's immediate reactions. In the play the two Shakespearean actors, Burbage and Hemmings, are introduced and Elizabeth questions them concerning their performance of the play. Mr. Anderson deftly portrays Elizabeth's wisdom and knowledge of her subjects, her humaneness, and her uncanny farsightedness.

> Is my kingdom so shaky that we dare not listen to a true history? Are my people so easily led that the sight of a king deposed in play will send them running hither to pull the Queen out of her chair? Have we not passion plays in every little town showing the murder of our Lord?...Are we too stupid to see that to prohibit a rebellious play is to proclaim our fear of rebellion?...Let them mutter, if they will. Let them cry out. Let them run the streets, these children. And when they have worn themselves weary running and crying "Up with Essex! Down with Elizabeth!" and got themselves drunk on mutual pledges, they will go to bed, sleep soundly and wake up wiser.[17]

To contrast the more quiet and subtle emotions of this scene, the playwright has followed it with a scene

---

16 Strachey, op. cit., pp. 241-242.

17 Anderson, op. cit., pp. 76-77.

of vivid emotional outbursts. Elizabeth's temper bursts violently over a trivial matter concerning the Court fool and Penelope Gray. It illustrates her sudden reversals of temper and her ability to bring it under control just as quickly.

> Take this fool, Captain, and put him in the dark for three days with but little bread and water. I have a distaste for this fooling....This Mistress Gray, take her too! Let her have bread and water! ...I am weary to death of you! I am weary of all men and women, but more of you than any! You have written. You have had letters! I say, take her out of my sight! Whip them first, whip them both! Nay, leave them here, leave them, knaves--leave them! Damn you, do you hear me! You are too quick to obey orders! You beef-witted bastards! And now let us have entertainment, gentle lords! Let us be merry! The players are here! Let us have a play![18]

Following the interview with the players, Essex and his men burst into the conference. The actual event took place in the Queen's bedroom. Following his return, Elizabeth gave Essex a day of liberty at the Court while she found out exactly what circumstances surrounded his sudden return. That evening she sent Essex word that he was to be confined at York House. He was a virtual prisoner there and at Essex House for eleven months. His liberty then proved even more dangerous and six months later he prepared to march with his men against the city

---

18 Ibid., p. 79.

of London. Essex's plans failed and Elizabeth lost no time in ordering his arrest.

This situation, in the main, has been completely transposed and boiled down into the one day on which Essex returns from Ireland and bursts into the Council Room. The dialogue that follows between Elizabeth and Essex represents much of what these two distinct personalities must have experienced emotionally during the year and a half that elapsed between Essex's return from Ireland and his execution.

Elizabeth cross-examines Essex carefully, showing much of the crafty and cautious statesmanship that she exercised in political matters. She becomes angered with his openly superior attitude and his candid answers. And then she becomes soft and loving when she realizes their letters have been intercepted. After a reconciliation between the two lovers, Essex sums up his actions.

> I am troubled to be dishonest.
> I have brought my army here to the palace
> And though it's all true what we have said--
> No letters--utter agony over long months--
> It is something in myself that has made me do this.
> Not Cecil--not--No one but myself.
> The rest is all excuse....
> If you had but shown anger I could have spoken
> Easily. It's not easy now.
> But speak I must. Oh, I've thought much of this,
> Thinking of you and me. And I say this now
> In all friendliness and love--
> The throne is yours by right of descent and by
> Possession--but if this were a freer time,

If there were elections,
I should carry the country before me. And this
being true,
And we being equal in love, should we not be equal
In power as well?...
As water finds its level, so power goes
To him who can use it and soon or late the name
Of King follows where power is.[19]

Elizabeth's reaction to Essex is both an intellectual and an emotional one. She at last objectively looks at this dashing young courtier and recognizes the greed of power that has completely engulfed him. She finally realizes the real threat that he has become to her position. As a woman Elizabeth is hurt and disappointed. The psychological shock produces all of the cold, steel-like facets of her personality to react and she scoffs at his protested love for her and derides his actions. Elizabeth gives Essex her promise that he will share the realm with her, adding, "As I am Queen, I promise it."[20] Essex's belief in Elizabeth at this point becomes self-evident. All through Elizabeth's long reign her word as Queen had been contradicted and reversed many times. Essex's complete confidence in her is evidenced by his immediate dismissal of his men. To prove they have departed, Elizabeth calls her own guard.

---

19 Ibid., pp. 88-90.

20 Ibid., p. 92.

The scene then takes an abrupt shift as Elizabeth orders the arrest of Essex and his imprisonment in the Tower. Elizabeth's entire life is summed up in the lines she speaks when she sends Essex to the Tower.

> I have ruled England a long time, my Essex,
> And I have found that he who would rule must be
> Quite friendless, without mercy----without love.
> Arrest Lord Essex.
> Arrest Lord Essex! Take him to the Tower--
> And keep him safe....
> I never
> Jest when I play for kingdoms, my Lord of Essex....
> I trusted you.
> And learned from you that no one can be trusted.
> I will remember that.[21]

The situation in which Elizabeth finds herself duplicates itself with many others throughout her long life. She realizes she must stand alone if she is to succeed and learns once again that she can trust only in herself. She places England above everything else. It was one of the few times in Elizabeth's life that she made a decision and did not attempt to alter it in any way. Once Elizabeth determined that Essex should be put on trial and be executed, she never wavered. Although it was fifty-two years later, Elizabeth must have seen the cycle her life had made from the Thomas Seymour episode when she was a young Princess to the Essex affair when she was an aging Queen.

---

21 Ibid., p. 94.

Although Elizabeth never saw Essex after his initial return from Ireland, Mr. Anderson has added a highly imaginative climax to their relationship. The third act takes place in the Queen's apartments in the Tower on the morning that Essex is to die.

> The first part of the Anderson play was not much more than an ably presented preparation for a splendid and glowing last act, which borders on high tragedy. With Essex in the dungeon and Elizabeth in her room just over it an hour before the doomed man is to lose his head, we are suddenly confronted with the meaning of the whole thing, precisely as we realize in life that the haphazard episodes which went before some tense climax are part of a larger scheme of things that we are pleased to call fate or destiny. And here destiny, in the form of political intrigue, has forced the ambitious young Duke into a position of ascendancy over Elizabeth from which he sees with perfect clarity that there is no possible escape....Essex becomes here not a pitiable fool but a truly tragic figure, and Elizabeth not a heartless tyrant but a sort of Cleopatra endowed with superior brains. Had Essex been less clearminded and ambitious, had Elizabeth been less independent or less concerned over her importance as a ruler, a conventional happy ending would have been imperative, and we should have lost a tragic parable. But Essex being the sort of man Mr. Anderson conceives him to have been, and Elizabeth being what she is here made out to be, the answer is tragedy.[22]

Through a number of short sequences the playwright has been able to complete his characterization of the Queen and to philosophize on Elizabeth's life and reign. "Her last years were a notable comment on the emptiness of pomp

---

22 Barrett H. Clark, Maxwell Anderson the Man and His Plays (New York: Samuel French, 1933), pp. 22-23.

and power."[23] Elizabeth's lines in this scene indicate this emptiness and loneliness that she has finally come to recognize.

> The gods of men are sillier than their kings and queens--and emptier and more powerless. There is no god but death....This is the end of me. It comes late. I've been a long time learning. But I've learned it now. Life is bitter. Nobody dies happy, queen or no.[24]

And later, to Cecil, the Queen says:

> It's your day, Cecil.
> I daresay you know that. The snake-in-the-grass
> Endures, and those who are noble, free of soul,
> Valiant and admirable--they go down in the prime,
> Always they go down....
> Aye--the snake mind is best--
> One by one you outlast them. To the end
> Of time it will be so--the rats inherit the earth.[25]

Her words, although not historically accurate, are indicative of all that historians relate concerning Elizabeth's reign and the people that surrounded her. During those adventurous and troublesome days it was the Elizabeths and the Cecils who were victorious, while the Lady Jane Grey's and the Mary Stuart's were beaten down.

> In Elizabeth the Queen the gallant Essex is destroyed by the small-minded conniving men who run Elizabeth's government;...A tragedy of two conflicting lovers the Earl of Essex and Queen Elizabeth,

---

23 John S. Jenkins, Heroines of History (Chicago: L.P. Miller and Company, 1888), p. 322.

24 Anderson, op. cit., pp. 99-100.

25 Ibid., pp. 105-106.

> this play is essentially a tragedy of character. But their love relationship and its tragic climax when Essex loses his handsome head on the block are embedded in the treacherous quicksands of politics and human evil.[26]

The final scene in the play takes place between Elizabeth and Essex. It is a picture of an aging Queen desperately fighting to keep the last memory of youth and love that she possesses. And when Essex warns her of what would happen if he were given his freedom, Elizabeth once more becomes the imperious Queen. Essex then turns to go to his death and Elizabeth echoes the full realization of what their relationship has meant to her.

> Then I'm old, I'm old!
> I could be young with you, but now I'm old.
> I know now how it will be without you. The sun
> Will be empty and circle round an empty earth--
> And I will be queen of emptiness and death--
> Why could you not have loved me enough to give me
> Your love and let me keep as I was?[27]

Making no reply, Essex turns and departs. Elizabeth's final line is a vocalized desire of what she truly wanted in life but found herself incapable of sharing or giving up. "Lord Essex! Take my kingdom. It is yours."[28]

---

26 John Gassner, Masters of the Drama (New York: Dover Publications, 1945), p. 681.

27 Anderson, op. cit., p. 113.

28 Loc. cit.

Elizabeth's last two speeches in the play bear out the last two years of her life. They were the two most uneventful years in her long reign and the end approached very steadily.

> She had sacrificed her private happiness when she had not married Robert Dudley; she had sacrificed her peace of mind when she had consented to the death of the Queen of Scots.[29]

And now she sacrificed her life by sending Essex to his death. She remained, as always, loyal to her subjects and, while she had not broken her promise to them, life had broken her.

Mr. Anderson, as a playwright, has brought all of Elizabeth's long career into action during one of the briefest moments of her life. He has portrayed her background as the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn and has drawn her relationship with Burghley, Cecil, Raleigh, Bacon, and Essex. Each picture has been historically correct and, only in minor instances, has he transposed historical facts or changed them. The only entire scene that has no basis is in the last act. But the lines in the scene represent Elizabeth's reaction to the situation and foresee her last years as history proved them to have been.

---

29 J. Delves-Broughton, Crown Imperial (London: Faber and Faber, LTD, 1949), p. 541.

Mr. Anderson has deftly shewn Elizabeth as the crafty and cautious diplomat and the intelligent yet indecisive statesweman. He has indicated the constant contradictions of her nature, coupled with her violent temper. Elizabeth's love for power and her loyalty to her country are depicted in her policies and in her relationship with people. Her inability to completely trust or confide in those who are close to her is opposed by her love, her humaneness, and her humor. Finally, he has shown her vanity, bitterness, jealousy, and selfishness.

Mrs. Maxwell Anderson, in a personal letter to the author, said of her husbands play: "A playwright, reconstructing the past, makes the character alive for himself, and hopes to make her alive for his audience."[30]

Mr. Anderson certainly accomplished this, drawing from historical sources, and producing an Elizabeth that is imaginatively alive and yet true to history. Certain liberties were necessary, as was pointed out earlier, but the characterization of Elizabeth is one that can be easily accepted and believed.

---

30 A personal letter to Miss Mariam Alexanian from Mrs. Maxwell Anderson (New City, New York, May 26, 1950).

ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Scene - An entrance hall before the palace at Whitehall. The entrance to the Council Room is closed and four GUARDS with halbreds stand at either side. All the GUARDS but one stand immobile. This latter is pacing up and down the corridor. There is an offstage call of "Change the Guard!" At this, the GUARD who is pacing comes to attention. A FIFTH GUARD enters from corridor. They salute and change places. RALEIGH enters from down R.

RALEIGH: Has the Queen come forth yet?

FIRST GUARD: No, Sir Walter.

RALEIGH: The Earl of Essex--is he here?

FIRST GUARD: He is--expected on the moment, my lord.

RALEIGH: When he comes, send me word. I shall be in the Outer Corridor.

FIRST GUARD: Good, my lord. (Exits R.)

(PENELOPE GRAY comes in down L.)

RALEIGH: Greetings, lady, from my heart.

PENELOPE (With a courtsey): Goodmorrow, Lord, from my soul.

RALEIGH: I take my oath in your face that you are rushing to the window to witness the arrival of my Lord of Essex.

PENELOPE: And in your teeth I swear I am on no such errand--but only to see the sun rise.

RALEIGH: The sun has been up this hour, my dear.

PENELOPE: The more reason to hurry, gracious knight. (Starts to cross in front of him. He stops her.)

RALEIGH (His arm around her): Do you think to pull the bag over my head so easily, Penelope? On a day when the Earl returns every petticoat in the palace is hung with an eye to pleasing him. Yours not the least.

PENELOPE: I deny him thrice.

RALEIGH (Pushing her away. She takes a step back): I relinquish you, lady. Run, run to the window! He will be here and you will miss him!

PENELOPE: Is there a lady would run from Sir Walter in his new silver suiting? You dazzle the eye, my lord, with your flashing panoper. It is more brilliant than the sunrise I have missed!

RALEIGH (Looking himself over): Twit me about my armor if you will, my wench--there is no other like it in the kingdom--and not like to be.

PENELOPE: Heaven knows I have seen none like it, and none so becoming.

RALEIGH: Is there no limit to a woman's deception? Would you go so far as to appear pleased if I- (He kisses her.)

PENELOPE: And no deception. I call the gods to witness---did I not blush prettily?

RALEIGH: And meant it not at all. Tell me, did the Queen send you to look out the casement for news of her Essex, or did you come at the prompting of your own heart?

PENELOPE: Shall I tell you the truth?

RALEIGH: Verily.

PENELOPE: The truth is I cannot answer.

RALEIGH (Quickly): Both, then?

PENELOPE: Both or one or neither.

RALEIGH: Fie on the baggage.

PENELOPE: Is it not a virtue to be close-mouthed in the Queen's service?

RALEIGH: If you kept the rest of your person as close as your mouth what a paragon of virtue you would be!

PENELOPE: Indeed, my lord, I am. (Crossing directly in front of RALEIGH and courtesying.)

RALEIGH: Indeed, my lady? Have there not been certain deeds on dark nights?

PENELOPE: Sh! Under the rose.

RALEIGH: Meaning under covers---

PENELOPE: Fie on my lord, to make me out a strumpet!

RALEIGH: It is my manner of wooing, fair maid. I woo by suggestion of images--

PENELOPE: Like small boys on the closet wall--

RALEIGH: Like a soldier--

PENELOPE: Aye, a veteran--of encounters---

RALEIGH: I will have you yet, my love; I will take lessons from this Earl--(He puts his arms around her)

PENELOPE: Take this lesson from me, my Lord: You must learn to desire what you would have. Much wanting makes many a maid a wanton. You want me not--nor I you. You wear your silver for a queen.

CAPTAIN ARMIN (Enters from hallway. At entrance of corridor): Goodmorrow, Sir Walter. Is the Queen still under canopy?

RALEIGH: I know not.

CAPTAIN ARMIN: The Earl is here and would see her.

RALEIGH: Bid him hurry if he wishes to find her abed as usual.

PENELOPE (To CAPTAIN): She is dressed and stirring, Captain, and awaits my Lord. (To RALEIGH as she goes off.) You make yourself so easily disliked.

(CAPTAIN ARMIN signals to the GUARDS, who go off. CAPTAIN ARMIN goes off. RALEIGH is laughing as CECIL enters from stairway.)

CECIL (Pointing up hallway): He is here.

RALEIGH: So. The heavenly boy, clad in the regalia of the sun, even now extracts his gallant foot from his golden stirrup and makes shift to descend from his heaving charger. Acclamation lifts in every voice, tears well to every eye--with the exception of mine, perhaps, and yours, I hope---

CECIL: I am at a pass to welcome him, myself. This Elizabeth of ours can be difficult on her good days--and there have been no good ones lately.
But in truth, I no longer
Stomach Lord Essex. Every word
    he speaks
Makes me feel queasy.

RALEIGH: Then why put up with him?

CECIL (Slyly):
The Queen, my friend. What she
    wants,
She will have,
And she must have her Earl.

RALEIGH:
Which does she love more,
Her Earl or her kingdom?

CECIL: Which?

RALEIGH:
Then you're less sapient
Than I've always thought you, Cecil.
    She loves her kingdom
More than all men, and always
    will. If he could
Be made to look like a rebel,
    which he's close to being---
And she could be made to believe
    it, which is harder,

You'd be first man in the Council.

CECIL: And you would be?

RALEIGH:
Wherever I turn he's stood
Square in my way! My life long
here at court
He's snatched honor and favor
from before my eyes---
Till his voice and walk and
aspect make me writhe---
There's a fatality in it!

CECIL:
Had it ever occurred to you that
If he could be sent from England--
there might be a chance
To come between them?

RALEIGH: Would she let him go?

CECIL:
No--but if he could be teased
And stung about his generalship
till he was
Too angry to reflect-- Let us say
you were proposed
As General for the next Spanish
raid?

RALEIGH (Very quickly):
He would see it.
And so would she.

CECIL:
Then if you were named
For the expedition to Ireland?

RALEIGH:
No, I thank you.
He'd let me go, and I'd be sunk
in a bog
This next three hundred years.
I've seen enough
Good men try to conquer Ireland.

CECIL:
Then how would this be?
We name three men for Ireland of
his own supporters;
He will oppose them, not wishing
his party weakened
At the court. Then we ask what
he suggests
And hint at his name for leader--

RALEIGH: Good so far.

CECIL:
He will be angry and hint at your
name; and you will offer
To go if he will.

RALEIGH: No. Not to Ireland.

CECIL (Topping him):
Yes!
Do you think he'd let you go with
him and share
The military glory? It will go
hard
Having once brought up his name,
if we do not manage
To ship him alone to Dublin.

RALEIGH:
We can try it, then,
Always remembering that no matter
what
Is said--no matter what I say or
you--
I do not go. You must get me out
of that,
By Christ, for I know Ireland.

CECIL: I will.

RALEIGH: When is the council?

CECIL: At nine.

RALEIGH: You'll make these
suggestions?

CECIL: Yes.

RALEIGH: At nine, then.

CECIL: Be easy.

(Two GUARDS enter from hallway with silver armor in their arms. They come only as far as the entrance.)

RALEIGH: And what is all this, sirrah?

FIRST MAN: Armor, my lord. From my lord of Essex.

RALEIGH: For whom?

FIRST MAN: We know not.

RALEIGH: Now by the ten thousand holy names! Am I mistaken, Robert, or is this armor very much like my own?

CECIL (Touching armor): Very like, I should say. Is it sterling?

RALEIGH: And the self-same pattern. Has the Earl gone lunatic?

(BACON enters and stands in doorway.)

CECIL (To RALEIGH): He means to outshine you, perhaps.

RALEIGH: Has it come to this? Do I set the style for Essex? That would be a mad trick—to dress himself like me. (Crosses to down L. and sees BACON.) What do you know of this, Sir Francis?

BACON: They are Greeks, my lord, bearing gifts.

RALEIGH:
To hell with your Greeks!
The devil damn him! This is some
blackguardy.
(Turns away from BACON and two
more GUARDS enter from hallway,
carrying armor.)
There's more of it!
(Still two more GUARDS enter,
carrying armor.)
Good God, it comes in bales!
I say, who's to wear this, sirrah?
Who is it for?

(ESSEX enters from hallway between
the two files of GUARDS, pushing
them aside as he does so, and
crosses down to RALEIGH, speaking
as he enters.)

ESSEX:
Their name is legion, Sir Walter.
Happily met---
Felicitations on your effulgence,
sir!
You're more splendid than I had
imagined! News came of your
silver
Even in my retreat! I was ill,
and I swear it cured me!

RALEIGH: I'm glad you're well
again, my lord.

ESSEX:
You should have heard the compli-
ments I've heard
Passed on you! Sir Walter's in
silver! The world has been out-
done
They said--the moon has been out-
mooned.

RALEIGH: You need not trouble to
repeat them.

ESSEX:
The Queen herself has admired it--
the design----

The workmanship----
And I said to myself-- The great
man--this is what we have
needed---
More silver everywhere--oceans of
silver!
Sir Walter has set the style, the
world will follow.
So I sent for the silver-smiths.
And by their sweat
Here's for you, lads, tailored to
every man's measure--
Enough for the whole Queen's
Guard.
Shall Raleigh wear silver alone!
Why, no--the whole court shall go
argent!

RALEIGH (Crossing to ESSEX):
Take care, my lord. I bear in-
sults badly.

ESSEX:
And where are you insulted?
For the Queen's service you buy
you a silver armor.
In the Queen's service I buy you
a dozen more.
A gift, my friends, each man to
own his own.
As you own yours. What insult?

RALEIGH:
Have your laugh,
Let the Queen and court laugh with
you! Since you are envious
You may have my suit. I had not
thought even Essex
Bore so petty a mind.

ESSEX:
I misunderstood you,
Perhaps, Sir Walter. I had suppos-
ed you donned
Silver for our Queen, but I was
mistaken--
Keep these all for yourself. The
men shall have others--
Some duller color.

FIGURE 1

Act I, scene 1.
"He is going to the Queen, remember.
And we have an appointment."

RALEIGH:
I have borne much from you
Out of regard for the Queen, my
lord of Essex--

ESSEX: And I from you--

RALEIGH: My God--

CECIL:
You have forgotten, Sir Walter
A certain appointment--

RALEIGH: And you will bear more,
by Heaven!

CECIL:
He is going to the Queen,
Remember. And we have an errand.

ESSEX:
You presume to protect me,
Master Secretary?

CECIL:
I protect you both, and our
mistress.
There can be no quarreling here.

RALEIGH: That's very true. Let
us go. (Both bow. RALEIGH goes
out L. CECIL stops a moment, bows,
then follows.)

ESSEX (To GUARDS): Go. Follow your
bright example. (The GUARDS go
off.)

BACON: And this armor? What be-
comes of it?

ESSEX:
I have given it.
Would you have me take it back?

BACON:
There has seldom been
A man so little wise, so headstrong,
but he

Could sometime see how necessary
it is
To keep friends and not make en-
emies at court.
But you---God knows.

ESSEX:
Let him make friends with me.
He may need friends himself.
(Crossing toward door L.)

BACON: You are going to the Queen?

ESSEX: Yes. God help us both.

BACON: Then hear me a moment---

ESSEX (Crossing back to BACON):
Speak, Schoolmaster Bacon,
I knew it was coming. You've been
quiet too long.

BACON:
Listen to me this once, and listen
this once
To purpose, my Lord, or it may
hardly be worth
My while to ever give you advice
again
Or for you to take it. You have
enough on your hands
Without quarreling with Raleigh.
You have quarrelled with the
Queen
Against my judgment.

ESSEX:
God and the devil! Can a man
Quarrel on order or avoid a
quarrel at will?

BACON: Why, certainly, if he
knows his way.

ESSEX: Not I.

BACON:
You quarrelled with her, because
she wished to keep peace

And you wanted war--

ESSEX:
We are at war with Spain!
But such a silly, frightened,
womanish war
As only a woman would fight--

BACON: She is a woman and fights a womanish war.

ESSEX: But if we are at war, why not let some blood--

BACON:
But ask yourself one question and
answer it
Honestly, dear Essex, and perhaps
you will see then
Why I speak sharply. You are my
friend and patron.
Where you gain I gain--where you
lose I lose--
And I see you riding straight to
a fall today--
And I'd rather your neck weren't
broken.

ESSEX:
Ask myself
What question?

BACON:
Ask yourself what you want:
To retain the favor of the Queen,
remain
Her favorite, keep all that goes
with this,
Or set yourself against her and
trust your fortune
To popular favor?

ESSEX: I'll not answer that.

BACON: Then--I have done. (Start off up hallway.)

ESSEX (Stopping him, crossing back to BACON):

Forgive me, dear friend, forgive me.
I've been ill of mind, and this silly jackanapes
Of a Raleigh angers me with his silver mountings
Till I forget who's my friend. You know my answer
In regard to the Queen. I must keep her favor.
Only, I cannot endure--it maddens me--her everlasting dilly-dallying.
This utter mismanagement, when a man's hand and brain
Are needed and cannot be used.

BACON:
Let me answer for you:
You are not forthright with yourself. The Queen
Fights wars with tergiversation and ambiguities--
You wish to complete your record as general,
Crush Spain, make a name like Caesar's,
Climb to the pinnacle of fame. Take care,
You are too popular already. You have
Won at Cadiz, caught the people's hearts,
Caught their voice till the streets ring your name
Whenever you pass. You are loved better than
The Queen. That is your danger. She will not suffer
A subject to eclipse her; she cannot suffer it.
Make no mistake. She will not.

ESSEX: And I must wait--hold myself back---

BACON: Even so.

ESSEX:
Why? I come of better blood than
Elizabeth.
My name was among the earls around
King John
Under the oak---
What the nobles have taught a king
A noble may teach a queen.

BACON (Quickly and forcefully):
You talk treason and death.
The old order is dead, and you and
your house will die
With it if you cannot learn.

ESSEX:
So said King John
Under the oak, or wherever he was
standing.
And little he got by it, as you
may recall.
What the devil's a king but a man,
or a queen but a woman?

BACON:
King John is dead; this is
Elizabeth.
There is one man in all her king-
dom she fears, and
That man's yourself, and she has
good reason to fear you.
You're a man not easily governed,
rebellious,
Moreover, a general, popular and
acclaimed,
And, last, she loves you, which
makes you the more to be
feared,
Whether you love her or not.

ESSEX: I do love her. I do.

BACON: My lord, a man as young
as you--

ESSEX:
If she were my mother's kitchen
hag,

Toothless and wooden-legged, she'd
make all others
Colorless.

BACON: You play dangerously here,
my lord.

ESSEX:
I've never yet loved or hated
For policy nor a purpose. I tell
you she's a witch--
And has a witch's brain. I love
her, I fear her,
I hate her, I adore her---

BACON:
That side of it, you must know
For yourself.

ESSEX:
I will walk softly--here is my hand.
Distress yourself no more--I can
carry myself.

BACON: Only count not too much on
the loves of queens.

ESSEX: I'll remember. (RALEIGH
enters down L. and starts to cross
up to hallway. He sees ESSEX and
stops. He is wearing ordinary
clothes, having dispensed with his
armor. ESSEX crosses to RALEIGH.)
What! Have you thrown your silver
in the mud
After your cloak, Sir Walter?
Take care!
Take care! She stepped on your
cloak to some purpose,
But on your armor, she might slip.

(ESSEX crosses L. and goes off.)

CURTAIN

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

Scene - The QUEEN'S study. It is a severe little room. In the upper L. corner is a chair. Down C. is a desk with a chair on either side. There are entrances both down L. and down R. On the desk are various state papers, some books and a deck of cards and a calendar. PENELOPE is seated on the chair L. ESSEX enters R.

PENELOPE: Good-morrow, my lord. (She courtseys.)

ESSEX: Good-morrow, Penelope. Have I kept the Queen?

PENELOPE: Would I acknowledge Her Majesty would wait for you?

ESSEX: I commend me to your discretion.

PENELOPE: Only to my discretion?

ESSEX: Take her what message you will--only let it be known that I am here.

PENELOPE: May I have one moment, my lord? She is not quite ready.

ESSEX: As many as you like. What is it, my dear?

PENELOPE: Do you love the Queen?

ESSEX: Is that a fair question, as between maid and man.

PENELOPE (Very quickly): An honest question.

ESSEX: Then I will answer honestly. Yes, my dear.

PENELOPE: Dearly?

ESSEX: Yes.

PENELOPE: I would you loved someone who loved you better.

ESSEX: Meaning--whom?

PENELOPE (Not looking at him): Meaning--no one. Myself, perhaps. That's no one. Or---anyone who loved you better.

ESSEX: Does she not love me, sweet?

PENELOPE: She loves you, loves you not, loves you, loves you not---

ESSEX: And why do you tell me this?

PENELOPE: Because I am afraid.

ESSEX: For me?

PENELOPE: I have heard her when she thought she was alone, walk up and down her room soundlessly, night long, cursing you--cursing you because she must love you and could not help herself--swearing to be even with you for this love she scorns to bear you. My lord, you anger her too much.

ESSEX: But is this not common to lovers?

PENELOPE: No. I have never cursed you. And I have good cause.

ESSEX: But if I were your lover, you would, sweet. So thank God I am not.

PENELOPE: I'll tell her you are here. (She starts to go off, then turns and comes to him. She lifts her face to be kissed. He kisses her.) Will you beware of her?

ESSEX:
Lover, beware your lover-- That's an old song.
I will beware.

PENELOPE: For I am afraid.

ESSEX (Kisses her hand): Thank you, my dear. (She goes off. Two LADIES-IN-WAITING enter and hold the draperies back.)

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING: Her Majesty.

(ELIZABETH enters. The two LADIES-IN-WAITING go out.)

Stop a moment on platform U.L., look at him and cross C. to L. of ESSEX. Extend right hand to be kissed.

ELIZABETH:
When we met last it was, as I remember,
Ill-met by moonlight, sirrah.

ESSEX (who has knelt before her entrance and who now takes her hand and kisses it):
Well-met by day,
My Queen.

ESSEX continue to hold her hand. Look down at his bowed head.

ELIZABETH:
I had hardly hoped to see you again,
My Lord of Essex, after what was vowed
Forever when you left.

ESSEX:
You are unkind
To remind me.

ELIZABETH:
I think I also used
The word forever, and meant it as

Release hand from him.
Turn L. slightly, angry.

much, at least---
Therefore, no apology. Only my Penelope
Passed me just now with eyes and lips
That looked the softer for kissing. I'm not sure
But I'm inopportune.

Turn R., face him.

ESSEX: She's a crazy child.

Sarcastic.

ELIZABETH:
These children
Have their little ways with each other!

ESSEX:
Must we begin
With charges and counter-charges, when you know---(He rises.)

ELIZABETH:
Do I indeed?
You have gone a week, at this Wanstock of yours---
And a week's a long time at court. You forget that I
Must live and draw breath whether I see you or not---
And there are other men all fully Equipped for loving and being loved!

Turn, cross L., tauntingly, laughingly.
Turn, look at him, imitate with gestures the silver armor.

You find Penelope charming. And as for me
There's always Mountjoy--or Sir Walter---the handsome,
Sir Walter, the silver-plated---

ESSEX:
He'll wear no more
Silver at your door.

Step to him R. Laugh, more interested.

ELIZABETH:
What have you done--come, tell me.
I knew this silver would draw fire. What happened?

ESSEX: Nothing. But the fashion's gone out.

ELIZABETH: No, but tell me!

ESSEX:
He was unfortunate enough to be
in the way when the upstairs
crock
Was emptied. He has gone to
change his clothes.

Laughing heartily.

ELIZABETH:
You shall not be allowed
To do this to him---

After line, he moves directly to her. Both look intently at each other a moment, then long embrace.

ESSEX: (Moving toward her):
You shall not be allowed
To mock me, my Queen.
(Kisses her.)

Slight tinge of sarcasm and teasing.

ELIZABETH (After the kiss):
Isn't it strange how one man's
kiss can grow
To be like any other's---or a
woman's
To be like any woman's?

ESSEX:
Not yours for me,
No, and not mine for you, you
lying villain,
You villain and queen, you double-
tongued seductress,
You bitch of brass!

Still teasing him.

ELIZABETH:
Silver, my dear. Let me be
A bitch of silver. It reminds me
of Raleigh.

ESSEX (Releasing her angrily and crossing R.): Damn you!

Laugh, pleased over baiting him into anger.

ELIZABETH:
Damn you! And double-damn you for
a damner.
Damn him, not me.

Cross to desk C. and look at Calendar. Then, cross D.L.

Come some day when I'm in the mood.
What's today?
---Thursday? Try next Wednesday---

Flippant, off-hand manner.

or any Wednesday
Later on in the summer----any summer

Turn R., look at him.

Will do. Why are you still here?

ESSEX (Turns toward door R.):
Oh, God, if I could but walk out that door
And stay away!

Still laughing.

ELIZABETH: It's not locked.

ESSEX:
But I'd come back!
Where do you think I've been this last week? Trying,
Trying not to be here. But you see, I am here.

Sober, thoughtful.

ELIZABETH: Yes, I see.

ESSEX (In front of desk):
Why did you plague me without a word?

Hurt, showing desire for him.

ELIZABETH: Why did you not come?

ESSEX:
You are a Queen, my Queen.
You had prescribed me--let it be known I would
Not be admitted if I came.

Attempt to apologize and show him what his absence meant to her.

ELIZABETH:
I may have meant it at the time.

ESSEX:
I think I have a demon, and you are it!

Cross U.C. to chair L. and sit. Head in hands, wanting him to leave and stay at the same time.

ELIZABETH:
If ever a mocking devil tortured a woman
You're my devil and torture me!
Let us part and quickly,
Or there'll be worse to come. Go.

ESSEX: I tell you I will not.

Speak softly and kindly, extend arms for him to come to her.

ELIZABETH:
Come to me, my Essex.
(ESSEX crosses and kneels at her R. He puts his arms around her waist.)
Let us be kind
For a moment. I will be kind.
You need not be.

Take his face in her hands. Look lovingly at him.

You are young and strangely winning and strangely sweet.
My heart goes out to you wherever you are.
And something in me has drawn you.

A warning to him, but spoken sincerely.

But this same thing
That draws us together hurts and blinds us until
We strike at one another. This has gone on
A long while. It grows worse with the years. It will end badly.
Go, my dear, and do not see me again.

ESSEX:
All this
Is what I said when last I went away.
Yet here I am.

Attempt to convince him of the danger in their relationship.

ELIZABETH:
Love someone else, my dear.
I will forgive you.

ESSEX:
You mean you would try to forgive me.

ELIZABETH:
Aye, but I would.

ESSEX:
What would you have to forgive?
I have tried to love others. It's empty as ashes.

Angry, stiffen body.

ELIZABETH:
What others?

ESSEX: No one.

More angry. Hands on arms, pushing him away.

ELIZABETH: What others?

ESSEX: Everyone.

Rise, push him from her. He rises too.

ELIZABETH: Everyone?

ESSEX:
That too has been your triumph!
What is a cry
Of love in the night, when I am
sick and angry
And care not? I would rather hear
your mocking laughter---
Your laughter--mocking at me--
defying me
Ever to be happy---

Still angry.

ELIZABETH: You have done this to me?

ESSEX:
You have done this to me! You've
made it all empty
Away from you! And with you too!

Arrogant.

ELIZABETH: And me--what of me while you were gone?

ESSEX (Crossing back to her and taking her in his arms):
If we
Must quarrel when we meet, why
then, for God's sake,
Let us quarrel. At least we can
quarrel together.

Soften, look down as though afraid to look him straight in the face.

ELIZABETH:
I think if we are to love we must
love and be silent---
For when we speak---

ESSEX:
I'll be silent, then.
And you shall speak---

Release herself and cross D.C. by desk.

ELIZABETH:
Shhh!

ESSEX:
If you would sometimes heed me--

Gently trying to end discussion.

ELIZABETH:
Shhh!

ESSEX: Only sometimes-- (Cross R. above desk.)

Laugh. Hand him cards from desk.

ELIZABETH:
Shhh!

ESSEX (Taking cards from her and crossing R. of desk and sitting. Deal cards):
Only when I'm right--if you would
Say to yourself that even your lover might be
Right sometimes, instead of flying instantly
Into opposition as soon as I propose
A shift in policy!

Both settle back in chairs, begin sorting cards. ELIZ. glance over his shoulder at his cards and compare them with her own. Carry on conversation intellectually and calmly. Simply talk-situation over while playing card game.

ELIZABETH:
But you were wrong!
A campaign into Spain's pure madness, and to strike at Flanders
At the same moment--think of the drain in men
And the drain on the treasury, and the risks we'd run
Of being unable to follow success or failure
For lack of troops and money---!

ESSEX (Turn in and look at her):
But why lack troops---
And why lack money?
There's no richer country in Europe
In men or money than England! It's this same ancient
Unprofitable niggardliness that pinches pennies
And wastes a world of treasure! You could have all Spain,
And Spain's dominions in the new world, an empire

ELIZ. indicate with with hand gesture It's his turn to play card.

Of untold wealth--and you forego them because
ESSEX plays first card. You fear to lay new taxes!

ELIZABETH:
I have tried that---
And never yet has a warlike expedition
Play card. Brought me back what it cost!

Play card, take trick. ESSEX:
ELIZ. look at trick, You've tried half-measures---
settle back and look Raids on the Spanish coast, a few horsemen sent
hand over again. Into Flanders and out again, always defeating
Indicate it's her turn Yourself by trying too little! What I plead for
to play. Is to be bold once, just once, give the gods a chance
She plays first card To be kind to us---walk through this cobweb Philip
of second trick. And take his lazy cities with a storm
Of troops and ships!
If we are to trifle we might better sit
Slap card down. At home forever, and rot!

Angrily throw cards ELIZABETH:
on floor in front of Here we sit, then,
desk. And rot, as you put it.

Pick up cards, hand ESSEX:
them to her. I'm sorry---

Take cards and sort ELIZABETH:
them. It seems to me
We rot to some purpose here. I have kept the peace
And kept my people happy and prosperous. They
Play and quickly take Have had time for music and poetry--
trick.

ESSEX:
He plays first card And at what a price---
of third trick. What a cowardly price!

Calm down, begin to think more of card game again.

ELIZABETH:
I am no coward, either.
It requires more courage not to
    fight than to fight
When one is surrounded by hasty
    hot-heads, urging
Campaigns in all directions.

Play card.

ESSEX:
Think of the name
You will leave--- They will set
    you down in histories
As the weasel queen who fought and
    ran away,
Who struck one stroke, preferably
    in the back,
And then turned and ran---

Play card on last line. As he reaches for it, she does too. She takes it although it's not her trick.

Take trick and lean in over table, look squarely at him. Shrewd, knowing attitude.

ELIZABETH:
Is it my fame you think of,
Or your own, my lord? Have you
    not built your name
High enough? I gave you your
    chance at Cadiz,
And you took it, and now there's
    no name in all England
Like yours to the common people.
    When we ride in the streets
It's Essex they cheer and not
    their Queen.
What more would you have?

ESSEX:
Is it for
This hollow cheering you hold me
    back from Spain?

Play first card of this trick.

As though explaining it to him for the hundredth time. Patiently. Play card.

ELIZABETH:
It's because I believe in peace,
    and have no faith
In wars or what wars win.

ESSEX:
You do not fear me?

Forgetting card game.

ELIZABETH:
I fear you, too! You believe
    yourself

FIGURE 2

Act I, scene 2.
"You believe you'd rule England
Better because you're a man."

Try kindly to show him how false flattery is and how foolish he is to believe in it. Glance L. where PENELOPE went off. Lean over desk and lay down cards in hand with tricks taken in. Pick all up.

Fitter to be king than I to be queen! You are flattered
By this crying of your name by fools! You trust me no more
Than you'd trust--Penelope-- or any other woman
To be in power! You believe you'd rule England better
Because you're a man!

ESSEX:
That last is true. I would.
It's because I love you that I can see
Wherein you fail--and why you fail and where
You fail as sovereign here. It's because
You cannot act and think like a man.

ELIZ. sit straight up, stiffly in chair, becoming angry.

Rise, throw cards in his face. Turn, stalk L. ESSEX kneel, pick cards up, put on desk. Turn R. and look at him angrily.

ELIZABETH:
By God, I'll make you sorry
For those words! Act and think like a man---!
Why should I think like a man when a woman's thinking's wiser?
What do you plan? To take over the kingdom, depose me?

ESSEX (Smiling):
You are a touchy queen.

Look at him a moment, relax, laugh heartily. Cross U.C. above desk onto platform.

ELIZABETH:
I had bad bringing up.
I was never sure who my mother was going to be
Next day, and it shook my nerves.

ESSEX (Cross up to platform):
You're your father's daughter.
I'll swear to that. I can tell by your inconstancy.

Suddenly very serious.

ELIZABETH:
I wish you had need
To fear it---or at any rate that I'd never
Let you see how much I'm yours.

ESSEX: But why?

Holds out her hands to him. He crosses to her, takes her in his arms.

ELIZABETH:
Tell me, my dear,
Do I tire you--do I wear upon you
a little?

ESSEX: Never.

So afraid of being hurt and of losing him that she finally must speak to be reassured of his love. Use very slight note of pleading. Sincere, kind, and loving.

ELIZABETH:
But you'd have to say that, you
can see---
You'd have to say it, because you
wouldn't hurt me,
And because I'm your queen. And
so I'll never know
Until everyone else has known and
is laughing at me,
When I've lost you.
(He starts to speak.)
Wait, let me say this, please--
When the time
Does come, and I seem old to you--

ESSEX (Holding her closer to him):
You are not old. I will not have
you old.

ELIZABETH (Continues):
---and you love
Someone else, tell me, tell me
the first---
Will you do that, in all kindness,
in memory
Of a great love past? No. You
could not, could not.
It's not in a man to be kind that
way, nor in
A woman to take it kindly. I
think I'd kill you,
In a first blind rage.

Look at him a moment, then turn L. Cross to chair U.L. by window. On last line turn to him. Calm, but with slight edge of coldness. Forewarning of actions at end of Act II.

ESSEX (Crossing to her):
Kill me when I can say it.

Take her in his arms again. Speak with hesitance and misgiving that it must be said.

ELIZABETH:
Love, will you let me
Say one more thing that will hurt
you?

ESSEX (Kisses her hand): Anything.

Speak warmly to soften shock for ESSEX.

ELIZABETH:
Your blood's on fire to lead a new command
Now that you've won so handsomely in Spain
And when I need a general anywhere
You'll ask to go. Don't ask it-- and don't go.
You're better here in London!

Quicken tempo on last two lines.

ESSEX (Breaking away from her):
Was this all you wanted?
To make me promise this?

Slow down tempo gradually as she tries to explain her reasoning to him.

ELIZABETH:
Not for myself,
I swear it, not because I think you reckless
With men and money, though I do think that,
Not because you might return in too much triumph
And take my kingdom from me, which I can imagine,
And not because I want to keep you here
And hate to risk you, though that's also true---
But rather--and for this you must forgive me--
Because you're more a poet than a general---
And I fear you might fail, and lose what you have gained,
If you went again.

Put hand on his arm. Speak firmly and definitely, without any hardness, to convince him of danger.

ESSEX (Crossing R. above chair R. of desk):
God's death! Whom would you send?

Quietly in contrast to his anger.

ELIZABETH:
I asked you not to be angry.

ESSEX:
Not to be angry!
How do you judge a leader except

by whether
He wins or loses?
(Turn and look at her.)
Was it by chance, you think,
That I won at Cadiz?

Fold hands and look down. Still calm. Extremely sincere and warm, extend hand slightly to him.

ELIZABETH:
Very well. You shall go.
Go if you will. Only I love
you, and I say
What would be wiser.

ESSEX:
You choose the one thing I must
have
And ask me not to ask it! No.
Forgive me.

Not looking at him; keep self in complete control.

ELIZABETH:
I'll not say it again.

ESSEX (Crossing to her, calmer now):
But if I'm more poet than
General, then poets, on occasion,
make better generals
Than generals do.

Her hands on his arms, smiling with him.

ELIZABETH:
You've proved it so
On more than one occasion.

Both look off R. at sound of CHIMES.

(The CHIMES strike nine. There are four offstage CALLS of "The Council is met!")

Look at him, almost afraid there'll be another quarrel.

Now we shall hear about Ireland,
If Cecil has his way. One thing
remember,
You must not go to Ireland.

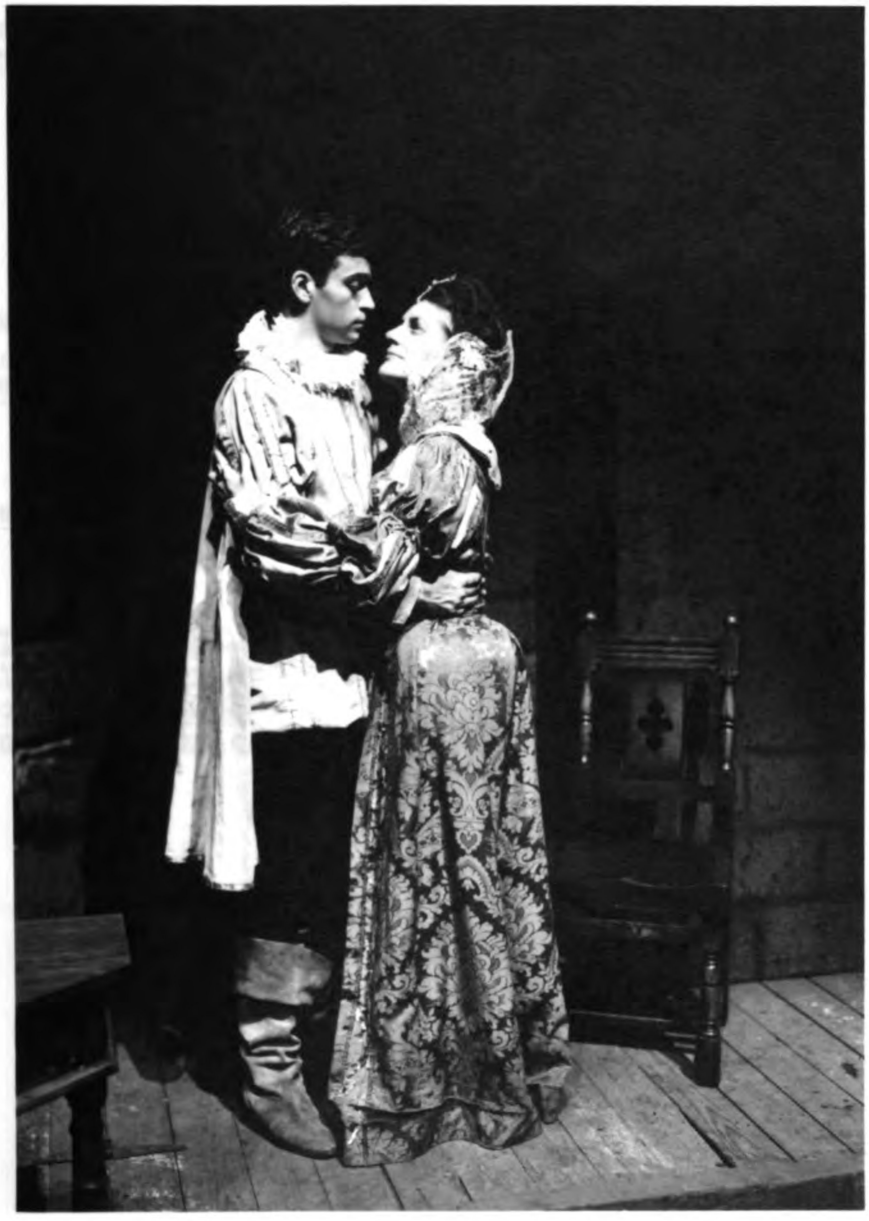
ESSEX:
No. That's a war
I'm content to miss.

Complete relief and relaxation. Cautious, hedging.

ELIZABETH:
Thank God for that much, then.
I've been afraid
Ireland might tempt you. And
will you understand---

FIGURE 3

Act I, scene 2.
"Now what can come between us,
out of heaven or hell, or Spain or England?"



I'll have to oppose you on
The Spanish hostages--- You'll
have your way---
But I'll have to oppose you.
Will you understand---?

Laugh, seeing his anger start to rise.

ESSEX (Taking her in his arms and holding her close to him):
I'll play my part perfectly.

Put arms around him. Relaxed, happy, and completely warm.

ELIZABETH:
Now what can come between us, out
of heaven or hell,
Or Spain or England?

He kisses her.

ESSEX:
Nothing---never again.
(PENELOPE GRAY enters from L. She stops in the entrance.)

ELIZABETH and ESSEX, still kissing, pay no attention to PENELOPE, who turns and goes off.

PENELOPE (Courtseying):
Your Majesty, the Council's met.

CURTAIN

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

Scene - the Council Chamber. It is a large room with entrances down L. and down R. respectively. Up L. in the room is a two-stepped platform, on the top of which is a chair of state. Stage C., on stage level, is a long council table with chairs. The QUEEN is seated in her throne, holding her ball and mace. ESSEX is at the R. end of table and CECIL at the L. The other COUNCILLORS are seated at the table, from L. to R., as follows: RALEIGH, BURGHLEY, FIRST EXTRA COUNCILLOR, SECOND EXTRA COUNCILLOR. The FOOL sits cross-legged on a pillow on the top of the platform at the QUEEN'S L. As the Curtain rises there is a general ad lib. among the COUNCILLORS which ELIZABETH interrupts with:

ELIZABETH:
Then the issue lies between the queen
And her soldiers--and your lordship need feel no
Concern in the matter.

Look at ESSEX, with slight trace of a smile on her face.

ESSEX:
When I made these promises
I spoke for your Majesty--or believed I did.

CECIL:
My liege,
It is well known a regent may repudiate
Treaty or word of a subject officer.
The throne is not bound.

ESSEX:
If it comes to repudiation,
The throne can, of course, repudiate what it likes.
But not without breaking faith.

With slight condescending attitude, putting ESSEX above CECIL in her eyes, indicating her power over the Council.

ELIZABETH:
I fear we are wrong, Sir Robert;
And what has been promised for me and in my name
By my own officer, my delegate in the field,
I must perform. The men may have their ransoms.

More serious, the monarch making decisions of state.

The state will take its loss; for this one time
Only, and this the last. In the future a prisoner
Is held in the name of the state, and whatever price
Is on his head belongs to the crown. Our action
Here is made no precedent. What further
Business is there before us?

Close discussion of hostages; a moments pause, then ask for further business.

CECIL (Rise and cross U.C. of QUEEN):
There is one perpetual
Subject, your Majesty, which we take up
Time after time; and always leave unsettled,
But which has come to a place where we must act
One way or another. Tyrone's rebellion at Ulster---
Is no longer a smouldering goal, but a running fire
Spreading north to south. We must conquer Ireland
Finally now, or give over what we have won.
Ireland's not Spain. (Sit in chair)

ELIZABETH and ESSEX exchange glances.

Agree; glance again at ESSEX to see his reactions.

ELIZABETH:
I grant you.

FOOL:
I also grant you.

Sharply.

ELIZABETH:
Be quiet, Fool.

FOOL:
Be quiet, Fool. (The FOOL slaps his own mouth.)

Attitude of real concern over problem. Show respect of BURGHLEY.

ELIZABETH:
Lord Burghley,
You shall speak first. What's to be done in Ireland?

BURGHLEY (Rising at place):
If my son is right, and I believe him to be,
We can bide our time no longer there. They have
Some help from Spain, and will have more, no doubt.
And the central provinces are rising. We must
Stamp out this fire or lose the Island.

Shrewd, disliking idea, but knowing it must be done.

ELIZABETH:
This means
Men, money, ships?

BURGHLEY: Yes, madam.

CECIL:
And more than that---
A leader. (Rises.)

Anticipate his reply.

ELIZABETH: What leader?

CECIL:
A Lord Protector
Of Ireland who can carry sword and fire
From one end of the bogs to the other, and have English law
On Irish rebels till there are no rebels.
We've governed Ireland with our left hand, so far,
And our hold is slipping. The man who goes there
Must be one fitted to master any field---
The best we have.

Slightly impatient.

ELIZABETH: What man? Name one.

CECIL (Cross above chair):
We should send,
Unless I am wrong, a proved and able general,
Of no less rank than Lord Howard here,

Start at name of ESSEX.

Lord Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Knollys, or Mountjoy---
This is no slight matter to keep or lose the Island.

Agree once she realizes he hasn't named any one man.

ELIZABETH:
I grant you that also.

ELIZ. starts to strike him.

FOOL:
I also grant you. Be quiet, Fool!
(He slaps his mouth.)

Impatient with his avoiding her question by beating around the bush.

ELIZABETH:
I ask you for one and you name a dozen, Sir Robert.

RALEIGH (Rises):
Why should one go alone, if it comes
To that? Why not two expeditions, one
To Dublin, one into Ulster, meeting halfway?

Shrewd, starting to see through their plans.

ELIZABETH: Are there two who could work together?

CECIL:
Knollys and Mountjoy.
They are friends and of one house.

ESSEX: Yes, of my house.

Glance at CECIL, show him he doesn't have absolute control yet.

ELIZABETH:
Essex, whom would you name?

ESSEX (Rises):
Why, since Sir Robert
Feels free to name my followers, I shall feel free
To name one or two of his---

Relax in chair, feeling once more in control of situation.

ELIZABETH:
In other words,
You would rather Knollys and
Mountjoy did not go?

ESSEX:
I would rather they stayed in
England, as Sir Robert knows.
I have need of them here. But I
will spare one of them
If Sir Robert will let Sir Francis
Vere go with him.

Quick and decisive.

ELIZABETH:
Let Vere and Knollys go.

CECIL:
Lord Essex names
Sir Francis Vere because he knows
full well
I cannot spare him, my liege.

Lose patience with CECIL, become angry.

ELIZABETH:
Is this appointment
To wait for all our private
bickerings?
Can we send no man of worth to
Ireland, merely
Because to do so would weaken some
house or party
Here at court? (ESSEX sits.)

FOOL: Your Majesty has said--

Disturbed by interruption.

ELIZABETH: Be quiet--

FOOL: Fool!

Sharply.

ELIZABETH: Be quiet!

FOOL: Fool!

Quite angry now.

ELIZABETH: Be quiet!
(The FOOL forms the word "Fool"
with his lips, but makes no sound.)

CECIL:
I hope I betray no secret, Sir
Walter,

If I tell the council that I
spoke with you
Before the session, and asked you
if you would go
Into Ireland if the Queen request-
ed it---and that you said
Yes, should the Queen desire it.

BURGHLEY: That would answer.

CECIL:
But I believe, and Sir Walter
believes, there should be
More than one hand in this--that
if he goes
Lord Essex should go with him.

Sit forward in chair, complete surprise at suggestion.

ELIZABETH:
With him?

ESSEX:
In what
Capacity?

CECIL:
Leading an equal command. Two
generals
Of coeval power, landing north
and south
And meeting to crush Tyrone.

ESSEX:
Would you set up
Two Lord Protectors in Ireland?

CECIL:
It was my thought that we name
Raleigh as Lord Protector.

ESSEX: And I under him?

CECIL looks slyly at ELIZABETH; she returns his glance indignantly.

CECIL:
Since the Azores adventure
Which my Lord Essex led, and which
came off
A little lamer than could be
wished, but in which

FIGURE 4

Act I, scene 3.
"I speak for the good of the state."

ELIZ. looks sharply from CECIL to RALEIGH, seeing what they are trying to do.

Sir Walter showed to very great advantage,
It has seemed to me that Raleigh should receive
First place if he served in this.

ESSEX (Rises):
This is deliberate,
An insult planned!

CECIL:
It is no insult, my lord,
But plain truth. I speak for the good of the state.

ELIZ. sees his anger get the best of him. Sit forward tensely.

ESSEX:
You lie. You have never spoken here or elsewhere
For any cause but your own!

Quick and sharp.

ELIZABETH: No more of this!

ESSEX:
Good God!
Am I to swallow this from a clerk, a pen-psuher---
To be told I may have second place, for the good of the state?

CECIL:
Were you not wrong at the Azores?

ESSEX:
No, by God! And you know it!

A threat and a warning.

ELIZABETH:
Whoever makes you angry has won
Already, Essex!

ESSEX: They have planned this!

CECIL (Lifted. As though the matter is settled. Sits.)
I say no more.
Raleigh will go to Ireland as Lord Protector
And go alone, if the Queen asks it of him,
And since you will not go.

ESSEX:
I have not said
I would not go. But if I were to
go I would go
Alone, as Lord Protector!

Topping them all.
Angry with ESSEX.

ELIZABETH:
That you will not.
I have some word in this.

During this speech
ELIZABETH is at first
angry and disgusted
with ESSEX. Then as
he gets into it she
sees what he is do-
ing to himself and
wants to stop him.

ESSEX:
If this pet rat,
Lord Cecil, wishes to know my wind
about him,
And it seems he does, he shall have
it!
How he first crept
Into favor here I know not, but
the palace is riddled
With his spying and burrowing and
crawling underground!
He has filled the court with his
rat friends, very gentle
White, squeaking, courteous folk,
who show their teeth
Only when angered; who smile at
you, speak you fair
And spend their nights gnawing the
floors and chairs
Out from under us all!

Sit upright on edge
of throne, glance
from ESSEX to other
COUNCILLORS.

Pleading.

ELIZABETH: My lord!

ESSEX:
I am
Not the gnawing kind, nor will I
speak fair
To those who don't mean me well—
no, nor to those
To whom I mean no good! I say
frankly here,
Yes, to their faces, that Cecil
and Walter Raleigh
Have made themselves my enemies
because
They cannot brook greatness or
power in any but
Themselves! And I say this to
them--and to the world—

I, too, have been ambitious, as
all men are
Who bear a noble mind, but if I
rise
I hope it will be by my own effort,
and not by dragging
Better men down through intrigue!

BURGHLEY: Intrigue, my lord?

RALEIGH: Better men, my lord?

ESSEX:
I admit
Sir Walter Raleigh's skill as a
general,
And Cecil's statecraft! I could
work with them freely
And cheerfully, but every time I
turn
My back they draw their knives!

Desperate and angry. ELIZABETH: My Lord! My Lord!

ESSEX:
When Cecil left England
I guarded his interests as I
would my own
Because he asked me to!--but when
I left,
And left my affairs in his hands--
on my return
I found my plans and my friends
out in the rain
Along with the London beggars!

CECIL: I did my best---

ESSEX: Yes. For yourself! For
the good of the state!

RALEIGH (Rises):
If Lord Essex wishes
To say he is my enemy, very well--
He is my enemy.

ESSEX:
But you were mine first--

And I call on God to witness you
would be my friend
Still, if I'd had my way! I take
it hard (RALEIGH sits)
That here, in the Queen's council,
where there should be
Magnanimous minds if anywhere,
there are still
No trust or friendship!
(ESSEX sits.)

Quickly, in a commanding voice.

ELIZABETH:
I take it hard that you
Should quarrel before me.

ESSEX:
Would you have us quarrel
Behind your back? It suits them
all too well
To quarrel in secret and knife
men down in the dark!

ELIZ. sits back in throne, disgusted with ESSEX'S actions.

BURGHLEY (Rises):
This is fantastic, my lord. There
has been no kniving.
Let us come to a decision. We
were discussing
The Irish protectorate. (Sits.)

CECIL:
And as for Ireland,
I am willing to leave that in
Lord Essex's hands.
To do as he decides.

ELIZ. Look up quickly, relieved. Glance sharply at CECIL and RALEIGH.

ESSEX:
Let Sir Walter go
To Ireland as Protector! And be
damned to Ireland!

CECIL (Insidiously):
As the Queen wishes.
It is a task both difficult and
dangerous.
I cannot blame Lord Essex for re-
fusing
To risk his fame there.

ESSEX (Rises):
There speaks the white rat again!
Yet even a rat should know I have never refused
A task out of fear! I said I would not go
As second in command!

CECIL:
Then would you go
As Lord Protector?

Quickly topping CECIL.

ELIZABETH:
You have named your man---
Sir Walter Raleigh.

RALEIGH:
With your Majesty's gracious permission
I'll go if Essex goes.

ESSEX:
Is Sir Walter
Afraid to go alone?

RALEIGH:
I don't care for it--
And neither does our Essex!

ESSEX:
Why, what is this
That hangs over Ireland? Is it haunted, this Ireland?
Is it a kind of hell where men are damned
If they set foot on it? I've never seen the place,
But if it's a country like any any other countries, with people
Like any other people in it, it's nothing to be
Afraid of, more than France or Wales or Flanders
Or anywhere else!

ELIZ. genuinely concerned; sit upright on edge of throne; watch CECIL and RALEIGH closely.

CECIL:
We hear you say so.

ESSEX (Impetuously):
If I
Am challenged to go to Ireland,
Then, Christ, I'll go!
Give me what men and horse I need, and put me
In absolute charge, and if I fail to bring
This Tyrone's head back with me and put the rebellion
To sleep forever, take my sword from me
And break it--- I'll never use it again!

Warning and pleading.

ELIZABETH: Will you listen---?

ESSEX (Crosses to her):
They've challenged me!

Sharply, as though it were the last warning she would allow herself to give him.

ELIZABETH:
If you volunteer
To go to Ireland there is none to stop you.

ESSEX:
Your Majesty, I can see that Raleigh and Cecil have set themselves
To bait me into Ireland! They know and I know
That Ireland has been deadly to any captain
Who risked his fortunes there; moreover once
I'm gone they think to strip me here at home,
Ruin me both ways! And I say to them "Try it!"
Since this is a challenge, I go,
And will return, by God, more of a problem
To Cecils and Raleighs than when I went!

ELIZ. sinks back in chair; stare at ball and mace, in angry yet thoughtful mood.

BURGHLEY:
If Essex will go,
If solves our problem, Your Majesty.
We could hardly refuse that offer.

(The FOOL rises and approaches ESSEX.)

As though thinking aloud, quiet yet sullen.

ELIZABETH: No.

FOOL:
My lord! My lord!

ELIZ. looks up quickly when ESSEX strikes the FOOL; looks angrily at ESSEX.

ESSEX (Turning suddenly with an instinctive motion that sweeps the FOOL to the floor): You touch me for a fool!

FOOL: Do not go to Ireland!

ESSEX (Impatiently): You too?

FOOL:
Because, my lord, I come from
    Ireland.
All the best fools come from Ire-
    land, but only
A very great fool will go there.

ESSEX starts to strike FOOL, ELIZ. quickly rises; COUNCILLORS rise. She instinctively protects FOOL from ESSEX.

ESSEX (About to strike FOOL again):
Faugh!

ELIZABETH:
No! Break up the council, my lords.
We meet tomorrow.

BURGHLEY: Then there is no decision?

ESSEX: Yes! It is decided.

Top them all in loud, sharp, and harsh voice. High pitch of anger. Motion them all to leave except ESSEX. Next lines are bitter and sarcastic.

ELIZABETH: Yes. Go to Ireland.
Go to hell.
(All, except ELIZABETH and ESSEX, file out silently.)
You should have had
The Fool's brain and he yours! You
    would have bettered
By the exchange.

ESSEX:
I thank you kindly, lady.

Not looking at him, as though talking to herself.

ELIZABETH:
What malicious star
Danced in my sky when you were born?

ESSEX:
What malicious star danced
Over Ireland, you should ask.

Cross down below Council Table, place ball and mace on it. Reprimanding him.

ELIZABETH:
You are a child in council. I saw them start
To draw you into this, and tried to warn you--
But it was no use.

ESSEX:
They drew me into nothing.
I saw their purpose and topped it with my own,
Let them believe they've sunk me.

Decisively.

ELIZABETH:
You will withdraw.
I'll countermand this.

ESSEX:
And let them laugh at me?

Another warning to him. Not believing he will really go.

ELIZABETH:
Better they should laugh
A little now than laugh at you forever.

ESSEX:
And why not win in Ireland?

Slightly sharp, becoming more disgusted with her inability to rule him.

ELIZABETH:
No man wins there.
You're so dazzled
With the chance to lead an army you'd follow the devil
In an assault on heaven.

ESSEX:
That's one thing
The devil doesn't know,
Heaven is always taken by storm.

Look at him a moment, turn, cross slowly to first step of platform L. Quiet and thoughtful. Turn to him on last two lines.

ELIZABETH:
I thought so as you said it,
Only something here in my breast
constricts--
Is it the heart grows heavy?
I must let you go--
And I'll never see you again.

ESSEX (Taking a step toward the throne):
Mistrust all these
Forebodings. When they prove
correct we remember them.
But when they're wrong we forget
them. They mean nothing.
Remember this when I return and
all turns out well.
That you felt all would turn out
badly.

Extend arms to him; soft and loving.

ELIZABETH:
Come touch me, tell me all will
Happen well.

ESSEX (Crossing to her and taking her in his arms):
And so it will.

Imploring.

ELIZABETH: Do you want to go?

ESSEX:
Why, yes---
And no.
(He kisses her.)
I've said I would and I will.

He kisses her; she holds tightly to him until her line. Voice becomes stronger with the warning of what will happen.

ELIZABETH:
It's not yet
Too late.
Remember, if you lose, that will
divide us--
And if you win, that will divide
us too.

ESSEX:
I'll win, and it will not divide
us. Is it so hard
To believe in me?

Hold his face in her hands.

Take ring off finger, hold in her hand. Look at ring and then at him.

ELIZABETH:
No--- I'll believe in you---
And even forgive you if you need it. Here.
My father gave me this ring--and told me if ever
He lost his temper with me, to bring it to him
And he'd forgive me. And so it saved my life--
Long after, when he'd forgotten, long after, when
One time he was angry.

ESSEX:
Darling, if ever
You're angry, rings won't help.

ELIZABETH:
Yes, but it would.
I'd think of you as you are now, and it would.
Take it.

Take his hand and give ring to him.

ESSEX:
I have no pledge from you. I'll take it
To remember you in absence.

Soft and loving throughout speech.

ELIZABETH:
Take it for a better reason. Take it because
The years are long, and full of sharp, wearing days
That wear out what we are and what we have been
And change us into people we do not know
Living among strangers. Lest you and I who love
Should wake some morning strangers and enemies
In an alien world, far off; take my ring, my lover.

ESSEX (Kneeling):
You fear
You will not always love me?

Take his arms, bring him up from kneel; put her arms around him. After line they look at each other a moment then kiss.

ELIZABETH:
No, that you
Will not love me, and will not
let me love you.

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Scene - The interior of ESSEX'S tent in Ireland. ESSEX is seated back of the camp table. This table is L.C. Dispatches and maps, a money bag, and a mug of water are on the table. R.C. of the tent is a tying post with ropes. There is also a lighted lantern on the table. ESSEX rises with dispatches in his hand. He paces back and forth in front of table. As he reaches R.C. he calls:

ESSEX: Marvel!---Marvel!---
(Crosses to L.C. MARVEL enters from down R.)
There have been no other losses?

MARVEL: Only at the landing.

ESSEX; There was ambush there.

MARVEL: Yes, my lord.

ESSEX:
It's not losses we should fear now.
Though we have lost more than I
    should like to think of.
It's going on against a retreating
    enemy,
Venturing further from our base
When we are not supplied.
This country's barren--festering
    with fever bogs.
There are no roads--no food.
I think we have been forgotten in
    London.
Nay, worse than forgotten.

MARVEL:
My lord, if I may make so bold,
There must be some reason for such
    strange policy.
The Queen has written.

ESSEX: Aye. She has written. "Lord Essex will confine his invasions to the near coast. Lord Essex will prepare to shorten his campaign." And that is all. If she had wished Tyrone to win she could not have done better. In the name of God can one fight thus?

MARVEL (Taking a step toward him): My lord.

ESSEX (Pushing him away):
Stand away from me.
We all smell putrid here.
Has the valley been cleared of
the corpses?

MARVEL: Yes, my lord.

ESSEX: What is this stench?
(ESSEX crosses to back of table; takes a sip of water from the mug; sits; feels nauseous; rises and spits out the water, leaning over the table as though vomiting.)
Even the water stinks.
(After a slight pause he sits.)
How many did you say lost at the landing?

MARVEL: Thirty or so. Not many.

ESSEX:
There's thirty less to wonder
Whether they'll see their wives
again.

MARVEL: My lord.
The men have not been paid.

ESSEX:
Are they muttering?
My revenue's been stopped.
Let them know that.
If we face Tyrone again it's because Southampton

Has gone my surety. This is not
the Queen's war,
Not now. Are they deserting?

MARVEL:
They want one thing: to follow you
to London.

ESSEX: And why to London?

MARVEL:
Forgive me saying this---
They wish to make you King.

ESSEX (After a pause):
Have they forgotten the Queen?

MARVEL: They are willing to for-
get her.

ESSEX: But I am not. We wait here.

MARVEL: We cannot wait longer with-
out supplies.

ESSEX: Word will come. We wait
here---until---

MARVEL: Shall I give this out?

ESSEX: Yes.

(A MAN-AT-ARMS enters down R.)

MAN-AT-ARMS: There is a courier
from the Queen, my lord.

ESSEX: At last, then.

MARVEL (Anticipating good news):
You will see him at once?

ESSEX: Yes. (MARVEL starts to go
off R.) Wait. (MARVEL stops.)
Bring him in and stay here while
I read the dispatches. If I give
orders to torture or kill him----
You understand?

MARVEL: You will not torture him?

ESSEX: Am I not tortured?
(MARVEL starts to protest, but instead goes off R. To the MAN-AT-ARMS, who has taken his place upstage of the tying post):
You too, sirrah. You hear this?

MAN-AT-ARMS: Yes, my lord.

ESSEX: Good.

(The COURIER enters down R., followed by MARVEL. He crosses to between table and post and falls to his knees. MARVEL takes a position downstage of the post.)

COURIER: My Lord of Essex?

ESSEX: Yes.

COURIER: I come from the Queen.

ESSEX: When did you leave London?

COURIER: Four days ago, my lord. We were delayed.

ESSEX: What delayed you?

COURIER: Thieves.

ESSEX: And they took what from you?

COURIER: Our horses and money.

ESSEX: And letters?---

COURIER: Were returned to me untouched.

ESSEX: Where did this take place?

COURIER: This side of the ford. There were four armed men against us two.

ESSEX (Grabbing the dispatches): Give me the letters. (There is only one dispatch, which ESSEX reads briefly.) This is all?

COURIER: Yes, my lord.

ESSEX: You are sure you lost nothing?

COURIER: Indeed, yes, my lord. There was but one missive and the seal was returned unbroken. The cutthroats told us they cared the less about our letters for they could not read.

ESSEX: You are a clever liar, sirrah, and you are the third liar who has come that same road to me from London. You are the third liar to tell this same tale. You shall pay for being the third.

COURIER: My Lord, I have not lied to you.

ESSEX: Take his weapons from him, Lieutenant. (MARVEL obeys.) Set him against the post there. (MARVEL and the MAN-AT-ARMS place him against the post.) Not so gently. Take out his eyes first and then his lying tongue.

COURIER: Your Lordship does not mean this.

ESSEX: And why not? (Crosses to COURIER and slowly wrenches his arm backwards.) We shall break him to pieces--but slowly with infinite delicacy.

COURIER: No, no, no, no! Oh, my Lord! My Lord!

ESSEX: What are you waiting for?

FIGURE 5

Act II, scene 1.
"If my Lord Essex is as I have
believed him, he will not hurt me."

MARVEL: We must tie him to the post first, sir.

ESSEX: Then tie him! (They do so)

COURIER: My lord. I have not lied to you. There was but one dispatch. There was but one---

ESSEX: We know too well what you have done, sirrah. We need no evidence of that. What we ask is that you tell us who set you on--and your accomplices. Tell us this and I want no more of you. You shall have your freedom--and this-(Indicates the money bag.)

COURIER: My Lord, if I knew---

ESSEX: Truss him up and cut him open. (They complete their binding.)

COURIER:
My Lord, I am not a coward, though
    it may seem to you
I am, for I have cried out--but I
    cried out
Not so much for pain or fear of
    pain
But to know this was Lord Essex,
    whom I have loved
And who tortures innocent men.

ESSEX (To MARVEL): Have you no knife?

(MARVEL takes the knife he has taken from the COURIER and during the next speech prepares to cut out the COURIER'S tongue. ESSEX places his hands over COURIER'S face as though to open his mouth.)

COURIER:
Come, then. I am innocent. If my
    Lord Essex

Is as I have believed him, he will
not hurt me;
If he will hurt me, then he is not
as I
And many thousands have believed
him, who have loved him,
And I shall not mind much dying.

(ESSEX pushes MARVEL'S knife away
and releases the COURIER.)

ESSEX: Let him go. (MARVEL and
MAN-AT-ARMS unbind him. COURIER
falls to ground.) I thought my
letters had been tampered with.
You'd tell me if it were so.

COURIER:
My honored Lord.
By all the faith I have, and most
of it's yours,
I'd rather serve you well and
lose in doing it
Than serve you badly and gain. If
something I've done
Has crossed you or worked you ill
I'm enough punished
only knowing it.

ESSEX: This letter came
From the Queen's hands.

COURIER:
It is as I received it
From the Queen's hands.

ESSEX: There was no other?

COURIER: No other.

ESSEX: Then go.

COURIER: I have brought misfortune.

ESSEX: You have done well. We
break camp tomorrow for London.
Go. Take that news with you.
They'll welcome you outside.

Remain with my guard and return with us. (COURIER salutes and goes off R., followed by MAN-AT-ARMS.)

MARVEL: We march tomorrow?

ESSEX: Yes.

MARVEL: Under orders from her Majesty?

ESSEX: No. (He reads the dispatch.) "Lord Essex is required to disperse his men and return to the capital straightway on his own recognizance, to give himself up." (Looking up.) To give himself up.

MARVEL: And nothing but this?

ESSEX:
There is a limit to my humiliation.
Give out the necessary orders.
We embark at daybreak.

MARVEL: Yes, my Lord.

ESSEX:
And it is
As well it falls out this way!

MARVEL:
By right of power and popular voice
It is your kingdom--this England.

ESSEX: More mine than hers,
As she shall learn. It is quite
as well.

MARVEL:
There is victory in your path,
My Lord. The London citizens
will rise
At the first breath of your name.

ESSEX:
And I am glad for England.

She has lain fallow in fear too
long.
Her hills shall have a spring of
victory.
Go, then.
(MARVEL goes off down R.)
And for this order,
I received it not.
(Tears the order to pieces.)

(A TRUMPET is heard off stage.)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

Scene - The QUEEN'S Study. PENELOPE is sitting on chair up R., reading. The FOOL enters L. She does not see him.

FOOL: Sh! Make no noise.

PENELOPE: What do you mean?

FOOL: Silence! Quiet!

PENELOPE: I am silent, Fool.

FOOL: You silent? And even as you say it you are talking.

PENELOPE: You began it.

FOOL: Began what?

PENELOPE: Talking.

FOOL: Oh, no. Talking began long before my time. It was a woman began it.

PENELOPE: Her name?

FOOL: Penelope, I should judge.

PENELOPE: Fool.

FOOL (Warmly): No, for with this same Penelope began also beauty and courage and tenderness and faith---all that a man could desire or a woman offer---and all that this early Penelope began has a later Penelope completed.

PENELOPE: It lacked only this-- that the court fool should make love to me now.

FOOL (Kneels beside her): I am

sorry to have been laggard. But truly I have never found you alone before.

PENELOPE (Pushing him away): How lucky I've been!

FOOL: Are you angered?

PENELOPE: At what?

FOOL: At my loving you.

PENELOPE (Laughing): I've learned to bear nearly everything.

FOOL (Mysteriously): A lover's absence.

PENELOPE: Among other things.

FOOL (Leaning toward her): The presence of suitors undesired?

PENELOPE (Again pushing him away): That, too.

FOOL (Rising and crossing R.): I am not a suitor, my lady. I ask nothing. I know where your heart lies. It is with my Lord Essex in Ireland. I do not love you.

PENELOPE: Good.

FOOL (Crossing to her and kneeling): I lied to you. I do love you.

PENELOPE (Very tenderly): I am sorry.

FOOL: You will not laugh at me?

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL: Then there is some divinity in the world--while a woman can still be sorry for one who loves

her without return.

PENELOPE: A woman is sadly aware that when a man loves her it makes a fool of him.

FOOL: And if a fool should love a woman--would it not make a man of him?

PENELOPE (Quickly): No, but doubly a fool, I fear.

FOOL (Quickly): And the woman--how of the woman?

PENELOPE: They have been fools too.

FOOL (Very mysterious and sinister): The more fool I, I tried to save Lord Essex from Ireland--but he needs must go---the more fool he.

PENELOPE (Rising): Let us not talk of that.

FOOL (A step toward her): May I kiss you?

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL (Pleadingly): Your hand?

PENELOPE: Yes.

FOOL (Kneels and kisses her hand): I thank you.

PENELOPE (Puts her arms around him as she would a crazy child): The more fool you, poor boy.

CECIL (Enters R.): This is hardly a seemly pastime, Mistress Gray.

(The FOOL laughs and exits L., repeating: "This is hardly a seemly pastime, Mistress Gray.")

PENELOPE: And are you now the judge of what is seemly, Sir Robert?

CECIL: The Queen is expecting Master Bacon here?

PENELOPE: I am set to wait for him.

CECIL: You will not be needed.

PENELOPE: Excellent. (Goes out L. after an elaborate curtsey. RALEIGH enters R.)

CECIL: This Bacon keeps himself close. I have been unable to speak with him. She has this news?

RALEIGH: Yes.

CECIL: She believes it?

RALEIGH: Beyond question. (BACON enters from up R., his book in his hand.)

CECIL: Good-morrow, Master Bacon.

BACON: And to you, my Lords.

CECIL: I have sent everywhere for you, sir, this three hours---and perhaps it was not altogether by accident that I could not find you.

BACON: I was not at home. You must forgive me.

CECIL: You are here to see the Queen?

BACON (Bowing): The Queen has also been good enough to send for me.

CECIL: It was my wish to speak with you first--and it is my opinion that it will be better for all of us if I do so now--late as it is.

BACON: I am but barely on time, gentlemen.

CECIL: You need answer one question only. (CECIL motions BACON to sit. He does so in chair up R. CECIL sits chair L. of desk. RALEIGH crosses to above desk.) You have been in correspondence with Lord Essex in Ireland?

BACON: Perhaps.

CECIL: The Queen has this morning received news warning her that Lord Essex is allied with the Irish rebels and is even now leading his army back to England to usurp her throne. Had you heard this?

BACON: No.

CECIL: Do you credit it?

BACON: It is your own scheme, I believe.

CECIL: That Essex would rebel against the Queen?

BACON: Even so.

RALEIGH: You accuse us of treason?

BACON: If the Queen were aware of certain matters she would herself accuse you of treason.

CECIL: What matters?

BACON (Reading his book): I prefer

that the Queen should question me.

CECIL: Look to yourself, Master Bacon. We know what the Queen will ask you and we know what you may answer.

RALEIGH: Come, there's no time for this. Take your head out of your book, and if you've an interest in living longer keep it out. (To CECIL.) Speak it out with him.

CECIL: Softly, softly. In brief, if you intend to accuse any man of the suppression of letters--- (BACON snaps book closed)--written by Essex to the Queen, or of the suppression of letters sent by the Queen to Essex, you will be unable to prove these assertions and you will argue yourself very neatly into the Tower.

BACON: My Lord--I had no such business in mind.

RALEIGH: What then?---

BACON: I hope I can keep my own counsel. The truth is, my Lords, you are desperate men. You have over-reached yourselves, and if wind of it gets to the royal ears you are done.

RALEIGH: We shall drag a few down with us if we are done, though, and you the first.

CECIL: You have but a poor estimate of me, Master Bacon. If you go in to the Queen and reveal to her that her letters to Essex have not reached him--as you mean to do--the Queen will then send for me, and I will send for Lord

Essex's last letter to you, containing a plan for the capture of the city of London. It will interest you to know that I have read that letter and you are learned enough in the law to realize in what light you will stand as a witness should the Queen see it.

BACON: I think it's true, though, that if I go down I shall drag a few with me, including those here present.

CECIL: I am not so sure of that, either. I am not unready for that contingency. But to be frank with you.

BACON: Ah! Frank! Frank!

CECIL: It would be easier for both you and us if you were on our side.

BACON (Opening his book): You must expect a man to side with his friends.

CECIL: And a man's friends--who are they?

BACON: Who?

CECIL: Those who can help him to what he wants.

BACON: Not always.

CECIL (Threatening): When he is wise. You have served Lord Essex well and I believe he has made you promises. But the moment Lord Essex enters England in rebellion, he is doomed, and his friends with him.

BACON (Closing book quietly):
One word from the Queen to him--
one word from him to the Queen--
one word from me revealing that
their letters have been intercept-
ed--and there can be no talk of
rebellion. Your machinations
have been so direct, so childish,
so simple--and so simply exposed
--that I wonder at you!

CECIL: My friend, he has spoken
and written so rashly, has given
so many handles for overthrow,
that a child could trip him.

RALEIGH (In anger): We have news
this morning that Lord Essex has
already landed in England and set
up his standard here. He is a
rebel.

CECIL (Quickly topping RALEIGH):
And when a man is once a rebel,
do you think there will be any
careful inquiry into how he
happened to become one?

BACON (Puzzled): Essex in England!

RALEIGH (Quickly): In England.
And has neglected to disband his
army.

CECIL (As quickly):
You speak of explanations between
the Queen and Essex.
Unless you betray us,
There will be no explanations. They
are at war now.
They will never meet again.

BACON: That is, if your plans
succeed.

CECIL (Rising):
Very well, then. You have chosen
your master.
I have done with you.

BACON (Not moving, but a quick glance to door L.): And if she learns nothing from me? (CECIL and RALEIGH exchange glances.)

CECIL (Very obsequious): Then--whatever you have been promised, whatever you have desired, that you shall have. (BACON rises, takes a step down and bows. CECIL bows and continues.) There is no place in the courts you could not fill. You shall have your choice. If you need excuse, no one should know better than you that this Essex is not only a danger to our state but also to you.

BACON: If I need excuse I shall find one for myself.

(PENELOPE is heard off stage.)

PENELOPE: Yes, Your Majesty, he is here.

First line off stage. Enter L., stop as she sees CECIL, then cross to chair L. of desk.

ELIZABETH: Why was I not told? Is this an ante-chamber, Sir Robert? Am I never to look out of my room without seeing you?

CECIL: Your pardon, your Majesty. I----

Stop him sharply. Sit in chair. Watch them closely as they leave;

ELIZABETH: You need not pause to explain why you came. I am weary of your face!

CECIL: Yes, your Majesty. (CECIL and RALEIGH bow and go off R.)

Turn slowly to Bacon. Calculatingly.

ELIZABETH: I have heard that you are a shrewd man, Master Bacon.

BACON: Flattery, Majesty, flattery.

Glance to where CECIL went off, before last line. Following speeches all spoken with touch of shrewdness and slyness.

ELIZABETH:
I have heard it,
And in a sort I believe it. Tell me one thing---
Are you Cecil's friend.

BACON: I have never been.

Sounding him out.

ELIZABETH:
He's a shrewd man; he's
A man to make a friend of if you'd stand well
In the court, sir.

BACON: It may be.

Overly cautious.

ELIZABETH:
Why are you not
His friend then?

BACON: We are not on the same side.

Sit forward in chair.

ELIZABETH: You follow Lord Essex.

BACON: Since I have known him.

With touch of bitterness.

ELIZABETH:
There's
A dangerous man to follow.

BACON: Lord Essex?

Quickly.

ELIZABETH: Lord Essex.

BACON:
I am sorry, madam,
If I have displeased you.

Sit back in chair, not looking at him.

ELIZABETH:
You have displeased me.

BACON:
I repeat, then--
I am sorry. (He bows.)

Look at him intently, as though molding him to her will.

ELIZABETH:
Good. You will change, then? You will forget

This Essex of yours?

BACON: If you ask it--if there is reason---

Sharply. Slapping hand on desk.

ELIZABETH:
There is reason! He has taken up arms
Against me in England.

BACON: Are you sure of this?

Sarcastically.

ELIZABETH: Is it so hard to believe?

BACON: Without proofs it is.
You have proofs?

Slow, deliberate; trying to impress him with the danger he is in.

ELIZABETH:
Proof good enough. You know the punishment
For treason? From what I have heard
Of late both you and Essex should remember
That punishment.

BACON:
Madam, for myself I have
No need to fear.

Not quite believing; look away to exit R.

ELIZABETH:
You reassure me, Master Bacon.

BACON:
And if Lord Essex has
I am more than mistaken in him.

Threatening. Pause before line, turn, look at him, speak slowly and deliberately.

ELIZABETH:
But all friends of Essex
Go straightway to the Tower.
Are you still his friend?

BACON (Bows):
Yes, Majesty.

Rise, slap hand on table, turning R.

ELIZABETH:
I am sorry for it.

BACON (Cross R. of her):
That is all, your Majesty?

More a statement than a question; thoughtfully.

ELIZABETH:
Why, no. You do not believe me?

BACON: Madam!

Mystified.

ELIZABETH:
And why do you not believe me?

BACON:
Madam, if you intend to place me
In the Tower--would I not be there?
--and no talk about it.

Quiet, with sly understanding.

ELIZABETH:
You are shrewd indeed. Perhaps
too shrewd!

BACON (With absolute conviction):
I am Essex's friend.

Turn, walk L., almost talking to self, trying to convince herself.

ELIZABETH:
If that were true---if there were
only
The sound of one honest voice!
I must rule England,
And they say he is a rebel to me---
and day and night,
Waking, sleeping, in council,
there is still always
One thing crying out in me over
and again---
I hear it crying! He cannot,
Cannot fail me!
Me--both woman and queen.
But I have written him my love
And he has not answered. What do
do you know of this?

Cross up on platform C. Strong, cold, and more deliberate. Still strong voice, but warm, more loving. Look down R., but not at BACON; quality of pleading.

Turn to BACON, speak final line quickly, sharply.

BACON: Nothing!

Extend arms, implor-ingly.

ELIZABETH:
Answer me truly, truly--bitter or
not
And you shall not lose!

BACON: He has not answered?

Quickly top him.

ELIZABETH: He has not answered.

BACON (Beginning to consciously lie):
If I
Knew why I would know much. (Cross to her.) Have you angered him--
Sent arbitrary orders?

Slight pause. Quiet but forceful.

ELIZABETH:
I have ordered him to disband
His forces and return. I have cut off all
Revenue and supplies.

BACON:
But Madam---
To send a popular leader out with an army
And then check him suddenly, heap disgrace upon him--
He has great pride.

First line quickly, angrily. Turn upstage, close to breaking point, on last line.

ELIZABETH:
He has rebelled, then?
I wrote him lovingly.

BACON:
And he answered nothing?

Sharp, still turned away from him.

ELIZABETH:
Nothing.

BACON:
That could not be excused.

Turn front suddenly with great determination.

ELIZABETH:
No. It cannot be. It will not be.

BACON:
Madam, I fear
I have turned you against him!

Cross down L., almost shouting.

ELIZABETH:
No, no! I needed that!

BACON (Cross D.R.):
And if there were something
wrong---
Some misunderstanding---

Cross L., hands on temples, then fling arms out, as though to push thought out. Turn R. on last line to BACON, suddenly.

ELIZABETH:
No, no--don't try comfort now--
He had my letters. That could
not go wrong.
Did he not have my letters?

BACON;
How could it well be otherwise?

Few steps to him. Cunningly, accusingly.

ELIZABETH:
You would know that. You would
know if he had not.
You've had word from him?

BACON (Very tentative): Yes.

Violent, angry topping. Pace L.

ELIZABETH:
Yes. He has written you,

But not me!

Turn R., pause, walk slowly to him. Sly and threatening.

Or are you traitor to him also--?

I think you are! I think you lie

to me!

At desk, slapping both hands on it, losing control of temper.

Damn you! I am

Encompassed by lies!

Quieter, but with extreme intenseness, slyly; building up to a stronger force.

I think you, too, betray him---

But subtly, with infinite craft,

making me believe

First that you would not wrong

him!

Look hard at him, then break. Sit in chair L.C. Look out front blankly, then speak.

No, no---I'm gone mad

Pacing my room, pacing the room of

my mind.

Look at BACON, then out front, lost in own thoughts. Calm.

They say a woman's mind is an
airless room,
Sunless and airless, where she
must walk alone,

Smiling, happy.

Saying he loves me, loves me,
loves me not,

Then slump slowly in chair to sadness and melancholy.

And has never loved me.

Calm, almost ethereal, lost in memory of love for Essex.

The world goes by all shadows,
And there are voices, all echoes
till he speaks---
And there's no light till his
presence makes a light
There in that room.

Long pause, then cold realization. Look at him.

But I am a Queen.

Build voice slowly, horrified.

Where I walk
Is a hall of torture, where the
curious gods bring all
Their racks and gyves, and
stretch me

Gesture with outstretched arms for racks, ending with hands to eyes then temples.

Till I cry out. They watch me
with eyes of iron.
Waiting to hear what I cry!

Rise; voice full and high; hands on temples. Cross Up C., hold with back to audience on platform.

I am crying now---

Listen, you gods of iron! He never loved me---

End lines with arms outstretched as though pushing something away. Long pause; hands clench into fist, then relax. Turn slightly. Strong imperiousness; forceful, in complete control vocally. Harsh but quiet.

He wanted my kingdom only---

Loose me and let me go!

I am still Queen---

That I have! That he will not take from me.

I shall be Queen, and walk his room no more.

Turn completely front. Bitter, sarcastic, and scoffing.

He thought to break me down by not answering---

Break me until I'd say, I'm yours, I'm all yours---what I am

And have, all yours!

Hard and decisive.

That I will never, never,

Never say.

Pause, then with cruel determination.

I'm not broken yet.

BACON (Bowing):
Nor will be, Majesty.

Cross down L. of chair. Calculating, bitter and threatening.

ELIZABETH:
We must not follow him.
We must forget him.
Break him as he would break us,
Bow that bright head.
I shall be as I was.
See him no more, my friend.
He walks on quicksand. Avoid him.

BACON (Bowing): Yes, Majesty.

Sit in chair.

ELIZABETH:
Go now. Go. You have done well.
I trust you.

Sit in thought a moment before clapping for ARMIN.

(BACON bows and goes off R. After a moment ELIZABETH claps her hands twice and ARMIN enters R.)

Shrewd and quick.

ELIZABETH:
Captain Armin, keep a watch on
Master Bacon.
On his house and his correspond-
ence.
I wish to know all he knows.

ARMIN: Yes, Your Majesty. (Bows and takes a step back.)

Beckon him to come to her.

ELIZABETH:
Wait. I have found you true of
word,
And sure of hand. Moreover you
can keep counsel---

Slow and deliberate.

What we say now is forever secret
between us.
Between us two--not one other.

ARMIN: I'll hold it so.

Quickly.

ELIZABETH:
It is reported there is an army
risen
Against me--

ARMIN: God forbid.

Lean over desk slightly to him.

ELIZABETH:
It is so reported. The rebellion
I speak of's
The force Lord Essex has brought
back from Ireland.

Slower.

I wish to make this preparation
for it. Whatever orders
You receive from your superiors,
whatever broils

Occur, Lord Essex is to have free
access to my presence here.
Pause, then firm. Those are my orders.

ARMIN:
You would be a hostage
If he were in command.

Sit back in chair. ELIZABETH:
I will risk that.

ARMIN:
There would be danger to your
person, Madam.

Lean forward; calmer, more thoughtful. ELIZABETH:
Be ready for danger--and if need
be----death.

(Motions ARMIN to go off. He does so, R. There is a sudden burst of girls' LAUGHTER off L. and TRESSA runs in, pulling the FOOL, who is carrying a silk smock. MARY and ELLEN follow, all laughing.)

ELIZABETH sits motionless, her face partially covered with her right hand; staring blankly down R. Hold this throughout following dialogue. FOOL:
Help! Salvage! Men-at-arms to
the rescue!
I am boarded by pirates!

MARY:
Thief! Thief! Stop, thief!

ELLEN:
Kill the dirty thief! Fall on him!

TRESSA:
Can a maid not keep a silk smock?

(These lines are all said as they enter. The FOOL falls and ELLEN sits on him.)

ELLEN: I have him now!

FOOL:
If you sit on me in that fashion, darling,
You will regret it. There will be issue.

ELLEN: What issue?

FOOL: Twins! Seven or eight.

(They ALL laugh. TRESSA sees ELIZABETH. They all become conscious of her presence at the same time and get up in confusion.)

TRESSA (Terrified): We are sorry, your Majesty.

ELLEN: What is it? She seems not to see.

MARY: It's not like her not to strike us.

TRESSA: We'll be whipped.

FOOL: No, no. She strikes instantly or not at all.

(They ALL go out L., tiptoeing.)

As CURTAIN closes, ELIZABETH slowly sinks back in her chair, still unconscious of their presence.

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE THREE

Scene - The Council Chamber. The same as Act One, Scene Three, with the table and chairs cleared. CECIL is down R. and BURGHLEY at his L. They are in heated conversation.

BURGHLEY:
Then you have pulled more down
about your ears
Than you thought for here.

CECIL: We have.

BURGHLEY:
I will do what I can.
I had never thought you so rash.

CECIL:
Who could foresee
That she'd make no move against a
rebel? She's known
As well as I that he was in England.
She's known
As well as I that he was still at
the head
Of his expedition, coming this way
by forced marches
In the teeth of her orders. This
constitues civil war,
And he's nearly upon us, yet there's
no preparation
To counter him.

BURGHLEY: But how does she defend this?

CECIL:
I've not seen her. She'll see no
one. She's been shut up
For days alone.

BURGHLEY:
She will listen to me in this.
She must listen to me.

CECIL:
Only lend your voice
Along with mine. We must make
this a war
Whether she wants it or not.
(BACON enters R.)
What's the news now?

BACON:
He was nearer than you thought.
He encamped last night
Not far from the city, and comes
openly down the river
With his whole force.

CECIL: He's upon us, then!

BACON: So the report runs.

BURGHLEY (Quickly): Son, we must see her.

CECIL: She's obdurate.

BURGHLEY:
And I say make another attempt
Before it's too late. If he once
steps foot in this palace,
If they ever meet, it's more than
I can do to save you.

BACON: Why do you think so?

CECIL: You should be aware of that.

(The FOOL sidles in from L. and listens.)

BACON:
Then if they meet, you think to
be accused
Of treasonous practices? From the
first day on, my friend,
There has been but one treason in
the world--
It's to be on the losing side.
Whoever wins,

Be on that side and whatever
you've done is forgiven.
You have never aided Essex that I
remember.

CECIL: But if they meet, and are friends--

BACON:
Then they meet and are friends--
But do not be so doubtful of the
outcome.

(Two GUARDS enter R. and cross up to either side of throne. They are followed by ARMIN.)

CECIL: What is this, Captain?

ARMIN:
We do not know, my Lord.
A guard is ordered for the throne.

CECIL:
Why, good,
She may come out of her cell.

(TRESSA and MARY enter from down L.)

TRESSA:
It is said
The French Ambassadors will be
received.

MARY: Today--and here?

TRESSA: Why, yes.

RALEIGH (Enters down R. and crosses to CECIL): She will hold court this morning?

CECIL: It seems so. Yes.

RALEIGH (To CECIL and BURGHLEY):
This is no day for assemblies.
Essex is leading his army here.

(ELLEN and PENELOPE enter L.)

BURGHLEY: He's a madman.

ELLEN: You hear?

PENELOPE: Wait! Wait!

RALEIGH: You have seen her?

FOOL: Not he! But I have seen her. Why does nobody question me?

CECIL: She has sent out word that she will speak with no one.

RALEIGH: Is there no officer who can order out troops without her sanction?

CECIL: Could we find precedent for that?

BACON: None that I know of.

TRESSA: Is it true, Sir Francis, that we are at war?

BACON: No, madam--

TRESSA: This news of Essex--

PENELOPE: Is it a sign of danger that an English general should return with his army to the English capital?

BACON: She speaks sense, this Mistress Penelope.

RALEIGH: It will be a sign of danger, perhaps, if the courtyard runs with blood before evening.

BACON: I will personally drink all the blood that runs in the courtyard before evening.

PENELOPE (To the GIRLS): And I will eat all that Sir Walter kills.

RALEIGH (To BACON): Are you mad also?

BACON: I think not.

FOOL (Crossing down to BACON): Mad? Not me. We read the heavens. Ah, there have been signs and wonders! The weathercock on the steeple clapped his wings at midnight and crew thrice! That was for betrayal! Many wise men have asked this cock to tell them who is betrayed and by whom, but he is wise in the manner of weathercocks and will say nothing! And here is another portent, too---

RALEIGH (Pushing the FOOL aside and crossing R. to BURGHLEY): Stop your babble!

FOOL (Continuing): The little gargoyle over the font gushed with good white wine all night, and none there to drink it---and the conduits throughout Southwark ran with red Burgundy! Some say it was blood, but it is well known it was Burgundy---You will find the same under any scaffold! Ask her Majesty--she will tell you.

ARMIN (Entering R.): My lord, there are two fellows here who ask for audience with the Queen.

CECIL: Who are they?

ARMIN: Players, my Lord.

FOOL (To his bauble): Players, ducky, players!

CECIL: Tell them to wait.

(ARMIN goes out. A COURIER enters R.)

COURIER (To BURGHLEY): My lord, I am also bade to bring you certain news from London. Lord Essex's house in the Strand is an armed camp. It is brimming with warlike nobles, going and coming.

(RALEIGH, after whispering with CECIL, goes out R.)

FOOL: Huh, huh! It is much more likely to be brimming with drunken nobles going and coming brim full!

CECIL (To COURIER): Go. (COURIER goes out R.)

(There is an offstage CALL of "Make way for her Majesty, the Queen!" This is repeated three times.)

CECIL: Quiet.

(The MEN all bow and the WOMEN courtsey. Two BEEFEATERS enter and take their places at either side of entrance down L. The two extra COUNCILLORS enter from R. and take places R.)

ELIZABETH enter down L. after BEEFEATERS take their places.

Slow cross C., laughing.

ELIZABETH: Is it true, then, my dear Burghley, that you have taken to attending the theatre?

BURGHLEY: No, madam.

Turn, start cross to throne L.

ELIZABETH: It was not you, then, who forbade the performance of RICHARD II without asking my advice?

BURGHLEY: It was, madam.

Cross up steps to throne. Nod head to FOOL.

ELIZABETH: On what ground?

BURGHLEY (Following her): Your Majesty, the play is treasonous. It shows the deposition of a king, and its performance was procured by rebels.

Sit. Motion GIRLS to rise.

ELIZABETH: Rebels? What rebels?

BURGHLEY: I know not, madam. I have sent for the players to discover that.

Settle back in throne.

ELIZABETH: You have sent for them?

BURGHLEY: Aye, madam--and they are here.

Smile; tap FOOL on head.

ELIZABETH: They will laugh at you, dear Burghley.

BURGHLEY: Others have laughed at me, Majesty.

More serious.

ELIZABETH: They will laugh at you, sir, and you will deserve it. Is my kingdom so shaky that we dare not listen to a true history? Are my people so easily led that the sight of a king deposed in play will send them running hither to pull the Queen out of her chair? Have we not passion plays in every little town showing the murder of our Lord? You are nervous, dear Burghley. Let these children play their plays.

Lighter. Turn to FOOL, smilingly pat him on head.

CECIL (Step to her): Your Majesty, I fear they are not all children, and that they mean to do harm.

Calmly, rationally.

ELIZABETH: Let them do all the harm they can. Are we too stupid

to see that to prohibit a rebellious play is to proclaim our fear or rebellion? Who is there here who fears a rebellion against me? I do not.

CECIL: It is dangerous to let these mutterings grow, dear Queen.

Quickly.

ELIZABETH: It is dangerous to touch them. Let them mutter if they will. Let them cry out. Let them run the streets, these children. And when they have worn themselves weary running and crying "Up with Essex! Down with Elizabeth!" and got themselves drunk on mutual pledges, they will go to bed, sleep soundly and wake up wiser.

Unworried, light; but wisely.

CECIL (Crossing up to front of platform): Madam, I entreat you earnestly that you speak with me alone for a moment--

Quiet at first, then sudden break, with last words spoken sharply.

ELIZABETH: I received that request from you earlier in the day, sir---and answered it----

BURGHLEY: But if your Majesty were aware of the nature of this business---

Deliberate, yet patiently and slowly.

Scoff at their fear and lack of confidence in her ability to control situation.

ELIZABETH: I am aware. Lord Essex is on his was hither. (ALL look around at each other.) I shall be glad to see him. Let him bring his revolution here. How long think you it will last after I have looked on it and after it has looked on me?

CECIL: Madam, I beseech you--let me take charge of this! (BURGHLEY starts off R.)

Angry, sit up in

ELIZABETH: Stay where you are---all of you! You, Lord Burghley, you too! I will have no slipping away. This court wriggles like a mess of eels. Stay where you are. (BURGHLEY stops.) There is to be no guard posted. There are to be no steps taken! None!

CECIL: Majestas, adsunt legati de curia Galliae. Placetne ecs recipere antequam----

ELIZABETH: Nay, bang me not in Latin. Let the French ambassadors wait. (The FOOL laughs and lies prone in front of ELIZABETH.)

Smiling fondly.

You sirrah--I hear that you have fallen in love. Do you wish to be whipped?

FOOL: I would rather have been whipped, madam, much rather.

ELIZABETH: Why?

FOOL: It would hurt less.

Laugh. Kick him so he rolls down steps.

ELIZABETH: Good. You shall be whipped.

FOOL: Madam, if you can whip it out of me I will give you my lucky penny. (Picks himself up.)

Quick, with laughing quality.

ELIZABETH: You shall be whipped and keep your penny.

FOOL: You would better take it, Majesty.

Not understanding.

ELIZABETH: Your penny?

FOOL: Yes, Majesty, to buy a whip with for yourself!

Surprised.

ELIZABETH: A whip!

ELIZ. Looks at COUNCILLORS. Smile, understanding.

FOOL: Nay, you had perhaps better buy several! But in truth, dear Queen, I have not fallen in love, only a pretty little strumpet has fallen in love with me and I beg leave that we be allowed to marry. (Bows elaborately.)

Quickly.

ELIZABETH: Is she of the court?

FOOL: Yes, madam.

Sharply.

ELIZABETH: What, are there strumpets here at court?

ELIZ. looks harshly at PENELOPE.

FOOL: Oh, they are all strumpets here at court. Some are here because they are strumpets and some are strumpets because they are here, but strumpets they all are.

Look around at GIRLS.

ELIZABETH: Which is it you wish to marry?

FOOL: I feel sure it was one of them, Majesty, but it was dark at the time--and in truth I gave her my word of honor in the dark that I would make an honest woman of her by daylight. It is thus that most marriages are made. (FOOL has come up to throne quite close to ELIZABETH.)

Lean close to him.

ELIZABETH: How, Fool?

FOOL: In the dark, my lady. Quite in the dark.

Suddenly vehement, throw him from her to stage level.

ELIZABETH (To ARMIN): Take this fool, Captain, and put him in the dark for three days with but little bread and water. I have a distaste for this fooling. (ARMIN signals GUARDS who cross and take FOOL.)

FOOL: No, no, madam.

Extreme anger. Turn quickly to PENELOPE.

ELIZABETH: I am tired of your strumpets! And let him not see his lady Penelope meanwhile. You will be sure of that, mistress?

PENELOPE (Cross and courtsey to her): I have no desire to see him.

Bitter, sarcastic.

ELIZABETH: Whom do you desire to see?

PENELOPE: No one, your Majesty.

Look at her with hatred.

ELIZABETH: You lie! This Mistress Gray, take her too! Let her have bread and water! (ARMIN signals GUARDS who cross and take PENELOPE. They drag her and the FOOL down L.)

PENELOPE: Your Majesty--what is this?

Completely losing control. Angrily lash out at her.

Sudden change of mind, but not in sharp attack of voice and body. The GUARDS drop them, go to places. Long pause, as she gains control of herself.

ELIZABETH: I am weary to death of you! I am weary of all men and women, but more of you than any! You have written. You have had letters! I say, take her out of my sight! Whip them first, whip them both! Nay, leave them here, leave them, knaves---leave them! Damn you, do you hear me! You are too quick to obey orders. You beef-witted bastards! And now let us have entertainment, gentle lords! Let us be merry! The players are here! Let us have a play!

HERALD (Runs in to ELIZABETH from down R. without ceremony, calling out as he comes): Your Majesty, your Majesty! Lord Scroop sends me from the city to tell you there is a rising in London! There is a mob rising in the city!

Jokingly.

ELIZABETH: What--are you playing RICHARD II for us?

HERALD: No, no, your Majesty! A great number of people came through Fleet Street--and they have sacked a grocer's and broken into a wine-merchant's cellar! It is said they will break into Fleet Prison and set all free---

More relaxed now; in control of self.

ELIZABETH: Not they. If they've broken into a wine-cellar they'll get no farther. We're a marvelous people, we English, but we cannot hold liquor. Now if they were Scotch one might worry. What are they saying, these wine-drinkers?

Slight pause before last line.

HERALD: I cannot tell you that, your Majesty.

Treat following lines calmly, combining laughter "at" those who are afraid with serious interest in the situation. Glance scornfully at CECIL.

ELIZABETH: Are they not crying "Up with Essex!" "Down with Elizabeth!"

HERALD: Yes, madam!

ELIZABETH: Why, surely. What else would they be crying? "Up with Essex! Viva!" "Down with Elizabeth! A bas!" "The Queen is dead. Long live the King." If I were there I would cry it myself. It has a marvelous ring! "Up with Essex!" "Down with Elizabeth!"

BURGHLEY (Step to her): What are we to do, Madam?

ELIZABETH: What is the Lord Mayor doing about all this, sirrah?

HERALD: Nothing, madam.

To BURGHLEY. Seeming disinterest, yet intense seriousness.

ELIZABETH: How like a Lord Mayor, and how sensible. That's the first principle of government. Never do anything. Let the

others make all the mistakes. Go, sirrah!

RALEIGH (Enters R., pushing the HERALD aside as he does so. HERALD goes off R. RALEIGH crosses to throne): Majesty, Lord Essex is landing from the river with a complement of soldiers. As captain of Your Majesty's guard, I ask authority to act immediately. I alone will be responsible if he enters here.

Almost unnoticeable physical stiffening as she hears this.

Cold, deliberate.

ELIZABETH: No, Sir Walter, I alone will be responsible.

RALEIGH: I have permission to go?

Sarcastic, commanding.

Slight pause.

ELIZABETH: No, you have not. I take enormous pleasure in your presence here. Where are the players? I would speak with the players. (BURBAGE and HEMMINGS enter down R. RALEIGH joins CECIL, BURGHLEY, and BACON up C.) Ah, yes, bold Burbage and handsome Hemmings. Well, my masters, I hear you have come to me to have your noses slit and your thumbs branded.

Gracious.

Following speeches, she's threatening, but in playful way.

BURBAGE (Both are kneeling): Only if unavoidable, your Majesty.

Pretend seriousness.

ELIZABETH: You have put on a play, I believe.

BURBAGE: Many, your Majesty.

Quick glance at BURGHLEY and CECIL, scornfully.

ELIZABETH: You have revived the old play of RICHARD II, including in it the deposition scene which was censored on its first presentation, and you have done this to foster treasonous projects.

BURBAGE: No, your Majesty, I swear it.

Quickly. ELIZABETH: You have not played this play?

BURBAGE: But not to foster treason, that I swear.

Motion them to rise, point at his stomach. ELIZABETH: If you played King Richard with that pot-belly, it was treason indeed. Then for what purpose did you play this play?

BURBAGE: To make money.

Disbelieving. ELIZABETH: What? On an old play?

BURBAGE: We were paid in advance.

Shrewd. ELIZABETH: Always an advantage. And what fool paid you in advance?

BURBAGE: My Lord Southampton.

BURGHLEY: You see? A friend of Essex.

Completely ignore BURGHLEY. ELIZABETH: You, Master Hemmings, have much too handsome a nose for slitting, yet you say nothing. (HEMMINGS steps forward, kneels.)

HEMMINGS: There is only this to say, your Majesty, that we knew nothing of any traitorous intent in the matter.

Still slightly threatening. ELIZABETH: How much were you paid for the revival of Richard?

HEMMINGS: Three pounds, Your Majesty.

Sudden change, gracious and charming. ELIZABETH: If you act no better than you lie, it was worth thripence. (HEMMINGS rise.) But the

Thespian itch is on me. I too am suddenly become a patron of the drama. Play it again this afternoon, my masters. Play it again at my request this afternoon and you shall have ten pounds for it. (CECIL step out.) Lord Cecil, pay Master Burbage ten pounds from the Royal Exchequer for one performance of RICHARD and let it stand in the record. (CECIL step back.) And tell Lord Southampton when you see him that I paid ten to his three. And when you have all of this treason out of your systems, be ready to play Sir John Falstaff for me at the end of the week. I should like to see your Falstaff again, sir. (The PLAYERS bow and go off R.)

Pleased at own generosity.

CECIL (Crossing up to first step of throne at her R.): You are mad, Your Majesty! This is a rebellion. Half the town is in uprising!

Quiet determination.

ELIZABETH: I know, I know.

CECIL: Madam----

Quiet anger and hatred.

ELIZABETH: Little man, little man, let me alone!

CECIL: This much I must tell you. If you take no steps both you and your kingdom are at the mercy of the Earl.

Look hard at him; vehemently and deliberately.

ELIZABETH: What are you trying to save here--my kingdom or your hides?

BURGHLEY (Stepping to her): Madam, must we remain unprotected from the waterside?

Quickly.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

FIGURE 6

Act II, scene 3.
"You come with a file of soldiers
at your back, my Lord of Essex."

CECIL: I took the liberty of ordering a guard posted along the water.

Losing control.

ELIZABETH: You posted a guard against my orders? If I had wanted a guard at the river I would have placed one there myself!

(A sudden snarl of angry VOICES breaks in on the conference.)

VOICES:

Way for Lord Essex.

Who has given these orders?

The Queen--defend the Queen.

Not the Queen, by God---

An Essex!

Stand back, fellow!

ELIZABETH rises quickly when VOICES begin.

(RALEIGH, BURGHLEY, CECIL, etc. make a move to guard the entrance. ELIZABETH stops them with:)

Topping them all.

ELIZABETH: Stand back, my Lords. Let him enter.

As ESSEX enters, she takes hold of arms of throne, almost ready to break, but firmly controling herself. Then speak calmly.

(ESSEX appears in the doorway down R. He enters the room, followed by MARVEL and four MEN-AT-ARMS. These latter stand in the entrance R. with their pikes pointed into the Council Chamber.)
You come with a file of soldiers at your back, my Lord of Essex.

ESSEX: Do I need them, your Majesty?

Sit in throne.

ELIZABETH: No.

ESSEX: You have your orders, Marvel. Stay with your men.
(The SOLDIERS and MARVEL file

out R.) They told me you would not see me.

Strong, but with no trace of anger.

ELIZABETH: They were wrong. I will see you. It seems you are in rebellion. State your grievance, if you have grievance. For myself, I have a great affection for rebels, being one myself much of the time.

ESSEX:
As to my being a rebel, that's for you to judge,
But being newly arrived from Ireland, and bearing news
Of your subjects there, I venture to come to see you.

Begin to sound him out; still calm.

ELIZABETH: And your army?---You have an army with you?

ESSEX: I have brought my men home to London.

Begin to get sharp.

ELIZABETH:
You received
My orders, no doubt, directing you to disband?

ESSEX:
I did. But is your Majesty not aware that
An army turned loose
Becomes a mob?

Burst out angrily.

ELIZABETH:
And you tell me this? You are informed in these matters
But I am not.

ESSEX:
Indeed, that is quite true---
I do know about armies--and you do not.

Sarcastic.

ELIZABETH:
Oh, yes---

Quickly.

Oh, indeed. And who paid them then? I believe

Your supplies were cut off?

ESSEX: I have paid them.

Surprised at frank and open answers.

ELIZABETH:
They are then
In your service?

ESSEX:
In my service and therefore
Devoted yours.

Slight pause, then calmer.

ELIZABETH: And Ireland? How of Ireland.

ESSEX:
I could have conquered Ireland
had you given me time.
I left it worse than I found it.

Not looking at him. Sincere.

ELIZABETH:
An honest answer,
At any rate.

ESSEX:
Why should I lie? The fault,
If any, was yours. To conquer
Ireland requires
More than the months you gave me.
Years, perhaps.

Quicker, start to grill him.

ELIZABETH:
You were engaged in subduing the
rebels, then,
When I summoned you home?

ESSEX: Just so.

Top him, building.

ELIZABETH:
You were not, by chance,
Joined with the rebels?

ESSEX: Never.

Quicker still.

ELIZABETH:
You held no parleys
With our friend Tyrone?

ESSEX: I did. It was part of my plan.

Break at last; lash out at him vehemently.

ELIZABETH:
Your plan! Your plan! Why did you write me nothing
Of this, your plan? Am I a witch to find out
What happens on the far side of the Irish sea
Without being told?

ESSEX: I wrote you---

Continue forcefully, with note of sarcasm and bitterness.

ELIZABETH:
Masterly letters,
Brief, to the point, wasting no words,
In short, nothing.

ESSEX:
I know not what your Majesty means
By that. I wrote you fully, and in answer
Received no reply.

ELIZ. look quickly from him to COUNCILLORS and back, completely surprised.

ELIZABETH: You wrote me?

ESSEX: Many times.

Suspiciously.

ELIZABETH: And had no letters from me?

ESSEX: None.

Rise quickly. Threatening, warning.

ELIZABETH:
Before God,
If the couriers were tampered with there shall be
Some necks stretched here! My Lords, I wish to speak
With Lord Essex here alone!
Leave us.

CECIL (Cross to throne):
Dear Queen,
Do you think it safe---

Almost shouting. Composes self as they leave. Then quietly, to him.

ELIZABETH:
Leave us!
(The room is silently emptied.)
What did you write me?

ESSEX:
I wrote you my love--for I thought
you loved me then--
And then I pled with you not to
bring me home
In the midst of my mission--and
then at last angrily--
For I had not heard--but always
to say I loved you---
Always.

Imploring,

ELIZABETH: But is this true?

ESSEX: Would I lie?

Desperate, yet determined.

ELIZABETH:
Someone
Has lied and will pay with his
life if this is true!---
Before God and hell--someone
will pay for this!

ESSEX: What did you write to me?

Cross down on second step of platform. Turn away from him.

ELIZABETH:
I wrote---my love---
God keep you safe---I know not--
and then, not hearing,
I wrote God knows what madness--
as to a rebel---
Thinking you no longer mine---
faithless!
Thinking!

ESSEX:
I would I had known-- I was in
torment---
I---forgive me-- (Cross and kneel
before her.)

Take his face in her hands. Kind, gentle.

ELIZABETH:
You should never have gone away.

God, how I've hated you!---
Planned to put you to torture!

ESSEX (Rises): I have been in torture. (Starts to take her in his arms.)

Cross down steps to C.

ELIZABETH:
Not yet--- I can't breathe yet--
I can't breathe--
Or think or believe--

Turn to him.
Almost imploring.

Can we ever--
Believe again?
Can it be as it used to be?

ESSEX: We can make it so.

As soft and loving as possible. Extend her arms to him.

ELIZABETH:
Come, kill me if you will. Put your arms round me---
If you love me. Do you still love me?

ESSEX (Kneels before her, his arms around her waist): Yes.

Look at him; kind and forgiving.

ELIZABETH:
Yes, yes---
If this were false, then, then truly--then I should die.
I thought because I was older--
you see--someone else---

ESSEX: No one--never a breath---

Lean down to him slightly.

ELIZABETH: Is it all, all as before?

ESSEX: We have not changed?

Look up and away, slight note of sadness.

ELIZABETH:
No. Yes, a little, perhaps.
They have changed us a little.

ESSEX:
Not I. I have not changed.
Sweet, think back, all those months,

All those hideous months!
No word, no love,
And when word did come, it was to
make me prisoner.
Christ! I have pride!
And though I came here in defiance,
I came truly to find you
Who have been lost from me.

Lovingly.

ELIZABETH:
Do you ask forgiveness?
It is all forgiven.

ESSEX (Rising and taking her in his arms):
Then hell's vanished--and here's
heaven
Risen out of it--a little heaven
of years
In the midst of desolate centuries.

Take him back to throne.

ELIZABETH:
We have so few years.
Let us make them doubly sweet,
these years we have--

Cross up to throne.

Be gracious with each other---
sway a little
To left or right if we must to
stay together--
Never distrust each other--nay,
distrust
All others, when they whisper.
Let us make this our pact
Now, for the fates are desperate
to part us
And the very gods envy this
happiness
We pluck out of loss and death.

ESSEX (Cross up to ELIZABETH):
If two stand shoulder to shoulder
against the gods,
Happy together, the gods themselves
are helpless
Against them, while they stand so.
(He kisses her.)

Still in his arms, after kiss, hold to him closely.

ELIZABETH:
Love, I will be
Your servant. Command me. What would you have?

ESSEX: Why, nothing--

Looking at him.

ELIZABETH:
Take this my world, my present in your hands!

Turn, look at throne.

You shall stand back of my chair and together we
Shall build an England to make the old world wonder

Turn to him. Pause, step back.

And the new world worship. (ESSEX look R.)
Nay. What is this doubt in your brow?

ESSEX:
I am troubled to be dishonest.
I have brought my armies here to the palace
And though it's all true what we have said--
No letters--utter agony over long months---
It is something in myself that has made me do this.
Not Cecil--not-- No one but myself.
The rest is all excuse.
(Takes a step away.)

Sincerely.

ELIZABETH: Speak what you will.

ESSEX (Cross to lower level):
If you had but shown anger I could have spoken
Easily. It's not easy now.
But speak I must. Oh, I've thought much of this,
Thinking of you and me. And I say this now
In all friendliness and love--
The throne is yours by right of descent and by
Possession--but if this were a

ELIZABETH takes a step back, bewildered.

freer time,
If there were elections,
I should carry the country before me. And this being true,
And we being equal in love, should we not be equal
In power as well?

Quiet, not quite understanding yet.

ELIZABETH: We are equal. I have made you so.

ESSEX:
Yes, but still it's all yours--yours to grant me now
Or take away.

Quick, stronger.

ELIZABETH: How could this well be otherwise?

ESSEX:
Am I not--and I say this too in all love--
As worthy to be King as you to be Queen?
Must you be sovereign alone?

Push him away from her to lower level. Still calm, explaining rationally, but firmly.

ELIZABETH:
You are young in policy,
My Essex, if you do not know that if I
Should grant high place to you now it would show ill to the kingdom---
It would be believed that you had forced this on me,
Would be called a revolution. It would undermine
All confidence. What is built up for years
In people's minds blows away like thistledown
When such things get abroad.

ESSEX:
But is this your reason,
Or have you another? Would you trust me as King?

Quick. Step in front of throne.

ELIZABETH: No.

ESSEX:
And are you reluctant still to give up
Your prerogatives?

Very firmly.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

ELIZ. is at first surprised, hurt, bewildered. Then cold, distant and the haughty monarch.

ESSEX (Stepping to her):
Then now, when the country is mine, the court in my hands,
You my prisoner, I must send my men away,
Disband my army, give back your Kingdom to you,
And know I have been King for a moment only
And never will be again?

Cool calculation.

ELIZABETH: I am your prisoner?

ESSEX:
The palace and the city are in my hands.
This England is mine now for the taking.

Bitter, harsh.

ELIZABETH:
This is your friendship!
This is your love!

ESSEX (Stepping to level of throne):
As water finds its level, so power goes
To him who can use it and soon or late the name
Of King follows where power is.

Slight pause, then speak slowly and deliberately. Cross down stairs to C., back to him

ELIZABETH:
Now I do know at least
What it was you wanted. You wanted my Kingdom.
You have it.
Make the best of it. And so shall I.

Turn to him sharply.

What are your plans?

ESSEX: I have none.

With all the mock heroics of a martyr.

ELIZABETH:
The Tower, the block--
You could hardly take a queen prisoner and have no thought
Of her destiny.
I am my mother's daughter.
I, too, can walk the path my mother walked.

ESSEX: These are heroics. You know you are free as air.

Quick and angry.

ELIZABETH: If I do as you ask.

ESSEX:
Is it so hard to share your power with your love?
I could have all--and I offer to share with you.

Calmer, but losing none of the intensity.

ELIZABETH:
Why all this talk of power?
No army opposed you when
Your troops came the road from Ireland. No guard was set
To stop your entrance here now that you have come to see me with your thousand halberds.
Shall I tell you why? Because I wished to keep peace between us!

Pause before last line, then bitterly.

And for that, I am your prisoner.

ESSEX: Still my dear prisoner.

ELIZABETH:

Turn from him, cross few steps R.

Let's have no more pretending.
You do not love me--no--nor want me.

ELIZ. instinctively stiffen when he touches her.

ESSEX (Cross and take hold of her arms):
God knows I want you. I have wanted power--
Believed myself fitted to hold it--
But not without you.

Loose herself from him, turn, face him.

ELIZABETH:
If you wanted me, would you rsie and strike at
Me with an army?

Not angry, but strong with cold objectivity.

Never. You'd have come
To me quietly, and we'd have talked of it together
As lovers should--and we'd both have our way--
And none the wiser--but not--to take the palace,
Hold me prisoner--no--what you truly wanted you've taken--
And that is all you shall have.
This is your Kingdom---

Turn from him.

But I---I am not yours.

ESSEX (Taking hold of her again):
But I am yours
And always have been.

Almost ready to break, but won't allow herself.

ELIZABETH:
If I could have given freely.
But not to a victor. Put me where I will do least harm.

ESSEX:
I cannot, could not, will not.
I ask one word from you. Give me this one word--and
These soldiers shall leave and you shall be free.

Look straight ahead, face immobile.

ELIZABETH:
I'll believe that
When it happens.

ESSEX: I'll believe you when you promise.

Long pause, relax body, turn to him.
Cross to throne. Turn, speak last line as coldly as possible.
Extend hand to him.

ELIZABETH:
Then I promise.
You shall share the realm with me.
As I am Queen, I promise it.

ESSEX (Crosses to her, kisses her hand, then crosses R.):
Then this is my answer. (He calls.)

ELIZABETH stand motionless in front of throne, the hard lines of her face showing the decision she is making.

Marvel!----Marvel!
(MARVEL enters down R.)
Carry out the order of release.
Dismiss my guard---
Return the palace into the Queen's hand.
Retire with all our forces to the Strand.
Release all prisoners. Release the Queen's guard
And send them to their stations.
(MARVEL goes off R.)
The palace will be
Returned as quickly as taken.
This is our last quarrel.

Sit slowly in throne. Through all of following, ELIZ. stares blankly at ESSEX.

ELIZABETH: Yes---our last.

MARVEL'S VOICE (Off stage): Form for retire!

ANOTHER VOICE: Form for retire!

A MORE DISTANT VOICE: Form for retire!

A VOICE (In the distance): Ready to march!

ANOTHER VOICE: Ready to march!

ANOTHER: All ready.

ANOTHER: Ready, Captain.

(There is a sound of TRAMPING offstage.)

MARVEL (Enters down R.): The order is obeyed, my Lord.

ESSEX: Follow your men.

MARVEL: Yes, my Lord. (Goes out R.)

ESSEX (Crossing to ELIZABETH): It is as I planned. They are leaving the palace.

Now let us talk no more of this
tonight--(Kneels at her R.)
Let us forget this matter of
thrones and kingdoms
And be but you and me for awhile.

Immobile.

ELIZABETH:
Yes--yes---
Let us forget.
Have you kept your word indeed?

ESSEX: I have kept my word.

More tense.

ELIZABETH:
If I clapped my hands would my
guard
Come now--or yours?

ESSEX: Yours only. Shall I call
them?

Push him away as he starts to clap. She claps her hands four times.

ELIZABETH:
No---I'll call them.
(ARMIN and four GUARDS with halberds enter down R.)
To be sure I have a guard
Once more.
(To ARMIN):
The palace has been returned? It
is in
Our hands?

ARMIN:
Yes, Majesty.

Look hard at ESSEX. First three lines are cruel in their coldness and slow deliberation.

Long pause, then with quiet intensity. Last two lines almost a cry--of extreme anger & fear she'll change her mind.

ELIZABETH:
I have ruled England a long time,
my Essex,
And I have found that he who would
rule must be
Quite friendless, without mercy--
without love.
Arrest Lord Essex.
Arrest Lord Essex! Take him to
the Tower---
And keep him safe.

ESSEX: Is this a jest?

Hold intensity and force of volume.

ELIZABETH:
I never
Jest when I play for kingdoms, my Lord of Essex.

ESSEX: I trusted you.

Angry, bitter, sharp.

ELIZABETH:
I trusted you.
And learned from you that no one can be trusted.
I will remember that.

ESSEX:
Lest that should be all
You ever have to remember, your Majesty,
Take care what you do.

Hold same degree of intensity. When he throws sword to floor, ELIZ. stares at it, unable to take eyes from it. As CURTAIN closes, collapse back in throne, still looking at sword.

ELIZABETH:
I shall take care.

(ESSEX unsheaths his sword, presents hilt in surrender, then flings it at the foot of the throne, turns and walks out between the two files of GUARDS. ARMIN follows them out R.)

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

Scene - the Queen's apartments in the Tower. A big and heavy room with a raised stone platform up L. on which stands a regal chair. On the platform to the left of the chair is a cushion. Up R. is a low chest. There is a trap down C. in which is a large iron ring. The trap is closed. It is dawn. The light filtering through the windows. The FOOL is dozing on the floor below the chest. ELLEN is leaning against the wall R., sobbing. TRESSA enters down L. and goes to ELLEN.

TRESSA:
Come back quickly, dear, quickly.
She is sorry she hurt you.
She will have no one else read to her.

ELLEN (Sobbing):
I can't read now.
I'm--I don't mind if she strikes me--
Only it wasn't my fault.
We're all so weary.

TRESSA (Comforting her): She's sorry---

FOOL (In a daze, counting the GIRLS): One, two, there should be three---

MARY (Off stage): Ellen!

FOOL: Three!

MARY (In doorway L.): Ellen! She wants you at once.

FOOL: Where am I?

MARY: Yes--and what are you doing there?

FOOL: Trying to sleep.

MARY: Sleep? In the Tower?

FOOL: Come and help me.
I've heard that you are perfect
at lying down.

(The GIRLS ignore him and go off L. The CHIME rings five. The FOOL counts the hour on his hand, then remembering his breakfast, crosses to above chest, where there is a platter with a capon on it. He crosses then to platform and sits on the first step at Right of chair. PENELOPE enters L. and crosses to C. She is staring at the trap. As she approaches the FOOL he speaks.)

FOOL: Penelope! (She sits L. of FOOL on step.) Have you slept?

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL: Then you should break your fast. Are you hungry?

PENELOPE: No. I can't eat.

FOOL (Showing her his capon): Look---breakfast. I brought it yesterday from Whitehall.

PENELOPE: Eat it, then.

FOOL: You won't have any?

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL (Putting the platter on the platform): I'm not hungry either.

PENELOPE: Eat it, poor fool.

FOOL: I don't want it. I brought it for you.

PENELOPE: I know. But eat it. (Sobs slightly.)

FOOL: Why should you weep?

PENELOPE: God knows. He never wept for me.

FOOL: The Earl's not dead yet, remember.

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL (Reassuringly): And she'll never let it happen.

PENELOPE (Looking off L.): The clock's struck five. He's to die at six.

FOOL: Why has she not sent to him?

PENELOPE: We were awake all night. She's been waiting for word from him. (The FOOL crosses and puts his ear to trap. He is lying prone over the trap.) But he's as silent as if he wanted to die.

FOOL (Listening): He's silent. Will she let them kill him if he says nothing?

PENELOPE: She wants him to beg her pardon--or something like that.

FOOL: Would you beg her pardon if you were he? (Rising to a sitting position.)

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL (Full of meaning): Then he won't. For I think he's as proud as you.

PENELOPE: He's not said a word or sent a message since his arrest.

FOOL (Crosses and sits R. of PENELOPE): And the Queen has not slept?

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL: Nor you?

PENELOPE: No.

FOOL: God help these women! (Puts his head in her lap.)

PENELOPE (Very emotional): She says she gave him a ring once. If he ever wanted forgiveness he was to send the ring. And he sits there stubbornly with the ring on his finger. Oh, God, will nothing happen?

Offstage. In a temper.

ELIZABETH: Penelope, have the players come yet?

PENELOPE (Who has crossed to door L.): Not yet your Majesty.

Stride in very angrily. Cross C. just l. of trap. Stop suddenly at sight of trap, then turn slowly to ascend throne. Sit. Look steadily at trap, almost bitter, but slow and thoughtful. Sharp command.

ELIZABETH: These cheating grooms! I'll have them carbonadoed for this dallying! Bring me the little book of prayers from the window-sill. (PENELOPE starts to go.) No. leave it. (PENELOPE stops.) The gods of men are sillier than their kings and queens--and emptier and more powerless. There is no god but death. Did I not tell you to bring me the book?

PENELOPE (Calling off L.): Yes, your Majesty. The book of prayer. (ELLEN hands the book through the doorway.)

To FOOL who has taken up platter. Tired, but kind. Gentle, motherly attitude with PENELOPE throughout following dialogue.

ELIZABETH: Go gnaw your bones elsewhere. (FOOL crosses to below chest.) Come here, my dear. (PENELOPE crosses up and sits on platform R. of ELIZABETH, handing her the book.) I heard the clock strike five.

PENELOPE: Yes. I heard it.

Hesitantly.

ELIZABETH: Do you love him well, my dear?

PENELOPE: Yes, your Majesty.

Look away from her to trap.

ELIZABETH: I love him. He has never loved me.

PENELOPE (Facing front): Yes, yes. He does love you. I've been jealous of you.

Put hand on her head, as though comforting a small child.

ELIZABETH: Of me? Poor child.

PENELOPE (Leaning toward her): But he loved you--and never me at all.

Lean forward.

ELIZABETH: How do you know?

PENELOPE: He told me.

Hold her hand.

ELIZABETH: What did he say?

PENELOPE: He said, "I love her dearly." I wanted him for myself, and I warned him against you. He laughed at me. He said, "I love her very dearly." (Says this sobbing.)

Release her hand, sink back in throne.

ELIZABETH: You tell me this because you want to save him.

PENELOPE: No, dear Queen, it's true.

Look out past trap, blankly. Calm realization, as though talking to herself. Turn anxiously to her.

ELIZABETH: This is the end of me. I've been a long time learning. But I've learned it now. Life is bitter. Nobody dies happy, queen or no. Will he speak, think you? Will he send to me?

PENELOPE: No, not now.

Immobile again.

ELIZABETH: You see, this is the end of me.

PENELOPE (Still sobbing.) No, no.

Stare out, her face showing first distortions of old age. Calmly read from prayer book, hardly audible.

ELIZABETH: Oh, I shall live. I shall walk about and give orders--a horrible while--a horrible old hag----We humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities, and for the glory of Thy namesake turn from us those evils that we must righteously have deserved. A grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust in Thy mercy. And evermore---

PENELOPE (Speaking through the prayer):
You must send for him.
He's as proud as you are.
He'll say nothing. You must send for him. Bring him here.

ELIZ. stops her reading suddenly. Rise, throw book into PENELOPE'S lap. Cross down off platform to C., then turn and look off L. Outburst of anger.

(The CHIME rings the quarter-hour.)

ELIZABETH:
Where are the players? I sent for the players hours ago!
Mary! Tressa!
God's head! I'm bestially served!
Ellen! (ELLEN appears in the L. doorway.)
Find out if the players are here.

ELLEN: Yes, madam.

Motions her off.

ELIZABETH:
Be quick.
(ELLEN goes off L.)

To PENELOPE.

Where's my fool?

FOOL: Here, madam.

Turn R. to him.

ELIZABETH:
Where are you when I need you?
Look at the oaf! (He starts to speak.)

Cross R. to him.
Anger gone now, the closest to laughing she could get in this act. Lighter, more human.

Say nothing! You're funny enough
The way you are with your capon in your mouth!
Eat! Let me see you.

FOOL: I don't seem to be hungry.

ELIZABETH: Eat, I say!

FOOL: Yes, madam. (Tries to eat.)

Again, the motherly attitude; desire to take care of him. Kneel down beside him and take his face in her hand.

ELIZABETH:
Now wipe your fingers.
Here, take my napkins, child.
(He takes it, making no move to use it.)
Come here! You're disgusting.
Can you not clean your face?

FOOL: With this?

Sincere and kind.

ELIZABETH:
Aye, with that. Why do you make mouths at it? It's clean.
(He takes the kerchief and then starts to cry.)

Lean close to him.

What is it now? What good's a fool that cries
When you need comfort? What's the matter?

FOOL (Still sobbing): Please, I don't know. You aren't like the Queen.

Rise; slowly, sadly.

ELIZABETH:
And you aren't like the fool.
Laugh!

At the beginning of song ELIZ. crosses slowly to L. FOOL follows, dancing a sort of Morris-dance around her as she does so. At the beginning of the last verse ELLEN enters L. The FOOL is by this time at R. of this entrance.

(He tries to laugh--partially succeeds--then the idea of a song comes to him and he sings the following):

FOOL:

May, the merry month,
month of May
Meg and I and Mary
kissing 'neath the hay.
Nora, Nan, and Nelly,
all the live-long day.
May, the merry-month,
month of May.

ELLEN: The players, Madam.

Cross, sit on throne.

ELIZABETH: Let them come in.
(ELLEN goes out L.)

PENELOPE (Crossing up to her R.): The time's grown short. Will you send for him?

Quickly.

ELIZABETH: No.

PENELOPE: He won't come. You'll let it go too long watching the players.

Top her; look off L.

ELIZABETH: The players--the players!

PENELOPE: You should eat a little something first.

Angry.

ELIZABETH: No, bring them in.

(BURBAGE, HEMMINGS and POINS enter L., bow and cross to stage R.)

BURBAGE: Your Majesty.

(BURBAGE and HEMMINGS are made up as Falstaff and Prince Henry. POINS is carrying a barrel and a candlestick and enters last. The FOOL sits at L. of ELIZABETH;

PENELOPE is at her R. HEMMINGS has crossed to down R. POINS is sitting on his barrel down L.C. BURBAGE is between them, facing ELIZABETH.)

Firm, full of meaning. Build to last line.

ELIZABETH:
You're late, my masters. Be quick!
If ever you played play now. This is my bad
Quarter of an hour.

PENELOPE: Please--please!

Ignore her completely.

ELIZABETH: Begin, Falstaff!
'I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned 'ere I call thee coward!

ELIZABETH watches them closely during their first seven speeches, but disinterested and unimpressed.

BURBAGE (They bow, then begin scene): I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned 'ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst.

HEMMINGS: What's the matter?

BURBAGE: What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

HEMMINGS: Where is it, Jack, where is it?

BURBAGE: Where is it! Taken from us it is! A hundred upon poor four of us.

HEMMINGS: What? Fought ye with them all?

BURBAGE: All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I'm a bunch of radish.
(They ALL laugh, excepting ELIZABETH and PENELOPE.)

FIGURE 7

Act III.
"I tell thee what, Hal--if I
tell thee a lie, spit in my face."

Sharply.

ELIZABETH: Come, come-- This is not to the purpose. I had thought this witty.

BURBAGE (Bowing): Madam, 'tis writ by Master Shakespeare--not by us---

Motion them to continue.

ELIZABETH: Go on! Go on!

ELIZABETH watches them for a moment, then, lost in her own thoughts, turn and look out front. Her face more stricken with age.

HEMMINGS: Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

BURBAGE: Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them; two I'm sure I have paid--two rogues in buckram suits. I tell you what, Hal--if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face--call me horse. Thou knowest my old word; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. (Draws his sword.) Four rogues in buckram let drive at me---

Suddenly turn to her as though she heard it. PENELOPE shakes her head, and for a few moments she watches the players. Then she stares down at trap, as though fascinated by it. Her whole body seems to be drawn to it, and her hands begin to extend out toward it. Her face is almost distorted in mental pain and physical exhaustion, fully showing her age.

ELIZABETH: Was that the chime, Penelope?

HEMMINGS (Continuing, not having heard ELIZABETH'S interruption): What, four? Thou said but two even now.

BURBAGE: Four, Hal. I told thee four.

POINS: Ay, ay. He said four.

BURBAGE: These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

HEMMINGS: O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

BURBAGE: Away, you starveling,

you elfskin, you dried meat's tongue--you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck---

As ELIZABETH becomes more engulfed in her thoughts for ESSEX, she leans even further forward, and finally can control herself no longer, rising suddenly, her eyes on trap. As she realizes the PLAYERS are there she crosses R., trying to compose herself.

HEMMINGS: Well, breathe awhile, and then do it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS: Mark, Jack.

HEMMINGS: We two saw you four set on four--

(As ELIZABETH crosses down R. the PLAYERS cross to stage L. BURBAGE upstage, HEMMINGS C., POINS downstage--all facing ELIZABETH.)

After a pause.

ELIZABETH: Go on! Go on!

BURBAGE and POINS (Prompting HEMMINGS): Then did we two-- Then did we two----

HEMMINGS: Then did we two set on you four and with a word out-faced you from your prize. What starting-hold canst thou now find to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? (HEMMINGS and POINS laugh. There is a dead pause.)

Glaring at them

ELIZABETH: Go on! Go on!

POINS: Come, let us hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

BURBAGE: By the Lord, I know ye as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? (HEMMINGS and POINS laugh.)

In a violent temper.

ELIZABETH: Who are these strangers? What is this interlude? It's a

vile play and you play it vilely.
Begone! (They bow and go out.
POINS forgets his barrel and
candlestick. She calls to him):
Take your trappings and go!

As CHIME rings she flinches, almost breaks. Recover suddenly, almost happy.

(They leave. She starts to cross
L. when the CHIME rings.) Again
the half-hour--(CECIL enters L.)
Was I not wise to wait? He has
spoken first! (To CECIL:) Yes?

ELIZABETH becomes sullen and hard again under the disappointment of his message.

CECIL: Your Majesty, a citizen
rabble has gathered to protest
the execution of Essex. The
Captain begs permission to use
your guard. There's no other
force at hand to disperse them.

Bitter, cutting.

ELIZABETH:
It's your day, Cecil.
I daresay you know that. The
snake-in-the-grass
Endures, and those who are noble,
free of soul,
Valiant and admirable----they go
down in the prime.
Always they go down.

CECIL:
Madam, the guard
Is needed at once.

Point to trap, but look sharply at him.

Top him quickly.

ELIZABETH:
Aye---the snake mind is best---
One by one you outlast them. To
the end
Of time it will be so---the rats
inherit the earth.

Break, turn up L.

Take my guard. Take it. I
thought you brought word from--

Unable to wait longer, she breaks.

Go, call Lord Essex from his cell
And bring him thither!

CECIL:
Lord Essex is prepared for execu-
tion.
The priest has been sent to him.

As though her voice were gone. She goes to throne and sits. Look at trap as though horrified.

ELIZABETH:
Bring him here, I say.

(CECIL bows, crosses and knocks twice on the trap with his stick. The trap is opened from below by one of the GUARDS and CECIL goes down. FOOL starts to sing, "May, May.")

Hardly able to speak.

ELIZABETH:
Go out from me, Fool---
(FOOL goes off L.)

Take her face in her hand. Look kindly at her.

Look here in my face, Penelope.
He is so young.
Do not be here when he comes--Do you mind? You'll look so young.

PENELOPE:
Yes, madam--but you--
You're beautiful.

Look out front, sadly.

ELIZABETH:
Still? I was once---
You'd not believe it now.

PENELOPE:
Oh, yes--
You're always beautiful.
You've always been.

Gently.

ELIZABETH: Go now. He'll come.

(PENELOPE bows out L. After a moment ESSEX enters from the trap:)

ESSEX:
You sent for me?
Or so they said.

Full of anticipation.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

ESSEX:
It would have been kinder
To leave me with my thoughts till the axe came down
And ended them. You spoil me for death.

Imploring.

ELIZABETH:
Are you
So set on dying?

ESSEX:
I can't say I care for it.
This blood that beats in us has a
way of wanting
To keep right on. But if one is
to die
It's well to go straight toward
it.

Quietly; not believing yet he is to die.

ELIZABETH:
You must have known
I never meant you to die.

ESSEX:
I am under sentence
From your Majesty's courts. There's
no appeal that
I know of.
I am found guilty of treason on
good evidence,
And cannot deny it. This treason,
I believe,
Is punishable with death.

Humbly.

ELIZABETH:
God knows I am proud--
And bitter, too--bitter at you
with much cause,
But I have sent for you. I have
spoken first.
Will you make me tell you first
how much
I've longed for you? It's hard
for me.

ESSEX:
My dear,
You can tell me so gracefully, for
you
Have nothing to gain or lose by
me--but I
Have life and love to gain, and I
find it less
Fitting to speak like a lover,

lest you suppose
I do it to save my head.

Sadly, hurt; somewhat imploring.

ELIZABETH:
It's true that you never
Loved me, isn't it? You were
ambitious, and I
Loved you, and it was the nearest
way to power,
And you took the nearest way?
(ESSEX starts to speak.)

Relax back in chair, not wanting to look at him.

No, no--one moment---
This is an hour for truth, if
there's ever truth---
I'm older than you--but a queen;
it was natural
You'd flatter me, speak me fair,
and I believed you.

Lean to him, earnestly.

I'm sorry I believed you. Sorry
for you
More than for me.

ESSEX:
Why, yes--that's true enough.
Now may I go? This dying sticks
in my mind,
And makes me poor company, I fear.

Crying out.

ELIZABETH:
It is true.
It is true, then?

ESSEX:
If you wish to make me tell you
How much I used to love you,
How much I have longed for you,
very well, I will say it.
That's a small victory to win
over me now,
But take it with the rest.

Quickly.

ELIZABETH: You did love me?

ESSEX: Yes.

Eagerly.

ELIZABETH: And still do?

ESSEX: Yes. You should know
that, I think.

Unable to understand. Pitiful plea.

ELIZABETH: Then why did you not send the ring?

ESSEX:
I had thought to wear it
As far as my grave, but take it.
(Starts to remove it from his finger.)

Motion with hand that she doesn't want ring from him.
Still with note of pleading; completely forgiving him.

ELIZABETH:
I'd have forgotten
All that had passed, at any hour, day or night,
Since I last saw you. I have waited late at night,
Thinking tonight the ring will come,

Slower.

But the nights went by
Somehow, like the days, and it never came,
Till the last day came, and here it is the last morning.

Break, quickly turn from him.

(The CHIME rings the quarter hour.)
And the chimes beating out the hours.

ESSEX:
Dear, if I thought--
But I could not have sent it.

Look up at him.

ELIZABETH: Why?

ESSEX:
If I'd tried
To hold you to a promise you could not keep
And you had refused me, I should have died much more
Unhappy than I am now.

Rise, quickly; encouraged.

ELIZABETH:
I'd have kept my promise.
I'd keep it now.

ESSEX: If I offered you this ring?

Her face lighting up, extend hand to him.

ELIZABETH: Yes---even now.

ESSEX:
You would set me free,
Cede back my estates to me, love
me as before,
Give me my place in the state?

Quick, impulsive. ELIZABETH: All as it was.

ESSEX: And what would happen to
your throne?

Slowly, the happiness leaving her face; the tired, old look returning. ELIZABETH:
My throne?
Nothing.

ESSEX: Yes, for I'd try to take
it from you.

Unbelieving, but no bitterness. ELIZABETH:
Again?
You'd play that game again?

ESSEX:
The games one plays
Are not the games one chooses
always. I
Am still a popular idol of a sort.
There are mutterings over my im-
prisonment,
Even as it is--and if you should
set me free
And confess your weakness by over-
looking treason,
The storm that broke over you before
Would be nothing to the storm
that would break over you
then. As for myself,
I played for power and lost, but
if I had
Another chance I think I'd play
and win.

Slowly, earnestly. ELIZABETH: Why do you say this?

ESSEX:
I say it because it's true.
I have loved you, love you now,
but I know myself.

If I were to win you over and
take my place
As before, it would gall me. I
have a weakness
For being first wherever I am. I
refuse
To take pardon from you without
warning you
Of this. And once you know it,
pardon becomes
Impossible.

Sit very slowly. Sincerely.

ELIZABETH:
You do this for me?

ESSEX:
Yes,
And partly for England, too.
I've lost conceit of myself a
little. A life
In prison's very quiet. It leads
to thinking.
You govern England better than I
should.
I'd lead her into wars, make a
great name,
Perhaps, like Henry Fifth, and
leave a legacy
Of debts and bloodshed after me.
You will leave
Peace, happiness, something se-
cure. A woman governs
Better than a man, being a
natural coward.
A coward rules best.

Quietly.

ELIZABETH: Still bitter.

ESSEX:
Perhaps a little.
It's a bitter belief to swallow,
but I believe it.
You were right all the time.
And now, may I go?
(He turns to the trap.)
The headsman comes sharp on the
hour.

Quickly, desperately. Sit forward on throne.

ELIZABETH:
You have an hour yet.
It's but struck five.

ESSEX: It struck five some time since.

Break, bury face in downstage hand.

ELIZABETH: It cannot go this way!

ESSEX:
Aye, but it has
And will. There's no way out.
I've thought of it
Every way. (Turn to her.) Speak
Look up at him. frankly. Could you forgive me
And keep your throne?

Slow, but definite.

ELIZABETH: No.

ESSEX:
Are you ready to give
Your crown up to me?

Pause, look at him steadily. Barely audible. Rise, then angrily, defiantly, proudly cross to him.

ELIZABETH:
No. It's all I have.
Why, who am I
To stand here paltering with a rebel noble!
I am Elizabeth, daughter of a king,
And you are my subject!

Aghast at his impudence; ashamed of her own weakness; violently lash out at him.

What does this mean, you standing here eye to eye
With me, your liege? You whom I made, and gave you
All that you have, you, an upstart, defying
Me to grant pardon, lest you should sweep me from power
And take my place from me? I tell you if Christ his blood
Ran streaming from the heavens for a sign
That I should stay my hand, you'd die for this,
You pretender to a throne upon which you have

At highest pitch of anger. Her right arm flung upwards, shaking with intensity of her own emotions. Strike him with back of hand, full

across face on "No Claim." Break, turn away, almost stagger up to throne, almost crying on last line. Hold onto throne as though for support.

No claim, you pretender to a heart, who have been
Hollow and heartless and faithless to the end!

ESSEX:
If we had met some other how we might have been happy---
But there's been an empire between us! I am to die---
Let us say that--let us begin with that---
For then I can tell you that if there'd been no empire
And even now, if you were not Queen and I were not pretender,
That god who searches heaven and earth and hell
For two who are perfect lovers could end his search
With you and me. Remember----
I am to die----
And so I can tell you truly, out of all the earth
That I'm to leave, there's nothing I'm very loath
To leave save you. Yet if I live I'll be
Your death or you'll be mine.

Her back to him all through this speech. Hold to chair.

Straighten up slightly, hopefully.

Flinch on "to die" and sink down again.

Slowly begin to straighten up again, so by end of speech she's nearly erect.

Without turning, reach out hand to him. A pitiful cry.

ELIZABETH:
Give me the ring.

ESSEX (Turning his back to her):
No.

Turn to him, full of emotion, imploringly, pitifully crying.

ELIZABETH:
Give me the ring. I'd rather you killed me
Than I killed you.

ESSEX:
It's better
That I should die young, than live long and rule,
And rule not well.

Sink back against arms of throne. Quieter.

ELIZABETH: Aye, I should know that.

ESSEX: Is it not?

Defeated.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

ESSEX: Goodbye, then.

Pause, then slowly, not looking at him, cross down to him.

ELIZABETH:
Then I'm old, I'm old!
I could be young with you, but now I'm old.
I know now how it will be without you. The sun
Will be empty and circle round an empty earth---
And I will be queen of emptiness and death-----
Why could you not have loved me enough to give
Me your love and let me keep as I was?

Look out front. Face blank and immobile; voice almost expressionless.

Long pause, turn and look desperately at him. Take hold of his arms tightly, with cry of despair, pleading.

ESSEX:
I know not.
I only know I could not.

(ESSEX crosses to trap, stops for a moment and then disappears down the stairs.)

Watch him cross; as he starts down look at her empty arms. When he disappears, a sharp intake of breath. A cry to him first line; second line full and rich; the last an almost inaudible cry. Stare at trap. As DRUMS sound, start, turn to cross L. At final beat of DRUMS, stiffen. Then collapse on lowest step of platform, stricken rigid and aged. As lights dim collapse, arms outstretched, alone and defeated.

ELIZABETH:
Lord Essex!
Take my kingdom! It is yours.

(DAWN has appeared in the Tower windows. After a moment there is a muffled sound of DRUMS. A sharp DRUM beat. The CHIME rings six. Then silence.)

CURTAIN

CHAPTER IV

THE ACTING PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN CREATING THE ROLE OF ELIZABETH

A study of the period during which Elizabeth Tudor lived presented an historical picture of the major events that occured during Elizabeth's lifetime. A discussion of Elizabeth as an individual reflected against this history was necessary to develop a character study of the woman and the queen. The next step involved an analysis of Maxwell Anderson's creation of an historical character for his play Elizabeth the Queen. These three steps were essential in order to study the part and recreate the characterization of Elizabeth.

In the preparation of a role, there is no one theory of acting that must be followed to be assured of success. However, the method found to be the most satisfactory was a plan devised by Samuel Seldon in his book, A Player's Handbook.[1] Three major divisions were utilized: analyzing, imagining, and playing the part. A plan such as this was necessary due to the complexity of the characterization of Elizabeth. Although the actress drew

---

1 Samuel Seldon, A Player's Handbook (New York: F.S. Crofts and Company, 1935), pp. 89-117.

heavily from the historical concept of Elizabeth, she remained faithful to the playwright's design. Once she loses sight of Mr. Anderson's dramatic vision of Elizabeth, the effectiveness of her part will be gone.

In the analysis of the part, the first step was an analysis of the play itself--the dramatic desire, the resistance, and the struggle. The dramatic purpose of the role can only be indicated through an analysis, first of all, of the play as a whole--what function Elizabeth had in the creation of the entire play; the general character, the central idea, and the general movement of the play. These questions were answered once the dramatic story was established. In Elizabeth the Queen the dramatic desire of Elizabeth for Essex, the resistance to the satisfaction of that desire, and the struggle that ensued because of that desire, constitute the dramatic story. In this case the motivating desire of the play is a dual one. The resisting forces are the counter desires of Essex, Cecil, Raleigh, Bacon, and Burghley, and the conflict of desires and forces within Elizabeth. The ensuing struggle centers around Elizabeth and Essex. It is a struggle between the two individuals and between them and the other characters.

The specific incidents in the play that revealed the form of the dramatic struggle were determined. The struggle originates in Act I, scene 1, when Cecil and

Raleigh discuss Elizabeth and Essex and plot to send Essex to Ireland. The progress of the struggle is most clearly indicated in the sequences between Elizabeth and Essex---their reconciliation in Act I, scene 2; their relationship in the Council scene and their discussion after the Council is dismissed in scene 3; Essex's return from Ireland in Act II, scene 3; and his arrest and departure to the Tower in this same scene. The outcome of the struggle is their brief scene at the end of Act III, climaxing the action of the play with his execution.

The dominating desire or desires of the play must be established at the beginning. There are two dominating desires--Elizabeth's love of Essex and Essex's desire for power. They are revealed in the action of the play, and are both causes of the resistant force. The resistant force takes the form of a counter desire and an impelling desire. In both cases it is located primarily in the characterization of Elizabeth.

Throughout the play, Elizabeth exhibits each of these desires. The development of the counter desire and the impelling desire were carefully plotted out. The previous study of Elizabeth's psychological make-up made these desires more easily recognizable. For example, in Act II, scene 2, Elizabeth changes constantly in her discussion with Bacon. At one moment, she shows her anger

with Essex and at the next her love for him. The actress developed this through a physical and vocal pattern. In speeches which represented a counter desire, the body was more erect and rigid and the vocal quality was harsher and lower. For those speeches which indicated an impelling desire, the body was allowed to be more relaxed and the voice to be softer and fuller. This was maintained throughout in order to be consistent with the development of the characterization.

The dramatic purpose of Elizabeth must next be discovered. Because the part is a leading one, the answer was relatively simple. Elizabeth constitutes the primary motivating desire and force of the play. She represents the prevailing mood of the action. With this in mind, an analysis of the details of the part follows. This was accomplished through a study of the character's body, mind, and emotional nature.

Elizabeth's general appearance, in relationship to her station in life, was that of a stately and haughty monarch. Her specific appearance, in relationship to her personal peculiarities, was that of a proud and vain woman. Her carriage was erect and commanding. Her features were sharp, but strong. Her dress was extremely elaborate and magnificent. She wore wigs, usually bright red, and adorned her hands with brilliant rings. Her

physical condition was remarkable. An older woman, she was healthy and vigorous. She moved gracefully, yet with strong determination in each movement.

Elizabeth's mind was an intellectually alert and complex one. Her habits of thought were the product of inherent, environmental, and circumstantial causes--combining the indecisiveness, contradictoriness, craftiness, and subtleness that so characterized her. Elizabeth's emotional character was one of extreme changeability, with a deep capacity for kindness and cruelty, deep feeling and harsh objectivity.

Historical research presented a wealth of descriptive information concerning Elizabeth's body, mind, and nature. However, the interpretation of the part must be first, in terms of the script; second, in terms of history. In this case history and the playwright agreed. The most important sources of material were the speech lines of Elizabeth. Each line was analyzed for its intellectual and emotional content in relationship to the dramatic character to be created. The reactions of Elizabeth to each character in the play were fully considered; the lines and stage business of other characters were carefully analyzed; and each situation that directly or indirectly affected the characterization of Elizabeth was studied.

This initial preparation was requisite for a complete analysis of the part. Analyzing the play for its dramatic desire, resistance, struggle, and dramatic purpose constituted the first step. The last step was an examination of the three aspects of the dramatic character and an analysis of the author's script.

After analyzing the part, the problem arises of imagining the role of Elizabeth--of building the image of the character. The figure in the script has been studied and questioned carefully. Now Elizabeth must be visualized as a living person, thus passing from the more objective to the subjective analysis. This was accomplished through a re-creation, or enlarging, of the three aspects of Elizabeth's nature. However, the actress could not depend solely on her own experiences. It was necessary to observe other people in similar situations or moods, to listen attentively to the voices of older women, to note the actions, postures, gestures, expressions, and mannerisms peculiar to that age, and to observe the details of appearance and conduct in people. Then the actress experimented with the best of each of the above characteristics, reproducing and incorporating them into the living image of Elizabeth. This process must be carefully handled, however, to avoid meaningless and unessential characteristics in the part.

Portraying the role of an older woman presented many physical problems. The walk and posture of older women was particularly noted. During the early rehearsal periods, several different walks and postures were experimented with in order to find that which was most naturally adaptable to the part. For example, an older woman would have more difficulty sitting and rising, would walk more slowly and heavily, and would not be as agile as a younger woman. This was accomplished by walking more stiff-legged, and by settling the weight more on the flat of the feet and around the middle of the body. The arm gestures were not full, free, and easy. The gestures were strong, but were more restrained.

Vocally, the actress used a lower quality than that of her normal voice. It was back in the throat, producing a harsher and sharper quality. This did not prevent the use of as full a vocal range, and greatly helped in establishing the character.

Much of the imaginative process was created through the background of the actresses own life. The outward image was a combination of observed and selected details. The inner emotional image was created through the memory of personal experience. No situation in the play duplicated an actual experience in the actresses life. It was a matter, again, of selecting and adapting details for the

most effective use. For example, the actress was in a teaching situation. She found that in many ways control over a group of students duplicated Elizabeth's control of her Council. The emotional feeling of being in an individual situation of controling or ruling a group was translated from the class room to the council room. A fundamental feeling of being respected and looked up to as a more superior person was an excellent basis to work from in the development of Elizabeth's relations with those who surrounded her.

Thus, Elizabeth was first analyzed, then imagined. The final step was her creation--the playing of the part. Three steps were followed in this unit. The first was that of action and reaction, of putting the character in motion. Action and reaction indicate the movement and counter-movement between the opposing forces in the play. These opposing forces are the different personalities involved in the basic struggle of the play. The clearest examples are in scenes of physical or mental conflict. The Council Scene, Act I, scene 3, is a good example of contact and response, action and reaction. Cecil implies that Essex is afraid to go to Ireland; Essex becomes angry and accuses Cecil and Raleigh of treason; Raleigh becomes angry; Elizabeth shouts out to them all; and Burghley calmly brings the meeting to order again. Cecil has made

the initial contact and Essex responds. Raleigh acts and Elizabeth reacts. Then Burghley breaks the tenseness of the situation with a new contact. The dialogue form itself insists on a physical and mental action and reaction process throughout the entire play.

This was the first thing found necessary in the rehearsal period--the right kind of responsive contacts. Elizabeth must be an integral part of every scene she is in, responding to other characters, to their actions and lines, and to the situations within each scene. For example, in Act III, Elizabeth must be responsive to the presence of the Players doing their scene from Henry IV and, at the same time, be responsive to Essex's presence in the Tower. Her concentration should be focused on the Players, who are directly in front of her, and on the trap door through which Essex will enter.

The most difficult scene in which to establish an action and reaction pattern was scene 2 of Act II between Elizabeth and Bacon. The scene was written primarily to show Elizabeth's reactions to the dramatic struggle of the play. In order to avoid a soliloquy, Bacon was included. The two characters, in this case, were able to work well together, but an emotional action and reaction process seemed difficult to obtain. Through a study of line interpretation, business, movement, and character relation-

ship the scene finally achieved emotional effectiveness. However, this scene required the most persistent effort on the part of the director and the actress.

Reaction is a vital part of putting the character in motion. It is absolutely necessary from the beginning to the end of any play. Without reaction there would be no significance, no conflict, and no story. The first two basic elements of dramatic action, therefore, are struggle and action and reaction. The third element is climax.

In any play the final peak of dramatic action is the major climax. However, there are minor peaks of actions throughout. In Elizabeth the Queen the emotions of the characters are aroused by the conflict and certain points in the action are stronger than others. These points are the minor climaxes of the play and, to be played effectively, they must be recognized and plotted out. An example of this can be noted in Act II, scene 2, between Elizabeth and Sir Francis Bacon. A minor peak is attained at the end of Elizabeth's long speech. To make this more powerful, bodily movements were restrained during the first part of the scene. She slowly built them up as the speech progresses until, at the end of the speech, the strongest possible vocal and physical variety has been attained. This was felt to reinforce the meaning and emotional quality of the scene.

The reverse is just as effective. In Act II, scene 3, when Elizabeth sends Essex to the Tower, the low vocal intensity and erect, quiet body would be stronger. Therefore, the preceeding speeches were stronger in volume, coming down gradually, until the peak line, which was read quietly but intensely. Climaxes, minor or major, are thus attained through a coordination of vocal and physical action. Their importance cannot be underestimated in the creation of a role.

The final step in playing the part concerns the elements of contrast, rhythm, and unity in the dramatic design. These three elements provide the actress with a flexible performance. Without them, it would be repetitious and monotonous. Contrast is necessary between characters and within any one character. It may take the form of a vocal or a physical contrast, whichever is felt to be more effective. In playing Elizabeth, the more vocal contrast that is employed, the richer and more poignant her lines become. For example, in Act II, scene 3, Elizabeth loses her temper with the Fool and Penelope. While she berates them, her anger, vocally, takes many swift turns from intense hatred to harsh cruelty. When Elizabeth reaches the peak of her anger, she suddenly changes her mind, sinks back in her throne, and calls for the Players. The major emotional change is sharp but all

of the minor nuances that build to the major contrast must be carefully handled. The reinforcement of the quick change in temper is that way made more effective.

In Elizabeth the Queen the poetic form of the dialogue was a definite aid in establishing a rhythmical pattern of thought, feeling, and action. The important factor was the stressing of essential points and the subordinating of unessential ones. Along with vocal rhythm, it was necessary to establish a physical pattern as well. Within these rhythmical patterns contrast was used in order to make the rhythm of the character more interesting and flexible.

However, these two elements must be controlled. This is the function of unity. When unity was applied to these elements, there was an ordering and fusing of all the peculiarities and differences of character into a whole. Elizabeth became an individual that was alive and believable, not a stage character exhibiting extraneous actions and reactions.

Finally, the four main points of a good performance must be applied to the characterization. An effective performance should be convincing, fresh, restrained, and easy. In order to be convincing, the part of Elizabeth must be an integral part of the whole theme of the play. The characterization must be developed in terms of the

other characters and the action of the play. It must be carefully motivated and easily credible.

The actress must be sure that she creates an illusion of the first time, or a freshness, in Elizabeth. If this fundamental feeling that the character is going through a dramatic experience for the first time is lost, then the performance becomes monotonous. To avoid monotony, as much variety as possible must be utilized with the physical and vocal instruments she has to work with. Through the use of contrast and rhythm the actress will be able to accomplish this in the role of Elizabeth.

At the same time, Elizabeth must be restrained. If the performance is restrained, the imaginations of the audience will be affected more deeply. The body and voice must be, at all times, completely controlled. For example, Elizabeth's last lines in the play are spoken after Essex has gone to his death. She finally calls to him, offering him her kingdom. Vocal and physical restraint on these lines will indicate more strongly the emotional conflict Elizabeth is experiencing. If Elizabeth were to scream hysterically and weep real tears, the performance would become too realistic and lose its effectiveness on the imaginations of the audience.

Ease in performance means the illusion of an effortless and unconscious playing of a part. Elizabeth must

never become conscious work on the stage. The audience will spot it and become nervous over the effort. A good performance, therefore, is always convincing, fresh, restrained, and easy. When these major points have been applied to the total characterization, the actress is prepared to face an audience.

The theory of a three point plan--analyzing, imagining, and playing the part--was found to be extremely successful in the basic development of the character of Elizabeth. Each phase of the process was fully explored first from an historical angle, then completely in terms of Maxwell Anderson's script. Following this proceedure, the characterization of Elizabeth developed naturally and logically. The acting script was included in order to indicate the movement, business, and specific interpretation of the role as it was performed. An actress that carefully follows this plan in preparing a part will find it a workable and thoroughly practicable one. The ultimate creation of the role will depend on the capability and personality of the actress.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anderson, Maxwell, Elizabeth the Queen. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1930. 113 pp.

_____, Off Broadway. New York: William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1947. 91 pp.

Anthony, Katharine, Queen Elizabeth. Garden City, New York: Garden City Publishing Company, 1929. 263 pp.

Beesly, Edward Spencer, Queen Elizabeth. New York: Macmillan and Company, 1892. 240 pp.

Black, J.B., The Reign of Elizabeth. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1936. 448 pp.

Byrne, M. St. Clare, Elizabethan Life in Town and Country. London: Methuen and Company, Limited, 1934. 270 pp.

Cheyney, Edward P., A History of England. 2 Vol.; New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1926.

Chute, Marchette, Shakespeare of London. New York: E.P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1949. 397 pp.

Clark, Barrett H., Maxwell Anderson the Man and His Plays. New York: Samuel French, 1933. 32 pp.

Cole, Toby, compiler, Acting. New York: Lear Publishers, Inc., 1947. 223 pp.

Cole, Toby and Helen Krich Chinoy, editors, Actors on Acting. New York: Crown Publishers, 1949. 596 pp.

Creighton, Mandell, Queen Elizabeth. London: Longmans, Green and Company, 1920. 307 pp.

_____, The Age of Elizabeth. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1925. 236 pp.

_____, The Tudors and the Reformation. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1924. 91 pp.

Davis, William Stearns, Life in Elizabethan Days. New York: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1930. 367 pp.

Delves-Broughton, J., Crown Imperial. London: Faber and Faber, Limited, 1949. 558 pp.

Dolman, John, The Art of Play Production. New York: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1946. 420 pp.

Eliot, Charles W., editor, The Harvard Classics. 50 Vol.; New York: P.F. Collier and Son Company, 1910.

Flexner, Eleanor, American Playwrights: 1918-1938. New York: Simon and Shuster, Inc., 1938. 331 pp.

Freedley, George and John A. Reeves, A History of the Theatre. New York: Crown Publishers, 1941. 688 pp.

Gassner, John, Masters of the Drama. New York: Dover Publications, 1945. 804 pp.

Goadby, Edwin, The England of Shakespeare. New York: Cassell and Company, Limited, n.d.. 220 pp.

Hackett, Francis, Henry the Eighth. New York: Horace Liveright, Inc., 1929. 452 pp.

Harrison, G.B., An Elizabethan Journal. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 1929. 452 pp.

Innes, Arthur D., England Under the Tudors. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1931. 481 pp.

_____, Ten Tudor Statesmen. London: Grayson and Grayson, 1934. 295 pp.

Irwin, Margaret, Elizabeth Captive Princess. London: Chatto and Windus, 1948. 256 pp.

_____, Young Bess. London: Chatto and Windus, 1944. 264 pp.

Jenkins, John S., Heroines of History. Chicago: L.P. Miller and Company, 1888. 520 pp.

Joy, James Richard, An Outline History of England. New York: Chautauqua Press, 1890. 311 pp.

Neale, John Ernest, Queen Elizabeth. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1934. 402 pp.

Seldon, Samuel, A Player's Handbook. New York: F.S. Crofts and Company, 1935. 252 pp.

Stephenson, Henry Thew, The Elizabethan People. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1910. 400 pp.

Strachey, Lytton, Elizabeth and Essex. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928. 286 pp.

Trevelyan, George Macaulay, History of England. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1929. 723 pp.

Wernham, R.B., and J.C. Walker, England Under Elizabeth. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1932. 264 pp.

Zweig, Stefan, Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles. New York: The Viking Press, 1935. 361 pp.