

Saginaw Valley State University

# Elizabeth

From *Elizabeth the Queen*

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Theatre 137B Acting and Analysis

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Dear Diary,

Here are my **given circumstances**:

The year is 1599, the month of June being well underway. I am currently residing in the Whitehall Palace in London, the events spoken of below occurring in my royal study. It is currently noontime and I felt the urge to document my events thus far.

My beloved Lord Essex has come back to me on this day, the 17th, although I am not sure whether to be joyous or bothered. Of course I love the man, but we do quarrel often. Just who does he think he is, arguing with me, Elizabeth, the Queen of England? I certainly should not be questioned, nor accused, but my love-clouded mind allows it. I am not quite sure why he continues to love me, for I am growing old in age while he yet drinks from the cup of youth. This morning after a shared kiss, I ushered a sort of test upon him, although the words I spoke were that of truth. I first told him his kiss was that of any other man's, which he did not seem to be offended by, though, I think I struck a chord with the mention of Raleigh. Jealousy, perhaps? We once again quarreled, myself taunting him, testing him to see the validity of his love for me (though emotions quickly took over, and I'm afraid the words kept spilling out of my own defiant mouth).

Oh, my old mouth. You see, as I age, my mouth grows less and less desirable. And thus, so does my entire **physical condition**. I feel as though I only possess my crimson hair and white complexion, and I thank God for that. Though, of course, even those traits are aided largely by wigs, adornments, and cosmetics. But I truly have my dresses, my exquisite gowns adored by all. I enjoy them large, poofed, and jeweled, preferably to draw away from the bodily effects of time.

I have a mighty need to command the presence of each room I place myself in, and my gowns do that work for me. I cherish the old days when I could use my appearance to sway weaker men.

Dear Diary,

At the end of this day, I find myself reflective. As always, my mentality is that of stability and wit, but my **emotional condition** seems to have become quite the opposite. My heart is so infatuated with love for my Lord Essex, I find it difficult to ignore. But such love comes at a price; I am consistently saddened by Essex when he inevitably leaves me for his own ambition. He only just returned from Spain and now resolves to leave for Ireland. My heart is sure to ache in longing when he is no longer here to sate me. I can already feel my rationality becoming affected by my strong emotions. For, am I not the queen of England? Why did I not simply command my love to stay? Even more so, Lord Essex stated today he thought himself more fit to rule than I, by the mere fact he is male. I cannot control my thoughts of love for him, as I am now considering letting him take my throne, for I would rather he be king and love me than a knight and battle me in loving hatred. Why is my **language** so affected? I was raised a royal princess of England; I was taught from infancy how to speak in front of lesser men! I am usually so precise in diction, so forceful in the words which emit from my mouth. As of late I find myself lacking in the power of my words; Essex certainly does not heed me.

“I think if we are to love we must love and be silent,” is what I said to Essex earlier this day. Perhaps the hushed tones and words of love I freely give to him are that of weakness. Though, I cannot bring myself to stop, even with my respect and queendom in question.

And in relation, I suppose, would lie my largest **secret**. After the events of today, even though I hide it as best as I can, I realize that I have finally allowed a man to ruin myself. I shall

never tell a soul my realization, unless I am a fool enough to let it show. All my life I have always controlled the men around me, always one step ahead and full of much more wit. How shall I continue with life knowing a man has finally come to ruin me? By my own doing, no doubt! Damn that man! I should have his head!

How devastated I would be, should this man stop loving me. Thus, my **biggest fear** is revealed. My old age terrifies me, and even more so that it will certainly be the cause of his eventual betrayal. Surely some young vixen will make her way into his arms, supplanting me, even though Essex denies such accusation. I fear such deposition more so than becoming politically usurped. Curse the way of the universe for pitting time against me so! I know the betrayal I anticipate will be the death of my soul; my old and withered body no more what it once used to be, too, will lie wasted in the ground.

Dear Diary,

Now Essex has left me for Ireland. As I wait for his return, I am troubled by the lack of word from him. With such silence, I grow angrier and find myself reflecting further on the events of June the 17<sup>th</sup>, whence Essex returned from Spain, as mentioned two passages ago. I realize I had a clear **objective** that day, to get Essex to play by my rules, although it could be said I was not entirely successful. Essex provided **obstacles** which could not be overcome. He is defiant, brazen, and simply put, does not heed the Queen of England. Thus, my **tactics** were easily overcome, which I am now mortified of. Each time I pushed him to leave, he would defy me and stay put. I hushed him twice, and still, he spoke; I could not manage to force him to do a single thing. Furthermore, I am quite bothered to his response after I quite alluringly tested him on his feelings of kissing me. Damning the queen is not something to be taken lightly, although I cared not at the time. I cursed him then, and I curse him now for the impudence he continues to

display. With not the slightest word from Essex, and the defiant nature shown on that day, I am beginning to worry he may soon turn against me. Thus are my **expectations** both won and lost; I did succeed in making him play by my rules, but only by banishing him. This leads to my next objective which is to bring him back, but I fear it will be to no avail.

I am not even sure what I should have done differently. I gave him my all, and he has likely betrayed me thus. Perhaps Essex read into my **subtext**? He must have come to know that I was testing him of his loyalty with my pretended boredom of his kiss. He knew well enough to say exactly the right things, making myself a fool in the meantime. I poured my entire heart out to him, even with the details I did not speak. Now he has realized I am completely in love with him, and that I am so, so incredibly afraid that he would leave me due to my old age. He knows that he can do anything he wishes, and that I would forgive him in a heartbeat, after all, I unknowingly said it all when I made no bother of his defiance. I know I should destroy him upon his return, but I do not think it is in my heart to do so, for as much as I hate him now, my love for him persists.

Dear Diary,

Essex has overcome me. True, I remain Queen of England, but I feel as though I am completely conquered and violated. Essex has been sent to his death for high treason. He would not let me forgive him, and walked haply to the axe knowing well that I am defeated in the matters of the heart. I weep for him, and I weep for the evolution of my own character **arc**. In the beginning, I once was a great, smart, and cunning woman, but now I feel no more than that of a mishandled servant-girl. Even in the start of my tale, on the day Essex returned to me from Spain, which is when this scene took place, my actions mirrored this. I began strong and testing, then faltered to become a slave to my heart and thus, his will. I have failed myself, and can

currently feel my soul dissolving into a bleak future. May others in times to come learn from my mistakes, to not become so enveloped by blind love as to succumb to the very one you would give everything for. Thus is my purpose and **function** in this sad tale. I know I will never be the same, I am a marred ghost of the woman I once was.

Elizabeth is quite tragic in *Elizabeth the Queen*, and I love her character. We are **alike** concerning our use of manipulation, though I do not know the full extent to which she manipulated for less than good things. I only manipulate to get things that I want that won't hurt anyone, and to bring about better outcomes for myself and those I care about. I am also a strong advocate for feminism, and I love that Elizabeth is a female ruler in a very long line of male rulers. Historically, Elizabeth never married so a man could not take her power away from her. If I were the heir to a large kingdom, I certainly would do the same! Although, we are **unlike** in a couple ways as well. I have not yet been "in love," so I cannot say for certain, but I believe I would never let a man, or anyone, steer me so far from myself; certainly not after an awful betrayal! I wouldn't have even wanted to forgive Essex for the vile acts he partook in.