



Production: Literary-Dramatic Center of Radio and Television Slovakia
Premiere broadcasting: 15/12/2020

Author of the radio drama: Zuzana Ferenczová (based on the ballad of Ján Botto)
Producer: Michaela Materáková
Director: Táňa Tadolánková
Sound Engineer: Stanislav Kacník
Music: Rudolf Pepucha
Length: 27:45

Margita and Besná

Zuza Ferenczová (1977) is a graduate of The Academy of Performing Arts in Bratislava, where she gained degree in theatre dramaturgy. She is a Slovak scriptwriter and playwright. Her theatre plays were staged in Slovakia, the Czech Republic, UK and Italy and translated into several languages including French and Korean. She also wrote a number of radio dramas, two of them were recently awarded at a radio drama festival in her homeland. The radio adaptation of her drama *The Problem* won the drama category at the Prix Bohemia festival.

Ján Botto (1829- 1881) was a Slovak romantic poet, a remarkable personality of the 19th century Slovak National Movement and an author of a number of Slovak emblematic poems that students like to learn by heart, with **Margita and Besná** being one of them. He is especially famous for his reworks of Slovak folk stories that were originally transmitted orally.

The original **story of Margita and Besná** is geographically closely tied to the north-west Slovak region where the Váh river was once used for transportation of wood on rafts. Two great rocks in the Váh river forming a dangerous strait, had been named after two main characters of this folk story about jealousy and cold-hearted murder. The water route round the rocks of Margita and Besná had always been life-threatening for the rafters. In 1938 the rocks were destroyed during the railway construction works. At that time rafting had already ceased to exist in the region but was resurrected again later on for the purposes of tourism and nowadays the raft trips on Váh are popular again.

The radio adaptation creates a kind of interconnection between the present and past. The play has a modern storyline, inspired by the original Botto's narrative of raftsmen, rafting down the Váh river. By using this framework and transferring it to the present, the author gave origin to an up-to-date radio piece, based on an old text. Thanks to raftsmen, tourists and current visitors of the particular region get to know places where Botto reveals a tragical story of a widow who heartlessly got quit of her stepdaughter. However, they are more in role of glossators than narrators - they rather comment on the story, analysing the site where the tragedy took place and contemplating about the difference between present and the past. The character of the jealous widow has her modern equivalent in a woman who, while sailing on the raft, tackles in her internal monologue the issue of ageing, betrayal and jealousy, affected by her own negative experience. Both characters - a lonely woman of our time and the widow from Botto's ballad in the role of narrator of the story thus "communicate" together in a remarkable dialogue, offering a brand new perception of Botto's approach to elaborating an old legend. The storyline of the play is supported by a suggestive sound design, with music by Slovak composer Rudolf Pepucha.

Characters:

Eva – approx. 45-year-old lonely woman

Besná (The Furious Woman) – approx. 40-year-old woman

Rafter 1 – approx. 50-year-old man

Rafter 2 – approx. 50-year-old man

Tourists – (men, women)

The story takes place in the present on a tourist raft on the river Váh.

Note: Ján Botto states in his ballad that the first rock on the river Váh is Margita and then Besná. However, this would only be true if he was sailing upstream. That was impossible in the 19th century. The rafts float downstream even today. Therefore the ballad parts are adapted to be a downstream sail.

Hlas: RTVS v cykle Naša zabudnutá klasika uvádza rozhlasovú dramtizáciu na motívy balady Jána Bottu Margita a Besná. Napísala Zuza Ferenczová.

1

Hudba

Pltník 1: Opatrne, opatrne, pani.
Eva: Prepáčte. Zakopla som.
Pltník 2: Posadáme si rovnomerne, vážení, aby sme sa neprevrhli ...Vy si presadnite na tretiu lavičku... Môžeme?
Pltník 1: Sme pripravení?
Turisti: Áno. Môžeme.

ZVUK: Súhlasné výkriky.

Eva: Prepáčte, mohla by som preda len sedieť sama?
Pltník 2: Treba sedieť tak, aby bola pl' v rovnováhe.
Eva: Ja by som chcela byť sama.
Pltník 1: Pani je tenká, tá nás nevykotí! ... Pustite ju do stredu....tááák...
Eva: Ďakujem.
Pltník 1: Hotovo?! Taaaak....zabeeer!
Pltník 2: Povooo!
Pltník 1: Zabeeeer!

2

Hudba

Besná: Ej, letí pl' dolu Váhom, na plti veselo —
jak vtedy, keď na nej bolo to Slovensko celô.
Letí, letí ako húska, z Turca do Trenčína:
Pozor, chlapci! tu je už tá Strečnianska dolina.
Zmíkli piesne. Faktor rečie: Páčte tie tri skaly,
jak nám priekom šírym Váhom do cesty zastali:
to Besná. A za ňou toť! Margita na nás čaká;
hľa! jak hltá celý Váh do svojho pažeráka.

Voice: RTVS in the series of Our Forgotten Classics presents a radio drama based on the ballad by Ján Botto, Margita and Besná. Written by Zuza Ferenczová.

1

Music

Rafter 1: Careful, careful, lady.
Eva: I am sorry. I have tripped.
Rafter 2: We will sit evenly, ladies and gentlemen, so we do not fall over. You take the third bench... Shall we?
Rafter 1: Ready?
Tourists: Yes. We can go.

SOUND: Shouts of agreement.

Eva: Excuse me, could I sit by myself?
Rafter 2: You need to sit evenly to keep the raft in balance.
Eva: I would like to sit on my own.
Rafter 1: The lady is thin, she won't trip us over! ... Let her sit in the middle... good...
Eva: Thank you.
Rafter 1: Ready?! Aaaand... goooo!
Rafter 2: Ease up!
Rafter 1: Gooooo!

2

Music

Besná: Hey, a raft flies down the Váh river, so merry and gay – as when the whole of Slovakia was on it, floating away. It flies, it flies, from Turiec to Trenčín like a goose: Be on guard, boys! Here is the Strečno valley, no time to lose. The songs have fallen silent. The rafter says: "Look at those three rocks, on the wide Váh river, our path it blocks." That is Margita. And look behind! Besná stands still; Behold! It swallows the whole river Váh at will.

3

- Pltník 1: Vitajte na našej plavbe dolu Váhom. Ako všetci vieme, Váh je naša najdlhšia rieka, tečie od Tatier až do Dunaja.
- Pltník 2: Až tam sa teda nepoplavíme, naša plavba bude trvať len niečo cez hodinku.
- Pltník 1: Najprv sa ale musíme dostať do prúdu.
- Pltník 2: Povooo!
- Pltník 1: Zabeeeeer!

Hudba

- Eva (vnútorný monológ): Do prúdu.
Plávame do prúdu.
Po prúde.
Kam plávam ja?
Proti prúdu?
Po prúde?
Plávam vôbec?
Neviem.
Chcela som sedieť sama.
Sama.
Sama po prúde aj proti prúdu.
Sama.
- Pltník 1: Vidíte tú skalú vpravo?
- Pltník 2: Tá skala kedysi prevísala do polovice rieky.
- Pltník 1: A viete ako sa volá?
- Pltník 2: Besná.

Hudba

- Eva (vnútorný monológ): Aj chcem byť besná.
Besná žena.
Besnieť. Zúriť. Driapať.
To by som chcela.
Ale nie som.
Besná.

3

- Rafter 1: Welcome to our voyage down the river Váh. As we all know, Váh is our longest river, flowing down from the Tatra Mountains straight to the river Danube.
- Rafter 2: We won't sail that far, the cruise will only take a little over an hour.
- Rafter 1: But we need to get into the current at first.
- Rafter 2: Ease up!
- Rafter 1: Gooooo!

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): Into the current.
We are floating into the current.
Downstream.
Where am I floating?
Upstream?
Downstream?
Am I floating at all?
I don't know.
I wanted to sit on my own.
Alone.
Alone downstream and upstream.
Alone.

- Rafter 1: Do you see that rock on the right?
- Rafter 2: That rock used to overhang up to the middle of the river.
- Rafter 1: Do you know what is it called?
- Rafter 2: Besná. (The Furious Woman)

Music

Eva (her inner monologue) : I want to be furious too.
A furious woman.
I want to go rampant. I want to rage. I want to scratch.
That's what I want.
But I'm not like that.
Furious.

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Nebola som.
Nezúrila som. Nebesnila.
Ani som nekričala.
Ani raz.
Mala som.
Besná.
Taká som mala byť.

4

Hudba

Besná: Ponad Váhom biely dom.
Pekná vdova býva v ňom;
ale krajšia dievčina
Margita, pastorkyňa.
Vdovička pekná, mladá,
vydávať by sa rada.
Vysedúva pri okne
a dievča v poli mokne;
oblieka sa v zamaty
a dievčatko v záplaty;
umýva sa vôdkami
a sirota slzami.

5

Pltník 1: Plte sa na Besnej vraj kedysi lámali ako špáradlá.
Pltník 1: Teraz sa už ale nemusíte báť.
Pltník 2: Pred prvou svetovou vojnou previs Besnej odpálili a odvtedy je pokoj a
plavíme sa tu bez problémov.

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Vyhasla som.
To mi povedal.
Už nemám čo ponúknuť.
Podľa neho.
Lebo som vyhasnutá.
A stará.

Eva (her inner monologue) : I have never been.
I have never raged. I have never been furious.
I have never even screamed.
Not even once.
I should have done it.
To be furious.
That's what I was supposed to be.

4

Music

Besná: Over the Váh a house stands, big and white.
A pretty widow lives there day and night;
But prettier than her
is Margita, her stepdaughter.
The widow is young and fairy,
and one day she would like to marry.
She sits by the window, all set
while the girl in the field gets wet;
she dresses in velvet robes
while the girl in patches sobs
she washes herself with rosy water,
the tears are left for her stepdaughter.

5

Rafter 1: The rafts used to break on the Besná rock in the old days like some
toothpicks, they say.
Rafter 1: But you don't have to worry now.
Rafter 2: Before the First World War, they had blown off the overhang of the rock.
Ever since is this part of the river quiet and we can sail there without
any problems.

Music

Eva: (her inner monologue) I'm burnt out.
That's what he told me.
I have nothing more to offer.
According to him.
Because I'm burnt out.
And old.

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Aj to mi povedal.

Nie priamo.

Ale povedal mi to milión inými spôsobmi.

Moja tvár je stará.

Moje prsia sú staré.

Môj zadok.

Moje ruky.

Moje vlasy.

Môj smiech.

Moje slová.

Všetko mám staré.

A možno nie som stará.

Možno len ona je mladá.

Ona. Mladá.

6

Hudba

Besná: Idú, idú vohľači;
na vdovu nik nepáči,
len sa každý hneď pýta:
A kdeže je Margita?
„Hejže, Bože, prebože —
takto to byť nemôže!
Mne cestička zaťatá,
kým ona nie vydatá.
Vydať ju? — vec daromná.
Kto potom príde po mňa?
Bohatstvo pôjde za ňou:
ja slúžkou, ona paňou.“
Rozmýšľa, vzdychá, šepce:
„Pre ňu ma — ach, nik nechce,
pre ňu sa mi nešťastí:
preč! — ona musí z cesty!“
A zlým ohňom vzbĺkne zrak:
„Počkaj, počkaj! — zrobím tak!“

Eva (her inner monologue): That's what he told me too.
Not directly.
But he told me that in a million other ways.
My face is old.
My breasts are old.
My ass is old.
My hands.
My hair.
My laughter.
My words.
Everything I have is old.
Perhaps I'm not old.
Perhaps she's just young.
She is. Young.

6

Music

Besná: And the suitors, they come and go;
no one looks at the widow, though
And they all ask, all as one:
Where is Margita? The widow wants none.
"Oh, my Lord," she clenches teeth,
"Oh, it cannot be like this!
Until she gets married,
my path shall stay buried.
Marry her? - Well, that is no use
Nobody will me then choose
She will be the lady, not doing chores
I will be the maid, sweeping floors
She thinks, then says with blurry eyes:
"Nobody wants me because of her," she sighs.
"Because of her, I have no luck:
Away with her, into the muck!"

7

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Dýchaj zhlboka.

Buď pokojná.

Dôstojná.

Nekrič.

Nezúr.

Nebesni.

Aj to som počula miliónkrát.

Nehádaj sa.

Máš dôstojnosť. Máš svoj vek.

Svoj vek.

Zvládneš to.

To sa stáva.

Vlasy som jej mala vytrhať.

Oči vyškriabať.

Obmotať si jej dlhé husté vlasy okolo zápästia a vláčiť ju po zemi,
až kým by nepochopila.

To som mala.

8

Hudba

Besná: „Margito! — už po lete —
pôjdeš do Turca k tete.
Tam obžinky, jasoty:
čas oddýchnuť z roboty.
Vezmi sviatočné šaty
i živôtok z tafaty —
i partu, keď ti d'aka
ktovie, čo ťa tam čaká.“

7

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): Take a deep breath.

Be calm.

Be dignified.

Don't shout.

Don't rage.

Don't go mad.

I've heard that a million times too.

Don't argue.

You have dignity. You're old enough.

Old enough.

You can handle it.

It happens.

I should have pulled her hair out.

I should have scratched her eyes out.

I should have wrapped her long, thick hair around my wrist and dragged her across the floor until she would get it.

I should have done it.

8

Music

Besná: "Margita! - the summer is over – go to your aunt in Turiec!" she orders.

"There is harvest and some fun: time to rest for everyone.

Take your best dress, the one that is new and the finest taffeta bodice too – and the headpiece, in which you're so fair Who knows what awaits you there."

Besná: Ide dievča dolinou
a macocha sihlinou;
dievča letí ako vták
a macocha ako drak.
Prišlo ono pod bralo,
kvietky vodou hádzalo:
„Hejže, Váhu, veštec náš!
kam ja pôjdem na sobáš?!“ —
Vtom vzteklica pripáli:
plesk! dievčinu zo skaly —
„Na! tu tebe sobáš tvoj!“
Voda, hora zhučí: hoj! —
Vdova kradne sa domov:
„Hoj, hoj!“ — ktos 'za ňou volá,
ktos 'kuká spoza stromov,
ale tu nič dokola.

9

Pltník 1: Zo školy si určite pamätáte takú baladu, čo sme sa o nej všetci učili.

Turisti: Áno.

Pltník 2: Táto skala sa volá podľa nej. Alebo tá balada sa volá podľa tejto skaly, to už neviem.

Pltník 1: Bola tam jedna taká stará a jedna taká mladá a tá stará tú mladú sotila z tejto skaly do rieky, lebo tá stará sa chcela vydať, ale všetci chceli tú mladú.

Pltník 2: Tak ju sotila z tejto skaly. Ale to bolo ešte predtým, keď skala prevísala nad vodu.

Pltník 1: Teraz by to už ani nešlo! Ale meno jej ostalo. Besná.

Besná: The girl walks through the mountain valley
her stepmother lurks in fir trees alley
Like a bird, the young girl flies
behind her stepmother as a dragon spies.
The girl reaches the cliffs and the river
she offers flowers, with cold she shivers
"Hey, Váh, our oracle, so smart!
To whom will I give my heart?"
Furious stepmother leaps from behind:
she pushes the girl down, with rage she is blind
"Here! There is your wedding, off you go!"
The water and the hills roar: Oh!
The widow slinks home, making her way:
when she hears shouts: "Hey, hey, hey!"
Someone peeks behind the trees,
but there is nothing that she sees.

9

Rafter 1: Surely you remember the ballad. We all learned about it back at school.
Tourists: Yes.
Rafter 2: This rock has a name after it. Or that ballad is named after this rock, I
have no idea anymore.
Rafter 1: There was an older woman and a young woman, and the old one
pushed the young woman off this rock straight into the river because
she wanted to get married, but everybody was after the young one.
Rafter 2: So she pushed her off this rock. That happened in the old days when
the rock hung over the river water.
Rafter 1: It would not happen these days, though! But her name remained.
Besná (The Furious Woman).

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Bol môj a už nie je.

Môj muž.

Môj muž je už mužom inej ženy.

Mladej.

Zbláznil sa do jej mladého krku.

Do jej mladej tváre.

Do jej hustých dlhých vlasov.

Do jej pŕs.

Do jej mladého smiechu.

Do jej mladých slov.

Zbláznil sa.

Môj muž.

Nemôže za to.

10

Besná: „Chachacha! kto o tom vie?

Ticho, ticho, svedomie!

Už cestička preťatá,

už Margita vydatá.“

„Chachacha! kto o tom vie?

Ticho, ticho, svedomie!

Už cestička preťatá,

už Margita vydatá.“

„Chachacha! kto o tom vie?

Ticho, ticho, svedomie!

Už cestička preťatá,

už Margita vydatá.“

11

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Deti. Deti sú na mojej strane.

Moje deti. Naše deti.

Nevadí, mama, to sa stáva.

Už sme veľké, to je v pohode.

Hovoria deti.

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): He was mine and is not anymore.

My man.

My man is a man of another woman now.

A young woman's man.

He is crazy about her young neck.

Crazy about her young face.

Crazy about her thick, long hair.

Her breasts.

Crazy about her young laughter.

Crazy about her young words.

He went crazy.

My man.

He can't help it.

10

Besná: "He! Who knows I have turned her into mush?

Hush, conscience! Hush, hush, hush!

The path is clear now, no longer buried
for Margita is already married."

"He! Who knows I have turned her into mush?

Hush, conscience! Hush, hush, hush!

The path is clear now, no longer buried
for Margita is already married."

"He! Who knows I have turned her into mush?

Hush, conscience! Hush, hush, hush!

The path is clear now, no longer buried
for Margita is already married."

11

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): Children. The children are on my side.

My children. Our children.

Never mind, Mom, it happens.

We're big now, that's cool.

That's the kids talking.

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Už sú veľké.
Stať sa vyhasnutou ženou.
Ženou bez ohňa.
Opustenou.
Použitou.
Odhodenou.
Nechcenou.
Už je to v pohode.
Lebo som už stará.

12

Hudba

Besná: „Hej, šuhajko z Ľubochny,
nepískaj ty pod okny,
ale pod' dnu ku stolu:
zoberme sa my spolu!
Cestička už preťatá,
Margita už vydatá.“
Nechodí šuhaj dnuhá,
srdce jej žiaľom puká —
v duši kýsi hlas kričí
akoby hlas kivičí:
„Aha, tu si, tu si, tu!
kam si dela Margitu?“
Hlavu na prsia zvesí:
„Nádej moja, kdeže si?
Ani šuhaj, ani sen —
svitaj, svitaj, biely deň!“

13

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Mrcha.
Bez zaváhania po ňom chňapla.
Zvábila mladými hojdavými bokmi.
Omámila ho mladým smiechom.

Eva (her inner monologue): They're big now.
Becoming a burnt-out woman.
A woman without fire.
Abandoned.
Used.
Thrown away.
Unwanted.
It's okay now.
Because I'm old.

12

Music

Besná: "Hey, the young lad from far away,
don't stand outside, night and day,
come inside and sit with me
ask for my hand and marry me!
The path is clear now, no longer buried
for Margita's already married."
But the lad does not go in
and her heart just breaks within –
a voice cries loud inside of her
and it causes a lot of stir
"Ah, here you are, here, here, here!
Is Margita anywhere near?"
She hangs her head down on her breast:
"Where is my hope? Where is my rest?
Neither a lad nor a dream, I say
come quickly, a new, bright day!"

13

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): Bitch.
Without any hesitation, she grabbed him.
She seduced him with her young swinging hips.
She stunned him with her young laughter.

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Chňap. A bolo.
Nevie, že raz bude stará.
Ako ja.
Krava.
Blbá mladá krava.

ZVUK: rieka, žblnkanie

Eva: (nahlas) Krava blbá!
Pltník 2: Ste v poriadku?
Eva: Prepáčte. To nebolo vám.
Pltník 2: Ešteže tak! Už som sa zľakol.

14

Hudba

Besná: Svitlo. Vyjde do dvora —
tu Váh, nebo i hora
jak by hrozní sudcovia
okom prísnyim ju lovia:
„Aha, tu si, tu si, tu!
kams 'podela Margitu?“
„Ani noci, ani dňa —
čo si počnem ja biedna?!“

15

Pltník 1: Čo teraz vidíte pred plťou?
Pltník 2: Vodu, však?
Turisti: (smiech) Áno.
Pltník 2: Ale kedysi to tak nebolo. Pred nami je totiž úsek, kde sa museli
pltníci druhý raz prekrižovať.

Eva (her inner monologue): Snap. And that was it.
She doesn't know she will be old one day.
Like me.
A cow.
A stupid young cow.

SOUND: murmuring of the river

Eva: (loudly) A stupid cow!
Raft 2: Are you all right?
Eva: I am sorry. That wasn't meant for you.
Raft 2: I am glad about that! I almost got scared.

14

Music

Besná: It is dawn. Into the yard, she steps-
there is the hill, the river Váh with its depth
as if they judged her horrid deed
Their stern eyes with her eyes meet:
"Ah, here you are, here, here, here!
Is Margita anywhere near?"
"Neither at day nor at the night I rest-
What should I do? What to suggest?!"

15

Raft 1: What do you see in front of the raft now?
Raft 2: Water, is that right?
Tourists: (laughter) Yes.
Raft 2: Well, it was not like that in the old days. There is a stretch of water in front of us. The rafters had to cross themselves for the second time in here.

- Pltník 2: Lebo tu z vody trčali také obrovské skaliská. Ako zuby. Strašne nebezpečné.
- Pltník 1: A medzi tými skalami boli len dva priechody.
- Pltník 2: Tieto skaliská sa volali Margita. Po tej mladej z balady, ktorú tá Besná zhodila, ale tieto skaliská ju zachytili a tak vraj všetci prišli na to, čo urobila.
- Pltník 1: Tiež ich pred vojnou odpálil náložou, takže teraz môžeme pokojne preplávať.

16

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Mrcha.

Zubiská.
Zubiská som mala vyceriť.
Ostré. Nebezpečné.
Ja som mala chňapnúť.
Chňapnúť po nej zubiskami.
Mojimi starými zubiskami.
Tisícročnými.
Po jej krku.
Bezohľadnom.
Sebeckom.
Po jej bielom krku.
Po jej krku bez vrások.
Po jej hojdavých mladých bokoch.
Po jej vlasoch.
Chňap!

ZVUK: Hudba, návrat do reálu, rieka

- Eva: (nahlas) Chňap!
- Pltník 2: Pani, je vám zle?
- Turistka: Ste nejaká bledá!
- Eva: Nie, nie. To nič...
- Pltník 1: Len sa pekne držte a dýchajte zhlboka. O chvíľu končí plavba.
- Eva: Áno, ďakujem... som v poriadku... zvládnem to.

Rafter 2: It was because some huge rocks were sticking out of the water. Like teeth. It was so dangerous.

Rafter 1: There were only two passages between those rocks.

Rafter 2: These rocks were called Margita. After the young woman from the ballad, the one that Besná pushed off the cliff. The young woman got caught up on the rocks, and everyone figured out what Besná did.

Rafter 1: They blew the rocks up before the war, and we can sail with no problems now.

16

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): Bitch.

Teeth.
I should have bared my teeth.
Sharp. Dangerous teeth.
I should have snapped at her.
With my old teeth.
Thousand-year-old teeth.
On her neck.
On her reckless neck.
Her selfish neck.
Down her white neck.
Her wrinkleless neck.
Her swinging young hips.
Her hair.
Snap!

SOUND: Music, return to the reality, river

Eva: (loudly) Snap!

Rafter 2: Lady, are you sick?

A female tourist: You're a bit pale!

Eva: No, no. It's nothing...

Rafter 1: Hold on tight and breathe deeply. The cruise will be over in a moment.

Eva: Yes, thank you... I'm fine... I'll be fine.

17

Hudba

Besná: Suseda! čo to značí
ten čudný rapot strák?
„Prídu, prídu vohľači.“
Vohľači? — „Veru tak!
Prikrývajte len stoly:
hostia jak by tu boli.“
Ach, suseda, suseda!
mne čosi pokoj nedá.
„Viem ja čo, dievka moja;
prídu oni — ukoja.“
Kto príde? — On? — a či nie?
„Čo súdené, neminie!“ —

18

Hudba

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Odišiel.
Som sama.
Sama.
Neplávam.
Len sa nechávam unášať.

19

ZVUK: Hudba, reálne zvuky sa prelínajú do balady

Besná: Ticho. Už sa večerí.
Čuj len: klop, klop, do dverí,
klop klop, klop klop! — ha, kto je?
„To klope srdce tvoje.“
V okne — páč! — tvár strašlivá,
pozri! — jak sa dnu díva —
oči jej stípkom stoja.
„Ved' to tam tôňa tvoja.“

17

Music

Besná: Listen, neighbour, do you hear,
the magpies chatter in your ear?
"The suitors will surely come."
The suitors? - "It is true, I see some!
Cover the tables as I say
the guests are already on their way."
Oh, neighbour, I have no peace!
"I know, girl, my dear;
they will come – have no fear."
Who will come? - He? - or not?
"If it's meant to be, it will happen, fear you not!" -

18

Music

Eva (her inner monologue): He's gone.
I'm alone.
Alone.
I don't swim.
I just drift.

19

SOUND: Music, real sounds blend into the ballad

Besná: Silence. It is getting late.
Just hear the knocking on the gate,
Knock, knock, knock! - ha, who is there?
"That is your heart knocking, beware."
A ghastly face is in the window
staring, looking at the widow
Transfixed with terror are her eyes
"It is your shadow," a voice replies

Besná: Čo ten pes toľko breše?
Čo to za kvik na streše?
Na moste dupot koní:
ach, to už idú oni!
Dvanásta práve bije —
„Dievka moja, čo ti je?!
Bože môj, ty si chorá,
tebe sa dačo marí;
či poslať po doktora —
a či poslať do fary?“
Ach, nie, nie! márne reči,
mňa doktor nevylieči,
kňaz rozhrešenia nedá:
mne beda, večná beda!

20

Pltník 1: Kvôli skaliskám tu bol aj vír, veľmi hlboký a tiež veľmi nebezpečný.
Turista: Nevrt' sa toľko.
Pltník 2: Pozor, nenakláňajte sa!
Turistka: Nenakláňajte sa, čo som ti povedala?
Pltník 1: Margita a Besná. Tak sa tie skaly volali. Podľa tej balady. Určite si to všetci pamätáte!

Hudba

Eva (zmätok myšlienok, hlasy sa prekrývajú) : Nebola som besná. Nebojovala som.
To sa nehodí. Som stará. Nemohol si pomôcť. Nemôžem sa hnevať.
On je zblaznený, ja len stará. Odišiel.

21

Hudba

Besná: Čuješ ten spev pred vráty?
To idú moji svati:
„Išlo dievča na sobáš —
hotuj, mamko, čo len máš.
Už nevesta zavítá
bielou ružou prekvitá.

Besná: Why did the dog start to woof?
And what is that screaming on the roof?
On the bridge, the hoofbeats sound
Oh, at last, they came round!
On the clock strikes midnight
“Dear girl, are you all right?!”
Oh, my Lord, you are sick,
so unwell, we must be quick;
send for a doctor, yes, indeed-
or is it a priest that you need?”
Oh, no, no, no! Just let it be,
there is not a cure for me,
The priest won't grant me absolution:
I am lost, there is no solution!

20

Rafter 1: Because of the rocks there used to be a whirlpool here, too. It was deep and also dangerous.
Tourists: Stop fidgeting!
Rafter 2: Watch out! Don't lean.
Female tourist: Don't lean! I told you!
Rafter 1: Margita and Besná. That's what those rocks used to be named. Named after that ballad. I'm sure you all remember it!

Music

Eva (confusion of thoughts, voices overlapping): I wasn't furious. I wasn't fighting.
It wouldn't be appropriate. I'm old. He couldn't help it. I can't be angry.
He's crazy, I'm just old. He's gone.

21

Music

Besná: Someone is singing by the gates, can you hear?
Those are the best men, they are coming near:
"A maiden is ready for the wedding –
Mother, get her dowry, get her bedding.
The bride is already dressed,
A white rose blooms upon her chest.

Besná: Vezmi, mamko, pokladov:
 pôjdeme my za mladou,
 pôjdeme my ta, ta, ta,
 kde Margita vydatá!“
 Suseda! vody, vody!
 Ach, zle mi, zle prichodí! —
 Buch, buch! — dvere s 'rozpadnú
 utopenci vkročia dnu:
 „Hej, domová, domová!
 čis 'už s venom hotová?!“

22

Eva (vnútorný monológ) : Besná som mala byť.
 Stará besná mrcha.
 Hrýzť, chniapať, ruvať sa.
 Vybuchnúť. Pobiť sa.
 Oči som jej mala vyškriabať.
 Vybiť tie jej mladé bezchybné zuby mojou starou päťou.
 Kričať na ňu mojimi starými ústami.
 Kým by sa nespamätala.
 Kým by nesklapla.
 Kým by mu nedala pokoj.
 Kým by nepochopila.
 Že aj ona raz bude ako ja.
 Stará.

23

Hudba

Besná: Zvýskne — vlasy sa zježia:
 vyletí na pobrežia,
 z pobrežia pod! hor 'stráňou
 a svati všetci za ňou.
 Ona predkom ako blesk,
 hoj, a za ňou tresk a plesk.
 Horou hučí: haj, haj, haj!
 a dolinou: jaj, jaj, jaj!
 „Pukaj kočiš do koní:
 pokuta hriech dohoní!“

Besná: Treasures take, oh, mother, do:
we shall see the young girl too.
And the treasures shall be carried
to the place where is Margita married!"
Neighbour! Water, quick!
Because I feel so very sick! –
Bang, bang! - The door is breaking
Drowned men step in, talking:
"Lady of the house, are you there?!"
Is the dowry ready anywhere?!"

22

Eva (her inner monologue): I should have been furious.
An old furious bitch.
I should have bitten and snapped and snarled.
I should have exploded. Fought.
I should have scratched her eyes out.
Knocked out those young, flawless teeth of hers with my old fist.
Yell at her with my old mouth.
Till she'd come to her senses.
Till she'd shut up.
Till she'd give him a break.
Till she'd understand.
That one day she would be like me too.
Old.

23

Music

Besná: She screams - her hair stands on end from fright:
She flies to the river shores at night,
up the hillside, she runs at last
the best men behind her, fast
She runs quickly as a lightning,
and behind her sounds so frightening.
The mountain roars: ho, ho, ho!
And the valley: oh, oh, oh!
"Whip the horses, gallop fast under the moon:
her sins and deeds must be punished soon!"

Besná: Na vrch brala doletí,
svadba za ňou vzápätí:
„Hraj, muzika, hraj!
hraj, muzika, do skoku —
a s macochou do toku
haj, haja, haj!“

24

Zvuk: hukot vody

Eva (vnútorný monológ): Som sama.
Dýcham zhlboka.
Dýcham.
Po prúde aj proti prúdu.
Nemôže za to.
On. Ani ona.
Nikto.
Len sa to tak stáva.
Kašľať na celú dôstojnosť!
Nie som stará.
Nechcem byť stará.
Nechcem.

Reál, rieka

Turistka: Dávajte si pozor! Pani! Nevstávajte!
Pltník 1: Pani, hej, čo to robíte?!
Pltník 2: Sadnite si!
Turista: Čo to robí?
Pltník 1: Chyťte ju, ľudia!
Pltník 1: Doboha! Skočila!
Eva: (vnútorný monológ) Už je to v pohode. Nechcem.

ZVUK: Čľupnutie druhého tela, výskot, strach, hukot vody

Pltník 2: Mám ju!
Pltník 1: Žije?
Eva: (pazvuky, kašľanie)
Pltník 2: (z vody): Žije! Ťahajte nás hore!

ZVUK: Hudba, prelínačka do vnútorného monólu

Eva: (vnútorný monológ) Žijem.

Besná: She reaches the rocky cliffs at last
The wedding party behind her too, so fast:
"Play, music, play!
Play tunes so merry –
for stepmother too will the river marry.
Hai, hai, hai!"

24

Sound: roaring of the water

Eva (her inner monologue): I am alone.
I am breathing deeply.
I am breathing.
Downstream and upstream.
They can't help it.
Neither of them.
No one.
It just happens.
Screw the dignity!
I'm not old.
I don't want to be old.
I don't.

Reality, river

A female tourist: Watch out, lady! Don't get up!
Rafter 1: Lady, hey, what are you doing?!
Rafter 2: Sit down!
Tourist: What is she doing?
Rafter 1: Catch her, people!
Rafter 2: Oh my Goodness! She has jumped!
Eva (her inner monologue): All is ok now. I don't want to go on anymore...

SOUND: A sound of another body jumping into the water, fearful screams, roaring of the water

Rafter 2: I got her!
Rafter 1: Is she alive?
Eva: (choking, coughing)
Rafter 2: (in the water): She is alive! Pull us up!

SOUND: Music, switching into an inner monologue

Eva: (inner monologue) I'm alive.

Hudba

Besná: Tak sa stalo. — Od tých čias, vraj, o polnočnej chvíli počuť, ako na tých skalách čosi clivo kvíli.
 Na vrch Besnej chachot, chichot, svadobníci vreštia;
 ale vtedy beda pltiam, to blízko nešťastia.
 A tak to, vraj, bude bývať, kým sa v prach nezmelí
 to veľiké, hrozné bralo, ten hriech skamenelý.
 Neraz hrom doň ešte udrie, neraz Váh doň búši,
 kým popraje Boh pokoja totej biednej duši.
 Nejedna plť na tom mieste ešte sa rozletí,
 kým sa miera nedoplní nevinných obetí.
 A len potom celým Váhom — tak to povedajú —
 poletí plť spievajúci dolu ku Dunaju.

ZVUK: HUDBA

Hlas: V cykle Naša zabudnutá klasika ste počúvali rozhlasovú dramatisáciu na motívy balady Jána Bottu Margita a Besná. Napísala Zuza Ferenczová. Účinkovali: Elena Podzámska, Helena Krajčiová, Juraj Predmerský, Ivo Gogál, Ľubica Očková, Miroslav Trnavský a Laco Konrád. Produkcia: Silvia Lukáčová. Scénická hudba: Rudolf Pepucha. Majster zvuku: Stanislav Kaclík. Dramaturgia: Michaela Materáková. Réžia: Táňa Tadolánková. Rozhlas a televízia Slovenska 2020.

KONIEC

Music

Besná: That's how it happened.
- Ever since those times, when is twelve o'clock
loud yelling echoes upon the river rock
On the top of Besná, wedding guests are merry;
But for the rafts upon the river, it is unsafe very.
And this will go on and on until one day
The rock turns to dust and vanishes away.
The thunder will strike it, and water will beat its chest
Until God brings the soul some final peace and rest.
Until that moment, the rafts will hit it and break
And lives of many victims the river will take
And only then on the river Váh - so people say –
rafts will freely sail down to the Danube, away.

SOUND: MUSIC

VOICE: In the series **Our Forgotten Classics** you have listened to a radio dramatisation based on the ballad by Jan Botto, **Margita a Besná**.
Written by Zuza Ferenczová.
CAST: Elena Podzámska, Helena Krajčiová, Juraj Predmerský, Ivo Gogál, Ľubica Očková and Miroslav Trnavský and Laco Konrád.
Production assistant: Silvia Lukáčová, Music by Rudolf Pepucha, Sound Engineer: Stanislav Kaclík. Dramaturgy: Michaela Materáková
Directed by Táňa Tatlánková, Radio and Television Slovakia 2020.

THE END