

# Wild & Sacred

*A scenic experience about five elemental women*

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## ACTRESS

Welcome to the fantastic world of theater.

In the theater, knowledge has always been transmitted from mouth to ear, woven by the invisible thread of imagination and magic.

It is an invitation to unconventional listening.

The mask represents the personality.

It is what we show to the world and what we often believe ourselves to be.

The everyday mask, the “I,” often hides truths and feelings.

But the neutral mask...

It is identical for everyone.

With no past or future.

It does not hide — it frees.

It suspends individuality so that we may enter together into the magic of theater.

Today you will meet five women, five masks, and five elements.

And you will be guided through this incredible house by the MASTER OF CEREMONIES, our cosmic dancer.

Cover your faces, open your ears.

May everyone have a wonderful experience.

See you soon.

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## AIR SPACE — HYPATIA

### HYPATIA

Welcome to the space of Air.

My name is Hypatia. I am from Alexandria.

Alexandria is a city in northern Egypt.

It is the late 4th century.

Alexandria was the world's center of culture, science, and philosophy — a place where Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, and Jews exchanged ideas peacefully, speaking of astronomy, mathematics, art, and religion.

In Alexandria was the greatest and most complete library of all time.

There I was born and raised among numbers and stars.

I was shaped by the hands of my father, Theon the philosopher.

He did not want servitude for me;

he wanted my freedom.

And free I became.  
I was a philosopher, a teacher, a mathematician, an interpreter of the heavens —  
roles never before occupied by a woman.  
I consecrated my life to research and teaching.  
I rejected the bonds of marriage, for my true covenant was with knowledge.  
Mathematics and astronomy were the passions that purified my spirit.  
Alexandria was my temple; the library, my altar.  
The scrolls were torches in my hands,  
and knowledge was a wind that set my mind ablaze  
Behold the stars:  
the movement of celestial bodies is not the whim of gods,  
but the reflection of an invisible order,  
a silent music we must learn to hear.  
In geometry, the circle opens into eternity,  
the ellipse dances with the stars,  
and the language of the gods reveals itself...  
But a rising faith, sustained by dogma,  
extended its shadow over Alexandria to extinguish the breath of reason.  
They wanted to silence me.  
To defend myself, I wielded the invisible sword of Philosophy,  
hoping to free heart and spirit.  
But the thirst for power darkens reason,  
turning the heart to stone.  
I was accused of blasphemy.  
Yet I never denied the divine — on the contrary!  
I saw the divine beyond altars, beyond dogmas.  
I found Lady Love.  
She was in numbers, in calculations, in nature, in the stars.  
But she is invisible to those imprisoned by the rigid lines of a reason that divides and dominates.  
I was condemned.  
My crime? Being whole.  
For a whole woman wounds those who live half a life.  
And stones were the weapons that destroyed my body —  
stone after stone, dogma after dogma.  
Thus they tried to erase me from history.  
Today I return with one request:  
May Lady Love return the heart to logic  
and logic to the heart.  
Because life is not division.  
Life is sum.

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## FIRE SPACE — JOAN OF ARC

JOAN

This is France, in the year of Our Lord 1412.  
We live in a war that has lasted almost 100 years.  
Devastated fields.  
Burned villages.  
A starving people.  
And an empty throne.  
My name is Joan.  
Daughter of this land.  
Almost without letters...  
but I know how to write my name.  
I am devoted to God and I love this wounded land deeply.  
I was born a woman,  
but the Lord breathed into me the spirit of a warrior.  
One day, voices came from the heavens:  
Saint Michael, Saint Catherine... and Lady Love.  
They called me by name and said:  
“Joan, free France! Lead the dauphin to the throne!”  
How could a woman save France?  
It was madness... divine madness!  
But the voices did not cease.  
Day and night I heard them.  
They were not dreams or hallucinations —  
they were as real as daylight.  
A flame began to burn in my womb,  
and a warrior was born inside me.  
I became stronger than a lion.  
And out of love for God, I obeyed.  
I gathered courage, lifted the banner, and declared my mission.  
Men felt the force of my truth  
and followed me for my faith and passion.  
“Come, men, in God’s name!”  
I led battles.  
We gained ground.  
In Orléans, we triumphed.  
I crowned the dauphin.  
He became king.  
But power does not forgive a woman who sets the world on fire.  
I was imprisoned, tortured, accused of heresy, of witchcraft.  
My crime: wearing men’s clothing and leading men...  
and daring to stand before God.  
The flames rose, hungry.  
Outside, they burned my flesh;  
inside, the eternal fire burned brighter.  
I cried out to Lady Love.  
She lifted me above the pain.  
My body became ashes,

but my fire did not go out.  
It lives in every woman,  
in every person who dares to be whole.

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## WATER SPACE — MARY MAGDALENE

MARY

They call me Mary Magdalene... but you may call me Mary.  
I was born in a city called Magdala —  
cosmopolitan, prosperous,  
but ruled by Romans.  
I belonged to a tribe of free women.  
From my foremothers, I inherited the secrets of plants and tides.  
Our gospel was nature.  
In her we learned that the body is a temple and the moon is a mother.  
We danced to the earth, sang to the waters.  
Joy was our communion with the Eternal.  
But our knowledge and our pleasure were forbidden  
by men who came to rule the world.  
They did not give us flowers —  
they gave us chains,  
not of iron, but of glass:  
polished, invisible.  
Forced to obey,  
to deny pleasure,  
to swallow illusions  
created by sick minds  
that ignored true wisdom.  
One day I met a prophet who reflected the truth and freedom of my soul.  
A faceless voice enveloped me.  
It asked nothing; it simply returned me to myself.  
My body opened like the sea.  
Emptiness became presence.  
Doubt became foam.  
The master said to me:  
“Who becomes the sea knows no shores.”  
He taught me to listen with the hearing of within.  
And I heard that there is no sin in itself.  
Sin is born when we deny our truth.  
In silence, I found Lady Love.  
She led me to the secret temple,  
the dwelling of Sophia —  
eternal wisdom.  
Our error is forgetting

that we are the creators of life.  
We are free.  
We are Goddesses.  
But the world has always been cruel to wise women.  
In the mouths of the powerful, my name became an insult.  
In the mirror, I became a shadow.  
They tried to erase me from history.  
Let them call me sinner,  
let them throw stones,  
let them raise pyres...  
What fire can wound water?  
What stone can break the sea?  
Like water, I always return —  
sometimes as a stream,  
sometimes as a deep ocean.  
When women gather to celebrate life,  
I am present.  
Water rises to the sky,  
falls as rain,  
and returns as river.  
And I will be, forever...  
Ocean.

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## TRANSITION — Voice-over

They say history is written by the victors.  
But how can there be victors when the great battle has barely begun?  
For this war, the Eternal sent its finest warriors.  
Only this time, the fight will not be with swords  
nor kingdoms against kingdoms.  
Humanity will stand on the same side.  
The battle is against the fear that separates us  
and for the memory of the love that unites us.  
The weapons of the world are fragile.  
The only useful weapons will be  
love,  
unity,  
and compassion.  
Truth is not written in stone —  
it is engraved in the heart.  
Water announces that the hour has come.

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# ETHER SPACE — HELENA BLAVATSKY

HELENA

Between the visible and the invisible lies only the veil of fear.

By tearing that veil, we enter Ether —  
the field of unity.

There, where visible and invisible touch,  
thought becomes word  
and word becomes light.

True knowledge is not acquired.

It is remembered.

Truth is invisible to eyes  
that have not learned to see with the soul.

Do not try to understand with the mind  
what belongs to silence.

When there were no churches,  
no creeds, no sects,  
each being was priest unto themselves.

Ancient wisdom is humanity's spiritual inheritance.

It belongs to no nation or creed,  
but to the awakened heart.

Life is a current that flows between two silences:  
that of birth  
and that of eternity.

Time is an illusion  
produced by the succession of our states of consciousness.

Do not fear that I have lost reason.

Something enters me and writes through me.

It is not I who writes;  
it is something within.

It is my Ether-Self,  
who thinks and writes.

I cannot explain it.

I only know I became a vessel for the knowledge  
of other voices.

They come like clouds,  
envelop me,  
and suddenly I am someone else.

Natanael, would you bring me my tea?

My name is Helena Blavatsky.

I was born in 1831

in the cold lands that today are Ukraine.

From childhood I heard the voices of the inner world.

I knew I must leave in search of true wisdom.

At eighteen,  
forced into marriage,

I fled before it could be consummated.  
I crossed deserts,  
climbed mountains that speak to the clouds,  
until I reached Tibet.  
There the masters taught me about the world  
that exists beyond words.  
Would you like a brief experience?  
Close your eyes.  
Observe the breath.  
Let thoughts pass like clouds.  
Now, when your lungs are empty,  
make a brief pause.  
Very good.  
What we just did is meditation.  
That small space between breaths  
is the key to the inner world —  
the voice of silence.  
The masters taught me about the three halls of the soul:

### **The first hall: Ignorance —**

where the soul sleeps under the veils of illusion.  
Many are born, grow, and die without perceiving the Real.

### **The second hall: Learning —**

the disciple must purify themselves  
and choose between selfishness and compassion.  
The flowers of the ego guard serpents with poisons:  
pride, vanity, selfishness.  
Only those who pass without touching them  
find the way to the third hall.

### **The third hall: Eternal Wisdom —**

the dwelling of Lady Love.  
There, knowledge ceases to be possession  
and becomes essence.  
To separate oneself from suffering humanity  
is to separate from the light.  
True wisdom  
is a crown of tears transformed into pearls.  
I do not believe we came to this world  
only to exist, procreate, or accumulate.  
The destiny of the soul is to radiate.  
To be human is the first and the last of learnings.  
I chose active compassion.  
The joy of one alone

is too little music for so vast a universe.

The masters of the world beyond  
left a message for the world here:  
“Guard the Union.”  
Smoke given to the wind leaves no trace undone.  
So too with Love —  
invisible, yet eternal.

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## EARTH SPACE — LADY LOVE

### LADY LOVE

I am the one who watches from behind the mask,  
the invisible witness.  
I am she who tears the veil  
and destroys illusions  
to liberate the soul.  
I was in Hypatia,  
when thought dared to breathe;  
in Joan,  
when fire did not extinguish the flame;  
in Mary,  
when the ocean dissolved doubt;  
in Helena,  
when smoke drew silence in the air.  
I am the secret of secrets,  
the temple hidden in the heart,  
the invisible and free church.  
I am stronger than death,  
for while she takes the body,  
I embrace the soul  
and cast it into the arms of the Eternal.  
The soul who knows me  
fears neither hell  
nor desires paradise:  
it lives the absolute now.  
No one conquers me by effort,  
only by surrender.  
Those who follow me  
need no masters.  
The soul who welcomes me  
does not seek paths:  
it has already arrived;  
it already is.



I am the dissolution that is fullness.  
I am Lady Love,  
without beginning or end.  
It is our responsibility  
to embody the essence of divinity within us.  
Love is the fertile soil of all worlds.  
It is time to return to the temple —  
not the temple of laws or gods,  
but the temple of humanity:  
the heart.  
Honor truths through practice;  
all else is mask.  
What I have held now belongs to you.  
Life is surrender.  
END