

THE USUAL P&G STORY

Ferdinando Frega — Nando the Scribe



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Gillette Trailer 28 — Nando the Scribe

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The usual story. Men. Unprepared. Disorganized. Convinced that “a woman is coming” means exactly that — and nothing more.

The telegram had been clear: a woman. Not an angel. Not Juliana. Not Gillette.

They had prepared everything. Food. Drinks. Even the Filipino cook. But no one had prepared themselves. No one had thought about the only thing that matters when a woman walks in: being worthy of the room.

She enters. Calm smile. Steady step.

“Hi everyone. I’m Juliana. Portuguese. As of July 1st, I’m relocating here. I wanted to meet my colleagues before starting — and understand what’s ahead of me.”

Silence. The men watch her the way you watch a solar eclipse — knowing you shouldn’t, unable to stop.

“Excuse me — which department are you from?”

“We coordinate the advertising agencies. We pay for the slogans. We bring the ideas.”

“From which companies?”

Silence. No one answers.

The loudest one in the room — always the loudest — leans forward.

“And you? Which department were you assigned to?”

She smiles.

“Mine is at the top. Right next to Grandfather Kamp. Close to Mr. J.”

“Are you in the... spiritual division of the company?”

“In a way. But I'm not a nun. I preach like they do — I just do it in billions.”

The men exchange a glance. Someone whispers:

“Who the hell are you?”

She steps closer to the fire. Looks at it the way you look at something real. Then turns.

“I'm the new CEO of Gillette. After 130 years. And tomorrow morning I'll be asking you to come to the office clean-shaven, if you don't mind. Image is part of the business. And today... Gillette is a woman.”

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