

ANARCHY CRICUS

It was a busy day inside VilaroGLOBAL, where a large part of the advertising department has been replaced by the “Clowns,” who have been on a stir; however, inside a building that says Clown Therapy, " we see, standing in front of them, dressed like a luxurious coach, none other than the CEO of VilaroGLOBAL, Marisol Vilaro. The Luminary stands in front of them, unable to help but look at them with a hint of contempt on her face.

MARISOL VILARO

I get that things have been lost in translation for you lot, but let me explain how this works: one, you don't get to cause a stir and put MUSTACHES ON MY PHOTOS! You understand you work for me.

Marisol held up a photo of herself, then took a couple of deep breaths and said:

MARISOL VILARO

Calm down, Mari; they are just clowns; they are employees... You know how this looks: I bring you guys in for your unique talents, and here is the thing: I'd normally fire someone right away, but I am going to do something else, something to help you adapt to the environment of VilaroGLOBAL, so consider this the first of many sessions of VilaroGLOBAL's employee bootcamp.

The first clown soon speaks in an amused tone.

CLOWN 1

Bootcamp, that sounds boring, plus we think the mustache really adds to the photo boss!

Marisol rolls her eyes.

MARISOL VILARO

I know we have a lot of work to do, but you're misunderstanding me. See, you two have a unique perspective, and that can put you and the rest of your co-workers in advertising at risk, but if you prove your worth and listen to me, it's all water under the bridge. See, results cure all, especially in VilaroGLOBAL.

CLOWN 2

Then why did you lose to Summer Page.

The second clown honks the horn; Marisol's face contorts with rage, but her patience soon takes over, well, mainly to save the fact she saved at least thirty percent in wages with this move.

MARISOL VILARO

This isn't about me right now; this is about you, because right now they don't find you funny, nor have you brought the results, so if you want to understand human humor and have a great career here, well I'd listen to what I have to say. So each week we will learn how to properly integrate. Understand me?

They nod, saying in horror.

CLOWN 1

NOT FUNNY?

CLOWN 2

WHAT CAN WE DO? WE CAN DO MORE MUSTACHE PICTURES ?!

Marisol nods, she seems to have found a way to motivate them.

MARISOL VILARO

Shhh no worries we got this, all you need to do is Entrust in Mari!

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The scene is straight out of a luxury financial commercial: we see the CEO of VilaroGLOBAL lounging with her legs lazily bent behind her, wearing a black-and-gold bodysuit as she smiles and speaks.

MARISOL VILARO

Your money looks better with me; I mean, you see me, you think luxury, expensive, limited edition, and with the brand-new limited-release \$Vilaro coins, that is what you get. I am not a dime a dozen like the “Revolution” champion Summer Page. Seriously, she got lucky one time after you had to basically give her shot after shot at me, and made a disgusting, humiliating stipulation for what reason? Is the General Manager a clown?

Marisol rolled her eyes as she said.

MARISOL VILARO

Instead of me being given a rightful title match, I am forced into a match with Latyoa Hixx once again? How many times do I have to beat you just to prove my point? How many times do I have to VilaroMaxx your humiliation just to give the world a lesson? See, you’re the opposite of Marisol Vilaro: mass-produced, tired, and constantly underachieving. How many losses I mean, you even lost a test of STRENGTH against me, and we all know you did; the referee was biased against me. But this coming Anarchy you better hope someone feels sorry for you.

Marisol pauses and smirks staring at her reflection in the replica coin in front of her.

MARISOL VILARO

Because I won’t, and Latoya, I only lost one match since I returned; you won’t be number two, not even close. But it is going to be adorable to see you try to beat me again. You won’t survive the system; all that strength, no brain to back it up. Because if you did you would of trusted the System a long time ago, and learned to ENTRUST IN MARI!

Marisol smirks as she blows a kiss as the scene fades to black.