

PRICEVALUEPARTNERS

The EU

- With apologies to Tommy Wiseau.

This will be our last commentary of 2017. The commentaries will return, after their winter hibernation, in January 2018. We wish all readers a Merry Christmas and a happy, peaceful and prosperous New Year.

You can listen to our latest podcast with Paul Rodriguez of thinktrading [here](#).

Some backstory is probably required. Now the subject of [The Disaster Artist](#), James Franco's latest film, [The Room](#) is a cult classic 'disasterpiece' written, produced, directed by and starring Tommy Wiseau, and widely regarded as one of the worst films ever made.

The EU is a story of our life and times as, perhaps, might be imagined by Tommy Wiseau.

Dramatis Personae

The UK: entrepreneurial, but with mixed fortunes, specialising in banking

Brussels: devious, untrustworthy bitch

Jaycee Juncker: Brussels' mother

Germany: friend of the UK, a psychologist

Eastern Europe: Young, mixed-up kid, means well

France: the UK's best "friend"

All of the drama is set within the EU. Various characters flit in and out, often for no reason, but nobody ends up going anywhere. (Perhaps tellingly, we are never shown what is outside the EU.)

Act I

THE UK AND BRUSSELS MAKE LOVE TENDERLY, ACCOMPANIED BY A SLIGHTLY DISCONCERTING SOUNDTRACK COMPLETE WITH PRE-RECORDED MOANS OF DELIGHT. AND BRUSSELS ISN'T QUITE AS PRETTY AS SHE THINKS SHE IS.

Brussels: Oh, the UK, I love you.

The UK (nervously): Ha ha ha ha ha.

THE UK GETS DRESSED, AND GOES TO WORK.

FRANCE ENTERS.

France: Hey, Brussels.

Brussels: Hey, France.

France: Oh, I'm so in love.

Brussels: With the UK ? Yes, he's great, isn't he ?

France: Yes. He's my best friend.

Brussels: I'm so looking forward to our wedding.

FRANCE LEAVES. JAYCEE JUNCKER, BRUSSELS' MOTHER, ENTERS.

Jaycee: I don't mind if I do.

JAYCEE HELPS HERSELF TO A GENEROUS SLUG OF BOURBON AND TOTTERS UNSTEADILY TO THE SOFA.

Brussels: I don't love the UK any more.

Jaycee: Why not ? Tell me why. <Hic.>

Brussels: He's boring.

Jaycee: Well you've known him for ages. You're engaged ! You said you loved him. You should reconsider. He supports you, he provides for you, he plays by the rules. He is a good guy and he loves you very much. His income is very secure and he told me he wants to buy you a home.

Brussels: That's why he's boring.

Jaycee: Don't mind if I do.

JAYCEE DRAINS THE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH IN THREE SWIGS, AND BURPS.

Jaycee: <Hic.> He's a very nice person. He bought you a car, a ring, clothes, whatever you like and now you want to dump him. It's not right. I've always thought of him as my son in law. You should marry him. He would be good for you. By the way, I'm dying of cancer.

Brussels: Oh, mom. I'm sure you'll be ok. In fact, I think you'll find that this is the first and last time we'll even discuss it.

Act II

EASTERN EUROPE COMES IN, SAYS HELLO, AND THEN LEAVES, FOR NO DISCERNIBLE REASON.

FRANCE ENTERS.

France: Hey, Brussels.

Brussels (cooly): Hey, France.

BRUSSELS MOVES CLOSER TO FRANCE AND KISSES HIM LIGHTLY ON THE CHEEK.

France: Hey, what are you doing this for ?

Brussels: You don't like me ? I'm your girl.

France: The UK's my best friend. You're going to get married next month.

Brussels: Forget about the UK. This is between you and me.

BRUSSELS AND FRANCE MAKE LOVE TENDERLY, ACCOMPANIED BY A SLIGHTLY DISCONCERTING SOUNDTRACK COMPLETE WITH PRE-RECORDED MOANS OF DELIGHT.

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

BRUSSELS AND FRANCE GET HURRIEDLY DRESSED.

THE UK ENTERS.

The UK (nervously): Ha ha ha ha ha.

Act III

GERMANY ENTERS.

Germany: Hey, Brussels.

Brussels: Hey, Germany.

Germany: Listen, it's not right, the way you've been carrying on with France. You're about to get married to the UK !

Brussels: Screw him.

THE UK ENTERS.

The UK (nervously): Ha ha ha ha ha. Hey everybody.

THE UK PICKS UP A FOOTBALL AND THEY START TO THROW IT AROUND FOR NO READILY DISCERNIBLE REASON.

Brussels: I'm leaving you, the UK.

THE UK, ENRAGED, WALKS AROUND THE ROOM TRASHING EVERYTHING.

The UK: Everybody betray me ! I don't have a friend in the world.

THE UK, STILL ENRAGED, LAUGHS NERVOUSLY, BUT KEEPS TRASHING THE ROOM.

The UK: Why is this happening to me ?

THE UK STARES INTO THE CLOSET. HE REACHES IN AND PULLS OUT A SEXY NIGHTGOWN THAT HE PREVIOUSLY BOUGHT FOR BRUSSELS. HE TEARS THE NIGHTGOWN TO SHREDS.

The UK (nervously): Ha ha ha ha ha.

THE UK PICKS UP A GUN AND POINTS IT AT THE MIDDLE OF HIS FOREHEAD.

The UK: God forgive me.

THE UK PULLS THE TRIGGER AND COLLAPSES ON THE FLOOR GROANING.

Brussels: Somebody call the police !

JAYCEE, GERMANY, EASTERN EUROPE AND FRANCE ALL ENTER AND GATHER NERVOUSLY AROUND THE UK.

Brussels: Is he dead, France ?

FRANCE IS VERY EMOTIONAL. HE TOUCHES THE SIDE OF THE UK'S NECK. HE KISSES THE UK'S FOREHEAD.

Brussels: Don't you see, we're now free to be together ?

FRANCE PUSHES BRUSSELS AGAINST THE WALL.

France: You tramp ! You killed him ! You're the cause of all this. Go to hell ! I don't need your dirty money ! I don't love you.

SIRENS CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

THE UK LAUGHS NERVOUSLY.

THE END.

Credits

The UK paid for everything.

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