

The Real Estate Deal

Once upon a time there was a young man who owned a prime piece of real estate. It was a wonderful piece of ground in an excellent location and with unlimited potential. Now, with real estate, there are three things to consider: location, location, and, of course, location. The particular property that we are concerning ourselves with today was in an excellent location. Let's take up our story here.

The young man was very proud of his real estate. You could tell by the way he would admire it. He would fold his arms across his chest, lean back just a bit, and say "Wow, this is a really nice piece of real estate". Then he would dance a little jig of happiness, and smile. Life was good for the young man. But the property was bare and needed something. One day he said, "This land is bare." "It needs something." He stroked his chin as he contemplated his options. After straining himself this way for a little while, he suddenly had a wonderful idea. "I have a wonderful idea." "I know just what this land needs", he said. "One of the most exotic plants in the whole wide world." "It needs...", he hesitated for dramatic effect, "a dieffenbachia!" So, after locating an incredible specimen of dieffenbachia, he planted it in the middle of his property. It must have been incredibly difficult work because when he was finished he had to find a seat to rest and catch his breath. When he was rested, he stood up. The young man, as was his custom, folded his arms across his chest, leaned back just a bit, and said "Wow this is an even nicer piece of real estate now with a dieffenbachia." And, yes, you guessed it, he danced his famous little jig of happiness and smiled.

Years went by, and the young man's situation in life changed just a bit, and the time came when he was faced with a very difficult decision. In order to pay his bills, he needed to sell the piece of property. With his hands clasped tightly together near his chest, he looked longingly at the ground he had loved for so long. He knew in his heart that he would miss his dieffenbachia the most. A bug flew into his eye and he wiped his eyes to remove it, but everyone knew there was no bug. He was really wiping back his tears. With one last look, he dropped his gaze to the ground. Turning in sorrow, he shuffled along slowly as he began his search for a Real Estate Agent to help him sell the property.

He searched high. He searched low. Then he searched high again, just to make sure he hadn't missed anything. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted an agency not far from where he was. He ran to where the Real Estate Agent was sitting and knocked on the door. The agent answered, "Come on in". The young man opened the door and went in to talk to the agent about selling his property. When he turned to close the door behind him he realized that the door was indeed just an imaginary door and really didn't need closing after all. But before he took his seat, he danced his little jig of happiness and smiled. It was good to have found a Real Estate Agent.

As he sat down in the chair, the young man took the Real Estate Agent's hand in his own, looked deeply into her eyes, and said..."I want to sell a piece of property." He held on to her hand as he waited for her response. It was then that they both realized that this was not a love story, but a real estate story, so they stopped holding hands and began acting a bit more professionally. "Good" said the agent. The two of them began making plans for selling the property. The agent wondered how much money the young man would want for his real estate. She put both elbows on her desk and cradled her face in her hands as she gazed up at the ceiling dreamily. But that question was answered when the young man abruptly said "I want \$400,000 for my land." The Real Estate Agent was a bit startled and sat back just a bit. "Do you think we can get that?" he asked the real estate agent. "Indubitably" said the real estate agent. The young man had no idea what indubitably meant, but he was sure that it was good, and that meant he needed to dance his little jig of happiness and end with a smile. The Real Estate Agent said "Let's ask \$500,000 for it and deal with the buyers." As they both stood to their feet, the young man again took her hand in his own, looked deeply into her eyes, and said, "I'm gonna be rich!" Then they both remembered again that this was not a love story, but a real estate story, and they began acting a bit more professionally. He then turned to the door, opened it and walked through. Turning to close it he remembered that it was an imaginary door, and didn't need closing. He went off dancing his little jig of happiness.

Meanwhile, the Real Estate Agent got up from her desk, opened the door, went outside, and turned to close the door. It was then that the Real Estate Agent remembered that the door was an imaginary door and really didn't need to be closed. She walked over to the piece of property that she had just listed, and placed her "For Sale" sign right where everyone would be sure to see it very well. Then she went back to her office. Took out her keys, unlocked the door, and opened it, and walked inside. She turned to close the door. Why is it so difficult for actors to remember imaginary doors? She sat down behind her desk and busied herself with her work.

Now we wait for a prospective buyer.....And we wait.....and we wait.....and we wait.....and we wait.....and wait.....and wait.....and wait. Sometimes it takes awhile to sell a piece of property.

Then, it happened. The moment for which we have been patiently waiting—a prospective buyer came walking along. She looked at the property very closely. She admired the land from all four sides. She admired the dieffenbachia. She admired the idea that anyone would have the idea of planting a dieffenbachia there. She admired the idea that someone would have the idea that having an idea concerning a dieffenbachia would become such an important idea and an integral part of a story. Admiring it, she folded her arms, leaned back just a bit, and said, "Wow, this is a nice piece of property". But she didn't dance a little jig of happiness. She just smiled. She walked over the Real Estate Office, opened the door and went in. As she

turned to close the door, she realized that it was an imaginary door and really didn't need to be closed at all.

"Hi" she said to the agent. "Hi" she said back. She pointed in the direction of the property with the "For Sale" sign on it and said "I want to buy that property" Her next question was expected. "How much is it?" The Real Estate Agent said "\$500,000" "Wow" she said, "That seems a little high." With that, she got up, opened the door, stepped out of the agent's office, and as she turned to close it she remembered that the door was imaginary, and didn't need to be closed. Now she was searching for something. She looked high. She looked low. She looked high again, just in case she might have missed something. Then she saw him, an appraiser, standing off in the corner. She quickly made her way over to him.

"I need an appraisal" she told him. "I can do that" he replied. "Come with me" she said. "I'll show you the property that I would like to buy." The two of them walked over to the piece of real estate. The appraiser looked the property over very, very carefully. He sniffed the dirt. He stuck his fingers in the dirt. He looked at the land from all sides. He walked around and around the property, all the while stroking his chin—deep in thought. "Hah!" he said. Then he wrote a number on a piece of paper and handed it to the young lady. He then said "It's worth about \$400,000". "Thanks" she said. The appraiser then went back to his corner and just stood there.

Now the young lady had the information she needed to bargain with the Real Estate Agent. She walked over to her office. She opened the door and went in. Turning to close the door, she remembered that it was an imaginary door and didn't need to be closed. It is getting painfully obvious that actors suffer from severe short-term memory loss. She then sat down, and told the Agent "I want to make an offer on that property". The agent said "How Much?" The young lady then said "I had the land appraised." The agent was not surprised. This was common business practice with potential buyers. The young lady then said "I am offering \$400,000." The agent then said, "Let's make this official". She then got the necessary forms and began filling out the official offer form. She had the young lady sign it on the bottom line, and then said "All we need now is earnest money in the amount of \$4,000." Now is when the guy who wrote this magnificent play says "Let's stop here and talk about this \$4,000 earnest money".