

Priced to Sell

By

Janet Ehrlich Colson

WHY I LIKE IT: *Guest Editor MARGARET O'DONNELL writes...* Janet Colson's short play is a wild, uninhibited, witty, and utterly engrossing send-up of current US real estate practices, its wily but doofus practitioners, and the desperate victims who collude with them. Throwing reality out of the door (or did she?), the playwright lands us in Detroit where three real estate agents alternately vie and conspire to get motivated buyer Angi's business and jettison an all but unloadable property. As the agents weave their fun-house fantasy, no all-American sales tactic is too broad, too tired, or too transparent for Angi. Priced to Sell grabs me right up front with its physical comedy: the agents play out all the actions and sounds of driving in Detroit, the beeps and chatter of a real estate office, the weirdness of being on the phone with inattentive con artists, and all the illusory virtues of the house they want to foist on Angi. How desperate will Angi get? Listen to this:

ANDREW

You've got to really want this place.

ANGI

I do. I want it.

ANDREW

Rats and all.

ANGI

So those are rats!

ANDREW

Do you want it or not?

ANGI

I like rodents.

Jump into Angi's world to experience hype meets need –deliciously.

Priced to Sell

By Janet Ehrlich Colson

Characters:

Realtor/Agent #1

Realtor/Agent #2

Realtor/Agent #3 (Realtor #3 is also Andrew, Angi's real estate agent)

Angi

No set or props are required.

ANGI

(OS) All I want is a house in Detroit. I mean, how hard can it be...?

The REALTORS enter in a persuasive, quick-talking, slick glob. They are of one mind – and when they speak together, one voice. When REALTOR 3 speaks as ANDREW he is more of a straight-shooter. He never strays far from his REALTOR persona.

REALTOR 1

Charming 2-story Tudor on good block –

REALTOR 2

All-brick-newer roof-2-car garage –

REALTOR 3

3-bedrooms and 1.5+ baths –

ALL REALTORS

Priced to sell!

ANGI

(OS) The prices are unbelievable.

REALTOR 1

Do not disturb the tenant.

REALTOR 2

Do not approach the tenant.

REALTOR 3

Do not even think about approaching the tenant.

The following three lines are said simultaneously and as if in fine print.

REALTOR 1

Seller cannot guarantee the condition inside house.

REALTOR 2

As is sale. Owner has not entered the property.

REALTOR 3

Cash offers preferred.

ANGI

(OS) Who's got that kind of cash?

REALTORS spread out, acting out their scenarios in different parts of the space. REALTORS are now looser, breezier. Smiling.

REALTOR 1
(Driving) Freeway access.

REALTOR 2
(Shopping) Near shopping.

REALTOR 3
(Golfing) By the golf club.

ANGI
(OS) Out of our range.

REALTOR 1
(Desirable pose) Desirable zip code.

REALTOR 2
(Winks at REALTOR 1) Nice block.

REALTOR 3
(Wholesome) Fenced yard. Great for frisbee!

REALTOR 1
(As a dog) Woof!

REALTOR 3 pretends to toss a frisbee. REALTOR 1 catches it as a dog, brings it back.

ANGI
(OS) Aww. I love dogs.

REALTOR 3 throws it again. All getting more hard sell.

REALTOR 1
Real woodburning fireplace.

REALTOR 2
Large basement. Tons of storage.

REALTOR 3
Come and get it!

REALTOR 3 throws the frisbee again. REALTOR 1 as a dog brings it back.

REALTOR 2
Newer carpets.

REALTOR 1 as a dog. Scratches a flea. Lifts his leg.

ANGI
(OS) Or maybe wood floors?

REALTOR 3
Great investment opportunity.

REALTOR 1 Back to being Realtor. The next three lines could be exaggerated, impressionistic, and/or in slow motion.

REALTOR 1
Best deal in town!

REALTOR 1 shoots a guilty glance back at the carpet.

REALTOR 2
Proof of financing required.

REALTOR 3
Do not under any circumstances approach the tenant!

ANGI
(OS) What's up with the tenant?

ALL REALTORS
It's priced to sell!

REALTORS freeze with hands up as if looking through a windowpane. REALTORS 1&2 with giant frozen smiles, REALTOR 3 straight-faced. ANGI enters on the phone

ANGI
Hey hon, I can't sleep on the sofa bed another night. Yeah, 'the rack.' I've got bruises on my ribs from tossing and turning on those poky springs. Oh, and I almost died when your mother accused us of keeping her awake with our "nighttime antics." I was like, "You think we'd do anything with you walking through the living room all the time?" She said, "You never know," and then she winked but with both eyes or maybe it was a TIA. It scared me. No, I didn't tell her! She already wants to get rid of the dog. She doesn't have to know. You'll fix it. Look, we're going to be out of there in no time. We're going to get ourselves a house in Detroit! I hear they're practically giving them away. Wish me luck, I'm heading to the realtor's office right now.

The REALTORS pop out of their freeze and arrange themselves as if they're in an office. With an amicable professional tone. ANGI is driving.

REALTOR 1
Welcome to REBEL REALTY.

REALTOR 2
Where we make realty real.

REALTOR 3
We put the *real* in realty

REALTOR 1
Welcome to Detroit.

REALTOR 2
Real Detroit.

ALL REALTORS
(With cheer) Welcome home!

REALTORS ring, buzz, beep. Sounds of a busy office. REALTORS provide the sound effects. ANGI has one hand on the wheel and the phone to her ear.

REALTOR 1
(Answering phone) Dalton here, your #1 realtor -

ANGIE
Hi Dalton -

REALTOR 1
- in affordable Detroit. Please leave a message and I'll get right back to you.

REALTOR 1 beeps. ANGI swerves.

ANGI
Whoah. Hello? Dalton? This is Angi. I'm interested in finding out more about the tenant occupied property on the west side.

REALTOR 1 beeps again. ANGI swerves again.

REALTOR 2
Hey Angi, this is Robert. Happy to show you around. Where would you like to meet?

ANGI

I'm actually not in Detroit right now. I'd be coming in from out of town, but I can be there tomorrow...

REALTOR 2

Oh, okay. I'll see what I can do. Tomorrow's kind of tight. In the meantime, we can run some numbers. Get all our ducks in a row.

REALTOR 2 quacks like a duck. ANGI brakes hard, then accelerates.

ANGI

What was that quacking sound?

REALTOR 1

Tag, you're it! Dalton again. It's been nuts around here.

REALTOR 1 beeps.

REALTOR 2

Hey, this is Robert getting back to you. I work with a broker – how about we take a look at your finances?

Realtor 1 beeps. ANGI hits a bump.

ANGI

Robert? Are you there? Robert?

REALTOR 3

This is Andrew. You wanted to know about the tenant occupied property? I can ask about that. How's tomorrow for you?

ANGI

Tomorrow would be great.

REALTOR 1

Please leave a message.

REALTOR 1 beeps. ANGI honks her horn.

ANGI

Dalton?

REALTOR 2

(Smooth) Heyyy Angi, it's Robert. How are you doing? How 'bout we get going on that preapproval right away.

ANGI

What if I don't qualify?

REALTOR 2

No worries. I'll crunch some numbers and we'll take it from there.

REALTOR 3

Psst. *(Whisper)* Cash is king.

The REALTORS turn and leave the office. Realtor 2 walks like a duck. ANGI stops the car.

ANGI

(Talking to her husband over the phone.) No, I'm parked outside the office. I'm about to go in. *(Looking at her hair in the rearview mirror)* Have you noticed I'm going gray since we moved in with your mother? *(She digs through her hair, then lets it go)*. So, it looks like Andrew's going to show me around. Not him. He never got back to me. The other guy. I'll tell him what I like, what doesn't work for me. Get a lay of the land. C'mon. I have a good feeling about him. Who, that Robert guy? He keeps trying to run our credit. Look at it this way, hon, it's more like reconnaissance. It's all about blocks, neighborhoods, and zip codes. I literally don't know anything. But we gotta start somewhere, right? I should go. I'll call you on the way back.

REALTOR 3 appears out of nowhere.

ANDREW

Hi, I'm Andrew. Nice to meet you.

ANGI

Oh, hi! I'm Angi. Two A's.

ANDREW

What's that?

ANGI

Two A's! Andrew and Angi.

ANDREW

Oh. Hah hah. Got it. Two A's.

ANGI

My husband couldn't be here today, but I told him I'd get the lay of the land.

ANDREW

For sure. That's what I'm here for. Let's get to it. First up on the list. 3 Mile.

They get in their cars and drive. They do their own sound effects. They swerve, but still hit a few potholes.

ANGI

We need at least 3 bedrooms, 1.5 bath, a basement and a garage. Also a yard. That's a dealbreaker. We have a dog.

Realtor 1 yips.

ANGI
A big dog.

Realtor 1 woofs.

ANDREW
(Parking his car) I'm here. Did I lose you?

ANGI
Oops. Sorry. I turned the wrong way. Be there in a minute.

She spins around and just avoids a collision. Then she pulls up abruptly. They get out of their cars.

ANGI
I hit a pothole so big I think I damaged my tire.

ANDREW
It's going to be tough finding what you want in that price range, but we can come close.

ANGI
What about that tenanted property? It's got a big yard.

ANDREW
They haven't gotten back to me, but you never know.

ANGI
Too good to be true, huh?

ANDREW
Probably. There's gotta be a reason it's priced so low.

REALTOR 1&2
(Popping in then out, jazz hands) It's priced to sell!

ANDREW
(Trying to open lockbox, suppressing frustration) I can't get this lockbox open.

ANGI
So, is this a good part of town?

ANDREW
It's a flip neighborhood. Hang on. Let me make a call.

ANGI

(Leaning over) Is it just me or is the garage leaning over?

ANDREW

Just a sec. *(On phone)* Alright. *(Hangs up)*. They left the side door open. Lockbox is broken.

ANGI

The garage is leaning over.

ANDREW

Typical. But you'll have plenty of equity to get it fixed in this neighborhood.

ANGI

Good to know.

Walking in the house.

ANDREW

Hardwood floors. Nice.

ANGI

No appliances?

ANDREW

Doesn't look like it.

ANGI

Is that typical, too?

ANDREW

In this market, yes.

ANGI

Whoah! Is that - a turd in the bathtub?

ANDREW

I don't think so.

He takes a closer inspection.

ANGI

Tiny closet.

ANDREW

Older homes. Typical.

ANGI

That's so sad. I hate tiny closets.

ANDREW

So what do you like here? To give me an idea moving forward.

ANGI

Well...I like the wood floors. Original fireplace. The basement. Not too Silence of the Lambs.

ANDREW

It smells like water damage.

ANGI

And I love that big tree!

ANDREW

I'm pretty sure the roots are coming into the walls.

ANGI

The neighbors said it was nice and quiet.

ANDREW

You don't want it.

ANGI

I don't?

ANDREW

Nope. Let's go on to the next.

ANGI

Okay. I guess. Avon, right?

ANDREW

They cancelled. Just got the message.

ANGI

But that's the main reason I came here today. Did you tell them I drove in from out of town?

ANDREW

Yeah, the tenant changed her mind.

ANGI

We were tenants. We didn't cancel showings the same day.

ANDREW

Well, it happens sometimes.

Realtor 1 is pacing in the background, machine-like. Realtor 2 is gliding by like a duck.

ANGI

Should we just drive up there to see if I like the neighborhood?

REALTOR 1 & 2

Do not disturb the occupant.

ANDREW

It's up to you.

ANGI

So there's nothing else we can do today? That's such a bummer.

ANDREW

Why don't we go see this other place my partner is flipping?

ANGI

What's the neighborhood like?

ANDREW

It's more of a rental neighborhood than a flip neighborhood.

ANGI

What's the difference?

REALTOR 1 & 2

(They've stopped pacing and gliding). Resale.

ANGI

What about a neighborhood where I want to live?

ANDREW

It's up to you.

*REALTOR 1 & 2 circle and twirl around ANGI.
They are in sales mode – with increasing fervor.*

REALTOR 1

Move in ready. Turnkey. Lots of updates.

ANDREW

It's clean. Real clean. You're not going to find better.

REALTOR 2

Curb appeal. Quiet street. Mature trees!

They stop twirling.

ANDREW

You've got one day to decide and then it gets listed.

Angi is on the phone but the agents are surrounding her. Closing in.

ANGI
But I haven't even seen it.

ANDREW
In this market you gotta jump.

ANGI
What if I don't like it?

ANDREW
It's a seller's market.

REALTORS 1&2
(With big toothy smiles) And it's priced to sell!

ANGI is in her car. On her phone.

ANGI
Hey, babe. How's it going? I don't know. The realtors are kind of intense. Yeah, right. So, I thought I'd swing by that tenanted property on my way out of town. I saw that they reduced the price. Don't worry, I'm not going to approach the tenant. I'll probably stay in my car. I've also got to get the tire looked at. I drove over a nail. Sorry. Oh, that's Andrew on the other line. Gotta go.

ANDREW is in his car. On speaker.

ANDREW
Hey, I've got good news on that investment property. Call me back right away.

ANGI
Andrew? It's Angi. Andrew?

ANDREW
This is Andrew. Please leave a message.

REALTOR 1 Beeps. The REALTORS stand in a row, moving together, like backup singers. One of them might do an acapella beatbox.

REALTOR 1
This was in foreclosure.

Hands to forehead; anguished expressions.

REALTOR 2

This one fell out of sale four times.

REALTORS 1 & 2 each hold up four fingers and do a synchronized dance move with their hands through the air over their heads.

REALTOR 3

This property has squatters.

REALTORS 1 & 2 squat. REALTOR 3 helps them up. REALTOR 1 beeps. REALTOR 2 quacks.

ANGI

What's the deal with the squatters?

ANDREW

Well, unless you want roommates, you'll want to pass.

ANGI is driving. She swerves.

ANGI

So I buy the house, I get the squatters? Is that what you're saying?

ANDREW

Pretty much.

ANGI

Hey Andrew? sorry to bug you, but what's the difference between tenants and squatters?

She honks. REALTOR 2 quacks back.

ANDREW

Tenants pay rent.

ANGI

I know that. But can you get rid of them? Either of them?

ANGI slows down for a yellow light, changes her mind and then steps on the gas.

ANDREW

Sometimes you can. Sometimes you can't. What's the soonest you can get here?

ANGI is weaving through crazy traffic.

ANGI

On my way! So if I want to live in the house, maybe I shouldn't be looking at properties with tenants *or* squatters?

ANDREW
It can be tricky.

ANGI screeches to a halt. REALTOR 2 beeps like a truck backing up. ANDREW and REALTORS converge on ANGI.

ANGI
Sorry, but that pothole was huge, and I don't want to lose another tie rod.

REALTOR 1
Do not disturb the tenant.

ANGI
I wasn't going to.

REALTOR 2
Do not approach the occupant under any circumstances.

ANGI
Can't I get out of the car and walk around?

REALTOR 3
Sometimes you can, but sometimes you can't.

ANGI
I just want to find a place to live! We were supposed to be out by the end of last week.

REALTOR 1
It's a tough market.

REALTOR 2
This isn't Kansas.

ANGI
I don't want to live in Kansas.

REALTOR 3
You don't want to piss off the tenants.

ANGI
So tell me, what are we doing here?

REALTOR 1
It's a great opportunity.

ANGI
It's too expensive.

REALTOR 2
It's just a slightly higher mortgage payment.

ANGI
I can't qualify as is.

REALTOR 3
Cash is king.

The other agents echo this.

ANGI
That's what you keep telling me.

ALL AGENTS
It's a seller's market.

ANGI
Can I take a look in the garage?

REALTOR 2
We don't have the key.

ANGI
Hold on a minute. *(To Andrew)* Is your investment partner wearing socks and flip-flops?

REALTOR 2 quacks and flaps. ANGI startles.

ANDREW
Give her some space. *(To ANGI)* You've got until tonight.

The AGENTS clear out. ANGI is talking to her husband on the phone.

ANGI
Honey...it's going to be harder to find something than we thought. Andrew said it's the lowest inventory he's ever seen. Yeah. They wanted me to buy it on the spot. It's ridiculous! I couldn't even go inside. Oh, and I think one of the realtors quacked at me! Forget about Avon. They cancelled on us again. What? Don't worry. I'm just going to walk around the neighborhood. It's supposed to be a decent zip code. Hey, it doesn't look like anyone's home. Talk to you later. Love you.

She calls Andrew. It goes straight to voicemail (REALTOR 2 beeps).

ANGI

Hi Andrew, I thought I'd stop by the tenanted property on my way out of town, you know the one on the west side that we couldn't get a showing for? I'll let you know if we can scratch it off our list. Call me when you get this.

AGENT #1 pops up. The AGENTS are similar to the REALTORS but the tone abruptly shifts to a grittier realism.

AGENT 1
Can I help you?

ANGI
I'm just walking by.

AGENT 1
Were you looking in the window?

ANGI
Nope, I'm just checking out the neighborhood.

AGENT 2 has just popped up

AGENT 2
Are you looking to buy?

ANGI
I'm just getting my feet wet.

AGENT 1
You're in luck! We're real estate investors!

AGENT 2
I love getting my feet wet!

AGENT 1
Come on in! We'll show you around. Here's my card.

ANGI
I don't know. I don't want to bother anyone.

AGENT 2
No worries. Take my card, too.

AGENT 1
We don't bite!

AGENT 2
He barks, though.

AGENT 1
(As a dog) Woof!

AGENTS 1&2 chuckle at this.

ANGI
I thought this was a tenanted property.

AGENT 2
It's a unique situation.

ANGI
My realtor wasn't able to get me a showing.

The AGENTS perk up at the mention of another realtor.

AGENT 1
Really? You're working with someone?

AGENT 2
Who's your realtor?

AGENT 1
We all kind of know each other.

ANGI
It's Andrew at Rebel Realtors.

AGENT 1
Oh, Andrew! We work with him all the time.

AGENT 2
He's a great guy. I don't know why you couldn't get a showing.

AGENT 1
A little green, but no – he's great. You're in good hands.

AGENT 2
He's in our investment club -

AGENT 1
Where we talk real estate -

AGENT 2
And networking-

AGENT 1
So what do you think of this place -

AGENT 2

It's not going to be on the market for long -

*AGENT 1 chortles. Just then ANDREW walks up.
He's surprised to see ANGI.*

ANDREW

Angi. What are you doing here?

ANGI

I decided to swing by on my way out of town. I left you a message.

ANDREW

Just got done with my last appointment.

AGENT 1

Hey, Andrew.

AGENT 2

Hey, man. What's up?

ANDREW

Is it alright if we look around?

AGENT 1

Go right ahead. It's clean.

AGENT 2

Yeah. It's clean. Super clean.

AGENT 1

We'll leave you to it.

AGENT 2

Later, man.

AGENT 1&2 back away.

ANGI

It's nice of them to let us in.

ANDREW

Yep. Crown moulding.

ANGI

Nice touch. Did something just fall off the ceiling?

ANDREW

Newly renovated kitchen.

ANGI

What's up with the sleeping bag and all the bottles on the floor?

ANDREW

Someone's probably working on it.

ANGI

Eek! I just saw a mouse.

ANDREW

There's a bonus room. Looks like it was used as a beauty salon.

ANGI

Couldn't they have swept up some of the hair?

ANDREW

Look at this breaker panel (*He point to the panel.*) They bumped up the electricity.

The lights go out.

ANGI

Oh, no. What happened to the lights?

ANDREW

Probably didn't pay the electric bill. I'll turn on my flashlight.

ANGI

There goes the mouse. No, I think it's a rat.

ANDREW

So what do you think?

ANGI

I – I don't know.

ANDREW

You're not going to find anything better in your price range.

ANGI

That's what I'm afraid of.

REALTOR 1 beeps loudly in the background.

ANDREW

Uh-oh.

ANGI

What?

ANDREW
Code orange. We gotta get out of here.

AGENTS 1&2 appear.

AGENT 1
(Speaking if on a headset) Spread out. This is a code orange.

AGENT 2
Copy that. I'll take the wing. Lose the client.

ANDREW
Can't. She wanted a showing.

AGENT 1
Who's covering the client?

AGENT 2
Andrew's taking one for the team.

ANDREW
C'mon, she'll slow me down.

ANGI
Am I the client?

ANDREW
Shh. Stay close to the ground and stay quiet.

AGENT 1
Sorry, man.

ANGI
What in the heck's going on?

ANDREW
The tenant's back.

ANGI
I thought there was no tenant.

AGENT 2
It's complicated.

ANGI
So what do we do?

ANDREW
We shut up and lay low.

ANGI

For how long?

AGENT 1

No one really knows. It's a tight market.

ANGI

Is this for real?

ANDREW

This shit happens all the time. You don't want to mess with the tenant.

ANGI

Why is everyone so scared of the tenant? I was a tenant - until I lost my lease. I'm living with my mother-in-law! It doesn't get much scarier than that. Let me talk to the tenant. How bad can it be?

AGENT 2

I can call my uncle. He does HVAC.

ANGI

No. Just tenant to tenant.

AGENT 2

Are you sure?

ANGI

Yeah, I'm sure.

ANDREW

You've got to really want this place.

ANGI

I do. I want it.

ANDREW

Rats and all.

ANGI

So those *are* rats!

ANDREW

Do you want it or not?

ANGI

I like rodents.

ANDREW

There's going to be a bidding war.

ANGI
You've gotta be kidding.

AGENTS are now back to their REALTOR alter egos, encroaching on ANGI, circling her, intensifying their pitch. She turns to each one, frenetically.

REALTOR 1
It's a seller's market!

ANGI
Fine! Top of my price range.

ANDREW
Short inspection period.

REALTOR 1
No inspection! No concessions!

REALTOR 2
You pay the equity gap!

ANDREW
I've got the seller's agent on the line.

ANDREW takes the call. REALTORS 1&2, fully transformed into a robot and duck, are beeping and quacking around ANGI, who swirls into a psychic break with a silent (or not-so-silent) scream.

ANDREW
(*On phone*). Okay. I'll let her know. (*ANGI and REALTORS 1&2 stop in place*). There's another offer on the table...

ANGI
CASH!

REALTOR 3
And sold – to the lady from Kansas!

ANGI
I'm not from Kansas.

ALL REALTORS
Congratulations!

The REALTORS freeze in congratulatory poses, even ANDREW, albeit unsmiling. ANGI steps out from the throng. She makes a phone call. The REALTORS fade out of the scene.

ANGI

Honey, we got the house! I know. It sounds crazy, but we did it. They accepted our offer! It's not perfect. I mean, nothing's ever perfect, especially not in our price range, but it's ours. We have a home. And guess what? We won't be alone! We've got ourselves a tenant! Well, technically they're squatters, but it's almost the same thing. Yeah, there's more than one. The more the merrier, right? We can play badminton. Euchre. Drinking games! One of them said he'd shoot us in our sleep, but I think he's joking. Did you know the dormer used to be a speakeasy? So much history! And there's a fake bookcase – totally James Bond. I have so many ideas for the salon – recording studio, meditation hut, grow room – or just leave the hair on the floor and embrace it as a project that we'll never get to. No, I didn't meet any of the neighbors, but somebody in the back is feeding hundreds of feral cats. That's right - FREE CATS! I'm so excited! We got a house in Detroit! Love you, too. Bye.

THE END

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS: *This piece is almost entirely autobiographical, created by the forces of a particular place and time that catapulted me and my car through the streets of Detroit in search of a home. In this case, the play wrote itself, which made me worry that it was crap, but I promise you there was plenty of suffering that came before (and afterwards).*

Disclaimer: Whereas anything herein that could be interpreted as fiction is entirely coincidental, I admit to a degree of interpretive hyperbole in the alteration of a few key details:

- *The tenants had vacated the premises by the time we moved in (although we still had the opportunity to commiserate about moving as well as exchange numbers, pandemic checks, etc.).*
- *All names in Priced to Sell have been changed due to historic low inventories and temporal amnesia.”*
- *The rats in the story were in fact, mice. There was only one rat, Vanilla Bean Pudding, and he came with us.*

And so, I dedicate this play to the memory of our beloved rat, may he rest in peace, and to the great city of Detroit to which I came without an invitation. There was no welcome mat, no fanfare, no red carpet. There was simply a chance for a new beginning. Perhaps you can relate to this story with your own tales of displacement, relocation, and redemption, whether in madcap abstracted realism or in the bumpy landscapes we call home.

Finally, I mean no offense to the city in which I've placed my hopes and dreams for the foreseeable future. I'd like to point out that although the pandemic was a rough time to move anywhere – and that a year after coming to Detroit, the roads are noticeably smoother.

Tikkun Olam.

GUEST EDITOR BIO: Margaret O'Donnell is a Seattle playwright who aspires to write about the world, the universe, and everything, and sometimes succeeds in getting a couple of things down. Find her work at <https://odonnellplaywright.com/>

AUTHOR BIO: Janet Ehrlich Colson (she/they) is a playwright and experimental theatre artist living in Detroit, Michigan. Before the pandemic, Janet enjoyed writing about family dynamics, eating disorders, and hair. Since then, Janet has been writing about squirrels. And climate change. Janet is all over *Fleas on the Dog* Vol. 11, especially in the drama section (which she/they edited until her/their brain/brains shriveled to the size of a cutie, as in a tiny orange). “It’s like an infestation or something!” said the guy who stopped by the office looking for a donut and stayed for the show, adding that it was almost worth the nasty rash. Janet recommends you check out all the original plays in the drama section, including *Priced to Sell*, their play about flipping the paradigm in a hot seller’s market. Her short play, *Snails*, is pending publication in the second edition of *The Champagne Room*, a print-only literary space. Janet received an MFA in creative writing from Goddard College.
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