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## *Selling New York* S5E12: Upscale Upsizing

*HGTV's Selling New York rides along with brokerages CORE, Gumley Haft Kleier and Warburg as they try to sell fabulous properties fabulously. Here's our recap of how the NYC real estate industry is portrayed to the world, penned by Molly Reisner. Episode air date: 6/28/2012.*



We got a tour de Upper West Side's luxe living spaces on last night's "no listing less than 6 million dollars" episode of *Selling New York*. **A couple with 4 kids bursting at the well-made seams of their apartment** looks to the ultimate Mama for a spacious Upper West Side spread. Will their expansion be the mansion of their domestic dreams? Then, our eyeballs get a treat when **the dashing CORE prez presides over a Midtown Manhattan penthouse listing**. Will the testy developer demand more attention than he's worth? Do whatever it takes to feel fancy (AKA scoop out ice cream into dish, rather than scarfing straight from container) because you're about to get regaled with recap riches!

Yep, we've got dollar signs in our eyes! >>

**CRISIS #1: LOADED FAMILY REQUIRES PALATIAL UPPER WEST DIGS YESTERDAY SO THEY DON'T HAVE TO KEEP TRIPPING OVER TOYS**

Oh, it's good to be a Kleier these days! **Mama Michele** has the task of finding her clients, **Cassey and financial guru Angel Morales**, a giant apartment in the Upper West Side for their equally giant family (4 kiddies!). Her first stop? 535 West End Avenue to wow them with a **\$9.7 million 5BR/5BA** abode:

**"It's perfect!"** squees Angel. Mama's commission future is so bright, she's gotta wear shades HEY-000!



Actually, she has a scratched cornea. Owie!

Post-perusal, Angel drops a caveat on the sitch—Mama also needs to find a one-bedroom apartment in the same building for his mama! That's her current set-up now. But the building only has a sad studio available...I guess the penthouse is out of the question?

With the proper parameters in mind, Mama hops a few blocks down to The Aphorp at 390 West End Avenue. R.I.P. Nora Ephron who wrote a *New Yorker* piece about the building a few years ago.

Mama offers a combo platter full of Aphorp options: A custom **4,871-square-foot** duplex apartment for a chill **\$10.39 million** with a side of 1BR/1.5BA grandmother unit for the value price of **\$2.65 million!**

This is only part of the whopper-size pad. The stairs for the second level would have to be installed:

Grandmama's potential get-up:

I'd like to be Angel's mother, please. Body swap!

Cassey loves the Aphorp's stylin' but doesn't like that renovations could take 3 months. Can I get a NEXT?

Nope! Mama is all out of options. JK! Of course she has another property up her knit sleeve. Let's go to the The Laureate at 2150 Broadway for a little from column A and a little from column B.

The Morales are muy into both the **\$8.5 million 6BR/6BA** open spread and the adjacent **\$1.67 million** unit for ma:

Now is a great time to reflect on how when your mom visits, you can only offer her your bed...with you in it.

Cassey and Angel love the apartments so much, they grapple Mama in a dual hug:



But LAST MINUTE DRAMZ ALERT! Mama says the one-bedroom is the only one in the building...and someone else could be bidding on it! "**If we can get 'em both, we're sold,**" says Angel.

Later, with their offer on the table, Mama tells Angel that it's a go for the big apartment but that pesky one-bedroom has another offer. A much higher one too! Angel takes Mama's advice to amp up their bid by \$100k. Will it be enough to secure both places? Is there duct tape on my window screen because my landlord won't fix it?

YES AND YES, my friends.

We can rest easy because Angel and Cassey got their apartments...but now they own four places! The two new ones and the two old ones. P.S. I am somehow not really worried about their finances.

Time for a business meeting at the business table in their old apartment:



Mama urges the couple to get their apartment open-house ready so she can list it. Grandma's already got her act together and people are interested in it. The updater explains that Mama is negotiating two offers on grandma's pad and is about to list the larger one. Two deals + two potential deals squeaked out of one client is all in a (few) days work for Mama!

### **CRISIS #2: REAL ESTATE PREZ KINDA OVER-PROMISES DEDICATION TO DEVELOPER'S LISTING**

It's been too long, but CORE president **Shaun Osher** is back on the show, this time wheelin' and feelin' out developer Henry Justin's thoughts on pricing his pet penthouse project at 211 East 51st Street.

Shaun and Hen meet up in the almost done **3,175 square foot** p-house for a little tete-a-tete:

Shaun advises listing the unit for \$6 million, which Hen objects to with his trademark squinty-eyed DeNiro look:



Balking at the lowball price, Hen insists the \$6 million isn't gonna cut it and that he needs to make a Justin-ified 10 percent. He needs \$7 million. NEEDS IT.

Shaun shoots him this grizzled look in what is now an official Steely Stare-Off:



**"I'm not going to stand here and tell you your apartment is worth something that it's not,"** Shaun spits back. Stick to your guns, Shaunny Boy! Then he tells Hen that he'll have his best sales person overseeing the marketing—which, for the sake of man dramz, is not good enough for Hen.

He wants Shaun. No one else will do. **"I'm depending on you,"** says Hen, which forces Shaun to pledge his utmost attention. This all reminds me of the time I shamed a boy into kissing me. Basically, uncomfortable confrontation has its place!

Next, a scatter-brained Shaun meets up with his team and asks them questions about what's going on with the open house. Broker Tom "Come To The Cabaret Old Friend" Postilio has a snitfit that Shaun expects them to know what's up since the listing exclusively belongs to Shaun.

Tom and Shaun then have a What's Going On?!?!?-Off via their exasperated hand gestures:



Shaun delegates marketing tasks to his team and acknowledges that he's not SuperShaun—he doesn't have time to oversee a listing AND run a business for crying out loud!

Later, Tom corners Shaun on the gritty streets of Chelsea, demanding an update about the status of the staging. **"I'm going to kill two birds with one phone,"** Shaun quips, dialing up Hen. I might have to steal that line from him.

Hen says the—WE DID NOT SEE THIS COMING—furniture is delayed, which prompts Shaun to appoint Tom in charge of dealing with this beneath-him business.

Tom meets Hen at the p-house to judge progress and isn't impressed. Hen is fake displeased that Tom's there instead of Shaun:

Oh god finally it's time to partaaaay, and hey!, we were there for the re-debut (the penthouse was revamped from an earlier floor plan) of the now priced **\$6.496 million** spot:

The party was replete with roast beef treats...



...and Shaun and Hen gushing how much they love working together and how awesome everything turned out. Tom gets pats on the back for picking up Shaun's dropped broker balls (you know what I mean).

Did the mid-6 price proffer an offer? The update says that two weeks later, there was one! But, hmmm, the listing is still up, and has been lowered to \$5.75 million. I smell a bargain!

Episode Review: In Real Estate Olympics, Mama wins the gold and Shaun's dramatic stylings never get old which precisely adds up to **3.0 out of 5.0** cackling **WHEN DID A MILLION DOLLARS NOT BE AN UNGODLY AMOUNT OF MONEY? Kleiers.**

