

“That’s right.”

“We may be able to sell you a ticket.”

“Cool.”

“How much would you be willing to pay for one?”

“How about a hundred dollars?” he replied.

“Too low,” I laughed. “You’ll have to go higher.”

“A hundred fifty?” he offered.

“You have to do better,” I insisted. “What’s the highest price you’ll pay?”

William thought for a moment. “A hundred seventy-five.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it. Not a penny more.”

“OK, you’re on the list. I’ll let you know,” I said. “By the way, how’d you come up with that hundred seventy-five?”

William said he figured that for \$175 he could also watch the game at a sports bar, free, spend some money on beer and food, and still have a lot left over for a few CDs or even some shoes. The game would no doubt be exciting, he said, but at the same time \$175 is a lot of money.

Our next call was to Joseph. After camping out for a week Joseph was also behind on his schoolwork. But he didn’t care—he had won a ticket in the lottery and now, in a few days, he would be watching the Duke players fight for the national title.

“Hi, Joseph,” I said. “We may have an opportunity for you—to sell your ticket. What’s your minimum price?”

“I don’t have one.”

“Everyone has a price,” I replied, giving the comment my best Al Pacino tone.

His first answer was \$3,000.

“Come on,” I said, “That’s way too much. Be reasonable; you have to offer a lower price.”