

# Conditionals

*based on the "Last Holiday"*

- Now, I'm not flying all the way to Prague with some stranger in my lap. I know that's right. That's a big boy. That's a big old man right there.
- \_\_\_\_\_ you \_\_\_\_\_ the flight first class...Ma'am?  
\_\_\_\_\_ you \_\_\_\_\_ to fly first class instead of economy, you \_\_\_\_\_ have \_\_\_\_\_ plenty of room in one of our cocoons.
- - How much is it?
- - Beg your pardon?
- How much for the damn cocoon?

- This is strictly business.
- As always, if there's anything, even the slightest thing, you will tell me.
- Well, I won't, but she will.
- If I \_\_\_\_\_ you, I \_\_\_\_\_ call you.
- Excellent.
- Can you believe that?

- I am Gunther. Floor valet.
- Oh, that was you that put my clothes away.
- Yeah.
- Okay. Well, Miss Gunther, what do you do for fun around here?
- What do I do for fun, madam? I \_\_\_\_\_ the guests' shoes \_\_\_\_\_ they \_\_\_\_\_ them out in the hall.

- And there's no one in my life who I can talk to about it.
- Well, I wouldn't \_\_\_\_\_ too much sleep over what other people think. Now, come on, girl, we're supposed to be meditating.

- They're never bad people, they're greedy people. They want a little bit of this, little bit of that, little bit of that...They ain't leaving their wives. Yeah, you just need to leave him.
- It's not that easy. \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ him, I'll \_\_\_\_\_ quit my job. What am I going to do? I didn't finish school.
- Well, then you go back to school. There now, we solved it. Let's tackle something heavy, like world hunger.

- What is this?
- It's a turnip.
- No, it's not. That can't be no turnip.
- The poor baby turnips. Nobody likes them, you know? Of course. Life \_\_\_\_\_ easy if you \_\_\_\_\_ a truffle or a shiitake mushroom. But the turnip is to be loved because she's a self-made woman of vegetables. All the others you can only destroy with cooking. But the turnip, she gets better. So, you see, it's not how you start...but how you finish.