

# THE CONVERSATION SOCIETY

presents

## Dialogue #33: Winston Zeddemore and Lucille Zeddemore

*(This exchange between Winston Zeddemore, commonly referred to as “the fourth Ghostbuster,” and his mother, 72-year-old Lucille, took place in the Zeddemore family kitchen the morning after Winston’s interview with the Ghostbusters.)*

Winston Zeddemore: Mama, after sleeping on it, I’ve decided I’m gonna’ take the job with the Ghostbusters.

Lucille Zeddemore: I told you last night, Winston, you take that job you gonna’ end up a ghost yourself.

WZ: I been out of work so long I feel like one already. It’s time I got back to the land of the living.

LZ: Only place you goin’ is the land of the *dead*.

WZ: Don’t say that, mama. Please.

LZ: Ain’t you got no other prospects? Whatever happened to that karate instructor job you was so high on?

WZ: I can’t teach karate.

LZ: What do you mean you can’t teach *karate*?! You a 15<sup>th</sup> degree *black* belt!

WZ: Doing it and teaching it are two different things. Remember that time you tried to teach me how to make sweet potato pie? Nearly burnt down the whole neighborhood.

LZ: Well then what about that post office job your uncle was talkin’ about?

WZ: I don’t want to work at the post office.

LZ: Why not?

WZ: Because that’s where every responsible black man ends up when he runs out of options.

LZ: And what’s wrong with being a responsible black man?

WZ: Nothing, but an opportunity like this doesn’t come around very often.

LZ: So you just gonna’ throw caution to the wind and take up with three of the craziest white boys in New York City. Is that it?

WZ: They're not crazy, mama. They're scientists.

LZ: They ain't no god damn *scientists*. They a buncha' university *rejects*. I saw 'em on the television.

WZ: You can't believe everything you see on T.V.

LZ: I believe what I saw, and what I saw was three funny-looking crackers in matchin' tan suits wearin' protein packs.

WZ: It's called a proton pack, mama. And it's nothing I haven't handled before. I fired much bigger in the Air Force. Trust me.

LZ: It's not the weapon I'm worried about, Winston. It's what you *shootin'* with it.

WZ: So it's the ghosts you're afraid of?

LZ: I ain't afraid of no *ghost*. Hell, your father's ghost been hauntin' my ass for years. But I do know somebody who *is* afraid.

WZ: Not like I used to be.

LZ: Tell me, son: how you gonna' make a livin' goin' after these ghosts when it's your natural inclination to run the other way when you see 'em?

WZ: I don't know, mama.

LZ: I don't know, neither. It don't make no sense to me, but then I'm an old woman, and not much makes sense to me these days.

WZ: Look, mama, it's a steady job with a steady paycheck. It's dangerous, I admit, but if I don't take it, I might never move out of here.

LZ: Who said anything about you movin' out? I had just gotten used to you bein' here.

WZ: You knew I was gonna' have to move out sooner or later.

LZ: But who's gonna' watch *Family Feud* with me? Who's gonna' rinse my boils? Who's gonna' protect me at night?

WZ: *Me*, mama, *me*. But it won't just be you I'm protecting. I'll be looking out for the whole city, ensuring the safety of millions of people, waging war with Satan's minions on a daily basis.

LZ: What are they gonna' say at church when they find out you're a Ghostbuster?

WZ: They'll say I'm doin' God's work.

LZ: God's work, huh. That's mighty proud talk, Winston, mighty proud talk. Bigger men than you been struck down for sayin' a whole lot less.

WZ: Then strike me down where I stand.

LZ: Hand me my rolling pin.