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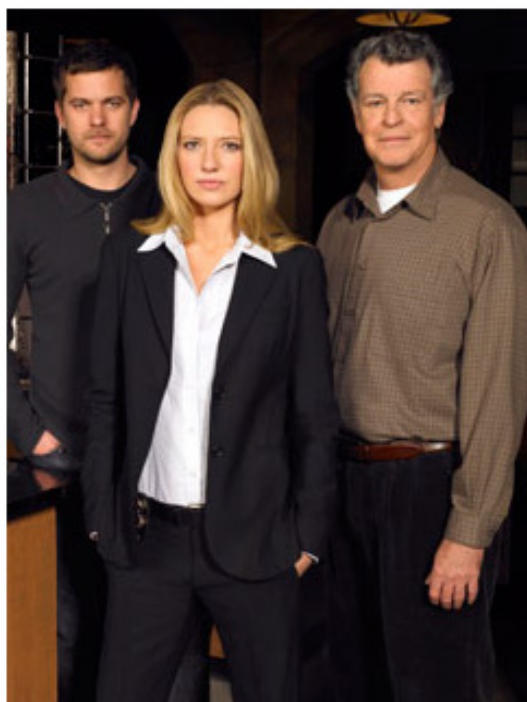


Photo: Fox

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The folks of "Fringe" are busy people. Saving the world from mutations, mysterious hairless men, and the more "normal" terrorist threats leaves them little time to celebrate anything. How do we think they'll spend their Thanksgiving this year? The plan is to have a potluck din-din in Dr. Bishop's dingy Harvard University lab. For a group of people who've seen the worst of humanity and science, it's home for the holidays!

The first to arrive is Peter, having just left the local dive bar to loosen up for what's sure to be a spectacularly awkward dinner. It's fitting, because his potluck assignment was to bring booze. He arrives bearing many alcoholic gifts.

He finds his dad, Dr. Bishop, watching a VHS copy of "A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving" dubbed in Mandarin. His job was to cook the Turkey Day bird -- and sure enough, he's laid out quite a spread. He pushed together a couple of examination tables (that's right, the ones he uses to violate the laws of science; yuck!) and sitting in the center of the table is a large, juicy turkey. With wires protruding from it. They lead to a machine with lots of lights and buttons. Straight out of a 1950s science fiction B-movie. But the bird isn't cooked. Not even defrosted. What gives?

Bishop informs Peter that he plans to throw a switch and cook the bird when the guests arrive. It will cook to golden brown perfection in mere seconds. He says he developed this "Insta-Turkey" method during his repeat viewings of a brooding Charlie Brown contemplating life and plotting revenge against Lucy.

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November 10, 2008 7:00 PST By Horacio Rodriguez



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Then Peter's cell phone rings. Olivia, who was supposed to bring side dishes, cancels. Something about an emergency involving a nine-year-old who's growing tentacles. Phone rings again. It's Phil, the dessert man, also cancelling. He was called to a FBI/White House briefing about a terrorist threat involving self-aware, robotic Hello Kitty dolls. But he sends his best.

Having lost their guests to national emergencies and scientific perversions, Peter and Bishop decide to go ahead and get that turkey going. Bishop produces a wry smile and flicks the switch. The bird starts rocking back and forth and a small plume of smoke escapes from its empty cavity. But the turkey lets out an eardrum-bursting screech, gets up and flies away -- crashing through one of the lab's windows.

"You've managed to reanimate a long-dead, frozen turkey, Walter. Normally that would be impressive -- but since that zombie bird was my Thanksgiving feast, I'm a little upset. Guess I'll just have to drink my dinner now."

"I'm sorry about dinner, Peter," Bishop says. "But more importantly, who's gonna pay for that window?"

To see how we think the rest of your favorite shows will be spending their Thanksgiving, [go here](#).

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