

The adults in the family sit around a large dining room table that is covered in a true Thanksgiving feast. Off to the side a smaller table seats the three kids and Luke. Everyone is dressed in their Sunday best for the occasion.

LUKE

Thanks for letting me sit at the cool table. I was worried I'd be stuck sitting next to all the boring old people.

MICHAEL

No problem.

TRUMAN

You want me to invite Samantha to sit with us?

Truman raises and lowers his eyebrows in rapid succession.

PEYTON

Don't be so juvenile. Besides, she has to sit next to her lawyer friend.

MICHAEL

Should I punch him again? We need some more footage for our YouTube channel.

PEYTON

You don't have a YouTube channel.

TRUMAN

We will, and then you'll be begging us for a job.

MICHAEL

Yeah you'll work for me and then I'll make you cook me some eggs.

Luke laughs.

TRUMAN

Yeah, and cookies...and cake.

PEYTON

Why couldn't mom and dad have had three daughters.

TRUMAN

Look if you want to be our manager
just ask.

MICHAEL

Yeah but I need fresh licorice in
my room at all times...and dont
forget to make me eggs.

Truman stares for a second at her.

TRUMAN

And cake.

LUKE

(to Peyton)

Do you make good eggs?

She shakes her head and shrugs her shoulders. Not really.