

CANNIBALS DO **MASTERCHEF**

Written by

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INT. TV STUDIO, MASTERCHEF SET - DAY

Three workstations, complete with hobs, ovens, pots, pans, and an extensive assortment of kitchen accessories that sparkle under the studio lights.

CAMERAMEN fuss around their camera rigs, checking lenses, lighting settings, and the like.

GREG, 50s, enters the studio from the wings, his purple suit offensive on any fashion scale, and address the nearest camera.

GREG

Welcome one and all, to this very special edition of MasterChef.

Canned applause ring around the studio.

GREG (cont'd)

That's right, after last week's Gastronomes of the Ages, tonight we've upped the ante!

Canned 'oohs' and 'aahs', more applause.

Greg steps to the camera as the CAMERAMAN twists the lens to zoom into his grinning face.

GREG (cont'd)

Tonight, we have the world's leading cannibals.

The canned applause ramps up to a thunderous crescendo.

GREG (cont'd)

Let's meet them.

He strides to the first workstation as a figure steps from the shadows.

RICK, 50s, wiry hair, and wild eyes, joins Greg.

GREG (cont'd)

So, Rick, tell us about yourself.

Rick grins, revealing a distinct lack of teeth.

RICK

Thanks, Greg, I'm Rick, and in the late 90s I was the first person to legally eat someone on live TV.

GREG
Amazing, so you set the trend that
brings us here tonight then?

RICK
I did, and I've been eating people
ever since.

Greg frowns and glances at someone out of sight, taps his
near-invisible earpiece.

GREG
Legally, of course, the Producers
would like to point that out.

Rick's grin slips into a maniac smirk.

RICK
Yeah, sure, if you like, that's
right.

GREG
And what will you be cooking for us
tonight?

RICK
Tonight I will be pureeing
sweetbreads and serving them in a
frosted glass with a big straw.

Greg looks appalled for the briefest of seconds before he
remembers where he is.

The smile returns as Greg shakes Rick's hand and moves to
the next cooking station.

A second shadow comes forward.

AMY, 20s, waist-long hair, waif physique, hippy to the core,
tiptoes towards Greg.

GREG
Amy, welcome, tell us a little about
yourself.

AMY
(quiet)
Well, I'm Amy...

She blushes.

GREG
And er, you have a famous relative.

Amy nods, shy.

GREG (cont'd)
Who was?

AMY
Albert Fish.

'Oohs' from the canned laughter.

GREG
That's right, Albert Fish was your
great-grandfather, right?

Amy nods again.

GREG (cont'd)
Amazing. And what are you cooking for
us tonight Amy?

AMY
Liver and onions, with crushed garlic
potatoes.

There's a GAGGING sound from one of the Cameramen.

GREG
Liver, not to everyone's taste, but
I'm sure it will be amazing. Thanks
for cooking for us Amy.

Greg moves to the final workstation.

GREG (cont'd)
And our final contestant tonight
is...

A small man shuffles forward. ASSEI, 70s, head bowed, pulls
a knife from his tunic and rams it into the wooden work
surface.

'Gasps' from the canned audience, far too late to be
genuinely connected to the knife, but it'll be fixed in
post-production.

He glares at the camera, eyes darting everywhere except at
Greg.

GREG (cont'd)
Er, Assei... quite some entrance.
Please tell us --

ASSEI

I'm from Japan, but I was educated in Europe and ate my first person there... before it became a thing.

Greg taps his ear again and nods.

GREG

That's right, and is it true that you were never convicted of anything due to being insane at the time?

Assei shakes his head, but...

ASSEI

That's right, I spent some time 'away' but I am okay now, sane as you or any of your viewers.

GREG

(chuckling)

Good, we just wanted to clear that up before we get flooded with complaints.

Greg smiles at the camera.

GREG (cont'd)

And what are you making for us tonight?

ASSEI

Sushi, using cheeks, tongue, and ears.

Greg grimaces.

GREG

Great, great.

BEAT.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Cut.

Greg stomps towards the camera and looks up, peering through the glaring lights, towards the unseen control booth.

GREG

Really? I mean are we that desperate for viewers.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

You know we are, we're up against 'To
The Death - Ninja Warriors' in this
slot, they're killing us.

GREG

(under breath)

And their contestants.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

What?

GREG

I said I can't believe we're doing
this.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

You signed up for it.

GREG

But I thought it was a joke episode,
cakes in the shape of body parts and
that sort of shtick.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

How would that win ratings against
people impaled by ninja swords?

Unseen by Greg, Assei has crept up to Greg's side.

ASSEI

They're called Ninjato.

Greg jumps like he's been shot.

GREG

Fuck! Don't do that, get back over
there.

He waves at Assei's workstation, where the knife is no
longer sticking out of the wood.

Assei smiles, moves back.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Look, it's easy... normal routine.
They cook --

GREG

Flesh, human flesh, for fucks sake.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
They cook, you judge, announce a
winner, credits roll. Same as every
week.

GREG
Look, about that... the judging bit.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
We've done this already, your agent
negotiated a farcically fucking
substantial bonus.

The Cameramen all stop and look up at the control booth.

GREG
Yeah, but --

PRODUCER (O.S.)
You're gonna eat it.

Greg considers saying something else.

Doesn't.

PRODUCER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Right, set up for the fucking cooking
section, now!

Cameramen rush to rearrange things and get in position for
more closeups of the cooking.

Greg, waits for the MAKEUP ARTIST to dab his nose and cheeks
with powder, she hand him a Vape for a crafty puff or two.

A refrigerator is wheeled onto the set, large upright model
with a glass front.

PRODUCER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Right, in five, four, three, two...

BEAT

GREG
So, we've got the ingredients.

He points at the fridge.

Cameramen move in for closeups and capture various limbs,
cuts of human flesh, unidentifiable red bits.

GREG (cont'd)
We'd like to give a shout-out to
Danny Green, who donated his body for
tonight's Chefs. Let's hear it for
Danny Green!

Canned applause.

VOICEOVER
(somber)
MSG Productions have donated to
Danny's favorite charity.

GREG
Indeed, thanks, Danny. And now to our
chefs as they select their cuts.

On cue, Rick, Amy, and Assei move to select their key
ingredients.

GREG (cont'd)
Amazing, and our contestants have
just one hour to create their
masterpieces!

Rick, Amy, and Assei move back to their stations and start
prepping.

AMY'S STATION

Amy has a large, bloated, liver and is frying it in butter.

GREG (cont'd)
Amy, how are you preparing, er, it?

AMY
Fried.

GREG
Anything special in the technique.

AMY
It's a human liver.

She shoots a look at Greg, as if he's asked the world's most
ridiculous question.

GREG
Amazing, yes, I guess that's pretty
special indeed. Thanks, Amy.

He wanders over to.

RICK'S STATION

Rick selects different pieces of Danny, his tongue runs over his gums in anticipation as each selection is dropped in.

GREG
So, Rick, what's the secret to his recipe?

RICK
Body parts.

GREG
Er, yes, and how are selecting the best, er, cuts?

RICK
Well...

He holds up a finger.

RICK (cont'd)
See this?

Greg nods.

RICK (cont'd)
Looks tasty.

He drops it into the blender.

GREG
Ah, so just a --

Greg's sentence is totally drowned out by Rick hitting the BLEND button.

Greg shakes his head and walks over to...

ASSEI'S STATION

Assei slices a piece of meets into very thin strips, lays them carefully into an oval-shaped bed of rice.

GREG
So, Assei --

Assei holds a finger up for silence, picks up a Nigri, and turns it around, examining it from all angles.

ASSEI
Sushi is an art, not to be rushed.

GREG
 Amazing, agreed, and what's the key
 to this art form?

ASSEI
 The best ingredients, without them
 you are betraying a thousand years of
 the history.

Greg nods, no idea what Assei means.

ASSEI (cont'd)
 Take this.

He holds up an ear.

GREG
 Danny's ear, yes, what about it?

ASSEI
 It would make bad sushi.

GREG
 Oh, really?

ASSEI
 Yes, not fresh enough.

Greg nods again.

GREG
 So --

ASSEI
 Need better ingredients.

AMY (O.C.)
 Fresher.

RICK (O.C.)
 Fresher.

Assei twirls the knife he had earlier, mesmerizing patterns.

GREG
 Well, only have Danny...

ASSEI
 Not only.

He jabs forward, quick for his age.

GREG
 Oh.

Assei pulls the blade from Greg's throat, blood spurting
 everywhere.

ASSEI
Freshest!

Amy and Rick step forward, knives at the ready.

AMY
You first.

Assei steps to Greg, still too shocked to attempt an escape, grabs an ear and slices it clean off.

ASSEI
Perfect.

A Cameraman vomits loudly, others drop their cameras and turn to run.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
Stay the fuck where you are.

The Cameramen stop, return to filming.

Rick pushes in and takes a cleaver to Greg's fingers.

Amy waits, liver harder to get to, but she's in no rush.

Assei slices the second ear off as Greg drops to his knees, blood still spraying.

Assei turns back to his bench and creates a Nigiri with one of the ears, uses a small brush to add a layer of Soy to it.

Holds it up, Sushi perfection.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
If this doesn't beat that fucking
Ninja show then nothing will.

FADE OUT

THE END