

# **CANNIBALS DO MASTERCHEF**

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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 impaired 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.)                      RICK (O.C.)  
Fresher.                      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 Nigri 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