

# Ethics

*by* Matt Potter

*Here's one I prepared beforehand*, I'd said. Please note the word "*prepared*".

Still, the world runs on celebrity.

I was good-looking, marketable and ambitious. And that never hurt anyone cracking it big, even daytime big, the coveted 2.00 — 2.30pm timeslot.

And nobody seemed to notice only the guests did the actual cooking. Sure, I chopped, smiled at Camera 3, recommended sponsors' products: *These Chopperholic knives are great for chives. Nothing stirs custard better than a Stir-a-Durable frost-free spoon.*

Or gave hints: *It's all in the wrist, and Just like Great-grandma used to make, but without the indentured labour.*

So I was unprepared when making Overeasy Eggs Kilpatrick for Two — *Here's one I prepared beforehand* — and there they were, in the Unbelieva-steel frypan, still thawing inside their generic brand packaging.

Damn cross-promotional live demonstrations during the news hour.

(I also had new ill-fitting contact lenses and the steam from the toaster — I was using frozen bread — fogged them up. No wonder I didn't see that the Overeasy Eggs Kilpatrick for Two were still in their plastic packet!)

*Celebrity Chef Can't Cook for Nuts!* headlines said. Not true, I responded: I've always been a fan of mental illness.

They fired me but I sold my story to another network. They're hoping to revive — or recycle — an old genre by turning it into a TV Movie of the Week.

The contract states I must play myself. But I'm hoping they'll realise I can't act and pay me extra *not* to do the job.

