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The young performers in *School of Comedy* may have also misfooted you. The teenagers performed sketches more familiarly performed by adults. The audacious success of this first episode was making the performers' youth - whether the sketches were good, bad or middling - immaterial. They were comedians first. The humour was juvenile (mirroring a lot of adult humour rather than reflecting their age) and sometimes very funny.

One of the best characters was an offensive teacher who delighted in being vile about the children. "He sounds like a girl when he talks," he joshed one boy's parents. "What is your policy on bullying?" an Ofsted inspector asked him. "Yes, definitely," he replied stoutly.

An over-excited taxi driver bored his passenger to tears with a stream of verbal diarrhoea about "Rageh Omaar slow dancing with Gloria Hunniford" in a dizzying, and grating, avalanche of celebrity name-dropping.

There was a delicious sketch in which a doctor delivered the awful news to a patient that she had six weeks to live and showed her the X-ray with a telltale shadow on her lungs. But the shadow turned out to have been cast by a pot plant on a nearby windowsill. "You're going to be fine. Sometimes these things clear themselves up," the mortified doctor said. A man showing a couple around his house, which was for sale, warned them that one room was old-fashioned, then opened the door to reveal a group of characters in a black and white film.

There were some duff sketches - the fact that two security guards are from South Africa doesn't seem intrinsically funny - but a final sketch proved the *School of Comedy's* high pass rate. A defence counsel launched into a voiceover rendition of Copacabana, with a convincingly attired Rico and Lola, to free his client. Silly and brilliant.

Written by Tim Teeman