



# SIOBHAN McNALLY

Guest TV columnist

## FRANKLY, IT'S TORTURE TV

Pausing from its hectic schedule of Top Gear re-runs, the channel for middle-aged men who haven't left home yet brings us new blood with a game show that tortures comedians.



HOST Greg

Taskmaster General Greg Davies clearly relishes turning the thumbscrews on the younger comics who need the publicity, but you wonder why old school Frank Skinner is there. I know he has to eat like everyone else, but surely not watermelon through the nose.

Like most of Dave's programming, Taskmaster should come with an alcohol warning: "Viewers may find this content disturbing... unless they've just come in from a stag night."



## I (DON'T) LOVE LUCY

No sooner has one historical vehicle for posh swotty totty Lucy Worsley finished with 100 Years of the WI, we have her Dancing Through The Blitz with Len Goodman and Jools Holland.

Dear BBC2 - will it ever be possible for you to make a history programme without lispy Lucy's endearing Rs?

» Feminist history was made this weekend. No, not the fact that the Women's FA Cup Final was screened live from Wembley on BBC1, or that the Women's British Open golf was on BBC2. Nope, it was the fact that dads up and down the country suddenly offered to go and do the Saturday afternoon shop.

## HOW TO MAKE A MASH OF IT

I see C4 are still reheating that old potboiler Come Dine With Me. Celeriac wasn't the only vegetable being served around a table in Lowestoft this week, but it was the only one that made any sense when mashed.

IAN HYLAND IS AWAY

# The spy who left me ...feeling cold

**TWO episodes into Sunday night's six-part armchair thriller Partners in Crime on BBC1, and we're still no closer to solving The Case Of The Missing Chemistry.**

Frankly I've seen more sexual tension between Julian Clary and a watervole in ITV's Nature Nuts than between husband and wife spy duo David Walliams and Call The Midwife's Jessica Raine.

Agatha Christie's tale of suburban husband and wife turned accidental Cold War spies relies heavily on viewers suspending their disbelief for most of the action.

But asking us to believe Tommy Beresford fancies the pants off his wife Tuppence is like asking us to believe he wears the trousers.

Walliams is undoubtedly a fine comedy actor, but he's managed to bring all of his talents as Frankie Howerd to the role of nerdy husband Tommy.

"Chance of rampant something would benice," Tommy wiggles his eyebrows at his wife in her



ICE SPY Tuppence and Tommy

twin bed. A man before his time, obviously.

Fast forward 50 years and all wives would keep the secret of a happy marriage in their bedside drawer.

Outside the frosty marital bedroom, the espionage storyline was hotting up as Tommy and Tuppence learn that a Soviet assassin is living in England.

How times change - these days we call them nondoms and we're at war over their iceberg basements.

Very handy then that Tommy's uncle Carter also happens to be in MI5 as, it turns out, do most of the other characters.

Back in the 1950s, such was the fear of Russia, any little old granny could be working for the Government, intercepting communist knitting plots. But

while Tommy worried over serving dessert spoons with soup at supper in their perfect period house with beautiful soft furnishings, his plucky wife Tuppence was already using all her Girl Guide skills to pick locks with hairpins and generally save the country from the evils of the Soviet Bloc.

Taunted by his wife and uncle for being more interested in bees' mating habits, Tuppence then worries her husband has fallen for a honeytrap after a night's spying in a Soho knocking shop.

"You have lipstick on your collar and you reek of perfume, although perhaps failing to add: "And they're not your own." Tuppence blasts her hungover husband, "And where's your wedding ring?"

Turning out his pockets sheepishly, Tommy then looks off into the middle distance in the way blokes do when they

feel something deeply.

"Tuppence, do you think we're getting out of our depth?" he whispers, remembering last night's horrors in the house of ill repute. "These people...they're dangerous. Vile."

It must be like being back on the Britain's Got Talent judging panel, eh, David?

Julian Clary and a water vole have more sexual tension



KLASSIC Myleene can't cook

## A real tong lashing

It's hoping to do for juicy thighs what The Great British Bake Off did for soggy bottoms, but the eight contestants on BBQ Champ wouldn't even get a job in my local kebab van, or as I like to call it, the roach coach. At least BBQ Champ's host Myleene Klass was honest when she said: "I'm not a cook," because neither is anyone else - at least not on charcoal anyway. So far, we've had Yorkshire puddings, salt-encrusted sea bass, and one bloke, who must have wandered off the set of Sushi Champ, served his salmon raw. But most worrying of all was when judge barbecue chef Mark Blatchford told one hapless contestant: "You've nailed it." Nope, I can't seem to find that in my How To BBQ book either.

## TRULY BAAD IDEA

"So let me get this right, sheeple," the TV exec chuckled at his own joke when his team first brought him the brief for Flockstars. "You want to take eight highly-trained stars, all experts in their chosen field, and get them to teach a bunch of poor dumb animals to learn sheepdog lingo? Nah, it can't be done."

Unhappily for the nation, that TV exec must have gone in the last cull of the intelligensia, so last Thursday we got to watch scourge of Strictly Brendan Cole struggle to learn four commands.

Funny, because it can't be the first time a Strictly dancer has had to train a leggy partner to: "Come-bye, away, lie down and walk on."

## AT THEIR (T)WITS END

"Here in Marbs, you have to keep your wits about you," warns local bar floozy Suzy without a hint of irony in the opening credits of Life on Marbs. In any case, the entire cast has clearly misheard and turned up with their t\*\*s instead.

This latest ITVBe offering is basically where The Only Way Is Essex cast retire to when British surgeons refuse to give them any more plastic surgery.

The second episode in this sex-on-sunloungers series finds our Banus babes Danni and Felicity arguing over boss-eyed beach bum Mark and his dog with the loose bowels - a type of Shih Tzu.

If that wasn't enough drama, Marbie Barbie Natalie finds out Felicity

has been spreading a vicious rumour that she rents her Bentley.

Completely outrageous, because Stepford Wife Natalie clearly sold her soul years ago to get that car.

It all kicks off at personal trainer Danni's botox party, but by then Natalie has been pumped so full of dermal fillers she finds it hard to show any feelings.

As three-boob job Danni quips: "Nat's face would look calm in an earthquake."

I also suspect that despite looking like sex dolls, the Marbs cast have more chance of being in a cataclysmic natural phenomenon than ever feeling the earth move in a real relationship.



MARBIE GIRLS Natalie and Danni

» This week's ITV documentary Britain Sees Red: Caught on Camera asks why modern life is making us so angry. I can't speak for the nation, but this cobbled together bunch of CCTV and phone camera clips certainly made me want to punch the cack-merchants at ITV.

**PPI COMPENSATION!**  
**DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT TODAY!**

PPI is one of the biggest banking scandals in UK history. Your friends, neighbours, workmates and maybe even close family have already claimed.

**SO WHY HAVEN'T YOU?**

- If PPI has been mis-sold, you're simply claiming back what is rightfully yours
- We won't charge you a penny unless your claim is successful
- Gladstone Brookes has a 96% Customer Satisfaction Rating\*

**GO ON, DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!**

Call us Free now to start your claim:

**08000 461 820**

[www.gladstonebrookes.co.uk](http://www.gladstonebrookes.co.uk)

Mon-Thurs 8.30am-7pm, Fri till 5pm, Sat 9am-3pm



PAYMENT PROTECTION INSURANCE  
COMPENSATION SPECIALISTS

\*Based on a survey of 1,269 clients