

creators' affectionate homage

bad about Eurovision and made it brilliant. A very, very long run at the West End is surely destined to follow.

■ *Until August 27*

**DARREN SCOTT**

**Bouncy Castle Macbeth**  
Rocket, Demarco Roxy  
Art House

★  
SINGING is heard as the bouncy castle rises before our eyes. As soon as it is fully inflated, the three monks hiding in its folds finish their song and hop off, their robes flapping around their legs.

This is a funny sight and sets things off on the right track. The concept might just work, and does for the first 20 min-

utes. Energy levels are good, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are competent actors, and some interesting devices are used - but that may or not have been deliberate.

Lady Macbeth is played as mad as a hatter, and sexually predatory, the bouncy castle her padded cell.

Every possible gag involving inflatable objects is wheeled out, from an enormous inflatable banana for the dagger Macbeth uses to kill Duncan, to inflatable palm trees for Burnham Wood.

At first, they are funny but these gags only stretch so far and certainly do not carry the show. As the jokes become more desperate, standards

deteriorate. It is as if the director gave up half way through, leaving the actors to jump around and do as they please.

For no apparent reason, Banquo is played, not by an actor, but by a blow-up doll on the end of a fishing rod. The murderers are a gang of grunting thugs, their diction so bad it is impossible to make out a single word. The verse is often abandoned, the actors adlibbing unsuccessfully.

This production would like to think it offers more than just the physical equivalent of one-liners, but it does not. One of English literature's greatest tragedies reduced to children misbehaving at a birthday party.

■ *Ends tomorrow*



*Edinburgh Evening News* JO CAIRD

ON THE REBOUND The inflatable jokes soon wear thin  
17/8/07

inventive