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Knocking on Heaven's Door

Rhod Gilbert Pleasance Courtyard 6–26 August 2006



Rhod Gilbert's hour-long 2006 set seems far stronger that the 1984 rehash which won him the Perrier Best Newcomer Award last year. His cracking form and great energy may owe a lot to being seen right at the start of the Fringe.

After an airport voice-over informs the audience that they are en route to heaven (the elevated version rather than the London night-club), our bouncy host bursts in, looking ultra relaxed in jeans and tee-shirt with a half-drunk pint of lager in hand.

He explains that we are all dead, courtesy of the failure of one of Stelios's planes and will soon either be heading upstairs to eternal bliss or downwards towards those dreaded flames of Satan.

After a great deal of extremely funny ad-libbing, involving several audience members, most of whom seem pretty willing, led by local boy Deac and American Lindsay (at times almost as funny as her host), the boy from the mythical Llanbobble gets into his stride.

Having covered Wales, mainly in opprobrium, he moves on to his own dilemma. He has a form to fill in that will decide where the next stage of his journey will take him.

The problem is that he only quite likes the environment, hasn't done many good deeds, can't even name the majority of the Ten Commandments and indulges in sexual habits that are not with the wife that he hasn't got.

This builds to a scene where he calls St Peter and like Noel Edmonds, discovers whether it is Deal or No Deal on his entry to heaven.

It would be a shame to give away the ending but visitors who shun the front row and risk of embarrassment should enjoy a lot of laughs as Rhod Gilbert ad libs for Wales.

Reviewer: Philip Fisher