

Okay, this is *The* hot ticket right now, Sir Ian McKellen as Estragon and Patrick Stewart as Vladimir in the Samuel Becket classic, *Waiting For Godot*.

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I managed to capture a returned ticket to the Sunday matinée performance, and dutifully trudged across from Covent Garden station to the Haymarket in ample time for 3:00 curtain. I even purchased a programme, which I only rarely do.

It didn't help.

Not much.

My review? **WTF!?**

It was a brilliant performance, but I would be lying if I claimed I understood it all. This was not a universal reaction. My seatmate was in rapture throughout the piece, and explained that having read the script several times, and seeing other performances and a film version, with this staging it finally all made sense to her.

Lucky duck.

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The staging was beautiful; set, lights, soundscape, all spot on. The individual performances were all top notch. Simon Callow brings a special brilliance to Pozzo and Ronald Pickup tackles the most difficult role of Lucky with aplaum. I must say that McKellen & Stewart's chemistry was a special delight.

I will have to think more about this show before it all really sinks in.

Home again to a mindless night of telly. "Britain's Got Talent" indeed.

Ta!