

Steve: Hello listeners, it's me Steve and my friend Frank, as always! You're listening to the latest podcast about some of the world's finest and hardest to find cigars!

Frank: You sure are! We've got a real treat for you, today. I'll be checking out the most expensive Welsh cigar in the world - the so called 'Welsh Supermix'.

Steve: I've certainly never heard of THAT before. I'm not sure if I've ever heard of any Welsh cigar.

Frank: Well... we're all about the obscure here, aren't we?

Steve: We sure are.

Frank: Can't wait to try it!

Steve: I can't wait to hear about it. Frank, I understand you've been recovering from Coronavirus? You lost your sense of taste for a while, right?

Frank: Yep. All better now, though!

Steve: Great stuff. I'm sure you'll do an outstanding review, as always!

Frank: I'll try!

Steve: That's great. I see you're holding the exciting new cigar, right now? Would you like to light it up and give it a try?

Frank: Certainly!

(A LIGHTER IS HEARD, THEN A PUFF).

Steve: Mmm. That has an interesting smell. Would you like to describe the taste?

Frank: Ahem... Out of curiosity, w-what flavours are you smelling?

Steve: I'm definitely getting pepper.

Frank: Yes! Pepper!

Steve: Anything else?

Frank: Errr...

Steve: Frank?

Frank: Umm... I'm sensing carpet... daffodils and m-m-marmite.

(FRANK SNIFFLES).

Steve: I'm sorry?

Frank: Maybe pizza and errrrr... b-b-beef stroganoff.

(FRANK SNIFFS DEEPLY).

Steve: That... sounds like quite the cigar.

Frank: And hints of... bacon...

Steve: Frank are you crying?

Frank: No. Just had something in my eye.

Steve: Frank... Can you taste?

Frank: Of course I can! I'm getting pigeon... and bricks...

Steve: Well. That certainly is a varied cigar! Hence the name, I guess! (QUIETLY):
Frank, are you sure you're ok?

(FRANK SNIFFLES LOUDER).

Steve: (CHEERFULLY): Frank, would you like to tell our audience where to get a
Welsh Supermix?

Frank: (CONFIDENTLY): I believe they really are taking the world by storm, so you
should be able to get them at your local tobacconist.

Steve: Or maybe your local warehouse?

Frank: Yes, the carpet notes are really strong, now...

Steve: Do you mind if I have a taste?

Frank: Errr...

Steve: Want to keep it for yourself, huh?

Frank: Yes. I'm feeling greedy, today. Sorry.

Steve: Just a puff?

Frank: Sorry, I'm f-feeling REALLY greedy.

Steve: You are crying aren't you Frank?

Frank: Sorry... It's just the... notes are really overpowering...

Steve: What notes this time?

Frank: Popadoms?

Steve: I really would like a taste.

Frank: It's just an everyday cigar, to be honest. I wouldn't worry about it.

Steve: Doesn't sound everyday to me...

Frank: It's really disgusting. Sorry to the makers, but... it really is.

Steve: I believe you!

Frank: Good.

Steve: But I am very curious about it...

Frank: Ummm...

Steve: Frank. Just a puff. That's all.

Frank: Don't do this to me, Steve...

Steve: Do what?? I just want a puff. It sounds like the most fascinating cigar in the world!

Frank: Steve...

Steve: Yes?

Frank: Trust me. You don't want to try it.

Steve: Yoink!

Frank: Oh no.

(LOUD PUFFS).

Steve: Frank?

Frank: Yes?

Steve: Are you mental?

Frank: No...

Steve: Pepper, carpet, daffodils, paper, beef stroganoff, pigeons, bacon, etcetera, etcetera. Is that what you're trying to say?

Frank: What... what are you getting?

Steve: Chocolate! I'm getting chocolate. Simple chocolate.

Frank: Everyone makes mistakes...

Steve: You really are on a different planet, aren't you Frank?

Frank: Well I was getting pigeon.

Steve: Frank, what's going to happen when other people try this cigar?

Frank: ...

Steve: Is that why you were crying?

Frank: I wasn't!

Steve: Ok. We're getting a call from one of our listeners!

Frank: Oh God.

Steve: Hi there!

Caller: Hello, is Frank nuts?

Steve: Frank, would you like to answer that question?

Frank: Nope. I'm not.

Caller: Is he sure?

Steve: Frank?

Frank: No. I don't think so.

Caller: It's just that stuff about the carpet...

Frank: That's just what I personally was picking up. That's all.

Caller: I had a Welsh Supermix. I thought it was chocolatey...

Steve: Me too.

Frank: I guess there were chocolate flavours, too.

Caller: Easy to say, now. Have you been eating or smoking pigeons?

Frank: No! I just live in London... I know the smell...

Caller: I've been around pigeons, but I never really smelt them. You must have been sniffing them up pretty close?

Frank: Right...

Caller: Why??

Frank: Curiosity...

Steve: I'll end the call, here. This is clearly a train wreck.

Frank: Thanks.

Steve: ... But this situation isn't over.

Frank: I know.

Steve: I'm not sure if you're regarded as an expert, anymore.

Frank: I know.

Steve: Frank. May I ask how your sense of taste is?

Frank: Not so good.

Steve: That's what I thought. How's your prognosis?

Frank: The doctors don't know. Just that I've had a particularly bad reaction to the virus.

Steve: Why did you mention pigeons?

Frank: I don't know.

Steve: Do you just want to hang around here? You're quite entertaining.

Frank: Sure. Thanks.

Steve: No problem.