

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with our final off-season release before our season 4 premiere on February 19th. These monthly episodes were made possible by our supremely generous supporters on Maximum Fun. And because one good mailbag deserves another, the mighty Zimas have recorded their own mailbag featuring masters Kiarondo, Littleboy, and company untangling the mysteries of...the space. Listen to it now at ZimaPrime.Space and on the MaxFunSupporters bonus feed. We'll see you on January 25th at our kickoff show in Brooklyn and on February 19th with season 4. And now, enjoy the best crew that's aboard Bargie answering your emails.

[intro music]

[Nermut enters]

NERMUT: Hey guys, did you get the invite I slipped under your doors?

DAR: Beautiful calligraphy, Nermut. Very tasteful.

BARGIE: I didn't get an invite.

NERMUT: Well, I didn't know what your door...every door is your door. I didn't know what to...

BARGIE: Oh, okay. Then yeah, I got a lot of invites.

NERMUT: Okay, yeah. I put them in a lot of places.

C-53: You didn't say what this was for, Nermut.

PLECK: Yeah! This is exciting, Nermut. What's going on?

C-53: You just said "big news."

BARGIE: Oh, I understand. It's the big news celebration. We all go around and we guess what your big news is.

NERMUT: I mean, sure. Go for it.

PLECK: Okay. Uh, your tail is finally grown back.

DAR: Mmm, good guess.

NERMUT: I don't want to take a look. It's pretty close, but no.

BARGIE: I know what it is.

NERMUT: What do you think, Bargie?

BARGIE: It's very obvious. You're about to tell us what your name is because you keep changing it. I can never pronounce it.

NERMUT: [sighs] I have never changed my name.

AJ: It's like the Emperor's name. It's like the Emperor's name.

NERMUT: [annoyed] It's not like the Emperor's name. It's like...

BARGIE: Your name, officially, is... Morphin Crankerdirt.

NERMUT: Wow. Crankerdirt.

PLECK: Crankerdirt.

NERMUT: My name has always been Nermut Bundaloy, Bargie.

BARGIE: Yeah, s'what I said.

PLECK: Man, this is exciting, guys. I mean, these invites, we're all here. What could it be?

AJ: Yeah, spill it.

[AJ grabs Nermut]

DAR: Oh, AJ, put him down. AJ, put him down.

AJ: Spill it. Spill it, Lizard Man. Spill it.

NERMUT: [sputtering] AJ! How- set me- d-

C-53: AJ, that's not gonna work.

NERMUT: Guys.

AJ: What is it?

NERMUT: Okay. [unzips pouch and pulls out letters] We have emails to answer.

DAR: I'm going back to bed.

C-53: Ehhhh...

NERMUT: No. No, the people want to know our deal!

C-53: Or we could just not answer any emails. Go back to whatever we were doing.

NERMUT: Come on. C-53. I learned calligraphy for this.

BARGIE: All you have to do is very simple. You answer every single email with a maybe and then a winky face. And that's it. That's how I answer all my fanmails.

HORSEHAT: [gurgles and falls over]

AJ: That's fun and clever.

C-53: Okay, well, we can try that for every email.

NERMUT: No, guys, we should answer them for real.

C-53: All right, well, what do you have?

NERMUT: All right, okay. [flipping through papers] Dear Mission to Zyxx Crew, how's Dodecahelen doing? Has she noticed that the Federation has become the Empire?

C-53: Maybe. Winky face.

BARGIE: That works.

C-53: Yeah, that works.

DAR: That does work. Next, next!

PLECK: Who's that email from?

NERMUT: This is from Hyperepsilon.

PLECK: It's funny. We actually haven't heard from Dodecahelen, but we got a voicemail from Cubey the other day.

NERMUT: Oh, yeah.

PLECK: Wait.

C-53: Her puppet act, Cubey?

BARGIE: Yeah, play it. Play it.

[clip plays]

CUBEY: Hi, I'm Cubey. I'm currently locked in space. Help meeeeeEE-

[clip ends]

PLECK: Oh, okay. Wait, how is Cubey talking?

NERMUT: Wait, Cubey was an alter ego of Dodecahelen through ventriloquism, so basically we know now that Dodecahelen is lost in space.

C-53: Nermut, can you send Dodecahelen some star maps and maybe get her back to her own part of space?

NERMUT: I don't know where she is.

PLECK: And like a hug emoji maybe.

NERMUT: This is not from Dodecahelen.

AJ: Who? Who is this?

PLECK: It's a 12-sided entity.

NERMUT: Yeah, like a depressed Dodecahedron-shaped planet.

AJ: It sounds like a fun mission.

NERMUT: She got us to do a talent show. It was great.

BARGIE: All right, lotta back story. Let's go on. Let's go on.

NERMUT: Okay, next. [flips through paper]

C-53: What do you got, Nermut?

NERMUT: Dear C-53, did you or the other crew members recover the cubes of 789 and her fellow assassin droids?

C-53: Maybe. Wink.

PLECK: [excited] Wait, did you?

C-53: No, I didn't.

PLECK: Oh, man.

DAR: That was a great response.

C-53: [chuckling] It really does work, Bargie. It does, yeah. Maybe we should go back and get those cubes. Those cubes are pretty messed up, if I remember correctly. Yeah, yeah. And honestly, the last time I tried to fix a cube, it didn't go so well.

NERMUT: Well, and that one, no offense, but she was really into Pleck, so that cube had to be pretty--

C-53: Yeah, there might have been something wrong with it.

PLECK: What is that supposed to mean?

NERMUT: Well, just like--

C-53: Sometimes when they make the cube, there's a problem. You know, in the cube structure itself, you're just never going to fix that.

PLECK: [disbelief] Are you saying that a droid being attracted to me must be a physical defect with the cube?

NERMUT: I think in this case it was, just because she couldn't explain why.

PLECK: That's love, man.

BARGIE: The only cube-- I hope you don't mind me interjecting-- that is interesting-- is Cube2Cube. Am I right, Ceef?

C-53: [laughs] You know it, Barge. It's Cube2Cube!

BARGIE: We're having 70 more episodes come out next week.

NERMUT: Oh wow.

PLECK: You guys are making more episodes of the show?

C-53: We're having a pretty good development deal.

PLECK: When you say development deal, do you mean you've got a lead on more hyper-proton fuel?

NERMUT: [overlapping] Hyper-proton fuel.

C-53: Maybe. Winky face.

BARGIE: That's it! That's it!

PLECK: [annoyed] Okay. All right. All right. All right.

NERMUT: [flipping through paper] A question for Dar. I'm going to list three people, and you pick one to each Marry Juck Kill.

C-53: Ooh. Classic party game.

AJ: All right.

NERMUT: A CLINT, a PLINT, and Nermut Bunda—[disappointed] oh, the Emperor one.

PLECK: Wow, that's a great Marry Juck— That's a great Marry Juck kill. Yeah.

C-53: That's a solid Marry Juck Kill.

NERMUT: Okay.

DAR: Wait, but a CLINT is just, like, a generic. A PLINT is a generic.

PLECK: I mean, also, CLINTs and PLINTs don't have genitals, so.

NERMUT: Yeah.

AJ: That's for sure.

DAR: It's really about the specific creature, you know?

C-53: Yeah, sure.

NERMUT: Sure.

DAR: So I guess that means I would Juck Nermut Bundaloy the Emperor.

PLECK: Wow.

NERMUT: Whoa.

C-53: Okay.

BARGIE: All right. This is getting good.

C-53: I mean, he's a powerful man. Sometimes that's very attractive.

DAR: Right. We vibe.

PLECK: Was.

C-53: Plus, he's a wack sorcerer, so who knows what he's going to do in the bedroom.

NERMUT: I mean, I like to think it's just because of his name, right?

DAR: [stuttering] No. I would. I don't. No. I don't think so, no.

BARGIE: No.

NERMUT: Okay.

BARGIE: His name is Nermet Bundaloy, that's not.

NERMUT: Why can you say that perfectly?

C-53: It's the name of the Emperor.

AJ: Yeah, everyone knows that. It's the most famous name of the galaxy.

NERMUT: Roddamn it.

DAR: I would marry the CLINT.

PLECK: [annoyed] OoOkay.

DAR: And I'd have to launch the PLINT into space.

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: A preferred method of killing.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Well, you know, if you marry a CLINT, he's really going to do whatever you say. He's going to be very good at doing what you want to do.

NERMUT: Right.

DAR: I'll never have to ask, "Which holo would YOU like to watch?"

AJ: Yeah, what do you want to watch?

[AJ turns on the holovision]

DAR: What?

C-53: No, we're just asking a hypothetical.

AJ: I don't know if it's like, "You guys want to watch a holo or watch whatever."

NERMUT: I've actually been curious about Atmosphere 5.

AJ: Oh, yeah, that sounds good. Let's watch that.

PLECK: It just came out on streaming.

AJ: Great.

BARGIE: If you slow it down, though, you will actually get to hear the line that I had because I was cut.

NERMUT: Oh, wow. You were on the posters.

BARGIE: I know, but they cut all my scenes.

DAR: [laughs]

NERMUT: Wow. I guess that was right before sort of your—

PLECK: PR disaster.

BARGIE: It's a very fast movie. It's about five minutes long. It's just a lot of establishing shots.

NERMUT: Sure.

BARGIE: Between the gas station and the hotel, if you slow that transition, you can see the edge of my wing and hear the end of my line.

NERMUT: What's your line?

BARGIE: It was a monologue, a huge monologue, but I think the only thing you hear at the end is, "NoooooooooW."

PLECK: Now?

C-53: That's if you slow it down.

BARGIE: Yeah, but in a regular speed, it just sounds like a car just went by. So, whatever.

NERMUT: Oh, like, [mimicking] "Nyoow." "Nyoow." "Nyoow." Wow, cool. But, AJ, you're down to watch that one?

AJ: Oh, yeah, let's do it. Let's do it.

NERMUT: [flips through paper] All right, subject. This question is of the utmost importance.

C-53: [dismissive] Eh, we'll be the judge of that.

NERMUT: Hello, crew.

PLECK: Hello.

BARGIE: Hi.

NERMUT: This is from Gilfie Sigurasan. "I have a question that needs full attention."
Everybody locked in?

PLECK: What is Gilfie--

AJ: Lock and loaded.

PLECK: What does Gilfie think is happening in these other emails? We're all just doing--

NERMUT: I'm not. "As it is of the utmost importance for the fate of the entire galaxy rests within the answer."

AJ: Whoa, it's lock and load. Let's do this.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Oh, wow, get this.

AJ: Keep your head on a swivel.

PLECK: It's not-- I don't know. The email probably doesn't need that kind of thing.

NERMUT: I don't know. "This question goes out to you, AJ."

AJ: All right, let's do this.

NERMUT: "So I will need you to answer truthfully."

AJ: [strained] Thinking... HARD!

NERMUT: No pressure or anything.

PLECK: You don't know what you're thinking about, just--

[AJ thinks so hard he ejects his butt gun. It is exactly as gross as it sounds]

NERMUT: Every-- AJ.

PLECK: His butt gun came out.

NERMUT: Oh, oh, oh. I don't think that was on purpose.

AJ: Oh, hold on. Just give me a second.

PLECK: How often does that happen, that the butt gun just comes out while you're thinking?

AJ: It's only when I'm thinking super hard.

NERMUT: Wow. Please.

AJ: All right, okay, I won't think as hard.

NERMUT: Okay, just everything is at stake.

AJ: Thinking medium.

NERMUT: What is the recipe for the greatest sandwich? What?

AJ: [effort] Okay, I can do this. First thing is-- no, bread. First thing is bread. Come on, you got this. Got some bread, and you get some-- you get some garfon. Thinly sliced. Thinly sliced garfon. Okay, you put that down on top of the bread. You put it on top of the bread.

NERMUT: Okay.

AJ: [exhausted] That's two layers of the sandwich right there.

C-53: Is there sweat coming out of the bottom of your helmet? What is going on?

AJ: Oh... hold on.

DAR: The paste is running. The paste is running!

C-53: The paste is running. Oh, boy.

AJ: And then sometimes you put down, you know, some greenery on it. And then sometimes-- Sometimes you take your pinky, you crack it off, and you put it in there.

PLECK: What?

AJ: Just in case. For some more protein.

PLECK: [laughing] Why would you-- you have garfon in the sandwich.

AJ: The blood of innocents. I don't know.

C-53: That's a terrible garnish.

NERMUT: All right, Gilfie. We're so sorry.

[AJ breaks down crying]

DAR: It's okay. AJ, thank you for playing. Thank you. You did your best. You did the best you could. You truly--

PLECK: No, no, AJ, I don't think--

AJ: [sobbing] It was of the utmost importance.

C-53; AJ, AJ, buddy, I'm just gonna rub your back here.

AJ: Thank you.

C-53: Calm down. You did a great job with that sandwich. Thank you.

NERMUT: This was sincerely Gaul from Gaul's Sandwich Emporium, the location of all the greatest sandwiches in the galaxy. Gaul, our apologies.

AJ: I let you down, Gaul.

DAR: Oh, boy.

NERMUT: All right, a question for Bargie.

BARGIE: Wow, that's me.

PLECK: So true.

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: Maybe. Winky face.

BARGIE: That's right. Good job, C.

NERMUT: Somebody told me I need to broaden my cultural horizons, so I thought I'd start by watching some holos from a different quadrant.

BARGIE: Okay.

NERMUT: And, Bargie, as much as I adore your [condescendingly] "acting" I can't help but wonder, how long do you spend on average working on a holo?

DAR: Why did you say acting that way?

BARGIE: Yeah. I think-- wait, did they slightly neg me?

DAR: That was the-- there was a tone.

BARGIE: Huh.

NERMUT: Well, here's the context. As iconic and festive as it is, the 17th Bargarean Jade X-Marse Special is only about 25 seconds long.

BARGIE: Yeah.

NERMUT: So how much work really went into that?

BARGIE: I actually spent nine years in development for that one.

NERMUT: Wow.

BARGIE: And we shot it in about eight months, but then they cut all of my scenes.

PLECK: Oh, man.

NERMUT: Huh.

PLECK: But it was your X-Marse Special.

BARGIE: You know, a lot of establishing shots.

NERMUT: Wow, that's kind of a pattern.

BARGIE: Hey, a pattern makes perfect.

C-53: I think it's practice.

PLECK: No, Bargie, I think it's practice that makes perfect.

AJ: I'm pretty sure that a pattern makes perfect.

BARGIE: Maybe. Winky face.

NERMUT: So there you have it. Leah Galactic call sign AD40101. All right, here's the next one. Dear Nermut Bundaloy--

C-53: No...

AJ: The Emperor? Why are they asking the Emperor a question?

NERMUT: AJ, just--

PLECK: Wait, wait, wait. Did we get an email for the Emperor?

NERMUT: [unbelievably irritated] That's MY name.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Right.

NERMUT: [disbelief] Oh?

PLECK: No, I know. I just-- sorry, I heard the name and kind of perked up.

AJ: Yeah, I perked up too, because I was like, oh, the Emperor.

NERMUT: [frustrated] Rodd damn it. OK, I have a question for the great Nermiut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Oh, so it is for the Emperor.

DAR: Yes.

NERMUT: I know it's not common to message you like this, but at the same time, I must know, how do you do it? You're a father, owner of the most powerful weapon in the galaxy--

C-53: Emperor.

NERMUT: --and you're a master of the waack-- [disappointed] Ah.

C-53: Yeah, this is--

PLECK: Yeah, the Emperor.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Even from the beginning, we knew.

NERMUT: No, this was supposed to be for the crew. This is--

PLECK: I mean, I retroactively feel bad that we were right, but we were all right.

C-53: Yeah, we all kind of saw that coming.

AJ: Yeah.

NERMUT: Not me.

PLECK: Yeah, that's even worse.

C-53: Yeah, it's not great.

AJ: It's not great.

NERMUT: I'm so wack, I don't even use your title or Emperor, because I don't respect titles.

AJ: Whoa, you're still doing the question?

NERMUT: This person doesn't--

AJ: I feel like the question's done, yeah.

PLECK: You can move on. You can move on to the next person too.

NERMUT: OK.

C-53: This person's very confused.

AJ: Yeah, because that wasn't for you, that was for the Emperor.

NERMUT: Come on.

C-53: Yeah, just-- misdelivered piece of mail.

NERMUT: OK, next up. Shake that one off. You've-- bleh.

PLECK: I mean, Nermut, if it makes you feel any better, you're the only Nermut Bundaloy now.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: That's true. We're back down to just the one Nermut Bundaloy.

NERMUT: Oh, wow. So it's sort of worth it that there's a pulsating, possibly all-powerful--

PLECK: Nah, it's not. Definitely not worth it.

C-53: Definitely not worth it, just what happened.

NERMUT: All right, let's shake that off. The next one's going to be a good question. Why can't you ever have a mission go entirely right?

[the crew is aghast]

PLECK: What?

C-53: Whoa. Whoa.

AJ: [Hey, no. Plenty of them go right!

BARGIE: Whoa. Whoa. Whoa.

C-53: That... I don't care for.

BARGIE: Wait, is that the-- that's the question I submitted, right?

C-53: Wait, Bargie-- you sent this em--

BARGIE: Yeah, but--

PLECK: Who's that email from?

NERMUT: Lizzie.

AJ: Oh.

C-53: Okay.

BARGIE: All right, so if you find something else that's similar, just, like, toss it.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: You wrote the same question in?

BARGIE: No.

C-53: Lizzie, you know, we've had MANY missions that have gone close to successful.

PLECK: I mean, but to her point--

DAR: None come to mind at this exact moment.

PLECK: None went entirely right.

AJ: Oh, you remember the one that went to the lava planet? That was a success.

C-53: No, AJ.

PLECK: No, that was a--

AJ: [excited] No, we saw lava.

C-53: Yeah, but we freed—

AJ: And there were lava crows on fire. Do you guys remember that?

PLECK: Yep.

C-53: We freed a wack wizard.

AJ: We did?

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: I just really remember the lava.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: You don't remember Kajj Malice at all? He almost made you cry.

AJ: No, I don't remember that. I just remember being like, WHOA, lava's molten rock.

C-53: All right, now, now, let's put our heads together. We can think of a successful mission.

PLECK: Okay. All right.

NERMUT: Um. [murmuring] Not Flurp.

PLECK: No. We don't have to start... that far back.

NERMUT: We shouldn't— Should we list the ones that didn't work to narrow it down?

DAR: No, no. Too many to name. Let's see.

PLECK: Listen, Lizzie, you're not wrong. You're just not... nice.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: Yeah. Fair enough. And thank you for your question.

AJ: [singing] KOR BALEVORE! BUH DUHU-

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: But we got that song. That feels like a success.

PLECK: [tired] You just SAID the name of the villain.

AJ: That seems like a success.

PLECK: That's what the song is about. I'm going to—

AJ: I'm chalking that one up as a success. Lava and Kor Balevore!

PLECK: All right.

NERMUT: OK, so-- oh, this one references me. Let's see what it is. All right.

DAR: You're really making that mistake again?

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: You're going to risk it?

NERMUT: I'm going all in. Early on, the crew learns about Nermut being well endowed.

DAR: Oh.

PLECK: Oh, we did learn that.

DAR: Yeah, yeah.

C-53: [laughing] Could... could be the emperor--

PLECK: That could also--

NERMUT: No, that's me.

PLECK: Yeah, that sounds like the emperor.

NERMUT: No. Later, Nermut and Bargie are stuck online and get so friendly--

BARGIE: That's me.

NERMUT: Yeah, that's true. And get so friendly that he shows her his legs, which the crew points out they've seen a number of times. So does Nermut wear pants over his garfon legs, or did the crew manage to miss his business, even though it's basically a tenth of his body?

PLECK: Wait, is this-- who wrote this email?

NERMUT: Julie.

DAR: Well, Julie, speaking from experience--

PLECK: Oh, yeah, Dar, take it away.

DAR: Yes, Nermut is well endowed...

NERMUT: [singsong] Cha-cha-cha.

PLECK: Did you say cha-cha-cha, Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: But what's honestly very common for Nermut's species is that while, I guess, for Tellurians their endowments hang down, Nermut's runs up towards his neck.

NERMUT: Mm-hmm.

CREW: [laughter]

PLECK: Yeah, so Nermut wears just-- usually it's like a short-sleeved button-up with a tie for anyone who hasn't seen Nermut. And no pants. Sort of like that cartoon character Gary Garfon.

C-53: Yeah, sure, yeah.

BARGIE: Is that why whenever Nermut gets a hug, he's always like--

NERMUT: I keep a little distance.

PLECK: Yeah, I thought it was just polite.

NERMUT: No, that's because my junk's running right up my center.

DAR: And obviously to answer your next question, when he's fully erect, it stands straight out from his body.

NERMUT: Yep.

CREW: [laughter]

NERMUT: You can make a corner of a table based on that. It's 90 degrees, baby.

PLECK: 90 de-- oh, I see.

NERMUT: And built like a tuning fork.

PLECK: Tuning fork? There's two of them?

C-53: It's one that splits into two prongs.

NERMUT: How do you think I get that sweet sound?

PLECK: That's what that sound is?

NERMUT: I just mean in general, the Bermut Nundaloy--

BARGIE: [horrified] We're learning so much, so fast.

C-53: What is it? What frequency is it tuned to, Nermut?

AJ: The frequency of love.

NERMUT: Sort of, if you close your eyes, I'll give you the sound.

C-53: Hit me.

AJ: Hold on.

NERMUT: All right, everyone's eyes are closed?

C-53: Yep.

[Nermut plays a metallic sprong]

C-53: That sounded painful.

NERMUT: I gotta tune it. So same time tomorrow for more emails?

PLECK: I don't know, Nermut.

BARGIE: Maybe. Winky face.

CREW: [laughter]

[theme music]

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ALEXIS: I'm Alexis Preston!

RENEE: And we're the hosts of the smash hit podcast "Can I Pet Your Dog?" Now, Alexis.

ALEXIS: Yes.

RENEE: We got big news.

ALEXIS: Uh oh.

RENEE: Since last we did a promo, our dogs have become famous.

ALEXIS: World famous.

RENEE: World, like—

ALEXIS: Stars on the Hollywood walk.

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ALEXIS: That's true!

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SETH: Wait, everybody ready?

JEREMY: Yeah.

[rusty guitar sound]

JEREMY: Ooh, that sounded painful.

SETH: I gotta tune it.

SHANE: That's a D—

SETH: It's a D.

MOUJAN: Give him the D.

JEREMY: Yeah, that's a D.

ALDEN: It sure is.