STAR WARS/FLASH GORDON/BUCK ROGERS ITERATION:

**Chapter 1:**

*Opening scene: DataDog, in a "Fluke dogwalker" sits in a corner in Obi Wan Catnobi's comfy cave-hut, drinking a blue martini, looking at her sci-fi iBone. She takes a sip, and StatCat comes roaring in making horrible sounds.*

*She spits a bit of it on the chess set.*

**StatCat: “**DataDog! Put down contraption! I escaped the Beachpeople to bring the most wondrous news! The Rebel Institutes for Cat and Dog Health is offering 500,000 gold splunker grants to study the impact of canned food vs dry kibble on cat and dog lives!” He raves, holding a yellowed flyer over his head.

**DataDog:** [wiping martini off her costume] “Wow! That sounds right up your alley, StatCat! And a great way to learn more about your own immortality (or lack of)”

**StatCat:** “Immortality?! As long as I take regular baths in Illudium Phosdex all 8 lives are secured--though it would have been nine had it not been for that unfortunate weekend in Toledo, don’t ya know! But I would be remiss to pass up an opportunity to learn more about the best nutrition units I should be consuming… and just think, flavor issues aside, of all the cat and dog lives that could be saved!” He raves, arm dramatically raised overhead, pointing to the stars.

**DataDog**: "Flaming Fancy Feast Cosmic Cat! A life and death kibble kerfuffle! So, when is the grant proposal due?”

**StatCat**: "Tonight at midnight! We must get started right away! The future wellness of rebel canine and felines is at stake! Uh… here…"

(He hands the clipping from the journal to DataDog.)

"This looks like a job for you, young Klute! I need a nap, a Cosmic Catnap, don't ya know!"

*DataDog furiously types away at the computer while StatCat has a shocked look on his face.*

*Next frame shows the progression into nighttime.*

**DataDog:** “Finished! And with 2 hours before the Beachpeople rise to spare! Let me go ahead and deliver this to the Moss Isley Borther's spaceport…”

**StatCat:** DataDogt! Don’t you think I should look it over before you submit it? You wrote it quite quickly….and did you write a data management plan? Most grants require those when applying.”

**DataDog:** “Of course I wrote a DMP! It’s a wonderful DMP. Here, let me print it out for you on the Uni-vac 4,000 so you can witness the best data management planning you’ve ever seen! Now, while you review this, I’m going to treat myself to another blue gravy martini.”

*With DataDog in the background gathering materials from the cave's Bar, StatCat holds the DMP in his hands with a suspicious look on his face on his face, brow furrowed.*

**StatCat:** “This DMP is only 2 sentences…. young Klute."

*DataDog appears unphased, and continues to craft her martini.*

**DataDog:** [without looking up at DataDog] “Yes, I thought that I had perhaps made it too long as well.”

**StatCat:** “And it's all stored on your iBone…."

**DataDog:** *“I paid for the 3 year protection plan*…."

**StatCat: “**DataDog, you need to take this more seriously! A DMP should be 2 pages of content and include so much more detail than you have here! and you can't trust that doohickey as the only storage..."

**StatCat:** “But... the 3 year protection plan..."

*The next frame shows StatCat standing in front of a chalkboard with a ruler she uses to point to the board.*

**StatCat: "**A DMP should address each aspect of your data throughout your research project - and you have to convince the funders that you are going to take care of this data!"

**StatCat:** “That protection plan cost me 30 bucks!"

*The board has the following points:*

1. *Finding/Collecting the data*
2. *Who can access the data*
3. *How will you store it?*
4. *What file formats will you use?*
5. *What analyses will you use?*
6. *What filenaming schemes will you use?*
7. *Will you use metadata? Which standards?*
8. *+ any funder-specific requirements*

*Next frame returns to DataDog and Statcat standing around the Uni-Cativac.*

**DataDog:** “But how can I make the perfect Martini and write a new DMP in time? [wipes sweat off brow] \*Sigh\*, this whole process is making me want a double."

**DataDog:** “Easy on the gravy martinis there."

**DataDog:** “What could go wrong? That's the best iBone and--"

**StatCat:** “Yes, yes I know, the best iBone and protection plan money can buy. Drink up young pup... and let me tell you some stories... what could go wrong indeed!"

"WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!"

1st story: (formatted like a Sunday comic)

*[Someone steals all the data once it is collected and ruins StatCat’s career (lesson - data security in data storage, access restrictions) (maybe the storyline here is that someone distracts the pheasant that is guarding the data?]*

Commercial for either Trix(like) or Lucky Charms(like) or McDonalds(like) ad featuring DataDog as a clown or kid with only one copy of important data on a floppy disc she is hurriedly trying to deliver that StatCat as a "Hamburglar" or crazy cat trying to steal the floppy disc. While chasing DataDog, she falls into a hole, the floppy disc (in true cartoon form), hovers in the air over the pit, StatCat snags it and runs off... the data lost forever.

Final panel, they sit around making copies of the floppy disc... "Don't let your data get lost or stolen... buy one ACME floppy disc... get one free!"

Last panel... states the moral of the story.

"AND NOW BACK TO OUR SHOW"

2nd story:

[The National Institutes for Cat and Dog Health realizes that StatCat didn’t follow his DMP during the research, and revokes his grant, and fears he is fired and shamed]

First panel:

StatCat: "Did I ever tell you about the time I failed to follow my DMP? You were but an eager underclassman, still wet behind her puppy ears."

StatCat working for the "Empire" (come up with our own play on that) doing activity above sloppily and impatiently. Delivers it.

Gets called into a hearing at Empire U., fearing being fired, losing his grant or being strangled by Dart Nadir.

Last(ish) panel, StatCat walking past a young DataDog, dripping with tar and covered in feathers (or seen sitting at his desk in a slouch).

StatCat: "All things considered... I got off easy, don't ya know."

Last panel... states the moral of the story.

3rd story:

[The computer spontaneously combusts and all the data is lost (and StatCat didn’t backup the data!) (lesson - backup your data! Keep multiple copies!)]

Full on space battle in which they are flying a spaceship in a deadly battle, they are carrying the one robot with the data/plans on it (satire on Star Wars R2D2 with Leia's message)

Their ship is blown to smitereens.

Final shot of StatCat and DataDog floating through space, clinging to a bit of debris while bits of the robot float by.

Final panel... moral of the story.

4th story:

[DataDog goes to analyze the data and realizes that none of it is findable and readable since StatCat used awful filenames that aren’t helpful, such as “StatCat 1.csv”, “file-3.csv”, “this file has data.csv”, “cat food 4.csv”, etc.]

In this story they safely arrive at the delivery rendezvous after great dangers, but when they go to get the information out of the bot, but the C3P0-like bot cannot understand the language of the robot.

Final panel... moral of the story told over shot of bot in the trash compactor.

5th story:

[StatCat ends up getting sued and put on trial in front of a grand jury because he broke into cats’ homes and surveyed what cat food they were eating (lesson - make sure you have the right approval to collect data ethically]

Perhaps we could set this in a Jabba the Hut-like situation, being led through his cavernous danger-filled lair, in which they being brought in chains before this terrifying alien and he reads them the riot act.

THIS ONE IS NOT YET VERY GOOD AND NEEDS WORK.

FINAL panel, the two of them back in Obi-Wan's hut... DataDog looks terrified by all these possible disasters. She packs up and starts out the door.

StatCat: "Hey... what's up young Klute?"

DataDog: The heck with all this... I'm goin' back to the farm!"

StatCat: "May the Nip be with you."