

\$KWEG

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CITATION: WONG, K.S. (SELF-REVIEWED) - "THE VOLATILITY OF EGO: A PEERLESS ANALYSIS" - ISSUED BY path402 PRESS
\$KWEG - TRANSACTION LOG: 0.005 BTC DIVIDEND - STAKE CONFIRMED.

Professor Kweg S Wong, self-proclaimed Bitcoin CEO, battles academic ridicule and his own inflated ego to prove his 'Scientific Letters' are genius, risking total obscurity.

Act 1: In the fluorescent haze of KWEGWONG, a neon-drenched digital cityscape where blockchain tickers flash like casino signs, Professor Doctor Sir Kweg S Wong esq. (Kweg) operates from his cluttered basement office at Path402 Press. A 50-something academic charlatan, Kweg fancies himself the CEO of Bitcoin, issuing unsolicited 'Scientific Letters'-absurd peer reviews of nonexistent studies-via a glitchy blockchain he treats as his personal lecture hall. His latest obsession: a patent for a 'submarine-adjacent flotation device' he insists is revolutionary, not nautical. He's surrounded by sycophantic bots he programmed to upvote his posts on the \$KWEG ticker forum, a digital cesspool of memes and conspiracy threads. Kweg's world is a bubble of self-citation and fake journals, but cracks appear when a real academic, Dr. Lila Tran, posts a scathing takedown of his work on a rival blockchain thread, calling him a 'footnote fraud.' The inciting incident hits when Kweg's latest Letter, claiming Bitcoin is a 'maritime asset,' goes viral for all the wrong reasons-mockery floods \$KWEG, tanking its value overnight. Kweg, enraged, vows to vindicate himself at the upcoming KWEGWONG Summit, a chaotic crypto-academic conference. Act 2: Kweg doubles down, forging alliances with shady crypto influencers like Neon Jax, who promises to hype \$KWEG if Kweg plugs his scamcoin. Kweg's 'research' spirals into absurdity-he claims elephants are blockchain nodes, citing his own prior nonsense. At Path402 Press, he clashes with his overworked intern, Milo, who secretly idolizes Dr. Tran and questions Kweg's ethics. The midpoint reversal stings: at a pre-Summit livestream, Kweg's submarine patent leaks as a literal toy boat design, humiliating him before thousands. The \$KWEG ticker plummets further; Neon Jax abandons him. Bad guys close in-Dr. Tran's followers dox Kweg's fake credentials, and his bots malfunction, spamming his own feed with insults. All is lost when Milo quits, leaking Kweg's private rants about 'academic sheep' to Tran. In the dark night of the soul, Kweg sits alone in his basement, surrounded by flickering monitors, rereading his first Letter-a naive manifesto about truth in tech. He realizes his ego, not the world, is his enemy. Act 3: Kweg resolves to crash the KWEGWONG Summit, not to win, but to confess. Armed with a revised Letter admitting his fraud, he hacks the main stage projector to broadcast his apology. Dr. Tran, present in the crowd, challenges him live-why should anyone trust him now? Kweg, humbled, offers his blockchain as a public ledger for real peer review, no longer his personal soapbox. The ticker \$KWEG spikes briefly on the drama, but Kweg doesn't care. The final image is Kweg walking out of the Summit hall at dawn, neon lights fading behind him, dropping his fake 'Professor' badge into a gutter-a man stripped bare, but free.

CHARACTERS



Kweg S Wong

PROTAGONIST



Dr. Lila Tran

ANTAGONIST



Milo

DEUTERAGONIST



Neon Jax

SUPPORTING

LOCATIONS

Path402 Press Basement

INT.

A claustrophobic basement in KWEGWONG, stacked with teetering piles of fake journals and blinking monitors displaying \$KWEG tickers. Cracked ramen cups and a toy submarine clutter a desk, while neon light leaks through a grimy window. Walls are plastered with forged diplomas, yellowed and curling.

Grimy and delusional, bathed in sickly green-pink neon with constant monitor flicker.

KWEGWONG Summit Hall

INT.

A cavernous conference space aglow with holographic blockchain visuals and ticker feeds on massive screens. Rows of folding chairs face a stage rigged with glitchy projectors, while crypto bros and academics mingle among spilled energy drinks. Cables snake across the floor, sparking occasionally.

Chaotic and electric, drenched in cold blue light with a frenetic buzz.

KWEGWONG Digital Street

EXT.

A virtual cityscape rendered in hyper-saturated neon, where skyscrapers pulse with ticker symbols like \$KWEG in crimson and teal. Avatars hawk scamcoins on glitchy billboards, while data storms crackle like lightning overhead. Sidewalks are littered with discarded crypto wallets, glowing faintly.

Overwhelming and surreal, a fever dream of violet and amber under a digital haze.

tone & style

palette

Neon-drenched magenta flares, acid green monitor glows, deep indigo shadows, flickering crimson ticker alerts, washed-out gray concrete undertones.

references

Visual distortion like *Enter the Void* (Noé) - oversaturated, disorienting digital landscapes. Editing rhythm like *The Social Network* (Fincher) - rapid cuts, relentless momentum. Framing like *Sorry to Bother You* (Riley) - absurdism in mundane spaces, surreal corporate critique.

tone

The film's mood is a satirical fever dream, teetering between absurdity and pathos. *KWEGWONG* feels like a carnival of delusions, with visuals that glitch and overload like a broken algorithm. Pacing is manic in the digital chaos, slowing to painful stillness in Kweg's personal collapses. The audience should feel the rush of crypto hype, then the gut-punch of fraud's emptiness, leaving the theater questioning what 'value' even means in a world of fabricated prestige.

sound design

The score is a lo-fi synthwave pulse, mimicking blockchain data streams with glitchy stutters and distorted beeps, evoking retro-futurism gone wrong. Ambient textures layer *KWEGWONG* with distant server hums, avatar chatter, and ticker alert pings, creating an oppressive digital buzz. Foley prioritizes tactile decay-crinkling fake journals, ramen cup spills, keyboard clacks-to ground the surreal in grime. Silence is weaponized in Kweg's lowest moments, stripping

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TIER

SCRIPT

\$0.99 PITCH

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