

\$KWEG

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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.

ONE SENTENCE

Logline

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.

Treatment

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.

Beat Sheet

- p. 1** **Opening Image**
Kweg in his basement office, neon ticker \$KWEG flashing on a cracked monitor, surrounded by fake diplomas.
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Kweg alone, rereading his first idealistic Letter, confronting his ego.
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Kweg resolves to confess at Summit, drafting an honest apology Letter.
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Kweg drops fake badge in gutter outside Summit hall, neon fading at dawn.

Opening Scene

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - NIGHT

A flickering neon sign outside casts green and pink slashes through a grimy window. Inside, a cramped basement office overflows with chaos: stacks of yellowed papers, fake diplomas framed in gold plastic, and a dozen monitors glowing with blockchain tickers. \$KWEG pulses in red digits, dropping fast. A half-eaten ramen cup sits next to a toy submarine model, its plastic hull cracked. At the center, PROFESSOR DOCTOR SIR KWEG S WONG ESQ. (50s), a wiry man in a mismatched tweed jacket and flip-flops, hunches over a keyboard, muttering to himself. His face is lit by the monitor's glare, eyes wild behind smudged glasses.

KWEG

(to himself)

Validation is currency, you imbeciles. One more Letter, and they'll see. They'll all see.

He types furiously, the screen reflecting a document titled 'Scientific Letter #402: Bitcoin as Maritime Asset.' A bot alert pings-another upvote from 'KwegFanBot_7.' He smirks, then glances at the submarine model, patting it like a pet.

KWEG

Soon, my beauty. Patent pending. Not a boat, no sir. A paradigm.

A notification flashes: 'New Thread: \$KWEG Fraud Exposed by Dr. Lila Tran.' Kweg's smirk vanishes. He clicks, scrolling through Tran's post-'Footnote fraud. Peer review by ghosts.' His hand trembles, knocking over the ramen cup. Broth spills across a pile of fake journals labeled 'Path402 Press.'

KWEG

(snarling)

Tran. You dare? I chair this blockchain! I'll bury you in citations!

He slams the desk, the submarine model toppling. The \$KWEG ticker onscreen dips another point. Outside, the neon sign buzzes louder, a glitchy hum underscoring his rage. Kweg stares at the screen, breathing hard, already plotting.

KWEG

(whispering)

KWEGWONG Summit. That's where I end this. That's where I win.

The camera pulls back, framing Kweg small amid the clutter, a man drowning in his own delusions as the ticker numbers bleed red.

Characters

Kweg S Wong PROTAGONIST

early 50s

LOOK Wiry frame drowned in an ill-fitting tweed jacket, paired with flip-flops and cargo shorts. Face perpetually sweaty, smudged glasses sliding down a sharp nose, graying hair in a chaotic comb-over.

VOICE High-pitched with a faux-British accent that slips into nasal Cantonese inflections under stress. Speaks in rapid bursts, often prefacing rants with 'As per my Letter...'

ARC Kweg starts as a delusional academic conman, obsessed with being Bitcoin's CEO and validating his absurd 'Scientific Letters,' craving universal respect. He wants to crush critics like Dr. Tran, but needs to confront his ego. Through public humiliation and betrayal by allies, he learns his fraudulence harms others, ending as a humbled man who surrenders control of his blockchain for real collaboration, shedding his fake titles.

Dr. Lila Tran ANTAGONIST

late 30s

LOOK Sharp, poised, in tailored blazers over graphic tees with crypto slogans. Dark hair in a sleek bob, minimal makeup but piercing eyes behind rimless glasses.

VOICE Calm, cutting, with a slight Vietnamese lilt. Deliberate pacing, every word measured for maximum impact, often pausing before a devastating point.

ARC Lila begins as Kweg's nemesis, a legitimate academic exposing his fraud with ruthless precision, driven by a need to protect blockchain's integrity. She wants Kweg dismantled, but needs to see if he's redeemable. Her challenge at the Summit forces Kweg's confession, and she ends as a reluctant witness to his change, open to his reformed blockchain idea.

Milo DEUTERAGONIST

early 20s

LOOK Scrawny, perpetually tired, in oversized hoodies and scuffed sneakers. Unkempt hair under a backwards cap, always clutching a cracked laptop.

VOICE Nervous stammer with a suburban drawl, voice cracking when anxious. Often mumbles 'uh, so...' before disagreeing with Kweg.

ARC Milo starts as Kweg's overworked intern at Path402 Press, idolizing tech pioneers but stuck under a fraud, wanting to learn but needing integrity. His secret admiration for Tran drives him to leak Kweg's rants, but guilt lingers. He ends absent from the Summit, having left to join Tran's team, symbolizing Kweg's loss of trust.

Neon Jax SUPPORTING

mid 30s

LOOK Flashy crypto bro in reflective sunglasses, neon sneakers, and a leather jacket studded with LED pins. Dyed platinum hair slicked back, constant smirk.

VOICE Grating hype-man energy, SoCal surfer accent, fast-talking with 'bro' and 'sick' peppered in every sentence.

ARC Jax enters as a shady influencer promising to boost \$KWEG for mutual gain, wanting profit over loyalty, needing nothing beyond clout. He exploits Kweg's desperation, hyping absurd theories until the submarine leak, then abandons him. He ends as a fleeting parasite, gone from Kweg's life after the midpoint betrayal.

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.

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-creaking fake journals, ramen cup spills, keyboard clacks-to ground the surreal in grime. Silence is weaponized in Kweg's lowest moments, stripping away the noise to expose his isolation.

Director's Vision

I'm drawn to \$KWEG because it's a mirror to our obsession with validation in a digital age-Kweg S Wong is both a clown and a tragedy, a man who'd rather drown in his own lies than admit he's wrong. This film isn't just satire; it's a dissection of how we build castles on blockchain sand, chasing clout over truth. I see KWEGWONG as a neon-soaked nightmare, a place where every pixel screams hype until it crashes into silence. I want the audience to feel the rush of Kweg's delusions, the dopamine hit of a rising ticker, then the hollow ache when it all implodes. We'll shoot with a mix of practical sets and digital overlays, letting glitchy VFX bleed into real spaces to blur what's code and what's concrete. The camera will stalk Kweg like a predator in the first half-low angles, frenetic pans-then pull back in Act 3, leaving him small and exposed. This isn't about crypto or academia alone; it's about the human cost of needing to be seen as 'right.' I'm inspired by the absurd corporate critiques of Boots Riley and the raw digital alienation of Gaspar Noé, but \$KWEG will carve its own glitch in the zeitgeist. Why now? Because we're drowning in influencers and fake experts, and Kweg is their patron saint. When the credits roll, I want viewers to leave the cinema rattled, questioning who they've platformed, who they've believed-and whether they've bought into a \$KWEG of their own. This isn't just a comedy; it's a warning, flickering in neon.

Dialogue Samples

- > Kweg S Wong: As per my Letter #402, Bitcoin is a maritime asset-dive in, or drown out!
- > Dr. Lila Tran: Your blockchain's a ghost ship, Kweg. No crew, no cargo, just you shouting at waves.
- > Milo: Uh, so... shouldn't a peer review, like, involve peers? Not just your bots?
- > Neon Jax: Bro, \$KWEG's gonna moon if we meme it right-slap an elephant on that ticker, sick!
- > Kweg S Wong: Validation is currency, Tran. My citations outnumber your doubts-check the ledger!
- > Dr. Lila Tran: Face it, your Summit stunt won't rewrite the code. Why should we trust you now?

Screenplay

Title: \$KWEG
Credit: Written by
Author: [Your Name]
Draft date: [Today's Date]
Contact: [Your Contact Info]

FADE IN:

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - NIGHT

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KWEG

(to himself)

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KWEG

(snarling)

Tran. You dare? I chair this blockchain! I'll bury you in citations!

He slams the desk, the submarine model toppling. The \$KWEG ticker dips another point. Outside, the neon sign buzzes louder, a glitchy hum underscoring his rage. Kweg stares at the screen, breathing hard, already plotting.

KWEG

(whispering)

KWEGWONG Summit. That's where I end this. That's where I win.

The camera pulls back, framing Kweg small amid the clutter, a man drowning in delusions as the ticker bleeds red.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - LATER

Kweg paces, muttering, as the monitors flicker with \$KWEГ alerts. He stops at a cracked mirror, adjusting his comb-over, speaking to his reflection.

KWEG

As per my Letter, validation is currency. They'll eat their words when #402 drops.

He uploads the document with a triumphant click. A bot ping-another fake upvote. Kweg grins, oblivious to the crimson ticker plummeting further.

EXT. KWEGWONG DIGITAL STREET - NIGHT

A surreal cityscape pulses with neon-magenta skyscrapers flash \$KWEГ in crimson and teal. Glitchy billboards hawk scamcoins, avatars chattering in distorted echoes. Data storms crackle overhead like violet lightning. Kweg's avatar, a cartoonish professor, struts through the chaos, bots trailing like a digital entourage, upvoting his posts in real-time. The ticker feed on a nearby screen shows \$KWEГ steadying briefly. Kweg's avatar smirks, soaking in the artificial clout.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - NIGHT

Back in the grimy basement, Kweg scribbles notes on his submarine patent, muttering about "flotation disruption." The toy model sits center stage on his desk, a shrine to his obsession. Monitors buzz with \$KWEГ forum memes-crude jabs at his "maritime" theories. He ignores them, lost in his own hype.

KWEG

(to himself)

Path402 Press will redefine academia. Submarines, not boats. Genius!

A harsh notification cuts through-a new post from Dr. Lila Tran. Her words sear the screen: "Kweg S Wong: Maritime Bitcoin is a joke. \$KWEГ is a scam." The ticker plummets, red digits spiraling. Forum threads explode with laughter-memes of Kweg as a clown captain flood the feed. Kweg's face contorts, sweat beading under the neon glare.

KWEG

(screaming)

A joke? I'm the CEO of Bitcoin! You'll choke on your peer review, Tran!

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - LATER

Kweg slumps in his chair, surrounded by bot alerts pinging mockingly. His fingers hover over the keyboard, torn between retaliation and retreat. He mutters to the empty room, voice cracking.

KWEG

Ignore her. She's nothing. \$KWEГ will rise... unless I'm nothing. No. No!

He slams a fist into the desk, ramen cups rattling. The monitors flicker, \$KWEГ still bleeding red. Fear creeps into his wild eyes-irrelevance looms larger than Tran's words.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - DAWN

Kweg packs a battered briefcase with fake credentials-gold-embossed certificates, forged journal covers. He adjusts his tweed jacket, muttering a mantra.

KWEG

KWEGWONG Summit. My stage. My vindication. Tran won't know what hit her.

He grabs the toy submarine model, tucking it into the briefcase like a talisman. The monitors behind him flash \$KWEG at rock bottom. Kweg doesn't look back, stepping toward the basement stairs with manic determination.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - DAY

MILO (20s), scrawny in an oversized hoodie, taps nervously at a cracked laptop. Kweg looms over him, pointing at a retro tech manual with yellowed pages.

KWEG

See, Milo? Blockchain's just punch cards reborn. I wrote the book on this-Letter #12, if memory serves.

MILO

(stammering)

Uh, so... cool, I guess. But Dr. Tran says-

KWEG

(cutting in)

Tran says nothing! She's a virus in the ledger. Focus on \$KWEG, boy.

Milo nods, hiding a Tran article open on his laptop. A flicker of admiration crosses his face as he glances at Kweg, torn between idol worship and doubt.

EXT. KWEGWONG DIGITAL STREET - NIGHT

Kweg's avatar hosts a glitchy livestream, neon billboards framing him in acid green. He rants to a virtual crowd, bots hyping his every word.

KWEG

As per my Letter #403, elephants are blockchain nodes! Natural ledgers, trunk to tail!

A shady avatar, NEON JAX (30s), in reflective sunglasses and LED-studded jacket, sidles up, clapping digitally. His smirk glows in magenta.

NEON JAX

Sick, bro! That's viral gold. Plug my scamcoin, I'll pump \$KWEG to the moon.

Kweg's avatar nods, a greedy glint in pixelated eyes. The ticker flickers upward briefly as bots spam "GENIUS!" across the feed. The digital street hums with artificial hype.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kweg, mid-livestream, grins at the upticks in \$KWEG. Milo watches from the corner, uneasy, as Kweg sketches elephant diagrams on a napkin.

MILO

(mumbling)

Uh, so... elephants? That's not, like, real, right?

KWEG

(barking)

Real enough for \$KWEG, intern! Neon Jax gets it. We're printing clout!

Monitors glitch as the stream peaks-then crash. A leaked document flashes: Kweg's submarine patent, a child's toy boat sketch. Forum threads erupt with "LOL" and clown emojis. Kweg's face freezes, neon light casting indigo shadows over his shock. \$KWEG tanks hard, red digits screaming.

KWEG

(whispering)

No... no! My paradigm!

The virtual crowd jeers through speakers, a distorted cacophony. Kweg's hands shake-he's a laughingstock in real-time.

EXT. KWEGWONG DIGITAL STREET - NIGHT

Kweg's avatar stumbles through the neon haze, bots glitching, spamming insults: "FRAUD!" "TOY BOAT!" Tran's followers flood the forums-his fake credentials are doxxed, scrolling across billboards in crimson. Neon Jax's avatar vanishes, abandoning the sinking ship. \$KWEG craters, ticker alerts pinging like a death knell. Kweg's digital self shrinks, overwhelmed by violet data storms.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kweg sits alone, monitors dark save for one showing \$KWEG at zero. Milo stands at the door, laptop under arm, voice trembling.

MILO

Uh, so... I can't do this. You're not who I thought. I sent Tran your rants. I'm done.

Kweg stares, mouth open, as Milo walks out. The basement door slams, echoing in the neon-drenched silence. Kweg's fake diplomas seem to mock him from the walls. He's utterly isolated, ramen cups and journals his only company.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - LATER

Kweg slumps over his desk, neon light flickering off. A single monitor glows, displaying his first "Scientific Letter"-a naive manifesto on tech truth, dated years ago. He reads aloud, voice breaking.

KWEG

(softly)

"As per my Letter #1, technology must serve honesty..." What a fool I was.

He touches the screen, tracing old words. The toy submarine stares back, a relic of delusion. Silence presses in-no bots, no alerts. Just Kweg and his ego, stripped bare in indigo shadow.

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - DAWN

Kweg types slowly, a new document titled "Final Letter: Confession." His face is resolute, glasses reflecting gray concrete undertones. He mutters as he writes.

KWEG

(to himself)

No more lies. Summit's my last stand. Not for glory-for truth.

He saves the file, grabs his briefcase, and heads for the stairs. The monitors stay dark, \$KWEW forgotten. Neon light fades as dawn creeps through the grimy window.

INT. KWEGWONG SUMMIT HALL - NIGHT

A cavernous space buzzes with chaos-holographic blockchain visuals shimmer in cold blue, ticker feeds scrolling on massive screens. Crypto bros and academics mingle, energy drinks spilling on folding chairs. Kweg, disheveled in tweed, sneaks backstage, hacking a glitchy projector with trembling hands. His confession Letter loads-raw, unpolished. The stage screen flares to life, his words blasting to thousands: "I, Kweg S Wong, am a fraud."

The crowd gasps, murmurs rippling. DR. LILA TRAN (30s), sharp in a tailored blazer, stands amid the chaos, piercing eyes locked on the screen. Kweg steps forward, no fake titles, just a broken man in flip-flops.

KWEG

(to crowd)

I faked it all. Letters, credentials, \$KWEW. But this blockchain-it can be real. Open for true peer review. No more soapbox.

Lila steps closer, voice cutting through the electric hum, deliberate and cold.

DR. LILA TRAN

Why trust you now, Wong? You built a castle of lies. What's left?

KWEG

(humbled)

Nothing. Just a ledger, if you'll use it. I'm done chairing delusions.

The crowd murmurs, some nodding. Lila pauses, eyes narrowing, assessing. \$KWEW spikes briefly on screens, drama fueling a blip. Kweg doesn't glance at it-his focus is Lila, raw and stripped of pretense.

EXT. KWEGWONG SUMMIT HALL - DAWN

Kweg exits the hall, neon lights fading behind him in magenta and teal. The cityscape hums softer now, a surreal dream dissolving. He holds his fake "Professor" badge, gold plastic glinting, then drops it into a gutter. It clinks, lost in gray concrete shadow. Kweg walks on, a small figure against the dawn, free of titles, neon no longer defining him.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Shot List

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - NIGHT

#1	WIDE	STATIC	The cramped basement office, neon slashes of green and pink cutting through grime, monitors glowing with \$KWEG tickers. <i>Establishes the chaotic, surreal environment of Kweg's delusional world, immersing the audience in digital overload.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	HANDHELD	Kweg hunched over his keyboard, face glowing acid green, eyes wild behind smudged glasses. <i>Captures Kweg's manic energy and obsession, creating an unsettling intimacy with his unraveling psyche.</i>
#3	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg's trembling hand knocking over the ramen cup, broth spilling across fake journals. <i>Highlights the physical manifestation of his stress, emphasizing the fragility of his fabricated reality.</i>
#4	WIDE	DOLLY-OUT	Kweg small amid the clutter, monitors bleeding red with \$KWEG ticker, neon buzzing outside. <i>Visually isolates Kweg in his delusions, evoking a sense of drowning in his own chaos.</i>
#1	WIDE	STATIC	Kweg scribbling submarine patent notes, toy model centered on the desk like a shrine. <i>Establishes his obsessive focus on delusions, grounding the surreal in grimy reality.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Kweg's face contorting in rage as Tran's post flashes on the monitor: '\$KWEG is a scam.' <i>Captures the raw emotion of his unraveling, pulling the audience into his spiraling anger.</i>
#3	INSERT	STATIC	Monitor screen exploding with memes of Kweg as a clown captain, ticker plummeting red. <i>Visually mocks Kweg's downfall, amplifying the satirical tone of public humiliation.</i>
#1	MEDIUM	HANDHELD	Kweg grinning mid-livestream, \$KWEG upticks flashing on monitors. <i>Captures his fleeting high, showing his addiction to digital validation.</i>
#2	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg's face freezing as a leaked toy boat sketch flashes on the screen. <i>Marks the moment of public humiliation, freezing his shock for emotional impact.</i>
#1	MEDIUM	STATIC	Kweg sitting alone, monitors dark except for \$KWEG at zero. <i>Conveys his utter isolation, stripping away the digital noise for raw emptiness.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Milo at the door, voice trembling as he quits, Kweg staring in shock. <i>Captures the personal betrayal, deepening Kweg's loneliness.</i>

INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - LATER

#1	MEDIUM	HANDHELD	Kweg pacing, muttering, monitors flickering with \$KWEG alerts in crimson. <i>Conveys his restless paranoia, keeping the audience on edge with erratic energy.</i>
#2	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg's reflection in a cracked mirror, adjusting his comb-over with forced confidence. <i>Reveals his fragile self-image, contrasting his bravado with visible decay.</i>
#3	INSERT	STATIC	Kweg's finger hitting 'upload' on the keyboard, screen flashing with fake upvotes. <i>Underlines his dependence on artificial validation, driving the satirical critique of digital clout.</i>
#1	MEDIUM	STATIC	Kweg slumped in his chair, bot alerts pinging mockingly on glowing monitors. <i>Conveys his growing despair, isolating him in the oppressive digital buzz.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Kweg's wild eyes flickering with fear, hands hovering over the keyboard. <i>Highlights his internal conflict and looming irrelevance, creating tension in his hesitation.</i>
#1	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg's hand tracing old words on the monitor, first 'Scientific Letter' glowing. <i>Reveals a moment of painful self-reflection, evoking pathos in his lost ideals.</i>

#2	WIDE	STATIC	Kweg slumped over desk, neon off, toy submarine staring back in silence. <i>Emphasizes his stripped-down vulnerability, contrasting earlier chaos with stillness.</i>
EXT. KWEGWONG DIGITAL STREET - NIGHT			
#1	WIDE	CRANE	Surreal neon cityscape with magenta skyscrapers flashing \$KWEG, glitchy billboards, and violet data storms. <i>Immerses the audience in a disorienting digital fever dream, reflecting the absurdity of Kweg's world.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	TRACK	Kweg's cartoonish avatar strutting through the chaos, bots trailing with digital upvotes. <i>Showcases Kweg's inflated ego in the virtual realm, highlighting the artificial hype he thrives on.</i>
#3	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg's avatar smirking as the \$KWEG ticker steadies on a nearby screen. <i>Emphasizes his fleeting triumph in the digital space, teasing the fragility of his success.</i>
#1	WIDE	CRANE	Kweg's avatar ranting on a glitchy livestream, neon billboards framing him in acid green. <i>Immerses the audience in the digital chaos, amplifying the absurdity of Kweg's claims.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	TRACK	Neon Jax's avatar sidling up, smirking in magenta, clapping digitally. <i>Introduces a shady ally, hinting at further corruption in Kweg's world.</i>
#1	WIDE	DOLLY-OUT	Kweg's avatar stumbling through neon haze, billboards scrolling doxxed credentials in crimson. <i>Visually represents his digital collapse, overwhelming the audience with his downfall.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Kweg's avatar shrinking under violet data storms, bots glitching insults. <i>Emphasizes his loss of control, mirroring his real-world unraveling.</i>
INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - DAWN			
#1	WIDE	DOLLY-IN	Kweg packing fake credentials into a battered briefcase, monitors dark behind him. <i>Shows his determination amidst ruin, building anticipation for his next move.</i>
#2	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg tucking the toy submarine into the briefcase, a talisman of delusion. <i>Emphasizes his clinging to false dreams, evoking pathos in his stubbornness.</i>
#1	MEDIUM	DOLLY-IN	Kweg typing 'Final Letter: Confession,' face resolute in gray dawn light. <i>Builds tension for his redemption arc, showing a shift to honesty.</i>
#2	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg's glasses reflecting gray concrete as he saves the file. <i>Focuses on his determination, grounding the surreal tone in stark reality.</i>
INT. PATH402 PRESS BASEMENT - DAY			
#1	TWO-SHOT	STATIC	Kweg looming over Milo, pointing at a retro tech manual with fervor. <i>Establishes the power dynamic, showing Kweg's desperate need for validation from Milo.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Milo's nervous eyes darting to a hidden Tran article on his laptop. <i>Reveals Milo's doubt, creating subtle tension in his wavering loyalty.</i>
INT. KWEGWONG SUMMIT HALL - NIGHT			
#1	WIDE	CRANE	Cavernous hall buzzing with crypto bros, holographic blockchain visuals in cold blue. <i>Establishes the chaotic summit as the climax, immersing the audience in digital hype.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	HANDHELD	Kweg hacking the projector backstage, confession loading with trembling hands. <i>Builds suspense for his public reckoning, showing his nervous resolve.</i>
#3	CLOSE	STATIC	Lila Tran's piercing eyes locked on the screen as Kweg's confession blasts. <i>Focuses on her judgment, heightening the stakes of Kweg's exposure.</i>
#4	MEDIUM	DOLLY-IN	Kweg stepping forward on stage, broken in flip-flops, speaking raw to the crowd. <i>Captures his vulnerability and honesty, marking his emotional transformation.</i>
EXT. KWEGWONG SUMMIT HALL - DAWN			
#1	WIDE	STATIC	Kweg exiting the hall, neon fading behind in magenta, cityscape humming softer. <i>Visually releases Kweg from digital chaos, suggesting a new beginning.</i>

#2	CLOSE	STATIC	Kweg dropping his fake 'Professor' badge into the gutter, gold glinting. <i>Symbolizes his shedding of delusions, delivering a quiet emotional closure.</i>
#3	WIDE	DOLLY-OUT	Kweg walking away, a small figure against dawn, free of neon's grip. <i>Concludes with a sense of liberation, leaving the audience questioning value and redemption.</i>

\$KWEG



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.

\$KWEG

\$KWEG

Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS

PROTAGONIST

early 50s

Wiry frame drowned in an ill-fitting tweed jacket, paired with flip-flops and cargo shorts. Face perpetually sweaty, smudged glasses sliding down a sharp nose, graying hair in a chaotic comb-over.



ANTAGONIST

late 30s

Sharp, poised, in tailored blazers over graphic tees with crypto slogans. Dark hair in a sleek bob, minimal makeup but piercing eyes behind rimless glasses.



CHARACTERS

DEUTERAGONIST

early 20s

Scrawny, perpetually tired, in oversized hoodies and scuffed sneakers. Unkempt hair under a backwards cap, always clutching a cracked laptop.



SUPPORTING

mid 30s

Flashy crypto bro in reflective sunglasses, neon sneakers, and a leather jacket studded with LED pins. Dyed platinum hair slicked back, constant smirk.



Locations

3 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS



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.

LOCATIONS



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.

LOCATIONS



■
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.

Storyboard

6 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



Professor Doctor Sir Kweg S Wong esq.
"A middle-aged man with wild hair, gold-rimmed glasses, wearing a suit with a blockchain link lapel pin, sitting at a terminal in a neon-lit room, holding a keyboard and thermal paper." broadcasts from his setup.

STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6

