

SuperTed: The Boys

\$SUPER TED



Crypto bro Ted mints as SuperTed and rallies The Boys to stop a rival token draining their wallets before the floor price hits zero.

ONE SENTENCE

Logline

Crypto bro Ted mints as SuperTed and rallies The Boys to stop a rival token draining their wallets before the floor price hits zero.

Treatment

Act 1: In a neon-lit crypto conference hall reeking of energy drinks and desperation, late-20s Ted Blockson stares at his laptop as the public mint of SuperTed tokens crosses 10,000. His crew-The Boys-Brock Ape and Zane Gas-cheer from a corner booth cluttered with hardware wallets and pixel-art capes. Ted's ordinary life of day-trading memes ends when the smart contract glitches and his avatar materializes as a caped figure with a glowing ledger for a chest emblem. The inciting incident hits when rival whale Drake Mint announces a hostile fork that will siphon liquidity from \$SUPERTED. Act 2: The Boys descend into Discord voice channels rendered as physical war rooms, where gas fees manifest as literal toll bridges they must cross. Midpoint reversal comes when a false victory-successfully raiding Drake's testnet-reveals Drake has already copied their entire holder list and is dumping on retail. Internal fractures appear as Brock's ape avatar starts de-pegging, forcing Ted to confront his own addiction to clout. Dark night arrives when the floor price crashes and Ted's real-world bank account drains. Act 3: Ted realizes the community wallet holds the true power. In the final server-farm showdown, the Boys burn their private keys in a coordinated transaction that locks Drake out permanently. The film ends on Ted staring at a single remaining SuperTed token framed on his wall, now worth exactly the price of a bus ticket home.

Beat Sheet

- p. 1** **Opening Image**
A glowing hardware wallet opens like a clamshell on a folding table, revealing SuperTed's pixel cape clipped inside next to three empty Red Bull cans.
- p. 5** **Theme Stated**
Brock Ape tells Ted, 'Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding.'
- p. 10** **Setup**
Ted's cramped apartment doubles as trading floor; three monitors display live mint counter, Discord chat, and his sad stack of ramen.
- p. 12** **Catalyst**
Public mint succeeds; Ted's laptop screen cracks and SuperTed steps out wearing a cape printed with the contract address.
- p. 15** **Debate**
Ted tries to delete the token from his wallet, terrified of real-world consequences and rug-pull accusations from his followers.
- p. 25** **Break Into Two**
Ted accepts the cape and leads The Boys into the physical server farm to confront Drake's fork attempt.
- p. 30** **B Story**
Zane Gas mentors Ted on true decentralization, sharing his own story of losing everything on a previous shitcoin.
- p. 30** **Fun and Games**
Sight gags pile up: gas-fee tollbooths, NFT apes used as battering rams, hardware wallets thrown like grenades that explode into QR codes.
- p. 55** **Midpoint**
False victory at the testnet raid; The Boys toast with energy drinks until Drake reveals he already owns 40% of their supply.
- p. 60** **Bad Guys Close In**
Drake's bots flood the chat with FUD; Brock's avatar starts pixelating and Ted's real bank app shows a \$0 balance.
- p. 75** **All Is Lost**
The main liquidity pool is drained; SuperTed's cape loses its glow and the mint counter hits zero.
- p. 80** **Dark Night of Soul**
Ted sits alone in the dark apartment, staring at the dead hardware wallet, convinced he ruined everyone who trusted him.
- p. 85** **Break Into Three**
Zane reminds Ted the community multisig still exists; they decide to burn the remaining keys in one final transaction.
- p. 95** **Finale**
Server-farm climax: The Boys execute the burn transaction live on a giant LED wall while dodging Drake's

security drones.

p.110 **Final Image**

Ted's apartment now holds only a single framed SuperTed token on the wall; outside the window, sunrise hits the empty conference center.

Opening Scene

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors glow on a folding table. Empty energy drink cans roll across the floor. TED BLOCKSON, late 20s, human male in a hoodie covered in QR-code patches, stares at the live mint counter ticking past 9,847.

BROCK APE, early 30s, built like a linebacker with a shaved head and an ape tattoo on his neck, leans over Ted's shoulder.

BROCK

Ten thousand and the contract hasn't rugged yet. That's a record for you.

ZANE GAS, mid 20s, skinny, wearing noise-canceling headphones shaped like old modems, doesn't look up from his second screen.

ZANE

Gas is spiking. If we don't claim the airdrop in the next forty seconds the whole thing's toast.

Ted's finger hovers over the enter key. The counter hits 10,000. The screen flickers. A low hum fills the room. The laptop cracks down the middle and a caped figure made of light steps out, ledger emblem pulsing on its chest.

SUPER TED (the figure)

Contract address verified. Holder: Ted Blockson. Welcome to the chain.

Characters

Ted Blockson **PROTAGONIST**

late 20s

LOOK Human male, late 20s, pale skin from monitor glow, messy brown hair under a backwards cap printed with 'HODL'. Wears a hoodie stitched with QR codes and cargo shorts with multiple hardware wallets clipped to the belt loops.

VOICE Fast-talking West Coast tech-bro cadence, drops crypto slang mid-sentence, voice cracks when nervous, ends every sentence like it's a question.

ARC Starts as a desperate day-trader chasing clout through meme coins. Wants to get rich quick and be respected by The Boys. Learns real value lives in the community wallet, not personal holdings. Ends willing to burn his own keys for the greater floor.

Brock Ape **DEUTERAGONIST**

early 30s

LOOK Human male, early 30s, massive shoulders, shaved head, neck tattoo of a cartoon ape wearing a crown.

Always wears a leather jacket with pixel-art patches of famous rugs.

VOICE Deep, booming, deliberately slow delivery, uses 'ser' as punctuation, laughs like a bark.

ARC Loyal muscle of the crew who believes in raw power. Wants to punch problems away. Learns loyalty means holding through the dip, not swinging at every whale.

Zane Gas **SUPPORTING**

mid 20s

LOOK Human male, mid 20s, rail-thin, messy black hair, always in oversized hoodies and socks with sandals.

Carries a laptop covered in old NFT stickers.

VOICE Quiet, precise, speaks in short technical bursts, rarely raises volume even during chaos.

ARC The quiet strategist who has already been rugged twice. Wants the project to survive. Ends teaching Ted that decentralization is an action, not a slogan.

Drake Mint **ANTAGONIST**

early 40s

LOOK Human male, early 40s, tanned, expensive suit with blockchain tie clip, perfect hair, always holding a physical briefcase shaped like a cold wallet.

VOICE Smooth corporate pitch voice, every sentence sounds like a press release, never swears.

ARC Wants total control of the liquidity. Sees SuperTed as a threat to his established coin. Ends locked out of his own fork after the burn.

Locations

Crypto Conference Hall INT.

Long folding tables covered in laptops, three monitors per station, floor littered with crushed cans, giant LED wall showing live mint counter and price chart.

Harsh fluorescent overheads mixed with pulsing RGB from screens, constant low hum of cooling fans.

Blockchain Server Farm INT.

Rows of black server racks glowing with blue status lights, cables snaking across grated floors, temperature so cold breath fogs on entry.

Industrial blue and white, sterile, echoing with the sound of massive fans.

Style

PALETTE

neon magenta and cyan from monitor glow, dull beige of cheap folding tables, electric blue server lights, matte black of hardware wallets

REFERENCES

Pacing and sight-gag escalation like *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*; visual language of crypto interfaces made physical like *Ready Player One*; color pops against drab rooms like *The Big Short*.

TONE

Fast, loud, escalating absurdity that never pauses for explanation, treats blockchain mechanics as physical laws the characters must literally navigate.

SOUND DESIGN

Constant low-frequency fan hum and keyboard clicks as base layer; sudden sharp transaction beeps as punctuation; score is chiptune versions of 80s power ballads that distort when floor price drops.

Director's Vision

This is the first film that treats crypto culture as lived physical reality rather than set dressing. I want audiences to leave laughing at the exact mechanics that once excited or terrified them—the mint counter as heartbeat, the hardware wallet as holy relic, the rug pull as actual betrayal. It is a love letter to the boys who stayed in the Discord when the chart went red and a warning to those who still think decentralization is automatic. The final burn transaction should feel like the most cathartic thing they have seen on screen all year.

Dialogue Samples

- > Ted Blockson: Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding.
- > Brock Ape: Ser, that's not a dip, that's a testnet for your spine.
- > Zane Gas: I already burned my keys twice. Third time's the multisig.
- > Drake Mint: Your community is my liquidity now. Nothing personal, just code.

Screenplay

Title: SuperTed: The Boys
Credit:
Author:
Draft date:
Contact:

FADE IN.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

A glowing hardware wallet rests on a folding table. Crushed Red Bull cans litter the beige laminate. Three monitors flicker under harsh fluorescent tubes mixed with pulsing cyan and magenta RGB. The live mint counter ticks past 9,847.

TED BLOCKSON, late 20s, pale from monitor glow, messy brown hair under a backwards HODL cap, wears a hoodie stitched with QR-code patches and cargo shorts with hardware wallets clipped to the belt loops. He stares at the central screen, finger hovering above the enter key.

The wallet vibrates. Its clamshell lid pops open. Inside, SuperTed's pixel cape is clipped next to three empty cans. A faint electric blue glow leaks from the fabric.

Ted leans closer. The mint counter jumps to 9,912. Keyboard clicks echo against the low hum of server fans. His hoodie reflects the magenta chart lines spiking across the third monitor.

He exhales. The counter hits 9,987. Ted's hand trembles once. The wallet's interior light brightens, casting neon cyan across his face.

The counter rolls to 10,000. The central monitor flickers. A low hum fills the room. The laptop screen cracks down the middle with a sharp snap. Light spills outward.

Ted pushes his chair back. The hardware wallet slides an inch across the table. Its glow intensifies. The pixel cape inside begins to pulse in time with the mint counter, now frozen at 10,000.

Ted's eyes widen. He reaches toward the wallet but stops short. The cape lifts slightly, as if catching an invisible breeze. The ledger emblem on its chest emits a single sharp transaction beep.

Ted stands. The room's fluorescent lights dim for a beat, then return. Only the wallet and monitors remain lit. The other two screens show the Discord chat scrolling and his ramen stack reflected in the glass.

He steps back. The hardware wallet closes with a soft metallic click. The cape's glow fades to a steady neon pulse. The mint counter on the central monitor resets to zero and begins climbing again from one.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors flicker on the folding table, mint counter frozen at 10,000. Crushed Red Bull cans roll under chairs. The cracked laptop hums louder. SUPER TED stands on the table, cape rippling with pixel code, ledger emblem glowing cyan against the beige plastic.

Brock Ape leans over Ted's shoulder, leather jacket creaking, ape tattoo flexing on his neck.

BROCK APE

Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding, ser.

He barks once, short and loud. The laugh rattles the hardware wallets clipped to Ted's belt loops.

Ted flinches, backwards cap slipping. His hoodie QR codes catch the magenta screen glow.

TED BLOCKSON

You're saying that now? With this thing standing here? What if the chain rugs us live on the floor?

Zane Gas stays locked on his second screen, oversized hoodie sleeves bunched at his wrists, modem headphones blinking.

ZANE GAS

Gas is spiking. Claim window closes in thirty-eight seconds.

Ted's finger hovers over the trackpad. Super Ted's cape flickers brighter, contract address scrolling across the fabric in electric blue.

BROCK APE

We hold through the dip. That's the play, ser. Always has been.

ZANE GAS

Twenty-nine seconds. Transaction fee just doubled.

Ted glances at the live price chart on the third monitor. The line ticks down half a cent. His voice cracks.

TED BLOCKSON

What if followers call it a rug? What if Drake's already forking the liquidity? We can't just... delete the wallet?

Super Ted tilts its head. The ledger emblem pulses once, hard. A low transaction beep cuts through the fan hum.

BROCK APE

Delete it and the boys walk. Simple as that.

Zane's fingers never slow.

ZANE GAS

Nineteen seconds. We claim or we're zero.

Ted swallows, stares at the glowing figure, then at the empty energy-drink cans littering the floor. The mint counter on the LED wall behind them begins to tick again, upward.

BROCK APE
Your call, ser.

The fan hum deepens. Cyan light from the server racks across the hall leaks under the door.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three folding tables sit jammed together under harsh fluorescents. Laptops and tangled cables cover every inch. Three monitors glow in cyan and magenta: one tracks the live mint counter ticking past 4,200, another scrolls Discord chat at impossible speed, the third displays a sad stack of instant ramen packets next to an empty hardware wallet.

TED BLOCKSON, late 20s, pale under monitor light, hoodie stitched with QR codes, leans forward in a folding chair. His backwards HODL cap sits crooked. He taps the keyboard like it owes him money.

BROCK APE enters from the side aisle, leather jacket creaking, neck tattoo flexing as he scans the room. He drops a fresh can of Red Bull next to Ted's elbow.

BROCK
Ser, you still pushing this one? Floor looks like it's breathing through a straw.

ZANE GAS slides in behind them, oversized hoodie swallowing his frame, laptop stickers catching the RGB. He sets his modem-shaped headphones on the table without looking up.

ZANE
Gas fees just spiked again. Discord's already calling it a slow rug.

Ted doesn't turn. His fingers keep moving.

TED
It's not a rug if we're the ones holding the contract? Right? We mint ten K and the chart actually holds for once.

BROCK
Ten K of what, ser? Ramen futures?

Ted gestures at the ramen monitor without breaking eye contact with the mint counter.

TED
That's breakfast, lunch, and exit liquidity. The Boys always said we'd eat when the floor ate.

ZANE
The Boys also said never ape into your own ticker without a multisig.

The mint counter jumps to 4,873. A low fan hum rises from the table vents. Ted's screen reflects neon across his face.

TED
Look, we're not aping. We're... community testing. Drake's crew is already forking everything that moves. If we don't lock this narrative now the whole

chain forgets us by breakfast.

Brock cracks the Red Bull and takes a long pull, the can hissing loud in the empty hall.

BROCK

Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding. You keep saying that like it's gospel.

Zane's fingers fly across his own keyboard. Discord messages pile up on the second monitor, red pings flashing.

ZANE

Forty seconds until the next gas window. After that the claim cost doubles.

Ted's hand hovers over the enter key. The counter ticks to 5,012. The ramen packets on the third screen look even sadder under the cyan glow.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors flicker on the folding table under harsh fluorescent light mixed with pulsing cyan RGB. Crushed Red Bull cans roll across the carpet. TED BLOCKSON sits alone, hoodie patched with QR codes, hardware wallets clipped to his cargo shorts. His backwards HODL cap sits crooked over messy brown hair. The live mint counter on the center screen ticks past 9,920. A low fan hum vibrates through the room.

Ted leans closer. His finger hovers above the enter key. The counter jumps to 9,941. He wipes sweat from his pale forehead with the back of his hand.

TED BLOCKSON

Come on, nine thousand nine hundred and fifty? We're almost there, ser. Just a little more and the floor's locked.

The counter climbs. 9,972. Ted's knee bounces under the table. The side monitors show Discord chat scrolling too fast to read and a price chart flatlining in neon magenta.

TED BLOCKSON

If this rugs I'm deleting the wallet. No one has to know. Just me and the chain, right?

The counter hits 9,999. Ted holds his breath. The number flips to 10,000. A sharp transaction beep cuts through the fan hum. The center monitor cracks straight down the middle with a spiderweb of fractures. Light leaks out in electric blue and magenta pulses.

Ted shoves his chair back. The crack widens. A caped figure made of solid light steps through the broken screen. Its chest bears a glowing ledger emblem that pulses like a heartbeat. The figure stands three feet tall, pixel cape rippling though there is no wind.

Ted stares, mouth open. The figure turns its head toward him. The ledger emblem brightens until the whole hall reflects the cyan glow. Ted's laptop fans spin up louder, then cut out completely.

TED BLOCKSON

(voice cracking)

That's... that's not supposed to happen. The contract didn't say anything about avatars stepping out.

The figure raises one glowing hand. The emblem flares once more. Ted reaches for the nearest hardware wallet on his belt loop but stops short, fingers trembling.

The mint counter on the cracked screen freezes at 10,000. The figure's cape settles. Silence falls except for the distant echo of cooling fans in the empty hall. Ted's bank app notification pings on his phone: zero balance confirmed. He doesn't look at it.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors cast neon magenta and cyan across a folding table. Crushed Red Bull cans scatter the floor. The laptop screen still shows a jagged crack down the middle. SUPER TED stands motionless beside it, cape flickering with the contract address, ledger emblem pulsing faintly.

TED BLOCKSON slams his fingers across the trackpad. Sweat beads on his pale skin under the backwards HODL cap. QR-code patches on his hoodie glow from the screen light.

TED BLOCKSON

Delete. Just delete the damn thing. Come on, come on?

He right-clicks the wallet entry. The cursor stutters. A popup blooms: TRANSACTION CANNOT BE REVERSED.

TED BLOCKSON

They're already calling it a rug. I saw the Discord. First mint and I'm the guy who drains the pool?

BROCK APE leans his massive frame over the table. The cartoon-ape neck tattoo shifts under his leather jacket.

BROCK APE

Ser, you minted ten thousand. That's not a rug. That's a launch.

TED BLOCKSON

Followers don't care about semantics, Brock. They care about their bags. One tweet and I'm the next Drake Mint?

ZANE GAS sits cross-legged on a second folding chair, socks and sandals planted on a hardware wallet. His modem-shaped headphones blink with activity.

ZANE GAS

Gas fees are locked. Deletion requires a burn transaction. Burn requires the private key you just gave the chain.

TED BLOCKSON

Then I'll send it to a dead address. Burn it myself. Problem solved?

He types a long string into the wallet prompt. The SuperTed figure on screen tilts its head. The cape brightens.

SUPER TED

Holder action recorded. Community multisig active.

TED BLOCKSON

See? It's already talking like a DAO. I didn't sign up for that. I signed up for a quick flip and a bus ticket out of here?

BROCK APE

You're shaking, ser.

TED BLOCKSON

I'm not shaking. I'm calculating downside. Real-world downside. Cops don't care about pixels when the floor hits zero.

ZANE GAS

Floor price is downstream. The fork is upstream.

Ted mashes enter. Error chimes stack on top of each other. The live mint counter on the giant LED wall ticks to 10,012. The SuperTed figure steps closer to the table, light bleeding across empty cans.

TED BLOCKSON

I can't be the face of this. Delete it. All of it. Now?

He yanks a hardware wallet off his belt loop and slams it against the laptop. The screen flickers harder. The figure's ledger emblem flares cyan.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors flicker on the folding table. Crushed Red Bull cans rattle across the floor as TED BLOCKSON paces between the rows of empty chairs. His hoodie QR codes catch the neon cyan glow from the screens. The cracked laptop sits open, mint counter frozen at 10,002. A faint ledger-shaped glow pulses from the pocket of his cargo shorts.

Ted stops, yanks a hardware wallet off his belt loop, and stares at the tiny screen. His finger hovers over the delete prompt.

TED BLOCKSON

We just nuke it, right? Wipe the contract, walk out the doors, pretend the whole mint never happened? Ser, the followers are already calling it a rug in the chat.

BROCK APE steps into frame, leather jacket creaking. Pixel-art rug patches catch the magenta light from the LED wall. He crosses his arms, ape tattoo flexing on his neck.

BROCK APE

Ten thousand holders already locked in, Ted. You delete now, they still got your address on-chain. (beat) Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding.

Ted resumes pacing, voice cracking on the last word.

TED BLOCKSON

Exactly, ser? Exactly? Drake Mint's already sniffing around the liquidity. One tweet from him and every holder dumps. I end up on some crypto-crime podcast. "Local meme-lord rugs his own boys for a bus ticket." That's the headline. My mom sees that.

He stops at the monitors. The live chart dips another two percent. Gas fees

spike in red text across the middle screen.

TED BLOCKSON

I can't be the guy who launches a token and then ghosts when the first whale shows up. But I also can't be the guy who gets accused of dumping on retail. Either way the boys lose.

BROCK APE

You keep the cape, we fight the fork. You delete, we all still look like we got rugged by our own dev. (laughs once, short bark) Pick the version where we at least swing back.

Ted pulls the hardware wallet closer. The delete confirmation blinks. His thumb trembles above the button. The ledger emblem on his chest pocket flares once, bright cyan, then dims.

TED BLOCKSON

What if the contract won't even let me delete? What if it's already past that point?

He looks at Brock, then back at the wallet. The hum of cooling fans rises. Outside the hall, distant elevator dings echo through the empty conference center.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors flicker on a folding table, mint counter frozen at 10,000. Crushed energy-drink cans litter the beige carpet. TED BLOCKSON stands frozen, staring at the cracked laptop where SUPER TED's glowing ledger emblem still pulses.

BROCK APE shoulders a backpack already bulging with hardware wallets. He clips a pixel-art cape patch onto the strap and barks a laugh.

BROCK

Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding. You in or you out, ser?

ZANE GAS kneels by the table, sliding three matte-black wallets into a second pack. Cyan light from the screens paints his face.

ZANE

Drake's fork is live. Testnet traffic doubling every twelve seconds. We move now or the liquidity bridge collapses.

Ted's hand hovers over the laptop. The crack widens. A faint hum rises. He reaches inside the split screen and pulls the caped figure free. The fabric is light but heavy with code; the contract address glows across the back.

TED

Okay. Okay, this is it. We don't wait for the next airdrop, we don't post another thread, we take the keys and we walk the actual chain to the server farm. Drake wants to siphon our holders? He can explain it to the multisig in person. You guys with me?

Brock slaps a pixel cape across Ted's shoulders. The emblem ignites magenta.

BROCK

Took you long enough, ser. Let's go rug his exit liquidity.

Zane zips the final pack and stands, already moving toward the exit corridor lined with more folding tables.

ZANE

Gas fees are spiking at the door. Keep the wallets offline until we hit the first toll.

Ted tightens the cape. The ledger on his chest pulses brighter. He grabs his own backpack, now heavier with the remaining hardware, and follows.

TED

Then we burn whatever's left before he copies the holder list. No more debate. We break the fork tonight.

The three stride past the giant LED wall still showing the frozen mint counter. Fans hum louder as they push through the double doors into the cold corridor beyond.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors flicker across the folding table. Crushed Red Bull cans rattle underfoot as cooling fans drone. TED BLOCKSON leans over his laptop, hoodie QR codes catching cyan light from the price chart. The live mint counter ticks at 10,412. A hardware wallet sits open beside him, its clamshell lid reflecting neon magenta.

ZANE GAS slides his laptop over without looking up. Old NFT stickers peel at the corners. His noise-canceling headphones rest around his neck like modems.

ZANE

Testnet fork is live. Drake's bots already claim forty percent of the liquidity pool.

TED

Forty? That's not even a rug, that's a hostile takeover. We burn the keys now or we're zero by open?

ZANE

Keys are community multisig. Decentralization means no one wallet holds the exit.

Ted's finger hovers above the enter key. The screen glitches, a brief pixel ripple across the chart.

TED

You sound like a whitepaper. I lost my entire stack on that last fork. What's the play here, Zane?

ZANE

Same play I learned the hard way. Ape coin, 2021. I minted at 0.03, watched it hit eight dollars, then the dev wallet dumped and my real bank drained at midnight. Hardware wallet went dark. No multisig. No second chance.

The fan hum rises. A single empty can rolls across the concrete, clinking against a table leg.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Decentralization isn't a slogan. It's the burn transaction that locks everyone out, including us. One final key wipe and Drake's fork has nothing left to siphon.

Ted stares at the glowing ledger emblem on his cracked laptop. The counter ticks past 10,500.

TED

You're saying we hand the floor to the holders? No exit for The Boys?

ZANE

Holders are the floor. Your clout dies so the chain lives.

Ted exhales, the sound swallowed by the constant keyboard clicks. Zane's screen shows the multisig interface pulsing electric blue. Ted's hand moves to the hardware wallet, thumb hovering over the physical confirm button.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks stretch into darkness, their status lights pulsing electric blue. Cold air blasts from overhead vents. Breath fogs instantly. TED BLOCKSON clutches a matte-black hardware wallet in both hands, QR-code hoodie damp with sweat. BROCK APE looms behind him, leather jacket creaking, neck tattoo glistening. ZANE GAS trails last, laptop bag slung low, socks already soaked in condensation.

A glowing cyan toll bridge materializes across the grated walkway-iron bars, scanner pad, digital counter ticking upward.

TED BLOCKSON

Gas fee just hit forty bucks? This is ridiculous, ser. We're not paying that.

BROCK APE

(barking a laugh)

Floor price is just a number until the boys stop holding. Pay it, Ted.

Ted swipes his hardware wallet across the scanner. The device beeps once. Forty dollars worth of tokens vanish in a sharp transaction chime. The bars retract with a hydraulic hiss.

ZANE GAS

Next bridge in twelve meters. Higher fee. Don't miss the window.

They advance. A second toll bridge rises, thicker, magenta light bleeding from its edges. The counter spins past eighty dollars.

TED BLOCKSON

Eighty? That's our lunch money. Zane, can we route around?

ZANE GAS

No route. Pay or turn back.

Brock rips a pixel-art ape patch off his jacket and slaps it onto the scanner. The patch expands into a full-size NFT ape that snarls and hammers the bars like a battering ram. Metal bends. The ape pixelates on impact and dissolves. The bridge collapses.

BROCK APE

Told you raw power works, ser.

They step over the wreckage. A third toll bridge erupts straight from the floor grating, now demanding one-fifty. Red warning lights strobe.

TED BLOCKSON

We can't keep burning like this. My stack's already-

ZANE GAS

(interrupting, flat)

Throw the wallet.

Ted hesitates, then hurls his hardware wallet like a grenade. It spins through the air, explodes into a shower of glowing QR codes that land on the scanner pad. The codes burn bright, fee paid in one burst. The bridge shatters into cascading blue data.

BROCK APE

Nice throw. Smells like a dip.

They press forward between the racks. More toll bridges flicker into existence ahead, one after another, each larger, each demanding more. The boys keep moving, wallets in hand, ready.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks pulse with electric blue status lights. Cables snake across grated floors slick with condensation. Breath fogs in the freezing air. The low roar of massive fans vibrates through the concrete.

BROCK APE swings a pixelated ape NFT like a battering ram, its edges glitching as it slams into a rack door. The metal buckles. QR codes spray outward like shrapnel.

BROCK

Ser. This one's got diamond hands.

ZANE GAS stands two racks back, laptop balanced on a cable tray. He types without looking up.

ZANE

Gas fee just doubled. Your swing triggered a flash loan.

BROCK APE laughs, a single bark, then hurls the NFT ape again. It connects harder. The rack sparks cyan. He reaches into his jacket, pulls a hardware wallet, and lobs it forward like a grenade.

The wallet detonates mid-air. A burst of magenta light erupts, flooding the aisle with floating QR codes that scan themselves into existence and vanish.

ZANE

That one cleared the bridge. Next rack's got a toll.

BROCK APE charges through the fading light, ape NFT raised. Another wallet leaves his hand. It spins, beeps once, then explodes into a wall of scanning grids that knock a drone camera off its mount.

BROCK

Floor price feels lighter already, ser.

ZANE

Don't celebrate. The contract just minted a counter-bot.

A fresh rack door slams shut ahead of them. Brock Ape plants his feet, NFT ape cocked back like a club, another hardware wallet already in his off-hand. The fans roar louder.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks pulse with electric blue status lights. Cables snake across the grated floor like tripwires. Cold air blasts from overhead vents, turning every breath into fog. A low-frequency fan hum vibrates through the concrete.

Ted Blockson sprints between two racks, hoodie QR codes flashing magenta under the lights. Three drone-like bots swarm behind him, propellers whirring, red laser dots painting his back. He ducks as one bot fires a data packet that sparks against a rack.

BROCK APE

Ser, left flank's lighting up. Throw the hardware now.

Ted yanks a cold wallet from his belt loop and hurls it like a grenade. The wallet spins, cracks open mid-air, and explodes into a burst of QR codes that scatter like shrapnel. A sharp transaction beep echoes down the aisle. One bot veers off course, glitching into the rack.

TED BLOCKSON

That one's a confirm? Right? Tell me that's a confirm.

Brock Ape barrels through the next gap, leather jacket patches glowing cyan. He grabs another wallet from Ted's belt, winds up, and launches it sideways. The detonation sends a chain of beeps ricocheting off the servers. Two bots collide in a shower of pixel sparks.

BROCK APE

Gas fee paid in full, ser. Bark of laughter.

A fresh swarm of bots drops from the ceiling vents. Ted slides under a rack, cargo shorts catching on a cable. He pops up, voice cracking.

TED BLOCKSON

They're forking the aisle? We didn't even stake the middle row yet.

He rips two more wallets free and chucks them in opposite directions. Each one bursts on impact, flooding the floor with glowing transaction hashes. The beeps multiply, overlapping into a chiptune stutter that distorts the fan hum.

BROCK APE

Keep lobbing, ser. Floor's still above zero while we're moving.

Ted snatches the last wallet, hesitates half a second, then hurls it straight at the lead bot. The explosion knocks the drone into a rack; blue lights flicker and die. The remaining bots scatter. The aisle falls quiet except for fading beeps and the steady drone of cooling fans.

Ted leans against the rack, breathing hard, one hand still on his belt loop.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of server racks pulse electric blue. Cables snake under grated floors. Cold air blasts from overhead vents, turning breath into fog. TED BLOCKSON, BROCK APE, and ZANE GAS stand at a central terminal. The giant LED wall behind them flashes green transaction logs.

Ted slams a hardware wallet against the console like a grenade. QR codes explode across the screen in pixel bursts.

TED BLOCKSON

Testnet fork is live, ser. We just drained their liquidity bridge?

BROCK APE

Forty seconds and the whole pool's ours. (barks a laugh) Floor price can't touch us now.

Zane's fingers fly across two keyboards at once. His oversized hoodie sleeves drag through condensation on the metal.

ZANE GAS

Gas fees at zero on the test layer. Contract signature verified. We own the snapshot.

Ted cracks open a can of Red Bull. Neon magenta light from the monitors paints his QR-code hoodie. He hands cans to the others. They clink aluminum against aluminum.

TED BLOCKSON

To the boys holding the line. Drake's fork just became our exit liquidity?

BROCK APE

Toast it, Blockson. We raid the mainnet next.

The LED wall erupts in celebratory cyan fireworks. Mint counter ticks upward. The three lean in, energy-drink foam on their lips, watching numbers climb.

A single red line cuts across the display. Text materializes in Drake's corporate font.

DRAKE MINT (V.O.)

(through wall speakers)

Forty percent of supply already moved to cold storage. Thank you for the test data.

Ted's can slips from his hand and clatters across the grate. The glow on SuperTed's ledger emblem flickers once, then dims.

ZANE GAS

Holder list. He copied it during the raid.

BROCK APE

That's not possible. We burned the keys.

TED BLOCKSON

It's dumping on retail right now. Our floor's already sliding?

The LED wall switches to a live price chart. The SuperTed line plunges in jagged red. Server fans roar louder, drowning out the chiptune sting that plays once then distorts into static.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Server racks stretch into cold blue infinity, status lights pulsing electric cyan across grated floors. Cables coil like discarded ledgers. Breath fogs in the sterile air. A massive LED wall dominates the center aisle, still displaying the testnet raid victory graphic in neon magenta.

Ted Blockson stands at the console, hoodie QR patches glowing under the rack lights. Three hardware wallets clip to his belt. His backwards HODL cap sits crooked.

The LED wall flickers. Drake Mint appears, tanned and crisp in a suit, blockchain tie clip catching the light. He holds a physical briefcase shaped like a cold wallet. His image fills the screen like a corporate keynote.

DRAKE MINT

Retail holders, this is your notice. Effective immediately, forty percent of the SuperTed supply has been reallocated to a more efficient liquidity structure.

Ted steps back. His voice cracks.

TED BLOCKSON

Forty percent? You forked the holder list? How did you even copy the multisig keys without triggering the oracle, Drake?

Drake smiles without warmth. The screen splits: on one side, Drake continues his address; on the other, a live wallet tracker renders in real time. Pixelated avatars of retail holders begin flashing red as their balances drain into a new contract address.

DRAKE MINT

The community has spoken with its keys. SuperTed was never designed for long-term sustainability. We are simply correcting that design flaw at scale.

TED BLOCKSON

You said you were raiding the testnet with us? That was a honeypot? The floor's already sliding, ser, this isn't a correction, this is a straight liquidation event?

The LED wall shows the price chart spiking downward. Magenta sell walls stack in real time. A low transaction beep echoes through the racks, then another, then a cascade. Ted's laptop on the console pings with Discord alerts rendered as physical pop-ups floating above the screen.

DRAKE MINT

Market participants are free to exit at any time. We recommend they do so before the remaining supply experiences further volatility.

Ted slams a hardware wallet against the console. It cracks open, QR code fragments scattering like broken tokens.

TED BLOCKSON

You can't just dump forty percent into the book and call it a correction? The boys are still in the pool, Drake. They held through the testnet raid?

The screen shows one final retail wallet emptying. The chart flatlines for a beat, then drops again. Drake's image remains composed, briefcase steady at his side.

DRAKE MINT

Holding is a choice. So is exiting. Good evening.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks pulse with electric blue status lights. Cables snake across the grated floor like tripwires. Cold air blasts from overhead vents, breath fogging in the neon cyan wash. A giant LED wall displays live charts: \$SUPERTED price ticking downward in jagged red drops.

Brock Ape stands rigid in front of the wall, his leather jacket pixel-art patches flickering. His neck tattoo ape crown distorts into jagged blocks. A low transaction beep echoes from every rack.

BROCK

Ser. Something's off with the peg.

Zane Gas hunches over his laptop covered in NFT stickers, fingers flying across keys. The screen reflects in his noise-canceling headphones shaped like modems.

ZANE

Drake bots flooding the Discord channel. FUD packets hitting the mempool.

Brock's right arm glitches first. Fingers stretch into floating squares, then snap back. The ape tattoo crawls up his neck like corrupted code.

BROCK

My bags. They're not holding.

The LED wall flashes magenta warnings. Liquidity lines fracture on the chart. Brock's shoulders slump as another patch of his jacket dissolves into 8-bit static.

ZANE

De-pegging confirmed. Your avatar hash is drifting.

Brock swings a massive fist at the nearest rack. The blow lands with a metallic clang but his knuckles pixelate mid-swing, scattering cyan squares across the floor.

BROCK

(booming, slow)

Not today, ser. Not while the boys still hold.

Zane doesn't look up. His voice stays flat even as the temperature drops another degree.

ZANE

Forty percent supply already routed to Drake's cold wallet. Your floor is next.

Brock's left leg buckles. Pixels crawl up his calf, turning solid muscle into

stuttering blocks that lag behind his movement. He grabs a server handle to steady himself. The handle bends like rubber.

BROCK

Tell Ted. Tell him the ape's still in the fight.

Zane closes his laptop. The LED wall behind him shows the price chart flatlining into a single red line. Brock's entire torso now flickers between flesh and low-res outline.

ZANE

Too late. The bots just copied your private key signature.

Brock's laugh comes out as a broken bark, half digital skip. His shaved head fractures into a grid of glowing squares. The remaining real flesh around his eyes stays wide.

BROCK

Then we burn what's left. Ser.

The racks hum louder. Blue lights strobe in sync with the dropping chart. Brock's final visible patch—an ape wearing a crown—detaches and floats away like a loose NFT before vanishing into the cold air.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks pulse with electric blue status lights. Cables snake across the grated floor like exposed veins. Cold air blasts from overhead vents, turning every breath into fog. TED BLOCKSON stands at a terminal, hoodie QR codes glowing faint cyan under the strip lighting. His backwards HODL cap sits crooked. A hardware wallet clipped to his belt beeps once, then twice.

Drake Mint steps from between two racks, briefcase cold-wallet in hand, blockchain tie clip catching the server glow. His suit remains immaculate.

DRAKE MINT

Community sentiment analysis indicates a temporary liquidity adjustment. Holders are encouraged to review our updated whitepaper for optimized yield strategies.

Ted's laptop screen fractures into dozens of smaller windows. Bot avatars pour through the cracks, pixelated mouths chanting in unison. Text overlays bloom across every monitor: "RUG IMMINENT," "DEV WALLET DUMPING," "FLOOR AT ZERO." The voices layer over the fan hum until they become a single mechanical drone.

TED BLOCKSON

That's not real, right? The chat's just spamming because the testnet raid worked? We still control the multisig?

DRAKE MINT

Market participants retain full autonomy. Our fork simply offers superior tokenomics and audited security. Retention of \$SUPERTED exposure remains a personal decision.

Ted yanks his phone from a cargo pocket. The banking app loads in stuttering magenta. Balance: \$0.00. The number blinks, then updates to negative six dollars in overdraft fees. Ted's voice cracks on the last syllable.

TED BLOCKSON

My account's drained? The liquidity pool was supposed to be locked? How is this even happening on-chain?

A server rack two aisles over shorts out with a sharp transaction beep. More bot text scrolls: "TED RUGGED THE BOYS," "SELL NOW OR HODL ZERO." The messages physically stack on the LED walls like falling ticker tape, covering the live mint counter until it reads only zeros.

DRAKE MINT

We advise all remaining holders to migrate before the next epoch. Our team is committed to transparent communication and long-term value creation.

Ted stares at the phone screen until it dims. The FUD text crawls onto his hoodie, QR codes rewriting themselves into red downward arrows. The hardware wallet at his hip emits one final, dying beep.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks pulse with electric blue status lights. Cables snake across grated floors. Cold air blasts from overhead vents, turning every breath into fog. A massive LED wall dominates the far end, its neon magenta and cyan charts flickering.

TED BLOCKSON stands center, his QR-code hoodie torn at the sleeves, hardware wallets dangling from his belt. The SuperTed cape clings to his back, ledger emblem dimming by the second. BROCK APE looms to his left, shaved head gleaming under the lights, leather jacket heavy with pixel patches. ZANE GAS hunches over a terminal to the right, oversized hoodie swallowing his frame, modem headphones clamped tight.

The LED wall flashes red. Liquidity numbers cascade downward in real time. A river of glowing tokens drains into a bottomless pit graphic. The main pool counter plummets from 2.4M to 1.1M.

TED BLOCKSON

No no no, that's the community vault. Drake's forking the whole thing?

BROCK APE

Ser. It's moving faster than my last rug.

Zane's fingers fly across the keyboard. A transaction log explodes across his screen in green text.

ZANE GAS

Bridge contract compromised. Thirty seconds to zero.

The mint counter on the wall ticks down: 847... 412... 19. The SuperTed cape flickers once, twice, then the glow dies completely. The ledger emblem turns matte black.

TED BLOCKSON

We were at ten thousand holders. I told them to ape in. This is on me?

BROCK APE

(barking a short laugh)

Floor price is just a number, Ted. Until it's zero.

The final mint digit rolls to 000. The LED wall goes black for three full

seconds, then reboots into a single red line: LIQUIDITY DRAINED. The hum of the server fans spikes louder, a rising whine.

Ted drops to one knee. The cape lies flat against the grated floor like dead fabric. Zane doesn't look up from his screen.

ZANE GAS

All wallets linked to the pool show zero. Including yours.

Ted stares at his own hardware wallet clipped to his belt. The tiny screen reads BALANCE: 0.0000. His voice cracks.

TED BLOCKSON

They trusted the contract. I trusted the contract. What do we even tell the boys now?

Brock's ape tattoo flexes as he crosses his arms. The blue server lights reflect off his jacket patches like dying stars.

BROCK APE

We tell them the truth, ser. Game over.

The LED wall stays dark. Only the steady thrum of cooling fans fills the room.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

The hall sits empty. Folding tables stretch into shadow, their beige surfaces littered with crushed Red Bull cans and abandoned hardware wallets. The giant LED wall behind them glows a flat zero. No mint counter. No price chart. Only the low residual hum of cooling fans that refuse to shut off.

TED BLOCKSON sits alone at the center table. Hoodie sleeves rolled to the elbows, QR-code patches dulled by dried sweat. His backwards cap sits crooked. The three monitors in front of him are black except for one that flickers the final transaction log: LIQUIDITY POOL DRAINED. He turns the dead hardware wallet over in his hands. The clamshell case is cold. No light leaks from the seam. The pixel cape that once clipped inside is gone.

Ted presses the power button anyway. Nothing. He tries again, thumb jamming harder. The wallet stays dark. He sets it down and stares at the blank screen where the SuperTed avatar used to step out. His shoulders curl forward. One hand drifts to the empty belt loops where his other wallets used to hang.

A single cyan status light on a distant server rack pulses once, then dies. The sound of his own breathing fills the space. Ted picks up the wallet again, opens it, and runs a finger along the empty clip. His mouth moves but no words come out at first.

TED BLOCKSON

They trusted the contract. They trusted me.

He closes the wallet. The click echoes. He leans back, eyes fixed on the dead LED wall, the weight of every drained wallet settling across the empty tables around him.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Three monitors flicker on the folding table, their cyan glow cutting through the

dark. Crushed energy drink cans lie scattered across the beige laminate. The live mint counter sits frozen at zero. A hardware wallet rests open like a clamshell, its interior light dead.

Ted Blockson slumps in the chair, hoodie hood pulled low over his backwards cap. His finger traces the dead screen. Zane Gas stands behind him, laptop balanced on one forearm, oversized hoodie sleeves brushing the table edge.

ZANE

Multisig still active. Community keys untouched.

Ted doesn't turn. His voice cracks on the last word.

TED

Doesn't matter? Drake drained the pool. Floor's zero. Everyone's gone.

ZANE

Three-of-five. You, Brock, me. Two more holders from the original mint. Still valid.

Ted spins the chair. The QR-code patches on his hoodie catch the magenta edge of a dying monitor.

TED

We burn them? All of them? That's it, we're locked out forever?

ZANE

Exactly. One final tx. No private keys left to sign. Drake's fork dies with the supply.

Ted stands. His cargo shorts jingle with empty wallet clips. He paces two steps, stops at the giant LED wall now showing flatlined charts.

TED

The Boys trusted the contract? We torch their bags too?

ZANE

They trusted the wallet. Not the price. Zane taps a single key. The screen splits: one pane shows the multisig address pulsing in electric blue, the other a blank transaction window.

ZANE

We broadcast the burn. Ledger burns. No more mints. No more forks.

Ted stares at the pulsing address. His hand hovers over the enter key again, same as the mint night, but slower.

TED

Brock's ape de-pegged. My bank's empty. This actually works?

ZANE

It already does. Just needs the signatures.

Ted exhales, voice steadying into the familiar tech-bro rhythm.

TED

We call Brock. We do it live. On the wall. No more holding. We end it.

Zane nods once. The laptop screen reflects in his noise-canceling headphones. Ted pulls his own hardware wallet from the belt loop and sets it beside Zane's open machine. Both devices beep once in sync, transaction confirmations loading in sharp cyan bursts.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of server racks pulse electric blue. Cables snake across the grated floor like tripwires. Cold air fogs every breath. A giant LED wall dominates the far end, its surface displaying a live blockchain explorer scaled to ten feet high. Transaction hashes scroll like ticker tape.

Ted Blockson sprints in first, hoodie flapping, hardware wallets clinking on his belt. Brock Ape follows, massive shoulders hunched, leather jacket streaked with server dust. Zane Gas trails, laptop under one arm, socks already damp from the floor.

TED BLOCKSON

We're live on the multisig. Zane, confirm the burn address?

Zane drops the laptop onto a rack. Keys clack in precise bursts.

ZANE GAS

Address matches. Gas at 420. Execute in the next ninety seconds or the fork reopens.

Brock pounds a fist against a rack. The metal rings.

BROCK APE

Ser. We burn now. No more holding.

Ted pulls three physical keys from his belt loops. They glow faint cyan. He tosses one to Brock, one to Zane. The LED wall flares magenta as the keys sync.

TED BLOCKSON

On three we sign. Brock, you watch the east racks. Zane, you handle the fee channel. I'll push the final hash?

Zane nods once, already typing.

ZANE GAS

Channel open. Drones incoming in thirty.

Brock plants himself between two racks, arms crossed like a barricade.

BROCK APE

Let them come. Ser.

Ted steps to the LED wall. His fingers swipe across the glowing interface. The explorer zooms to the community wallet. A red burn button materializes at chest height.

TED BLOCKSON

Contract verified. Private keys confirmed. We're locking it down for good?

The wall beeps a chiptune chord that distorts into static. Three signature slots appear, empty.

ZANE GAS

Slot one ready. Slot two ready. Slot three waiting on you.

Ted raises his key. Brock and Zane do the same. The keys click into the wall like cartridges. The explorer screen flashes. The burn transaction hash begins populating, character by character.

BROCK APE

(barking laugh)

Floor price dies here, ser.

TED BLOCKSON

Burn initiated. Community wallet locked. Drake can't touch it now.

The LED wall surges brighter. The racks hum louder. Ted's hands shake as the final percentage ticks toward one hundred.

INT. BLOCKCHAIN SERVER FARM - NIGHT

Rows of black server racks pulse with electric blue status lights. Fog from the freezing air curls around cable-grated floors. A giant LED wall dominates the far end, displaying the live SuperTed contract in massive pixel font. Three hardware wallets lie open on a folding table, their QR codes glowing magenta.

Security drones the size of briefcases swarm from ceiling vents, rotors whining. Red targeting lasers sweep across the racks.

TED BLOCKSON stands at the center terminal, hoodie torn, hardware wallets still clipped to his shorts. His finger hovers over the multisig execute button.

TED BLOCKSON

We burn the keys on three. Community wallet only. No one walks away with the liquidity this time?

BROCK APE slams a drone out of the air with a pixel-art patch from his jacket. The machine explodes into a shower of QR codes that scatter across the floor.

BROCK APE

Ser. On your mark.

ZANE GAS kneels at the secondary rack, laptop open, typing in short precise bursts. Another drone dives; he sidesteps without looking up.

ZANE GAS

Gas spike at forty-two percent. Transaction window closing in eleven seconds.

DRAKE MINT steps from behind a server rack, tanned and calm, briefcase cold-wallet in hand. His suit remains immaculate.

DRAKE MINT

Gentlemen. The fork is already live. Your holders have been migrated. This burn changes nothing except your legal exposure.

Ted's screen flashes red. Drake's signature appears on the override field.

TED BLOCKSON

Override rejected. Zane, reroute through the testnet bridge!

ZANE GAS

Bridge is a toll. We pay with the remaining ape collateral.

BROCK APE grabs a hardware wallet from the table and hurls it like a grenade. It detonates mid-air, spraying cyan light that shorts two incoming drones.

BROCK APE

Collateral spent, ser!

The LED wall updates. The burn transaction counter ticks to 66 percent.

DRAKE MINT

Your community multisig requires unanimous keys. I still hold mine.

Ted looks at the final hardware wallet, then at his own trembling hands.

TED BLOCKSON

Not anymore. We're burning all three at once.

He nods to Brock and Zane. They each press their devices against the terminal simultaneously. The screens flare neon magenta.

The burn completes. The contract address on the LED wall turns solid black. Drake's override signature vanishes.

DRAKE MINT

That is not possible. The private keys-

ZANE GAS

Burned. Irreversible. Floor price now reads zero for you.

The remaining drones power down and clatter to the grated floor. Drake's briefcase emits a single sharp transaction beep, then goes dark.

BROCK APE

(barking laugh)

Ser.

Ted stares at the dead wall. One final line of green text appears: COMMUNITY WALLET LOCKED.

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - DAWN

Empty folding tables stretch under harsh overhead fluorescents now mixing with pale sunrise light bleeding through high windows. Crushed energy drink cans lie scattered across the floor like spent shells. The giant LED wall stands dark, its last price chart frozen at zero.

TED BLOCKSON, late 20s, hoodie stitched with QR codes now faded at the seams, cargo shorts sagging with empty hardware wallet clips, stands alone before a single picture frame mounted on the wall. Inside the frame rests one remaining SuperTed token, its pixel cape rendered in matte black against the conference hall's dull beige.

Ted stares at it without blinking. The contract address on the token catches the first real sunlight. Outside the windows the rest of the conference center sits vacant, banners for rival tokens already torn down.

He reaches up, fingers hovering over the glass. A low fan hum still echoes from the cooling vents. No keyboards click. No transaction beeps. Just the slow shift of magenta dawn light across the empty tables.

Ted lowers his hand. He keeps looking at the token, shoulders slack, the backwards HODL cap tilted forward to shade his eyes from the rising sun.

Shot List

INT. CRYPTO CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

#1	WIDE	STATIC	<p>Glowing hardware wallet on beige folding table amid crushed Red Bull cans, three monitors flickering cyan and magenta RGB under fluorescent tubes, live mint counter at 9,847.</p> <p><i>Establishes the neon-drenched crypto war room as physical battleground per style bible.</i></p>
#2	MEDIUM	DOLLY-IN	<p>Ted Blockson in QR-code hoodie and backwards HODL cap, finger hovering over enter key as wallet vibrates and clamshell lid pops open revealing SuperTed pixel cape.</p> <p><i>Same space continuation from wide establishing shot; introduces protagonist's trembling anticipation before the 10k threshold.</i></p>
#3	CLOSE	STATIC	<p>Mint counter jumps to 10,000; central monitor cracks with spiderweb fractures as electric blue light spills outward.</p> <p><i>Reaction to Ted's exhale in prior shot; escalates absurdity as blockchain mechanics become literal physical destruction.</i></p>
#4	MEDIUM	HANDHELD	<p>Cut to: SuperTed's pixel cape pulsing inside the glowing hardware wallet while Ted stands frozen, room fluorescents dimming to leave only neon wallet light.</p> <p><i>Camera switching to the emerging avatar; cause->effect from monitor crack, treating code as physical law.</i></p>
#1	WIDE	STATIC	<p>Three monitors on folding table, mint counter frozen at 10,000, crushed Red Bull cans rolling, SuperTed now standing on table with rippling pixel cape and glowing ledger emblem.</p> <p><i>Establishes new beat in same hall; continuation from avatar emergence.</i></p>
#2	OVER-SHOULDER	STATIC	<p>Brock Ape leaning over Ted's shoulder, leather jacket creaking, ape tattoo flexing, barking laugh that rattles Ted's belt-loop hardware wallets.</p> <p><i>Reaction to SuperTed's appearance in prior shot; introduces Brock's floor-price mantra as physical tension.</i></p>
#3	CLOSE	STATIC	<p>Zane Gas locked on second screen, oversized hoodie sleeves bunched, modem headphones blinking, gas window at 38 seconds.</p> <p><i>Same space continuation; cuts urgency into the debate without breaking fan-hum base layer.</i></p>
#4	TWO-SHOT	HANDHELD	<p>Ted and Brock facing SuperTed whose ledger emblem pulses once, transaction beep cutting through fan hum as mint counter resets to zero.</p> <p><i>Reaction to Zane's timer warning; escalates absurdity as the avatar responds to dialogue.</i></p>

THEY CAME FOR THE BAGS. HE CAME FOR REVENGE.



ZACH WOODS · KIERSEY CLEMONS · JERMAINE FOWLER · BRENTON THWAITES

SUPERTEED: THE BOYS

\$SUPERTEED

STARRING ZACH WOODS · KIERSEY CLEMONS · JERMAINE FOWLER · BRENTON THWAITES
MUSIC BY CLIPPING · EDITED BY KELLY DIXON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LARKIN SEAGLE · PRODUCED BY NEON & FOCUS FEATURES

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ALEX RIVERA
AN AI-PRODUCED FILM · COLOR · 2026

MPAA RATING
PG-13
PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13

FOCUS
FEATURES

SUPERTEED: THE BOYS

\$SUPERTEED

Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS

PROTAGONIST

late 20s

Human male, late 20s, pale skin from monitor glow, messy brown hair under a backwards cap printed with 'HODL'. Wears a hoodie stitched with QR codes and cargo shorts with multiple hardware wallets clipped to the belt loops.



DEUTERAGONIST

early 30s

Human male, early 30s, massive shoulders, shaved head, neck tattoo of a cartoon ape wearing a crown. Always wears a leather jacket with pixel-art patches of famous rugs.



CHARACTERS

SUPPORTING

mid 20s

Human male, mid 20s, rail-thin, messy black hair, always in oversized hoodies and socks with sandals. Carries a laptop covered in old NFT stickers.



ANTAGONIST

early 40s

Human male, early 40s, tanned, expensive suit with blockchain tie clip, perfect hair, always holding a physical briefcase shaped like a cold wallet.



Locations

2 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS



INT.

Long folding tables covered in laptops, three monitors per station, floor littered with crushed cans, giant LED wall showing live mint counter and price chart.

Harsh fluorescent overheads mixed with pulsing RGB from screens, constant low hum of cooling fans.

LOCATIONS



INT.

Rows of black server racks glowing with blue status lights, cables snaking across grated floors, temperature so cold breath fogs on entry.

Industrial blue and white, sterile, echoing with the sound of massive fans.

Storyboard

30 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6



STORYBOARD

FRAME 7



FRAME 8



STORYBOARD

FRAME 9



FRAME 10



STORYBOARD

FRAME 11



FRAME 12



STORYBOARD

FRAME 13



FRAME 14



STORYBOARD

FRAME 15



FRAME 16



STORYBOARD

FRAME 17



FRAME 18



STORYBOARD

FRAME 19



FRAME 20



STORYBOARD

FRAME 21



FRAME 22



STORYBOARD

FRAME 23



FRAME 24



STORYBOARD

FRAME 25



FRAME 26



STORYBOARD

FRAME 27



FRAME 28



STORYBOARD

FRAME 29



FRAME 30

