

\$KWEG

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Screenplay generated by bMovies



FADE IN:**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), wiry in a mismatched tweed jacket and flip-flops, hunches over a keyboard, muttering. His face glows in the monitor's acid green, 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 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 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 \$KWEG 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 \$KWEW 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 \$KWEW 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 \$KWEW 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. \$KWEW 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. \$KWEW will
rise... unless I'm nothing. No. No!

He slams a fist into the desk, ramen cups rattling. The monitors flicker, \$KWEW 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, \$KWEG 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, \$KWEG.
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. \$KWEG 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