

THE WYLDE CARD  
A SHORT FILM.

Written by

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Prequel short to:  
"The Wylde Side"

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FADE IN:

INT. THE WYLDE HOUSE - MATTYS ROOM - MORNING

Light creeps through vertical blinds and a closed curtain - shines on an ALARM CLOCK - GIMBY (a pocket pal monster, fluffy, smiling but in an action pose)- The clock turns to "7:00 a.m" - Gimby comes to life - eyes light up:

GIMBY CLOCK

Gooooo morning. Are you ready for  
an action-packed, pocket pal day?!

In a small, rocket shaped bed a child - MATTY (7) stirs.

At the door to the room - a man, JOE WYLDE (mid 40's, mild mannered, bearded, shaggy hair) enters, dressed, drying his hair, already set up for the day, he smiles looking over to the bed.

JOE WYLDE

Morning sleepy head. Time to get up  
for school.

(beat, smiles then)

Cause you know what day it is  
Matty!

Mattys eyes PING OPEN wide - he GASPS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WYLDE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

TOAST pops out the toaster - Joe grabs it and butters it.  
Behind him - Matty sifts through a binder of trading cards.

MATTY

I hope I get a Grenafix.

(beat then)

No. No. I hope I get a  
Superbliminal. Maybe a Gimby.

Joe puts the plate down in front of Matty - he makes like he has a clue, but he doesn't.

JOE WYLDE

That all sounds awesome.

(hesitates then)

But listen buddy. I can't guarantee  
I will get them. But I will try.

That I do promise.

MATTY  
I know. I know. But, I'm just  
excited.

Joe ruffles Mattys hair, then:

JOE WYLDE  
Excited enough to eat your  
breakfast I hope, now c'mon. Times-  
a-tickin' little man.

Matty takes a large-wide-eyed bite of toast - CRUNCH.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING.

Joe and Matty walk alongside each other approaching the gates of an unusually quiet morning. A few other kids of various ages hang around by the gates, a couple of parents talk and vape and MR. TRENT - (the school gatekeeper, wears high-viz) stands guard by the main gates.

MR. TRENT  
(chipper)  
Morning Mr. Wylde. Hey there,  
little Matty.

MATTY  
Morning Mr. Trent.

JOE WYLDE  
Quiet this morning Mr. Trent?

MR. TRENT  
It'll pick-up. Seen a few kids walk  
on to town...

Something catches his attention.

MR. TRENT (CONT'D)  
(yells out)  
Oi. Steven. Put that stick down,  
it's not for that  
(back to Joe)  
Sorry about that..  
(under breath)  
Bloody kids.

JOE WYLDE  
(shrugs)  
It's all good.

Joe kneels down - meets Matty eye level.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)  
I'll do my best. I promise. Have  
the best day. Okay!

Joe kisses Matty on the top of his head - Matty walks off  
towards the school.

Another kid, TRAVIS (7) yells out- rushes up to Matty.

TRAVIS  
Matty! Matty! I got a Grenguardio!

Matty and Travis walk down into the school grounds together.

MATTY  
That's awesome. My dads now going  
to get me some.

TRAVIS  
Good luck. My mum's got me a box  
for after-school, she's picking up  
more though and it's selling out  
quick up town.

Joe watches as Matty walks off with Travis - he takes in a  
deep breath.

MR. TRENT  
Don't tell me you're now off to  
join that madness?

A beat - Joe gets PTSD just from thinking about it, he snaps  
out of it - turns back to Mr. Trent then,

JOE WYLDE  
Reluctantly. Yes.

SWIPE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - KIOSK - LATER

Joe enters the supermarket - people pass him by.

His phone rings - he takes it from his pocket and answers,  
his tone- light, happy.

JOE WYLDE  
Hey good morning, you'd left before  
I got up.

On the other end of the line, ALEXA (30's, soft, warm voice)

ALEXA (V.O.)  
Hey. How was it this morning?

JOE WYLDE  
Kid was like a jet engine soon as  
he woke up and realized the day.

ALEXA (V.O.)  
I thought I'd ring to wish you  
luck.

Joe approaches the kiosk, it's quiet -

He stops - something catches his attention, it's not good.

JOE WYLDE  
Thanks.

A sign on the kiosk - "POCKET PAL FRIENDS - ALL SOLD OUT"

JOE WYLDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Think I might need it.

ALEXA (V.O.)  
Just remember. We love you. And  
Matty will still kinda love you if  
you can't get any.

Joe scoffs - raises a brow:

JOE WYLDE  
Only kinda.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - MORNING

A quaint, rural town, the sun shines, it's a clear blue day -

Few people walk around as shops are opening.

Joe stands at a cross path - posed like a warrior ready for  
battle.

He turns his head left -

Down the street - a queue forms outside a games store - "THE  
CONSOLE DEN", a notice board outside the door - "POCKET PALS  
IN STOCK - LIMITED QUANTITY" the queue already looking quite  
impatient and stretches down the street.

Joe narrows his eyes - he turns his head to centre path -

THE POST OFFICE - not yet open, no queue in sight.

Joes brow raises - he walks on, as he takes a step a blue works van with a banner - "THE SEWER STREET BOYS" on it's side SWERVES past Joe, driving straight.

Joe stops - frustrated, he yells out:

JOE WYLDE  
It's a pedestrian walk-way you  
prick!

Joe shakes it off - he continues on - then - BOOM he walks into a guy in a GIMBY COSTUME.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry.

The GIMBY (shorter than Joe) doesn't speak, just does a cute shrug and shuffles off - Joe continues.

EXT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe approaches the entrance to the post office - the van parked on his right-side.

Joe notices - the windows are tinted.

He bites his lip.

Just as he gets to the main entrance, a suited woman - PATRICIA barges past Joe to take the front place.

PATRICIA  
Sorry Joe, I'm in a rush.

JOE WYLDE  
Oh- Hey - uh - Travis's mum?

PATRICIA  
It's Patricia.

She holds at least ten packs in her hand shuffling to get them into her small handbag.

JOE WYLDE  
Buying some more cards for Travis?

PATRICIA  
(dismissive)  
Huh? Yeah. Sure.

More people join the queue behind Joe.

JOE WYLDE  
 Can't believe how crazy this hype  
 is huh?

Patricia ignores Joe - writes a text on her phone.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)  
 Cool.

Joe turns -

The queue now down the street.

The MANAGER comes from out the post office - he already looks tired, pissed off and not ready for this, he rolls his eyes and yells to the crowd.

MANAGER  
 If you're coming for the cards it's  
 two per customer!

He unlocks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe stands behind Patricia patiently- she argues with the Manager.

PATRICIA  
 Come on. I'll give you fifty quid  
 plus whatever the box costs.  
 (leans in, then)  
 You know you can do it.

MANAGER  
 (stern, annoyed)  
 Lady. You think you're the first to  
 come in here and try that?  
 (beat)  
 No. It's every time. Now take the  
 two cards, pay and go. How about  
 that?

Patricia scowls -

behind her Joe attempts to hold back a chuckle.

She taps her card payment machine - SNATCHES the cards and walks away.

Joe approaches the counter, he smiles:

JOE WYLDE

Alright mate. Can I get two of those card packs please.

Patricia - power walks towards the entrance, in a world of her own -

As she approaches the main door - BANG - she walks into someone -

She rolls her eyes - angry mum mode, full Karen activated still not paying attention.

PATRICIA

Hey, what the --

Her eyes match up with the man - they widen, terror present.

He wears a black suit, his identity obscured by a large fluffy Gimby mask, he holds a SUB MACHINE GUN in his one hand - THE LEAD ROBBER (50's) puts the index finger of his free hand to Patricia's mouth - leans in.

LEAD ROBBER

Shush.

He turns his free hand to a claw - engulfs Patricia's face and pushes her back into the shop -

The lead Robber pushes her down - he marches towards the counter - behind him four other robbers each wearing pocket pal masks (HOGGERINO, PONYTRON, MAGASHA and SUPERBLIMINAL) of their own, each holding a gun, all wearing black suits carrying satchels.

Superbliminal locks the door - as the lead robber YELLS OUT, his voice, still soft, a little almost whiny:

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)

Alright, you all know what this is.  
I want to see hands in the air,  
knees on the floor.

The robbers charge the shop - they aim guns yelling at the patrons - their voices are hash, demanding:

MAGASHA MASK

Get on the floor -

PONYTRON MASK

Get those hands up!

Lead Robber approaches the counter - he's calm composed.

LEAD ROBBER

No funny business. We get what we want and we leave - that simple really.

Joe raises hands - two packs of cards in his left.

MANAGER

(calm, but irritated)  
There's no money in the post office. We have two grand tops.

JOE WYLDE

(soft, calm)  
Why don't you take it easy. No one wants to get hurt here.

Lead Robber turns to the Manager - tilts his head.

LEAD ROBBER

(condescending)  
Do we look like we're here for the money?

The Lead Robber nods to the box of POCKET PALS behind the manager.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)

We want that. All of it.

MANAGER

Are you serious?

Lead Robber - levels his gun to the managers head.

The other robbers loom - over the patrons - they thrust guns in their faces.

LEAD ROBBER (V.O.)

What part of this isn't looking serious?

Ponytron Mask secures the doors - he connects a tablet to the alarm system, taps at the screen, turns to the Lead robber.

PONYTRON MASK

We got two minutes.

The Superbliminal Mask works their way down the queue of people.

SUPERBLIMINAL MASK

(yells)  
Turn out pockets and bags. Now!

Magasha mask holds a sack open and moves down the queue -

TEENAGERS, MUMS, OLDER COLLECTORS - they throw their multiple packs of cards into a sack tossed in front of them.

Joe - calm, takes a breath then:

JOE WYLDE

You don't have to do this?

The lead robber turns to Joe - keeps his gun pointed at the manager. Mocks Joe:

LEAD ROBBER

Oh look at John McClaine here...

Still with gun pointed to Manager - Lead Robber steps upto Joe - he almost growls as he speaks through his mask:

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)

Please. You lot are no better than us. Least we're honest about that. Look at you all. Your just buying them to extort kids dreams.

(leans in closer)

It's sick.

He plucks the cards from Joes hands -

Joes eyes shift to the hand - then back to the robber, his tone now holds a hint of calm anger:

JOE WYLDE

I was buying them for my son.

LEAD ROBBER

Do I look interested? Empty those pockets out.

Joe relents - he pulls his pockets out - empty, just his wallet and keys:

Lead robber almost can't believe it - sniggers then:

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)

Wow. Your kids going to be real disappointed then.

The Lead Robber presses the nozzle of the gun against Joes temple.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)

On your knees Mr. Dad.

Joe complies - his eyes locked on the lead robber.

Ponytron Mask searches Patricia down- pulls out multiple packs and a box from her handbag -

Ponytron Mask turns to Lead Robber:

PONYTRON MASK  
Got the jackpot with this one.

Lead Robber gives a proud nod - swirls his hand in the air and SNAPS his fingers:

LEAD ROBBER  
Wrap this up time to go!

The robbers leave - Lead Robber following their rear - he turns back at the door - turns and salutes:

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
It's been a pleasure.

Joe glares with a burning anger - notices something - eyes widen:

The sub machine gun is leaking paint from it's nozzle.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
Be seeing you.

Lead Robber leaves -

The post office - almost silent bar a few sobs the tone - confusion.

Joe - gets to his feet - storms towards the door -

Through the doors - the van SCREECHES away.

The manager scrambles from behind the counter - tremble in his voice:

MANAGER  
Nobody goes anywhere. I'm calling  
the police.

Joe glaring through the glass doors - anger, adrenaline coarse through his veins - he takes a breath in, recomposes. Pulls his phone - dials - a beat then:

JOE WYLDE  
(a beat then)  
Hey. Honey, I need you to pick  
Matty up from school.

The ALARM starts to sound - a red light FLASHES over Joe.

FADE TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Police tape covers the post office entrance, two UNIFORMED OFFICERS stand guard outside.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)  
And that's all you can tell us?

Joe - leans on the police car - coffee in hand.

Next to him - a POLICE OFFICER (20's, jittery, green) takes notes.

JOE WYLDE  
Yeah. That's about it...  
(sips coffee then)  
What's going to happen?

POLICE OFFICER  
If I'm honest. Not a lot. These  
guys are organized. Hit four other  
stores in as many towns today.

JOE WYLDE  
For trading cards?

POLICE OFFICER  
You'd be surprised. I've been  
collecting Pocket Pals for fifteen  
years myself.  
(beat then)  
You know someone sold one of those  
cards for twenty grand the other  
week.

JOE WYLDE  
(surprised)  
One card?

POLICE OFFICER  
Yeah. Crazy right?  
(puts notepad away then)  
Look, if you think of anything else  
give us a call.

JOE WYLDE  
I will. Thank you.

Joe walks away - brow narrows - he's focused - takes his phone and puts it to his ear.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)  
Hey. I need a favour.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A secluded, long abandoned nightclub, it's carpark cracked, worn, unattended, only a van under a blue tarp- parked at the back of the building.

A dim light flickers from inside, barely visible through the holes in the smashed out windows.

LEAD ROBBER (V.O.)  
So. What's the count?

INT. ABANDONED NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Inside - the old interior is rundown - a table in the middle of what was the dance floor stacked with Pocket Pal cards, opened and broken into piles, others still yet to be opened.

The robbers sit around the table - their masks down and off in front of them, the mood is joyful.

Magasha Mask - (mid 30's greasy long hair, stubble) holds a deck of cards in his hand - looks pleased:

MAGASHA MASK  
At least fifty artist editions,  
that's a good few grand. We can  
Ebay that through our channels.

Ponytron Mask - (late 20's, well presented) sits feet up - working on a tablet and smoking a vape pen.

PONYTRON MASK  
I'm listing those as we speak.

Lead Robber - (part Hans Gruber, part Ricky Gervais) sits forward snatches the vape pen from Ponytron Mask.

LEAD ROBBER  
I told you no smoking around the  
cards. It will lower the value.

Lead Robber - sits back in chair - picks up a glass of whiskey swirls it around with his hand, something bothers him.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
We did well today.

The other robbers - smirks they look to their leader - proud.

The lead robber pulls up his gun - it's leaking paint.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
But, what in the Temu is this  
garbage?

PONYTRON MASK  
It was what was available at short  
notice.

The lead robber SHOOTS Ponytron Mask -

A blob of paint splatters across Ponytrons chest.

LEAD ROBBER  
Next time do better.

PONYTRON MASK  
(unamused)  
Really? This is a two-hundred quid  
suit.

LEAD ROBBER  
More fool you. It's a robbery not a  
fucking fashion show.

SUPERBLIMINAL MASK  
We also got three hundred super  
rare or above. Three months my guy  
down south gives us fifty-quid a  
card.

Lead Robber - sips the Scotch, savours the flavour, smirks then:

LEAD ROBBER  
We sell these give it a month. Hit  
down South.

The power goes out - darkness - silence.

CLICK - torch light - lead Robber holds the light.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
 (to Magasha)  
 I thought you were supposed to fuel  
 up the Genny?

MAGASHA MASK  
 I did. It was.

LEAD ROBBER  
 Well you didn't cause we don't have  
 any power.

He tosses the torch to Magasha Mask -

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
 Check it out.

Magasha Mask leaves - grumbles under his breath.

Lead Robber turns on another torch - addresses the rest of  
 the table.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
 Seriously? Him with the Genny..  
 (turns to Ponytron)  
 You with the guns. Does anyone have  
 any competan-

CRASH - a noise from out back startles the table -

Lead Robber - slightly spooked -

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
 What was that?

He looks back - yells out:

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)  
 Gary? What the fuck you doing?

No reply -

Superbliminal Mask (30's, woman, holds a mean look) gets up.

SUPERBLIMINAL MASK  
 He's probably tripped over  
 something. I'll go check.

Superbliminal Mask walks away.

INT. ABANDONED NIGHT CLUB - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

A door opens - Superbliminal Mask stands in the doorway -

SUPERBLIMINAL MASK

Gary? What are you doing?

A long dark hallway - silence.

Superbliminal Mask walks the hallway -

SUPERBLIMINAL MASK (CONT'D)

Gary. I need to get back to feed my  
kids. Stop fucking about.

She stops at an intersection of rooms -

Something catches her periperhal - she turns - gasps.

Magasha Mask hangs upside down, mouth taped - His ankle  
cuffed to a visible low-hanging beam.

SUPERBLIMINAL MASK (CONT'D)

What the -

Suddenly - from the shadows of the room behind - hands reach  
out YANKS Superbliminal Mask into the shadows -

A THUD - A woman's GROAN- Then SILENCE:

From the shadows - Joe steps out - he's in black tactical  
gear, hair tied back - mean look in the eye - he turns to  
Magasha Mask and puts his fingers to hip lip, then whispers:

JOE WYLDE

Don't you go anywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED NIGHT CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lead Robber, Ponytron and Hoggerino Mask (50's, older man,  
biker type) - sit around the table - impatience kicking in.

HOGGERINO MASK

What's taking them so long?

LEAD ROBBER

Really? You ain't figured that one  
out yet.

HOGGERINO MASK

What are you talking about?

Ponytron Mask gestures that they're having sex -

HOGGERINO MASK (CONT'D)

(stunned)

No Way?!

Suddenly - the full lights come on - the three are confused.

PONYTRON MASK

What's going on? The generator  
doesn't pump out enough to light  
the place up.

JOE WYLDE (O.S.)

No. I helped with that.

The three spin around -

At the opposite end of the table - Joe - sat back, feet up-  
arms crossed.

Lead Robber recognizes him.

LEAD ROBBER

Mr. Dad?

Joe takes in a deep breath - sighs, looks up to the ceiling  
and answers, his tone light - almost chipper:

JOE WYLDE

Yeah, that's me. But -

He sits forward - arms low, tone more serious.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Before that. I was someone else. I  
was something else.

Ponytron bolts up - chair slides back - about to attack -

Joe levels a dart gun - PFT - doesn't even loose eye contact  
with Lead Robber.

The dart hits Ponytron Mask in the jugular - a beat - he  
pulls the dart out - looks at it - eyes crossed - THUD.

Joe eyes locked front and centre - continues:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Something a lot worse than a bunch  
cheap-looking card thieves.

Lead Robber calm - glares at Joe - takes another sip from the  
whiskey - leans forward - then:

LEAD ROBBER  
I'm guessing special forces?

JOE WYLDE  
Something like that.

Lead Robber rolls up the sleeve of his shirt -

A BLACK OPS TATTOO on his forearm.

LEAD ROBBER  
This is going to be fun.

His other arm lowers down his side - a KOSH BAR rolls out into his hand.

Joe - cold as ice - doesn't care:

JOE WYLDE  
Cool.  
(checks watch)  
We've got about two minutes.  
(stares at Lead Robber)  
So, let's dance.

Lead Robber and Hoggerino stand - chairs slide back - both ready to fight.

Joe - springs out of his chair - he pushes it back with his feet using the table as a spring board -

Cards scatter everywhere -

In the shadows - an intense fist fight goes down - GRUNTS, GROANS and the sound of fist POUNDING flesh - Sirens draw closer -A pack of unopened cards fly into frame:

TRANSITION TO:

INT. THE WYLDE HOUSE - MATTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAN OUT ON TRADING CARDS:

The sunlight shines on two-packs of trading cards resting against the Gimby Clock - the time ticks over to seven-a.m - the alarm clocks SPRINGS to life:

GIMBY CLOCK  
Gooood morning. Are you ready for  
an action-packed, pocket pal day?!

Matty awakens - his eyes fighting sleep, he rolls on his side - his eyes shoot open - he spots the cards -

Matty jumps out of bed - rushes out of his room - out to the landing and then into Joe and Alexa's bedroom - he leaps onto the bed where both Joe and Alexa are sleeping.

Joe stirs - he groans.

JOE WYLDE  
Morning buddy.

Matty clutches at his dad.

MATTY  
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you!

Joe - slightly visibly pained, musters a smile.

JOE WYLDE  
Hey. Don't mention it.

Joe's eyes focus -

Matty stands over him - unopened packs in hand:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)  
You not opened them yet?

Matty kisses Joe on the cheek, then:

MATTY  
No. I'm going to put them in my binder now!  
(to Alexa)  
Mummy, come on. Watch me open them!

Matty - excited, rushes out the room.

Joe groans and sits up out of bed - his ribs are bruised.

Alexa stirs - she notices the bruising.

ALEXA  
Are you okay?

Joe turns his head - he cradles his side and smile.

JOE WYLDE  
You should see the other guys.

His phone rings on the bedside table - the caller display "BROTHER BEN"

Joe answers -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)  
Hey. I owe you for that.

INT. AIRPORT/ CAFE - MORNING

BEN WYLDE (early 30's, stylish, clean, crisp, slightly-overconfident) sips a coffee - sits at a table in a busy cafe, his tone cool, more playful.

BEN WYLDE  
Hey. Don't mention it big bro.

He looks up to the hanging T.V

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)  
If I'm going to abuse my ability,  
I'm going to abuse it for family am  
I right?

ON THE TELEVISION:

News footage plays of police escorting the robbers out of the abandoned nightclub. The ticker reads "POCKET PAL THEFT RING APPREHENDED"

BEN WYLDE (V.O.)  
I see that information went to some  
good use.

Ben takes another sip of his coffee.

BEN WYLDE  
You sure I can't pull your arm to  
join me on this one? It'll be fun!  
I'm taking down an arms dealer.

INT. THE WYLDE HOUSE - JOES BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe opens his curtains- the light shines on him, he sighs, smiles and then:

JOE WYLDE  
No. Those days are well behind me.  
I'm all about my family now.

INT. AIRPORT/ CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Ben looks downbeat for a beat.

BEN WYLDE

Ah. Worth a shot. Look. I'll be back in a month. BBQ and beats when I'm back?

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)

Count on it. Be safe.

Ben stands up - he clasps his suitcase and pulls it along with him.

BEN WYLDE

I always am. Learned from the best.

Ben hangs up - he approaches a well dressed woman, ANNIE (mid 20's, handler, girlfriend) smirks.

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)

You ready for another Wylde adventure.

Annie looks firm at first- softly smiles:

ANNIE

Agent. Wylde. Shall we?

They walk alongside each other towards a gate - the screen above them says "ISLA DE CINQUE"

INT. THE WYLDE HOUSE - JOES BEDROOM

Joe tosses his phone on the bed, looks over to the door -

Matty rushes into the room - he holds a card up - elated:

MATTY

Oh my god! I got a golden Gimby!

The card - shines in light, it glitters at it's heart an image of a Gimby looking cheeky.

PAN IN ON CARD SHINE:

FADE TO BLACK:

JOE WYLDE WILL RETURN IN "THE WYLDE SIDE"

THE END.