

THE LITTLE WHITE KART

Written by

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EXT. ROAD - DAY

WE look straight across the road --

It's quiet. A few trees --

Dirt and rocks line the road, in this hilly Northern California town.

A bird chirps --

But then --

A RUMBLE off in the distance. Faint, at first but --

Approaching quickly --

It's the sound of HARD PLASTIC and PAVEMENT, like the sound a kid's BIG WHEEL makes as it races down a driveway --

The RUMBLE gets closer and closer and --

Suddenly, FLASH!

A red object STREAKS past our view. Then another, a white one, and another, and more!

Colorful streaks but, so FAST that we can't make out what they are --

Just BLURS of color, as --

The RUMBLE slowly tails off --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Overhead view and the RUMBLE is back, louder than before.

It's a go kart race!

Go Karts SCREAMING down the side of tree lined road.

Each driver jockeying for position.

In the lead is the red kart. It appears different than the rest ... cleaner ... more professional ... with a red lacquer paint job and several large sponsorship decals decorating the sides.

On the hood though is the biggest decal: O'MALLEY MOTORS.

The second place primer grey kart is CLOSING IN on the red kart. The others are a ways behind. It's a two kart race for the finish!

Suddenly, something is wrong --

The driver of the primer grey kart looks around FRANTICALLY, back and forth as --

The kart VIBRATES heavily and --

SNAP! The rear wheel of the primer grey kart BREAKS OFF as --

The kart goes into a SPIN across all lanes of the road, then --

Like an EXPLOSION, the kart FLIPS end over end, off the side of the road and --

CRASHES through a fence, into a horse corral.

The kart comes to halt upside down as the driver, drags himself out from under the kart.

He's a skinny kid, small in stature. He stands there for a moment in jeans and zip-up hoodie, and then takes off his helmet.

Long black Fabio-length hair cascades down and onto his shoulders as he stares down, smiling at his kart.

This is PIETRO CASTELSILANO, 12.

PIET

Cool.

Just then Piet's 10 year old brother, GIANNI CASTELSILANO, a smaller version of Piet sans the long hair. Gianni favors the short on the sides-long on the top look. He arrives out of breath.

GIANNI

(speaking as fast as the
FedEx guy)

Whoa-you-were-about-to-take-him-and-
then-you-were-spinning-and-rolling-
and-you-crashed-through-the-fence-
it-was-so-cool ...

PIET

I'm fine, thanks for asking ...

But as Piet is trying to get the words out of his mouth he is SMOTHERED, linebacker style by his mom, MRS. ROSALIA CASTELSILANO mid-30's, petite and very attractive, with hair as black and as long as Piet's. She is half-crying half-hysterical as she attempts to make sure he's OK.

MRS. CASTELSILANO

Piet, Piet, where are you hurt? Are you OK? Did the red race car do that to you?

GIANNI

It's a KART, Ma.

PIET

I'm fine Ma.

MRS. CASTELSILANO

I don't know what I'd do if you were hurt. Let me see your head.

PIET

Maaaaa, I'm fine.

POP (O.S.)

Kart got a little dinged-up.

POP, in his 60's, in jeans, aviator shades and a beat-up bomber jacket, is Piet and Gianni's grandfather, and has the greatest comb-over you've ever seen. He is the kid's father figure.

POP (CONT'D)

What'd you do, trade some paint samples with him?

PIET

(inspecting the kart)

I don't know, Pop. It started vibrating really bad and the next thing I know I'm Mike Conway at Indy.

Pop bends down, picks-up a piece of the broken axle and quickly deposits it inside his jacket.

Mrs. Castelsilano continues to inspect Piet.

MRS. CASTELSILANO

WHAT'S THIS!?!

A wet discoloration is on Piet's shoulder

PIET

It's nothing, probably wet from the grass.

Mrs. Castelsilano rips Piet's hoodie off to reveal --

A bad gash on his left shoulder.

MRS. CASTELSILANO

(frantic)

Look at this. You're hurt, you're going to need stitches.

She immediately begins applying pressure.

MRS. CASTELSILANO (CONT'D)

We're going to the hospital.

PIET

But what about the Kart?

MRS. CASTELSILANO

Pop and Gianni will take care of it.

She drags Piet away.

Pop and Gianni upright the kart, Pop smiles and winks at Gianni as they limp the kart back onto the road and toward the finish line area.

POP

He's good, you know?

GIANNI

Piet? Yeah, I know.

POP

You could be that good, even better.

GIANNI

I just want to be as good as Piet.

EXT. FINISH LINE AREA - DAY

MIKEY O'MALLEY, 12, in a shiny red one-piece racing suit. The first thing you notice about Mikey is the HUGE head of WILD CURLY red hair he sports.

Next to Mikey is a large group of people, all kids except for two adults: Mikey's mechanic DANTE and Mikey's Chauffeur, REMINGTON.

MIKEY

Did you see him stack?

KID

Yeah, it was sick, he rolled it right into the Freitas' horse pasture, right through the fence! Didn't you see it?

MIKEY

He was behind me, how could I see it? I was kicking his butt anyway.

KID 2

It looked like his tire fell off.

MIKEY

If my tire fell off, I'd fire my mechanic, or fire one of my dad's mechanics.

(He glares up at Dante)

From behind the kart we hear a girls voice.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

You should fire your driver.

Mikey and the crowd turn and look down at the girl inspecting the wheels on Mikey's red kart. This is FRANKIE (short for FRANCESCA), 12, tomboyish in her backwards facing red O'Malley Motors baseball cap and matching one-piece mechanic's jumpsuit.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Castelsilano was drafting you. If he doesn't biff, he would have passed you in the last turn.

MIKEY

(laughing)

Right. That loser, in that whip doesn't stand a chance against me.

Mikey's friends chime in, in agreement. Remington is looking off in the distance, clearly annoyed by this mouthy kid.

FRANKIE

He's not a loser, he just doesn't have a dad who buys him whatever he wants for his kart.

EXT. CASTELSILANO HOUSE - DAY

We see the front yard of the Castelsilano house, the lawn looks like it hasn't been mowed or watered for months while, neglected toys and a bicycle litter the yard and a mid 80's beat-up mini-van sits in the driveway.

INT. CASTELSILANO HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

Piet, with a big bandage around his arm, Gianni and Pop have the banged-up kart up on blocks.

PIET
(holding half of the
broken axle)
What do you think Pop?

POP
You are going to need a new axle.

PIET
It looks like it just snapped, but
... it's strange, there's not a lot
of stress on that part of the axle.

POP
(pointing at a mark on the
axle)
Do you see that discoloration?
Something weakened it.

PIET
We can't afford a new axle.

POP
Then we'll just have to find
something to make one out of,
that's how we did it when I was a
kid.

GIANNI
(sitting up high on boxes
looking down at Piet and
Pop)
We could use the legs of the
kitchen table.

POP
Then where would we eat dinner?

GIANNI
We usually eat in front of the TV.

PIET

Yeah.

POP

I don't think your mom would be happy with that.

GIANNI

Pop? How long would your hair be if you didn't wrap it around the top of your head? As long as Piet's?

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

We see a street with store fronts, O'Malley Grocery, O'Malley Bank, O'Malley Hardware, O'Malley Gas, O'Malley Coffee. We end on O'Malley Motors, a speed shop with race cars and hot rods in the parking lot.

A Lincoln Towncar pulls up to the front of the building, from behind we see the licence plate: O'Malley7.

The doors open and out jump Mikey and his friends --

CUT TO:

INT. O'MALLEY MOTORS - DAY

The kids rush through the door and strut through the showroom followed reluctantly by REMINGTON, the 40-ish British chauffeur. Remington dresses in the traditional chauffeur's suit with white gloves and a chauffeur's hat.

They walk right through a set of double doors that say: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY, and into the service area where the sounds of auto repair fill the room.

In the corner is Mikey's red racer. It's up on a lift and the wheels are off.

A mechanic is carefully working on it. This is DANTE DEMARE, late 30's, his education came from the streets. He's a crack mechanic.

FRANKIE

Hi Dad.

DANTE

Hello Francesca.

MIKEY

Any damage?

DANTE

No, Mr. O'Malley, it looks as good as it did when your father bought it ...

Mikey glares at Dante.

DANTE (CONT'D)

... I mean, when you bought it, sir.

FRANKIE

I'll be back.

She walks away.

MIKEY

(leaning in close to Dante and whispering)

You'd better find a way to make it faster. That Castelsilano kid was right on my tail before the axle broke.

DANTE

Sir ... uh, Mr. O'Malley, we are doing every thing we can within the rules to make sure you have the fastest kart around.

MIKEY

Well maybe you should start looking outside the rules, or maybe for another job.

DANTE

Yes sir, Mr. O'Malley.

FRANKIE

(returning from the bathroom)

Let's get lunch, I'm craving onion rings!

INT. CASTELSILANO HOUSE - DAY

Piet and Gianni are eating lunch, Mrs. Castelsilano washes dishes.

MRS. CASTELSILANO
Dad? Time for lunch.

GIANNI
Come on, Pops, mom made Pizza
sandwiches!

Pop comes through the door, sweaty and breathing heavy. His
combed over hair is leaning badly to the side.

POP
I'm just going to sit down for a
minute.

MRS. CASTELSILANO
Dad, I told you to take it easy out
there.

POP
Well the lawn needed mowing, and we
can't afford to pay the gardener to
do it any more.

MRS. CASTELSILANO
The kids are supposed to take care
of that. In fact, right after
lunch I want you two to go out
back, rake the leaves and sweep the
patio.

	PIET		GIANNI
Mom!		Mom!	

MRS. CASTELSILANO (CONT'D)
I have spoken!

Piet and Gianni sink back into their chairs, knowing they've
already lost.

POP
Piet, while mowing the lawn I came
up with a great idea for your Kart.

PIET
(With a mouth full of
pizza sandwich)
Uh-huh.

POP
The blade on the bottom of the
mower runs on a centrifugal force
clutch.

PIET
 (still with his mouth
 full)
 Uh-huh

POP
 It allows the blade to keep
 spinning even with no power going
 to the drive.

PIET
 Uh-huh

POP
 All it has to do is get going and
 it propels itself.

PIET
 Kind of like Mom's salad spinner?

POP
 Exactly!

GIANNI
 So we connect it to the kitchen
 table leg and that's Piet's new
 axle?

MRS. CASTELSILANO
 What kitchen table leg?

GIANNI
 (pointing below the table)
 This one.

MRS. CASTELSILANO
 You are not using my kitch ...

POP
 Relax dear, we are not going to use
 the kitchen table leg.

MRS. CASTELSILANO
 And I said that Piet is through
 with this racing stuff. That's it!

MRS. CASTELSILANO (CONT'D)
 I Have Spoken!

GIANNI
 I Have Spoken!

EXT. CASTELSILANO HOUSE - DAY

Piet and Gianni are in the back yard doing their chores.

PIET

It is a pretty good idea, once we get going, the weight of the centrifugal force takes over and propels us faster down the hill.

GIANNI

What does that piece weigh?

PIET

I don't know, about 5 pounds?

GIANNI

Then you are going to have to lose 5 pounds somewhere off the kart, you're already at the weight limit.

PIET

I know. We'll figure something out.

GIANNI

Hey Piet, after the race I saw your girlfriend ...

PIET

She's not my girlfriend!

GIANNI

You like her! Piet and Frankie sittin' in a tree ...

Pop steps outside and looks around, Mrs. Castelsilano is not in sight.

POP

Piet, come here.

Piet approaches Pop at the door

POP (CONT'D)

(whispering)

When your mom goes grocery shopping later this afternoon, I will show you how we build the new axle.

(beat)

I have some spare parts in the storage locker that we can use.

PIET

OK Pop!