

Video Game Vinny

© Copyright 2006 Jason Ohler

(Practice car sounds with audience, so you can call on them to use them later.)

Once upon a time there was a boy named Vinny. He was (*ask student for age*) years old. Vinny was a nice kid all in all (*elaborate*), but he only liked to do one thing: play video games. His favorite video game was **Race Car Road Track**. (*car sounds, video game playing motions*). He'd sit in front of a huge TV as big as a picture window, pick up the video game controls, and start whirling around the race track in his favorite car, a jet black Stingray. He liked to slam into things and flip over. Whenever he got into accidents he'd just laugh and restart his car. After all, it wasn't real – it was just a video game.

For Vinny, playing video games was harmless enough at first. He'd play an hour here, an hour there. But it got bad fast. Really bad. He's spend entire afternoons, staring at the screen, clutching controls, ignoring everyone and everything. He even ignored his mom! When she came home from work she would poke her head into his bedroom and his say:

“Hi, Vinny. Did you have a good day?”

"Hi, mom, fine, mom," he'd answer. But she knew he wasn't listening.

"Have you done all of your homework? Remember – no video games until your home work is done!”

But Vinny would just say “Hi, mom, fine, mom.”

Then she would say things to him, like “Vinny your hair’s on fire.” Vinny would say, “Hi, mom, fine, mom.” Or, “Vinny, there’s a herd of caribou in your bedroom eating your clothes.” Vinny would say, “Hi, mom, fine, mom.” His mom would shake her head in sadness. He was so wrapped up in his video games he totally ignored her.

Things went from really bad to really **really** bad. Vinny stopped doing his homework. He stopped helping his parents around the house. Even his friends, Danny and Donella, stopped coming over to his house because Vinny didn’t want to go outside and play anymore because all he wanted to do is play video games. It got so bad that sometimes when people talked to him he didn’t even use words, he just used car noises! His teacher would say:

“Vinny, how do you spell “potato”?”

Vinny would say: (make car noises).

His mom would say, “Did you have a good day at school?”

And Vinny would say, “Honk, honk!”

One day Vinny came home from school, honked at his mom, and went into his bedroom. He sat down behind the TV, picked up the video game controls and started playing **Race Car Road Track**. He got into his jet black stingray, started racing like the wind around the race track, bumping cars until he flipped over, just like he’d done hundreds of times. But this time he could actually feel it, he flipped over, (*roll around on floor*) and hurt his elbow (*rub elbow*). He got up and looked around – AWWWW!!! He wasn’t playing his video game - he was **IN** his video game! He was sitting in his wreck of a car on the race track and cars were buzzing past him like angry bees, honking at him, yelling at him: Get out of the way! Get off the track! Honk, honk!

He drove his car off the track and got out. “Mom! Mom!” Vinny cried. “Where are you? Can you hear me!”

But as far as he could see there were only cars and the long stretch of black racetrack.

Suddenly he looked up and saw a big rectangle in the sky. In fact, the sky wasn't the sky at all- it was the back side of his TV screen! He could see his bed and the posters on his wall. Then he watched as his mom walk into his room. She was gigantic! “Vinny? Vinny, where are you dear?”

“I'm right here, mom, inside the video game!” But she couldn't hear him. He watched as she sat down behind the TV. “So this is what Vinny spends all of this time doing? I wonder what it's like...”

Vinny watched as his mom pick up the video game controls.

“Mom, mom, it's me, can't you see me?!” But the next thing Vinny knew, his mom was in a car – a red hot Ferrari – and was whirling around the race track. “Whee! This is fun!” she said.

“I gotta catch up to her so she can help me!” Vinny said.

Vinny got in his car and drove back on to the race track. He went fast as he could (*car noises*) and pulled up along side his mom. He honked his horn and screamed “Mom, mom, it's me Vinny!” But she was too busy having fun. He could hear his mom say, “ I see why Vinny does this all the time. It's fun! In fact, I don't think I'm going to care about my family anymore. I'm not going to care about my community, my job, my friends, or anything any more. All I'm going to care about is playing video games!! Whee!”

“NO!” Vinny cried.

Then Vinny woke up. What a nightmare. He stood up and leaned on a chair. He was sweating and his heart was racing. His mom walked into the room. He ran up to her and grabbed her in a big ol’ bear hug. “Mom, I’m so glad you’re back!”

“But I was just at the store,” she said.

“Mom, from now on I am not going to ignore you, I’m going to do my homework, I’m help out around the house, I’m going to play with Danny and Donnella... I’m going to stop playing video games all the time!”

“Vinny, that’s wonderful... dear, are you alright?”

“Yes, mom. I’m fine,” Vinny said, as he hugged his mom like there was no tomorrow. “I’m just fine.”

The end.