

Star Search 2025 Level 2 Monologue | Called by Name
By Kyle Higgins

Sammy enters, looking bewildered and a bit frazzled. They talk to themselves trying to work out a solution.

Okay, so... either I'm losing my mind, or someone's playing a really big prank on me.

Alright, I'll say it out loud and try to remember it all, then maybe I can figure this whole thing out!

I was sleeping—well, trying to sleep—in my usual spot by the lamp when I hear this deep voice say my name: (*Mufasa-like voice*) “Sammy!”

Of course, I think it's Eli. I mean, who else would it be? So I run to him and say, “*Here I am; you called me? And also, how did you make your voice do that?*” But he just looks at me with a half-asleep, confused face and says in his normal old-man Eli voice, “*I didn't call you; go back to bed.*”

Awkward.

(Sammy sighs and rubs his eyes.)

So, I shuffle back, a little embarrassed, but just as I'm drifting off—boom—there it is again! (*Mufasa voice*) “Sammy!” This time, I'm sure. I can't just be hearing things, right? So, I go back to Eli, and he tells me again, “*Go back to bed!*”

At this point, I'm thinking that maybe the manna I ate was a little too old. Is manna-mold hallucination a thing? Note to self: read the expiration date!

Third time's the charm, right? Wrong. “*Sammy!*” I hear it again! I go to Eli, and before he can send me off, he pauses. His eyes light up, and he says, “*If you hear the voice again, say, 'Speak, LORD, for your servant is listening.'*”

I think, wait a minute! You mean to tell me that the LORD—Creator of the universe, Almighty God—is trying to talk to me? Me? I'm just a kid who polishes lamps and sweeps the floors!

I go back to my bed, heart pounding like a drum. What do I even say to God? Do I bow? Do I stand? Do I chant?! There should really be an instruction book for this!

Then it happens again: (*Mufasa voice*) “*Sammy! Sammy!*” This is it. (*He takes a deep breath.*) I say “*Speak, for your servant is listening.*” And then...(*in awe*) He speaks. God speaks to me!

And what He says... it's not nice. He tells me things about Eli's family, things that are hard to hear. Judgments, consequences—stuff that no kid wants to be in the middle of.

Alright...So now, not only have I just talked to God, but I have to tell Eli that God is unhappy with his family. Ugh, I could, pull my hair out! How am I supposed to do that? *“Hey, Eli, thanks for raising me and all, but by the way, God’s got some not-so-great news for you.”*

I feel like a teeny, tiny pebble caught between two huge boulders. This isn’t fair! I’m only twelve years old! Why is this my responsibility?

But then again, God chose to speak to me. Me. Out of all people. Maybe He sees something in me that I don’t see in myself. Maybe this is important—bigger than being scared.

Eli always says, *“Serve the LORD with all your heart.”* Maybe serving Him means doing the hard things, the uncomfortable things.

Alright, God. I hear You. I don’t fully understand why You chose me, but I trust You. *(He takes a deep breath, looking determined.)*