

Star Search 2025 Level 3 Monologue | The Invitation
By Kyle Higgins

A teenager vents to their uncle after school while they wrestle with accepting an opportunity to share their faith at school. The beginning has a nervous, comical, lighter tone before becoming more resolved.

(Pacing their living room nervously until they spot their uncle.)

Uncle Joe, I'm so glad you're here! I ran into a bit of a dilemma at school today and could really use a friendly ear. Could you help me out? Thanks!

So... guess what happened? You'll never believe it. I'm standing in the cafeteria line, minding my own business, trying to decide between the questionable meatloaf and the mystery casserole—honestly, it's a lose-lose situation—when Mr. Armstrong, the drama teacher, taps me on the shoulder. He says, "Hey, we've got a school assembly coming up, and we're looking for a student speaker. Interested?"

And I'm like, "Me? Are you sure you have the right person? I mean, the most public speaking I've done is answering 'here' during attendance." I think I laughed nervously—pretty sure it sounded like a hiccup mixed with a squeak. Classic.

But he insists, "I heard you're a leader at your church's youth group. We thought you might want to share something inspirational."

Inspirational. Right. Because nothing says 'inspiration' like a teenager who can't decide between Jell-O flavors. So now I'm standing here, tray in hand, mashed potatoes slowly sliding off the edge, paralyzed in sheer terror with the thought of speaking in front of the entire school about... faith? My faith? That's, uh, personal. And scary. Did I mention scary? I didn't think that was even allowed at school today! I mean, what would I even say? "Hi, I'm the kid who brings a Bible to study hall. Please don't pelt me with spitballs." And let's be real, high school isn't exactly the friendliest place for talking about Jesus. I can already see the eye-rolls, the whispers, the memes that'll probably surface by lunchtime. *(Nervous realization)* I might even become a *(Pronounces it with a hard G, like GIFT.)* Gif! *(Pronounces it with a soft G, like JIFFY Lube)* No, Gif! Ughh how am I supposed to inspire if I can't pronounce *(says both just to be safe)* Gif, jiff!

But then again... maybe this is important. Maybe there's a reason Mr. Jenkins asked me. Maybe it's not just about me. Maybe there's someone out there who needs to hear something—something that could make a difference. I remember last summer at camp, around the bonfire, when we all shared our stories. I was nervous then too, but afterwards, this kid came up to me and said that what I shared really resonated. That it helped. That it mattered.

Could that happen here? Is it worth the risk?

I guess I've been so worried about what others might think that I forgot to think about what God might do through me. Maybe this isn't about avoiding embarrassment. Maybe it's about

being brave enough to stand up for what I believe in. And yeah, I might stumble over my words. I might get that awkward hiccup-squeak laugh again. But if one person hears something that helps them, maybe it's worth it. So here I am, faced with the choice between comfort and calling. Do I stay safe in the background, or do I step out in faith? (*Deep breath*). Alright, I'll do it. I'll speak at the assembly. Thanks for listening Uncle Joe, it really helped.

(Says a quick heartfelt prayer)

God, I hope You know what You're doing. Please speak through me while I give this speech. And maybe, while you're helping me, could you also provide me with more delicious food at lunch?