***[Premise: This is a baby talking to his Teddy bear. The baby is jealous of all the attention his newborn brother is receiving from his parents. The monologue should NOT be read with a baby voice. We are looking for something similar to Stewie Griffin, from the show Family Guy]***

Teddy - YOU-ARE-AWESOME, you know? You are the only one I can count on these days. You’re always here, with me when I need you. Eyes wide open and interested in what I have to say. You don’t know how much I appreciate you, buddy. Specially now.

You know, if this house was burning down, you would be the only one I would save. My parents can suck a dick.

Ever since the new kid came into this house, those fuckers haven’t taken their eyes off of him. What’s so special about him anyway, huh? And where the fuck did he come from? One day I was king up in here. All eyes on me - know what I mean, Teddy? The next, this dude shows up...and just like that, Teddy, I was forgotten... Life’s a bitch.

But I’ll never forget you, buddy. You are my BFF. And you better not forget me! Alright? Deal? Deal.

Damn. There goes mom again holding the little brat. She looks good though, right? I mean, she used to be fat as hell just a few days back. Big ol’ belly and all. Poking out all the time. And just like that, she just dropped the weight. And it’s weird, Teddy, because I didn’t see her do any cardio or anything. It must be like a new weight loss program or something….

Oh shit, there he goes crying again….watch this, Teddy…..watch watch watch….BAM! Just like that - those titties come out. Boom! Lucky bastard. I miss breast milk, Teddy. Well, not the milk itself - that shit was disgusting. But they say it’s good for you, that’s why I drank it. Also, you’ll eat anything when you’re hungry. But I digress….what was I saying? Oh yeah, I miss breast milk, but not because of the milk. I miss the warmth. Look, I get you haven’t experienced this, but those two knockers you see over there…..well, partly, because the little fucker is blocking the view….those two knockers are so nice and warm...they make your whole body relax. And they’re so soft too! Ahhh! I miss that, Teddy! Now I get this nasty rubbery thing shoved into my mouth. Sure, the milk tastes way better, but you’re missing all the other things. Especially that skin to skin contact and that warmth…...mmmmmhhhh…….

My dad often holds me and shoves that rubbery tit into my mouth when he’s shirtless. But it’s not the same, Teddy. The guy’s chest is too hairy. It tickles and itches. I try to remain as calm as possible but it’s hard. But I try because I feel sorry for the guy, you know? He wasn’t blessed with those glorious, meaty, fleshy, warm pillows that my mom was blessed with. And, of course, no milk ever comes out of them. But the guy tries, you know? Out of the two, he’s the one that gives me more attention these days. But it still feels like I’ve been demoted.

You see, I used to spend a lot of time in that bed you see over there. And they would stare at me for what felt like hours! To the point where it got creepy and started to make me feel really uncomfortable. I remember the first time….I was thinking “what the fuck are they looking at?” And not being able to eloquently express myself the way I do with you, I just started crying. And then, bam! Breasticle in my mouth. Glorious days, Teddy; glorious days. Now, instead of being in that bed, I’m in this cage. These bars keep me trapped here. And to add insult to injury, they’ve hung this thing over my head that spins and plays “music”, if you can call it that. How can you live with something hanging over your head like that? Even worse! How can you sleep under such a thing? Constantly worrying that it might fall on me at any time! That’s why I sleep better when I’m in their bed. I bet you they think that their presence soothes me, and that’s the reason….pompous bastards. But the fact is, I sleep better there because there is absolutely nothing hanging over me. Doesn’t that make sense to you? Wouldn’t YOU sleep better if there was nothing hanging over you? I mean, I haven’t seen you sleep, ever….come to think about it, I haven’t even seen you blink! You weirdo….anyway, you get my point, right?

Man, I love you, Teddy. I don’t think I tell you that enough. I should be more conscious about showing you my appreciation and love more often, especially now that I see how much my parents suck at it. I mean, look at them….nothing exists for them other than that new baby. Huh, out with the old and in with the new, right buddy?

Oh shit...act normal...here comes my dad….wait...what’s he got in his hand? What is that? It’s like a box….you see it, Teddy? Ok ok….be cool...let him do his baby-talk shit and he’ll leave us alone eventually.

Hey….is that a…..little stuffed dinosaur?