

**Morgan**, a repressed man in his late 20s, early 30s  
From the play **LibidOFF**, a Dark Comedy

MORGAN: When I was a kid, I had a big backyard, but it was completely overgrown. And I don't know how old I was when I started, but I made that yard my mission. Just this little guy, tearing into thirty years of overgrowth. My father complained that I was destroying the natural beauty and driving away the birds. I liked it too much to quit, but he was right. Whatever grass had been struggling along, I'd killed it. It was a sandlot back there. And there weren't many birds stopping by. But then one early fall morning I went out to attack the yard, and I noticed the air was filling with high pitched chirping. Baby finches, leaving their nest. Checking things out. Not scared of me. I got very close them. I wanted to get them to stay, so I left for a minute to get them some bread. They were gone when I got back, but I could hear them a few houses down. So I stacked the bread around the tree... we had the best birds around from then on. Every day I'd go back there and just watch them. Made school bearable, knowing they'd be waiting.