**Act I- Monologue**

So it is another day here in Weston, Florida. A relatively new city right next to the Everglades. 20 years in the making and still growing. “The South Floridian Utopia,” they call it- even designed by Disney himself. Every street is perfectly planned out and every house looks the same.

 In this so-called “Sunshine State,” you’d expect more sunshine than you actually get. Subtropical climate here. There really is no winter around here. Humidity does not drop below 90%. Everything is constantly wet or sticky from all the water from the swamps. Average of 90 degrees in the summer. Does not drop below 50 during “winter.”

 It is currently 6:30 AM on the 31 of June 2017. The streaks of sunlight are just starting to creep in through the clouds. In the unoccupied land just at the edge of the city limits, you can see the fog from the air hover over the grass in the ranches. Then to you right, the same fog hovering over the canal. Maybe you guessed it- Griffin Road is the place I’m currently standing. High schoolers are currently dragging themselves to school on this road. Beyond the canal is the Weston Commons where the kids can get a nice meal after school.

 While the kids are at school, the parents are at work; and while at work the kids arrive home from school to eat what they find in their fridge until Mom and Dad get home. Man, would any parent die to have their kids grow up in this neighborhood. The teen agers don’t really like it much- they say its “boring,” that “there’ not much to do here.” These kids may be right, but at least they don’t have to worry about leaving the house unlocked or walking around town alone, or struggling to pay for college tuition.

 For some scientific and anthropological information about this city, the land we stand on was once all marsh, no street. Early settlers cut through the swamps. The land dates back to Native American ancestors. Before that, the biggest of dinosaurs walked by, making this place millions of years old.

 Politically, we are pretty divided with 50% Democrat, 40% Republican, 10% indifferent. The Republican number definitely go up the more north of the state you go. This town is mainly made of immigrants, making the minority groups the majority around here. We are 60% Latino, 15% African American, 15% White so learning some Spanish won’t do you some harm around here.

 There is some culture, maybe not pure American culture, but definitely some European and South American influence. The art museums and art and music programs in the schools offer somewhat of an evidence for a love of beauty. Definitely not as much as the big cities nearby, but we do rely on them for that sort of thing. There are a few art festivals here and there through out the year in Weston but no more than that.

 Very nice town, but not much too fancy to it. Great place to raise the kids but not the place one would be looking for if in search of crazy nightlife.

Word count: 528