

**Stella** I find adults fascinating. I could watch them, for hours. Much more than animals at the zoo. They make everything in life so complicated. Then they say, 'Uh, if only everything in life wasn't so complicated.' But I swear they enjoy it. They create it.

*Beat.*

To me it all seems so simple. If you like someone, tell them. If someone is hurt, then help them. Sort out the problem, at the root. Don't just patch it up, or ignore it. It'll only come back, and it'll hurt more the next time.

*Beat.*

My mum always says to me, 'You don't understand because you haven't experienced it yet. Once you experience it, then you'll know. Then you'll feel it. Then you'll be able to empathise. Life is complicated.' She talks as if I were an innocent. A blank canvas, fresh and ready for the painting. But I'm not. She's the one that's forgotten. We aren't born innocent. We're just born more obvious, that's all. With all our needs and desires right out there in front of us, naked, for everyone to see. And then we learn to hide them. Call them by different names. Make them seem more sophisticated. To complicate it.

*Beat.*

Don't we?

*Beat.*

Well, that's how I see it.