

MAL

Nothing special. Just... cookies.

JANE

Can I try?

*(JANE swipes a taste of cookie dough from the bowl.)*

EVILS

No! Wait!

JANE

What? I won't double dip.

JAY

... Feel anything?

*(JANE isn't spelled, so she doesn't feel anything.)*

JANE

It could use some chips.

MAL

Like, potato chips...?

JANE

No, chocolate! Only the most important food group!

*(off their blank stares)*

Didn't your mothers ever make you chocolate chip cookies? Like, when you're sad, she bakes them fresh with some milk, and — Why are you all looking at me like that?

*(The EVILS look at her like she is speaking in tongues. MAL is deeply rattled, but she covers.)*

MAL

It's... different, where we're from.

JANE

I know. I just thought... even villains would love their kids.

*(EVERYONE looks away.)*

Oh. How awful.

MAL

Guess you lucked out, huh.

JANE

Oh, did I ever!

(JANE)

My mother loves me. She's just busy! Running the school for the Royals, when she could be parenting me... but hey, I get it...

*(MAL almost forgets to leap forward as a fat tear rolls down JANE's face. MAL wipes it away, flicking it into the batter.)*

MAL

Awww, real bummer. K, gotta pop these in the oven, bye now!

*(MAL pushes JANE out the door, then turns back to the EVILS.)*

Yesssssss.