

My Own Worst Enemy

by

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FADE IN

INT. PHYSICS ROOM

MR. FISKE is standing in front of the classroom, teaching. He holds a ruler up to a massive, indecipherable diagram labeled "Particle Accelerator."

The CLASS takes diligent notes, except for a boy in the front row who stares blankly at a girl across the room, daydreaming. This is NICK.

FISKE
If you only learn one thing in your childhood lives, this is it. If there's one thing to pay attention to and take notes on in this class, particle acceleration is that thing.

The girl across the room flips her hair over her shoulder and sighs obnoxiously. This is BRITTANY. Nick starts drooling on his notebook.

FISKE (CONT'D)
If there's one moment in your lives not to spend daydreaming, this is that moment.

Brittany looks over at Nick, and their eyes meet. His look is one of love; her's, one of blatant hatred and disgust.

FISKE (CONT'D)
If the universe holds one diagram worthy of your attention, this is that diagram.

Brittany obnoxiously interrupts him.

BRITTANY
Mr. Fiske, would you stop babbling and continue with the notes?

Mr. Fiske looks a bit stunned, but continues on.

FISKE
Okay then. Well, particle acceleration can be done in one of two methods: electrostatic or oscillating field...

Fiske's dialogue is faded into the background as Nick turns to the kid sitting next to him, HOWARD, motioning toward Brittany.

NICK
Did you see that, Howard? She looked over at me. You see it?

Howard looks at him pathetically.

HOWARD
She was probably looking at the wall
behind you, Nick.

NICK
No, it was clearly me. She gave me look
of repressed love and secret desire.

HOWARD
You sure it wasn't a look of blatant
hatred and disgust?

Nick gives Howard a bad look and turns back around to look at
Brittany again, dazed.

Mr. Fiske has now decorated the diagram on board with red the
red marker, appearing to be scribbles.

FISKE
The particles can travel in millions of
directions if not contained. It can end
up looking like a mess if we draw out
each of the million combinations, which
is exactly what I plan on doing.

Fiske looks over at Nick, who he clearly sees is staring at
Brittany. Fiske stops talking momentarily.

FISKE
Uh, Nick? You paying attention?

Nick jumps awake from his half sleep. He's still a bit dazed.

NICK (CONT'D)
Brittany...?

FISKE
That's a strange answer. I'll take that
as a no. Why don't we talk after class.

Nick sinks down into his chair as the class laughs at him.

INT. PHYSICS ROOM - LATER

The bell rings and the class storms out of the room in a hurry.
Nick stays seated in his chair at first, and then slowly pro-
ceeds to approach Mr. Fiske.

FISKE
Nick, I swear, you're like two differ-
ent people. One minute, you're diligent
and studious, the next, you're falling
asleep in class. I really wish your
studious side would come out more of-
ten.

NICK

I know Mr. Fiske, sorry. I just don't see the point to doing all of this physics stuff. I'm never going to use it in the real world anyway.

Fiske looks hurt.

FISKE
Well now, that's not true. Physics is an art. It's magical. It's how the world works, Nick.

NICK
Uh huh, sure.

Nick starts to leave, but is stopped by Mr. Fiske, who motions toward the back of the room.

FISKE
Wait. Nick, I think it'd do you some good to take a look in that back room over there.

Fiske points to a door at the back of his classroom.

FISKE (CONT'D)
I think you might just see the power of physics in action. Why don't you take a look right now? I'll be there in a second. I have some business to attend to.

Nick starts walking over to the back room, noticing that Mr. Fiske has started typing on the computer. Nick shrugs, walking slowly towards the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM

Nick turns on the light switch to the right of the door in the back room. The light reveals a gold mine of inventions lying around the room.

Nick walks through the room, looking at all of the different things lying around. Something catches his eye in the corner of the room, and he walks over to it. Nick dusts off the front of it and sees that it has the words "Cloning Machine" imprinted on it.

NICK
(sarcastically)
Yeah, okay Fiske.

Nick opens the door to the machine to clean the inside. He dusts off a series of buttons labeled "duplicate," "triple," "quadruple," etc.

He finishes cleaning the inside of the machine and turns to exit it. His sleeve gets caught on a lever, and he falls over, accidentally pushing the button labeled "duplicate."

Suddenly, the door to the cloning machine slams shut and smoke and bright, flashing lights fill the machine. Nick coughs from the sudden smoke and covers his eyes from the flashing lights.

INT. PHYSICS ROOM

Mr. Fiske sits at his desk watching the "Kitty Kats" video on youtube, laughing hysterically to himself.

INT. BACK ROOM

Nick is still freaking out in the machine. Suddenly, the commotion stops and a single beeping noise ends the smoke and lights.

He backs away slowly from the button panel, confused as to what just happened, and bumps into something.

He jumps and turns around quickly, seeing a boy identical to him, the only difference being he has spiked hair. This is the BRAINY CLONE.

Nick shrieks like a girl.

BRAINY CLONE

Shh! You're going to stain your larynx.

INT. PHYSICS ROOM

Mr. Fiske, no longer distracted by his computer, stands up and walks towards the back room.

FISKE

Have you discovered the power of physics yet, Nick?

INT. BACK ROOM

Nick hears Mr. Fiske and turns to Brainy Clone.

NICK

Don't say anything. Stay here and keep quiet.

He quickly steps out of the cloning machine and hides behind the door.

Mr. Fiske enters the back room and looks confused.

FISKE

Was that a scream I heard?

NICK

Yeah, uh...just saw a spider, that's all.

Mr. Fiske stares skeptically at Nick for a silent three seconds.

Nick suddenly kicks a box in the corner of the room, pretending to kill the spider.

NICK (CONT'D)

Got it.

Mr. Fiske walks completely into the room, turning his attention to the multiple machines.

FISKE

But anyway, this is where dreams come from, Nick.

Nick is speechless, looking quite nervous. Fiske looks around the room some more.

FISKE

I built all of this stuff myself, with only my knowledge of Physics. Quite magical, isn't it?

NICK

Uh, yeah. I guess so.

Mr. Fiske moves his attention to the cloning machine, walking over to it.

FISKE

Have you seen my cloning machine yet?

Nick gulps.

FISKE (CONT'D)

Never could get this thing to work quite right.

NICK

What do you mean?

FISKE

Well, whenever someone used it, something always went wrong. It seemed to only clone one personality trait - it was never an exact copy.

Fiske kicks the machine, and then walks back over to Nick.

FISKE (CONT'D)

But I'm hoping this trip in here might inspire you to try a little harder in the class. You think you might study for the test tomorrow?

Nick tries to fake a sense of inspiration.

NICK

Oh yeah, after seeing all of this, I'm so inspired. Physics is so magical.

Fiske pats him on the shoulder, walking out the door.

FISKE
I knew you'd understand.

Fiske walks out the door and Nick turns around, looking behind the door and finding Brainy Clone.

BRAINY CLONE
Would you mind directing me to any economists or industrial philosophers in the area?

NICK
First off, what the hell are you?

BRAINY CLONE
I'm a collection of 206 bones, ranging between approximately 656-850 muscles, and a complete collection of one-hundred trillion cells. Of course, that varies in...

Nick interrupts Brainy Clone's rant.

NICK
I mean, where did you come from?

Brainy Clone points to the cloning machine. Nick turns to look at it.

NICK (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

INT. NICK'S ROOM

Nick and Brainy Clone stand across from each other.

NICK
So let me get this straight. You're a clone of me, but only of my studios side?

BRAINY CLONE
I'm every intelligent fiber of your personality.

NICK
Right. Does that mean you like Physics?

BRAINY CLONE
Physics makes me giddy.

Nick looks at Brainy Clone, realizing he might actually have some worth to him.

NICK

Excellent.

Just then, Nick's door opens, and his MOTHER nearly walks in, but Nick is able to close it just in time.

MOTHER
Is there someone in there with you
Nick?

Nick holds the door shut, looking around the room frantically.

NICK
Yeah, he's my tutor.

Nick spots a paper bag on the ground, and tosses it to Brainy Clone, who looks at him confused.

NICK (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Here. Put this on.

Brainy Clone puts the bag on his head, and Nick's mother enters.

MOTHER
Maybe your tutor can help you with
Physics. You have a D.

His Mother looks at the bag on Brainy Clone's head.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Why's he got a bag on his head?

NICK
He's sensitive to light. Now get out of
here.

Nick pushes his mother out of the door and turns back toward Brainy Clone.

NICK (CONT'D)
So what would you think of posing as me
tomorrow in school?

BRAINY CLONE
Well what would you do then?

Nick plops down on the bed and turns on the TV.

NICK
Some...intensive research.

BRAINY CLONE
Well, all for the good of the country I
suppose. I'll do it.

Nick smiles up at him, and shakes his hand happily.

NICK
That's what I like to hear.

Nick tosses a Physics book to Brainy Clone.

MONTAGE -- NICK PUTS BRAINY CLONE TO WORK

--Brainy Clone studies diligently in the library.

--Nick shovels ice cream into his mouth with his hand

--Brainy Clone raises his hand happily in class.

--Nick clicks the remote control, sluggishly

--Brainy Clone builds a scale model of the double helix with toothpicks.

--Nick sits on his couch eating a corndog.

--Brainy Clone reads two books at once, writing on a piece of paper with a pencil in his mouth.

--Nick sits on his couch eating potato chips.

--Brainy Clone solves a math problem on the board and is congratulated by the teacher

--Nick sits on his couch, asleep.

END MONTAGE

INT. PHYSICS ROOM

Brainy Clone sits in Nick's seat as Mr. Fiske passes out the test, which looks to be a NASA rocket manual.

FISKE
Now I hope you all know how to build rockets. Good luck.

Brainy Clone receives his test, flipping through it, smiling. He scribbles down on one page, viciously typing on his calculator, then starts scribbling down on the second, but then quickly stops when someone catches his eye. He notices Brittany sitting across the room from him, and is suddenly in a daze, looking over at her.

He turns around to talk to Howard, sitting next to him.

BRAINY CLONE
You sir, would you mind informing me of what that lovely, knowledgeable, wise young woman across the room is called around here?

HOWARD

Are you asking me what her name is?

BRAINY CLONE

I am.

HOWARD

Wow, forgotten already, huh Nick? I guess that's the denial setting in.

BRAINY CLONE

Answer the damn question.

HOWARD

That's Brittany. I wouldn't talk to her if I were you. She hates you. I'm sure of it.

Brainy Clone turns back around to face her, ignoring Howard.

Brainy Clone suddenly has an idea, and his expression shows it. He starts typing away on his calculator, pleased with the results.

INSERT - LOVE LETTER

"Your beauty is similar to that of a flower. Would you like to go out on a date?"

BACK TO SCENE

Brainy Clone discreetly slides the calculator across the floor to where Brittany is. She looks down at it, confused.

BRAINY CLONE

(whispered)

Psst! Brittany, pick up the calculator.

Brittany picks it up, reads it, then laughs. She looks up at Brainy Clone, who is beaming with happiness. She smiles back at him.

INT. NICK'S ROOM

Nick sits watching TV, but hears footsteps and looks up to his door. He sees Brainy Clone walk by.

NICK

So how was your first day?

Brainy Clone continues to walk right on by, and Nick looks concerned.

INT. BATHROOM

Brainy Clone lathers on some aftershave and fixes up his hair, holding a bouquet of flowers in his hands. Nick walks in, looking at him like he's crazy.

NICK
And where do you think you're going?

BRAINY CLONE
I got a date. Her name's Brittany.

Nick almost falls over.

NICK
You asked out Brittany?

BRAINY CLONE
I'm picking her up in...

Brainy Clone looks at his watch.

BRAINY CLONE (CONT'D)
...10 minutes.

Nick looks excited.

NICK
You mean I'm picking her up in 10 minutes? We can't both go.

BRAINY CLONE
You're not going, Nick. I asked her out. You sat around doing nothing all day.

Brainy Clone starts to exit the room, and Nick tries to hold him back.

NICK
Not all day. Hold on a sec...

Brainy Clone pushes Nick's hand away and exits the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Brainy Clone walks up to Nick's mother who is on the couch. The real Nick stops behind the wall so his mom won't see the both of them.

BRAINY CLONE
Hey mom, did I mention that I aced the Physics exam today?

MOM
Wonderful, honey.

BRAINY CLONE
So, can I borrow the car?

MOTHER

Sure.

Brainy Clone shoots a triumphant glance over at Nick.

Nick's mother holds up her car keys, which Brainy Clone then takes and walks briskly out the door.

INT. NICK'S ROOM

Nick looks out the window to see Brainy Clone drive the car out of the driveway and down the street. He gives a furious look and starts to walk away.

INT. KITCHEN

Nick walks into the kitchen to see his FATHER sitting in a chair reading a newspaper.

NICK

Hey dad, can I borrow your car?

FATHER

Didn't you just ask to borrow your mother's car and walk out the door with her keys?

NICK

Nope.

FATHER

Okay then. Sure thing.

INT. BRAINY CLONE'S CAR

Brainy Clone pulls up in his car, looking happily up Brittany's driveway. He opens the car door to walk out.

EXT. FRONT OF BRITTANY'S HOUSE

Brainy Clone exits his car and starts walking up the path to Brittany's door, holding the flowers firmly in his hand.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, Nick appears behind him and hits him over the head with a frying pan. Brainy Clone falls and Nick looks around to see if anyone saw. He then places a paper bag on Brainy Clone's head and takes his flowers. He continues on up the path to Brittany's house.

Nick rings the doorbell and Brittany answers momentarily. Nick presents his flowers.

NICK

I picked these for you.

Brittany smiles and takes them.

BRITTANY
Oh, thank you Nick. You're so sweet.

NICK
Alright, let's go.

Nick walks Brittany over to his car, but she gets a good look at Brainy Clone lying on the ground with a bag over his head and a frying pan lying next to him.

BRITTANY
Who is that?

Nick continues walking, not giving Brainy Clone a passing glance.

NICK
Some vagrant. Don't pay any attention to him.

Nick and Brittany get into the car and drive off.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick pulls into his driveway, gets out of the car, and walks towards his house, looking quite happy.

INT. NICK'S ROOM

Nick walks into his room to see Brainy Clone sitting in a chair facing him. Brainy Clone looks about as angry as a person can be.

BRAINY CLONE
So how was your date, Nick?

Nick walks over and sits down on his bed.

NICK
Amazing. You should have seen it, there was this...

Brainy Clone interrupts, still looking furious.

BRAINY CLONE
I really should have seen it, Nick. I really should have seen it.

NICK
Aw come on now, Clone, let it go.

Brainy Clone stands up.

BRAINY CLONE
I hope you realize that this means war.

Brainy Clone storms out of the room. Nick shakes his head and goes to turn off the light.

NICK
He'll get over it.

Nick turns off the light.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nick sits in a chair, surrounded in candy wrappers and popsicle sticks. The clock reads 3:20.

His mother bursts into the room after a few seconds, looking furious.

MOTHER
Nick, do you realize I've gotten 3
phone calls from Mr. Connor today?

Nick slowly looks up, unable to believe this.

NICK
But that's impossible...

Nick suddenly understands, looking up as if to curse the heavens.

NICK (CONT'D)
...Clone...

Nick looks off into the distance. He then looks up to his mother, who still looks angry.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'll be going to school tomorrow.

MOTHER
Of course you'll be going to school tomorrow.

NICK
Oh, uh, yeah. Of course. That's what I meant. But I can assure you, I won't be getting in any more trouble.

MOTHER
Well you'd better not.

His mother walks out of the room and Nick goes back to eating a candy bar.

INT. SCIENCE WING HALLWAY - MORNING

Nick walks down the hallway, talking to himself.

NICK

Fiske will know how to take care of this.

Nick opens Mr. Fiske's door and walks through.

INT. PHYSICS ROOM

Nick walks in the empty classroom and looks around for Mr. Fiske.

NICK
Hey Mr. Fiske, I have a problem...

Suddenly, Mr. Fiske's chair swings around revealing Brainy Clone sitting in his seat.

BRAINY CLONE
You decided to come to school today, Nick?

Nick tries to look sympathetic.

NICK
Listen, clone, I can understand why you're mad. I treated you pretty bad back there. I should have let you go on the date with Brittany, and I shouldn't have bossed you around so much. Consider this my formal apology.

Brainy Clone looks surprisingly unmoved by Nick's apology.

BRAINY CLONE
Well apology not accepted, Nick.

NICK
What do you mean, not accepted?

BRAINY CLONE
Nick, I have some new friends I'd like you to meet.

From underneath the table behind Brainy Clone appear three new clones, CLONE A, CLONE B and CLONE C, each appearing the same as Brainy Clone, but with varying hair styles.

BRAINY CLONE (CONT'D)
I went ahead and made a few clones myself. And each is hell bent on destroying your life. You had your chance, Nick. Now it's time to get what you deserve.

Brainy Clone and his minions walk out of the door, leaving Nick in a saddened state.

INT. HALLWAY

Brainy Clone, Clone A, Clone B and Clone C walk down the hallway. Brainy Clone points at Clone A.

BRAINY CLONE

You, ruin Nick's History grade.

Clone A walks off on his own. Brainy Clone then points at Clone B.

BRAINY CLONE (CONT'D)

You, ruin his English grade.

Clone B walks up the stairs, leaving Clone C, who Brainy Clone now points towards.

BRAINY CLONE (CONT'D)

And you, ruin his Math grade.

Clone C walks right, leaving Brainy Clone, who also walks off camera.

INT. PHYSICS ROOM

Mr. Fiske walks into his room to see Nick sitting at a table, looking depressed.

FISKE

Oh, hello Nick! What can I help you with?

Mr. Fiske sits down at his desk.

NICK

Mr. Fiske...I made a huge mistake. I used that cloning machine back there. I know you think it doesn't work, but it does. And I cloned myself but now clone has cloned himself, and he's out to get me in trouble now and I just don't know what to do...

Mr. Fiske slams his fist down on the desk, looking disappointed.

FISKE

Dammit. Well, there's only one thing to do now.

NICK

...What do you mean?

Mr. Fiske looks at Nick mischievously and opens the bottom drawer of his desk. He pulls out a locked case, which he unlocks with a key.

Inside the case is a strange looking contraption, somewhat resembling a gun of some sort.

FISKE
I never did perfect the cloning machine, but ironically enough, I did perfect a way to destroy the clones. This is the clone ray.

Nick looks at Mr. Fiske confused.

NICK
Oh. What does it do, exactly?

FISKE
Oh, well, it's actually quite simple. You simply take a DNA sample of the person who cloned themselves...

Mr. Fiske quickly and abruptly pulls a strand of hair from Nick's head.

FISKE (CONT'D)
...and you put it into this little compartment.

Mr. Fiske puts the strand of hair into a small slot on the side of the gun.

FISKE (CONT'D)
And there you go! You just pull the trigger and it will...um...annihilate, essentially, anyone with this same DNA.

NICK
Oh my gosh, thank you so -

Nick reaches for the gun, but Mr. Fiske rolls his chair away from him, taking the gun with him.

When Mr. Fiske's chair stops rolling, he stands up and walks the gun over to Nick.

FISKE
Listen, Nick, it's not that I don't trust you, it's just that the clone ray is a lot of responsibility and it makes me feel like a badass. Besides, you could accidentally annihilate yourself with this thing. So I'll do the shooting.

Nick looks confused again, then Fiske walks over to the door.

FISKE (CONT'D)
Let's do this.

Fiske and Nick walk out the door in epic fashion.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM

MR. BALKUS stands at his podium, smiling happily, giving a lecture to the class which includes Clone A.

BALKUS

One thing I'm sure you all know about me is that I'm a very peaceful man, and I rarely, if ever, get angry.

Clone A smirks, as if he's about to do something bad.

BALKUS (CONT'D)

I just felt like putting that out there today. Now if you'd all open to page 439, we can start reading.

Through the window on the door, Nick and Mr. Fiske look through the glass, spotting Clone A.

INT. OUTSIDE BALKUS' ROOM

Mr. Fiske makes some last minute preparations to the clone ray as Nick talks to him.

NICK

There's one of them in there. You think you can get him from here?

FISKE

Of course.

Mr. Fiske opens the door slightly, trying to aim the gun through the opening.

INT. HISTORY ROOM

As Mr. Fiske aims the gun, Mr. Balkus continues to speak at the front of the class, opening his book.

BALKUS

Okay, Nick, why don't you start us off today. Take the first paragraph, sport.

Clone A opens the book, but deliberately tears out the entire section they're reading. He smiles, trying halfheartedly to feign a sense of sadness.

CLONE A

Whoops!

Mr. Balkus' smile disappears in an instant.

BALKUS

Nick, I hate to jump to conclusions, but it sure looked like you just deliberately tore the entire section we're reading out of the book.

Nick takes out a pair of scissors, starting to cut the book apart. Mr. Balkus starts to turn red.

CLONE A
Well, accidents happen.

INT. OUTSIDE HISTORY ROOM

Nick looks on at what Clone A is doing, getting nervous.

NICK
Come on, Fiske, what's taking so long?
He's ruining my reputation.

Mr. Fiske looks down the sight of the clone ray.

FISKE
Okay, here goes.

Fiske fires the gun.

INT. HISTORY ROOM

The clone ray beam goes over the head of Clone A and hits a kid sitting next to him, MARVIN. Marvin looks instantly sick.

INT. OUTSIDE HISTORY ROOM

Nick face palms as Mr. Fiske reloads the clone ray.

NICK
Is that kid going to be okay?

FISKE
Probably.

Fiske takes aim again.

INT. HISTORY ROOM

Marvin hunches over his desk, then collapses. The class and Mr. Balkus look on.

MARVIN
I think I'm going to be sick...

Marvin collapses onto the desk. Mr. Balkus glances at him, then back to Clone A, who is destroying the book. Mr. Balkus' eye begins to twitch.

BALKUS
It's making me sick too, Marvin. I can't stand to see a good history book be gutted and destroyed. You'd better stop right now, Nick, or, by Imbusch's beard, you will be struck down!

Mr. Fiske fires the clone ray again from the door.

The ray beam hits Clone A, who begins to shake violently. Mr. Balkus and the class look on as he proceeds to explode. His limbs fly across the room, hitting several kids. Mr. Balkus looks at the class.

BALKUS

See, class, this is why you shouldn't disobey my rules. You may explode.

INT. OUTSIDE HISTORY ROOM

Mr. Fiske and Nick give each other hi-fives.

INT. ENGLISH ROOM

The class is taking a test. Clone B sits at his desk in the back row, coloring in the scantron sheet with a sharpie, smiling evily.

Mr. Fiske then walks through the door and looks over at MR. CASHMAN, who sits at his desk.

FISKE

Hi, can I borrow Nick for a moment, please?

Clone B looks up, and Mr. Fiske tries to hide the clone ray behind his back. Mr. Cashman looks suspiciously at the clone ray, and speaks.

CASHMAN

Sure.

Clone B stands up and walks out of the door with Mr. Fiske.

The class goes back to their test, but are interrupted by a loud bang and a bright light as Clone B is annihilated outside.

Mr. Cashman and several students look out the door, bewildered. Mr. Fiske walks back inside.

FISKE

That will be all. Thank you.

Mr. Fiske walks back out the door.

INT. ENGLISH HALLWAY

Mr. Fiske and Nick stroll down the hallway, Fiske happily holding his clone ray above his head. MR. CONNOR walks by them, and when he sees the clone ray, his mouth hangs open. Mr. Fiske simply waves at him, turning the corner towards to math wing.

FISKE

Nice weather we're having, huh?

Mr. Connor continues to stare, but Fiske and Nick walk by.

INT. MATH ROOM

MR. ST. MARTIN sits asleep at his desk. Clone C stands quietly up behind him, drawing a face on the back of his head.

Suddenly Mr. St. Martin wakes up and sees Clone C standing behind him. Mr. St. Martin walks over to the closet and looks in the mirror, pulling another mirror out of his back pocket to look at the back of his head.

ST. MARTIN
My head! My beautiful, bald head!

He turns to Clone C angrily.

ST. MARTIN (CONT'D)
You know, I hope Mr. Fiske randomly rolls in here and causes you to explode!

Right on cue, Mr. Fiske rolls into the doorway and annihilates him with the clone ray. Clone C explodes, leaving nothing but the propeller hat.

Mr. St. Martin turns to the class and points at them, full of energy.

ST. MARTIN
I totally CALLED that!

INT. SCIENCE LOBBY

Nick and Mr. Fiske walk into the lobby and take a second to rest.

FISKE
How many more?

NICK
Only one.

FISKE
Okay, maybe we should split up. I'll take the foreign language wing and you can take Science.

NICK
Alright. Good luck.

Fiske hands Nick a walkie-talkie.

FISKE
Just call if you see him.

Mr. Fiske walks on down the hall. Nick turns left and walks toward the science wing.

NICK
 (whispered)
 Come on, now. You're the only one left.
 Where are ya?

Nick turns around in a circle suddenly and sees Brainy Clone right behind him.

BRAINY CLONE
 Fiske isn't here to save you this time,
 Nick.

Brainy Clone lunges at him, and they both fall to the ground.

Nick pushes him off, grabbing a nearby mop from a janitor's bucket to hit Brainy Clone with. The mop flattens his spiked hairdo. Nick picks up the walkie-talkie.

NICK
 Fiske, he's here...

Brainy Clone grabs the mop and throws it aside, again lunging at Nick.

Nick moves to his left and tries to throw Brainy Clone to the ground. He takes hold of Brainy Clone's sweater vest and manages to tear it apart, sending Brainy Clone to the ground.

Nick tries to run away, but Brainy Clone grabs him by the collar and drags him to the ground.

Suddenly, Mr. Fiske walks back toward the two of them.

FISKE
 Oh my...

He hold up the clone ray and looks up to see Nick and Brainy Clone both staring at him, relieved. They are both wearing white T-shirts now, as Brainy Clone's sweater vest has been ripped off, and now have identical hair.

NICK
 Thank god, Mr. Fiske. Go ahead. Shoot him.

BRAINY CLONE
 Don't be fooled, Mr. Fiske. Shoot him!
 He's the clone.

NICK
 Shoot me? But I'm the real Nick!

BRAINY CLONE
 No, I'm the real Nick!

Nick and Brainy Clone stare anxiously and hopefully at Mr. Fiske, who stands there facing them with the gun raised.

Mr. Fiske fires the gun.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS.