

[EUGENE'S DORM ROOM, NEXT DAY. WHIT AND CONNIE APPROACH THE DOOR.]

CONNIE:  
I'm sure he's okay.

WHIT:  
Better safe than sorry. He sounded awful in that message.

[THEY KNOCK. NO ANSWER.]

CONNIE:  
Eugene, are you in there?

EUGENE:  
(FROM INSIDE, CLEARS THROAT)  
Indeed.

WHIT:  
Are you okay?

EUGENE:  
(FROM INSIDE) I'm fine. Just taking a personal day. I believe I left a message on the answering machine.

WHIT:  
Yes, that's why we're here. You sounded strange on the message. We thought you might be sick.

EUGENE:  
(FROM INSIDE) I'm very well, thank you. But if you don't mind, I would like some time alone, please.

CONNIE:  
Why is your phone off the hook?

EUGENE:  
(FROM INSIDE) I didn't wish to be disturbed. It appears to have backfired.

CONNIE:

Eugene, what's going on in there?  
Why won't you open the door?

[PAUSE. WE HEAR EUGENE SIGHING, THEN GETTING UP AND COMING TO THE DOOR. HE OPENS IT. WHIT AND CONNIE BOTH GASP WHEN THEY SEE HIM.]

CONNIE:  
What happened?

WHIT:  
Have you slept?

CONNIE:  
(SNIFFING) Have you showered?

EUGENE:  
I've done both, actually... though  
I can't remember when.

WHIT:  
What have you been doing?

EUGENE:  
Um... research.

CONNIE:  
Looks to me like you're watching  
TV. Wait a minute. That's you  
and Bernard.

WHIT:  
You videotaped your chess game?

EUGENE:  
I'm trying to learn from my  
mistakes. He's beaten me in six  
consecutive games.

CONNIE:  
Did he know you were taping him?

EUGENE:  
Yes, in fact, you'll notice every  
once in a while he'll lean down  
into the picture and sing "My  
Darling Clementine". I turned the  
sound down.

WHIT:

You know, I think you may have to let this go, Eugene.

EUGENE:

But I just can't understand it. How does he keep beating me?! Watch this move, right here. He's going to move knight to rook four-for no reason at all! There it is! The man has no strategy! It's like he's completely moving pieces at random. And somehow he consistently stumbles upon victory!

WHIT:

Eugene-

EUGENE:

There are times I'm not even sure if this is even a game he knows the rules for.

CONNIE:

Eugene, you just ended a sentence with a preposition.

WHIT:

I think you need to get some sleep.

EUGENE:

You don't understand. The world isn't making sense to me anymore. Today I'm getting beaten by Bernard Walton at chess, tomorrow the earth will be revolving around the sun.

CONNIE:

The earth does revolve around the sun.

EUGENE:

You see? It's already begun.

WHIT:

Why don't we turn this off.

EUGENE:

No! Wait! Watch this move!  
Bishop to rook three. There! I  
seriously think he made that move  
simply to form the letter "M" with  
his pieces!

WHIT:

(LINE AT SAME TIME AS EUGENE'S)  
It's bed time.

CONNIE:

(SAME AS EUGENE) Should we carry  
him to his bed?

WHIT:

You get his legs.

EUGENE:

(AS THEY PICK HIM UP) Waa!

CONNIE:

I know. I saw that. I owe you  
one.

BERNARD:

You certainly do.

[THE CELEBRATION CONTINUES AS MUSIC RISES TO THE END.]