Poor Loser scene

[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.]