

LIGHTS UP

A classroom with chalkboard, students at desks with the SAT unopened in front of them. A proctor with pocket protector, glasses and tweed sweater vest stands in front.

GOODY PROCTOR

When the timer begins you may pick up your pencils. Do not begin before the timer begins or your test results will be disqualified. When the timer sounds the finish you must put down your pencils or your test results will be disqualified. You may only work on the section at hand. If you work on any other section...your test results will be disqualified. You may...

Students wait. Proctor waits. Student coughs. Proctor snuffles.

GOODY PROCTOR

Begin.

Quinn starts working in earnest on pages, reading and taking notes, then filling in bubbles in exacting circles.

[Careless Whisper](#) begins playing, the room shifts to mood lighting as Luke stares from the other side of the room. At the end of the saxophone flourish, Quinn feels the stare and looks back. Hard break with music and lighting.

GOODY PROCTOR

ONLY YOUR OWN EXAM. Or...

Students wait. Proctor waits. Students snuffle. Proctor coughs.

GOOD PROCTOR

...your test results will be disqualified.

Quinn returns to her pages, efforts redoubled. She is now using her TI-83 calculator.

[Careless Whisper](#) begins playing anew, the room shifts to mood lighting as Luke has moved from his desk to next to Quinn. He reaches for her hair with the tips of his fingers. At the end of the saxophone flourish, Quinn turns and starts. Hard break with music and lighting.

GOODY PROCTOR

Miss Finkler! You are one step away from having your test...

Student in back lets out long, satisfying belch. This lasts for 10 seconds.

GOODY PROCTOR
...disqualified.

Quinn glares at Luke, returns to test with her nose almost touching the pages. She is underlining furiously.

Luke goes to Proctor and asks for a sip of water. Proctor nods curtly, Luke leaves quietly closing the door. Quinn sighs in relief, with Proctor looking up with a warning. Someone snuffles. Someone coughs.

Luke bursts through the door playing [Careless Whisper](#) on saxophone. Quinn screams a long, exasperated wail. This lasts 10 seconds. Maybe more. The proctor coughs.

GOODY PROCTOR
I am appalled by this lack of testing protocol. You ...

Proctor reaches out a finger and starts spinning like a boardgame piece

GOODY PROCTOR
(while spinning)
Are disqualified!

Proctor lands on a mirror, point at himself. He sighs, looks down and nods in defeat, then steps out of stage window to his death, shouting "Disqualifiiiiiiiiied!" on the way down.

Quinn looks out in shock. Luke looks at Quinn hopefully. Quinn turns back to audience.

QUINN
I have to take this shit again?!

LIGHTS OUT