THE PREACHER — Audition Excerpt

You cannot take it with you.
No.
You cannot take it with you.
And thank God for that.

Because you people…
hoard everything.

Receipts.
Programs.
Photographs.
Emails.
Drafts.
Backups of the drafts.
Notes about the drafts.
Notes about the notes about the drafts.
The little voicemails where you liked the sound of them saying your name and it makes you feel close now that they are gone.
And you call it memory.

It isn't memory.
It's storage.

Memory requires forgetting.
Otherwise nothing rises.
Nothing glows.
Nothing calls your name from the dark.
You cannot keep everything.
Because if you keep everything—
nothing means anything.

If you remembered every meal you ever ate—
every face you ever passed—
every word anyone ever said—
every play you ever saw—
every flower—
every shirt—
every Tuesday—
every parking space—
every breath—
every fucking thing—
where would you put it?

Where would *you* go?