(She throws down the scarlet letter.)

\( j = 88 \)

\[ \text{Hester} \]

\[ \text{Piano} \]

(Enter Truman Capote to Arvin) \text{CAPOTE}

What's this espr.

\[ \text{Capote} \]

\[ \text{ARVIN} \]

\[ \text{Capote} \]

\[ \text{ARVIN} \]


did-dling and dawdling, my boy? Tru-man!
Capote

Take her away for god's sakes, Gallop away with the gal.

Arvin

You know that's not how the novel ends— Who gives a fig
how the novel ends?  

No-vels are no-vels and life is life. 

Un-til we start put-ting more life in no-vels, Let's not get 

huf-fle puffed by their pre-cious con-ceits. This one inpar-ti-cu-lar is o-ver-wrought
Capote

mush—Can anyone read the darned thing any-

more? It's a stunning creation. Of

eighteen thirty-two. Eighteen fifty. Pardon-moi
For casting aspersions on its cutting edge modernity.

Dimmesdale's fail ures, and Hawthorne's, are the perpetual fail ures of our land.

Don't get me started on Hawthorne's fail ures. They're all there to see,
right on page one. Have some courage, reach out and touch—and take—and

and take The one who loves you. Look at her pleading. Oh

God, look deep at those glorious eyes and drink them in.
I loved you once, more than I ever loved. Take the hand of the one you

(Capote leads Hester to Arvin—or Arvin to Hester. Hester reaches out to touch his hand. Arvin cannot bring himself to take her.

Helen

I beg you Reverend, mark the danger!

love____ And go bravely into the world,

Take the