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Dramatic Publishing

**ADAPTED BY JOSEPH ROBINETTE
FROM THE BOOK BY DEBBIE MACOMBER**




**THE INN AT
ROSE HARBOR**



THE INN AT ROSE HARBOR

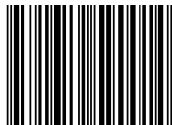
*Drama. Adapted by Joseph Robinette. From the book by Debbie Macomber.
Cast: 6 to 7m., 8 to 11w.*

Jo Marie Rose, widowed as a young woman, is celebrating the 20th anniversary of her purchase of the Inn at Rose Harbor, a local bed-and-breakfast in the town of Cedar Cove, Washington. She has invited many of her former guests (us, the audience) to join her as she reminisces about her early days as owner of the inn. Joining Jo Marie with their own stories are her very first guests, Josh Weaver and Abby Kincaid, who, at the time, were in their early 30s. Neither, however, was eager to return to the picturesque town where each was raised, but necessity had brought them back—Josh to care for his ailing stepfather, from whom he was estranged, and Abby for her brother's wedding, though hiding a painful memory from her youth. Thus, the threesome leads us through their intriguing stories, while younger actors portray them as they were when the inn was new. This unique theatrical device of then-and-now guides the audience through a myriad of engrossing episodes, both humorous and serious, and introduces us to an array of fascinating characters who inhabit the town of Cedar Cove. Based on the novel by acclaimed author Debbie Macomber, this dramatization brings an added dimension to the esteemed author's captivating novel.

Simple set. Area staging. Approximate running time: 2 hours. Code: IF3.

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Debbie Macomber's

The Inn at Rose Harbor

By
JOSEPH ROBINETTE

Based on the book by
DEBBIE MACOMBER



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The Park Literary Group

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The Inn at Rose Harbor

CHARACTERS*

JO MARIE ROSE: Owner of the Rose Harbor Inn.

JO: Younger Jo Marie.

JODY MCNEAL: Real estate agent.

PAUL ROSE: Jo's late husband.

JOSHUA WEAVER: Visitor at Rose Harbor Inn.

JOSH: Younger Joshua.

ABIGAIL KINCAID: Visitor at Rose Harbor Inn.

ABBY: Younger Abigail.

MICHELLE NELSON: Josh's friend.

RICHARD LAMBERT: Josh's stepfather.

PEGGY BELDON: Neighboring inn owner.

MARK TAYLOR: Handyman.

MR. WHITE: Angela's father.

PATTY (MORRIS) JEFFERIES: Pharmacist.

LINDA KINCAID: Abby's mother.

SPENSER WOOD: Paul's military colleague.

MRS. WHITE: Angela's mother.

ANGELA WHITE: Abby's high-school friend.

TIME: The present and the past.

PLACE: In and around Rose Harbor Inn and its environs.*

**See production notes for double casting and set suggestions.

PRODUCTION NOTES

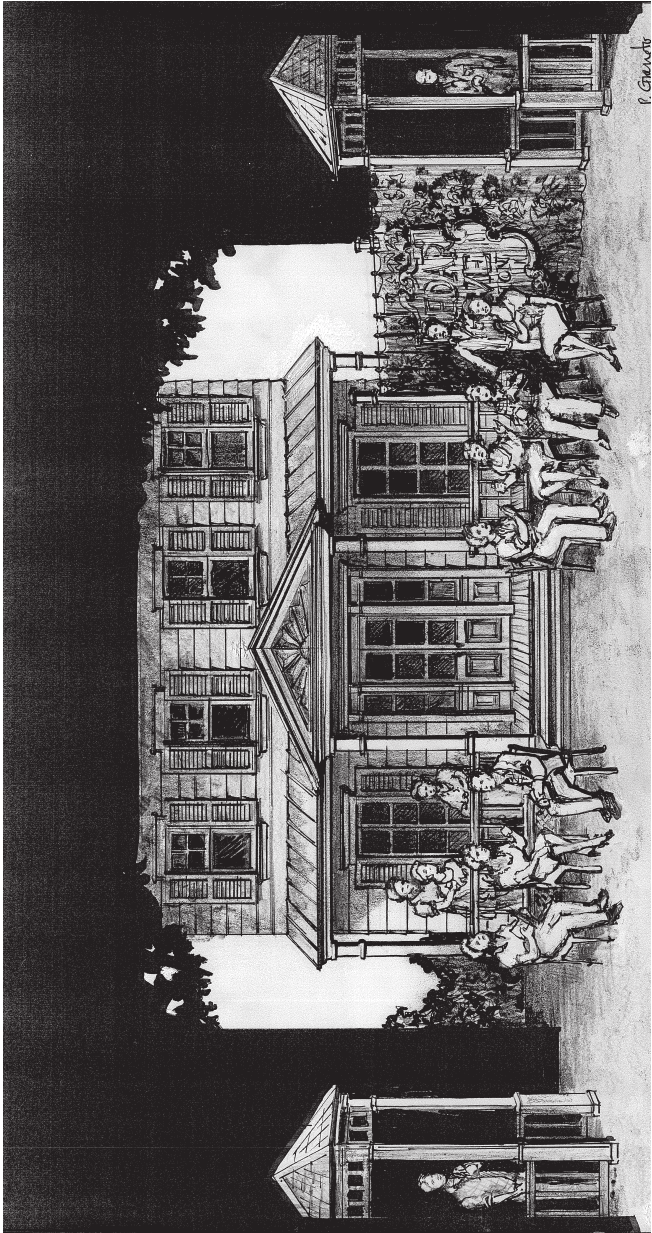
DOUBLING:

Patty Jefferies / Angela White
Jody McNeal / Mrs. White
Peggy Beldon / Linda Kincaid
Spenser Wood / Mr. White

SET SUGGESTIONS: There are a number of locales in *The Inn at Rose Harbor*, ranging from the exterior of the inn itself to a pharmacy, a church foyer, a graveyard and others. Except for a small bedroom, which can be opened and closed with a curtained device, and the permanent porch of the inn, all other locales may be simply suggested at various areas of the inn courtyard. Simple props and movable furniture pieces may designate where a scene is taking place. For example, the pharmacy scene may be established by the pharmacist carrying in a tray of medical supplies. Two or three chairs, pushed together by the actors, may represent a living room.

Though the play's specific locales are identified in the stage directions, the actual realization of these spaces is open for directorial interpretation. Area lighting may also be used to designate different locales. The action should flow seamlessly and not be hampered by unnecessary set manipulations.

Courtesy of Phillip Graneto, sketches of the exterior and ground plan can be found in the back of the book.



The Inn at Rose Harbor

ACT I

(JO MARIE ROSE, late 50s, enters from L and slowly crosses to C, addressing the audience.)

JO MARIE. Good afternoon. *(Or evening.)* My name is Jo Marie Rose, and I'm happy to welcome you to the twentieth anniversary of the Rose Harbor Inn. The inn is older than that, of course, and was previously a bed and breakfast. But on this date, twenty years ago, I purchased the B & B and gave it a new name in memory and honor of my late husband, Paul Rose ...

Many of you were invited here for this special occasion because you are regular guests of the inn. Some are here because you are long-time friends. And several are family members, a few of whom have successfully challenged the old adage, "There's no such thing as a free lunch," ...

Anyway, as promised, some may even say "threatened," in my invitation, a part of your stay here will include a brief history of the first few days of Rose Harbor Inn ...

Since many of you are current, or former, guests of the inn, I'm going to tell you about my very *first* guests—two of them. Young at the time, they, like all of us, have aged, gracefully, I think, and have generously agreed to tell us about their stay when they became the first visitors to Rose Harbor Inn. We'll meet them shortly.

(As she crosses to a seat or bench at DR.) I begin at the beginning—or near the beginning ... Here I am looking over the inn with real estate agent Jody McNeal.

(The younger JO MARIE—hereafter designated as “JO,” late 30s—enters from inside the inn. She is followed by JODY MCNEAL, the agent.)

JO MARIE *(cont'd)*. That’s me in front. I was rather attractive back then, don’t you think? ... You don’t have to answer that.

JODY. Well, I guess that’s about it. The Frelingers will replace the broken bannister. And, as I mentioned, once the home inspection is complete, anything else that needs repairing will be deducted from the selling price.

JO *(after a pause)*. Thank you, Jody. You’ve given me a very thorough tour.

JODY. Do you ... feel it’s the right place for you?

JO. Well ... after starting my search on the internet for a new life, willing to go anywhere in the country, I guess I’m surprised to find that what I think I want is practically in my own backyard.

JODY. Had you ever spent much time here in Cedar Cove?

JO. Only a couple of visits. And to think, the town is just across the Sound from my home in Seattle.

JODY. Well, we often don’t appreciate what’s right under our noses.

JO. When I first saw the ad for a bed and breakfast, I almost didn’t call. Me, the owner of a B & B? I hadn’t thought about running a business. But I realized I would need something to fill my time.

JODY. I haven’t asked you, really, if you like the inn.

JO. Do I like the inn? When I read the description in the paper and saw the photograph posted on the internet, nothing, it seemed, could be this perfect. But after looking it over, I see that it is.

JODY. We try to be as accurate as possible with our ads.

JO. And the wrap-around porch on the other side of the inn, overlooking Puget Sound, wasn't even mentioned.

JODY. Most of the B & B's on the Sound have wrap-arounds.

JO (*more to herself than to JODY*). I could imagine Paul and me sitting on the porch after dinner, having coffee, discussing our day ... our dreams. Sometimes I feel he is actually talking to me. (*Coming back to reality, then to JODY*.) Oh ... forgive me. I apologize.

JODY. It's OK. I understand. I'm very sorry for your loss.

JO. Here I've burdened you with that, and you're just trying to do your job.

JODY. Part of my job is getting to know my clients.

JO. Thank you.

JODY (*after a moment*). Well ... what do you think?

JO. My friends told me not to make a major decision for a year—that I might very well regret quitting my job at the bank and leaving Seattle. What they didn't understand was that I found no comfort in familiarity, no joy in routine. But I did give it six months, and nothing helped—nothing changed. So what do I think?

PAUL ROSE (*voice from offstage*). Take it.

JO (*a bit dazed, after a moment*). I'll take it.

JODY. I beg your pardon?

JO (*glancing around looking for the voice*). I said—I ... I'll take it.

JODY. Believe me, I'm eager to make the sale. But you might want to think about it. This is a major decision, Jo Marie.

JO (*herself again*). Yes ... I know. And I *will* think about it—overnight—but there's really no need. When I told my family that I might be buying a B & B, they tried to talk me out of it. But, I—I think I've heard a voice louder than theirs ... (*After a moment.*) I'll make an offer tomorrow and hope the Frelingers accept it.

JODY. I think they'll be inclined. I know they're eager to do some traveling in their new motorhome and visit their children and grandchildren.

JO. I'll try to make a fair offer (*A pause.*) Let me take a look at the backyard again and see if it can be made bigger.

JODY. Sure, let's go.

(They exit.)

JO MARIE. My offer was accepted. I was able to pay for the inn in full with Paul's military life insurance. Not surprising, then, was the dream I had during my very first night at Rose Harbor Inn.

(The lights dim to low. A figure, PAUL ROSE, in full military gear, enters at the side of the porch and stands at attention. JO enters, dream-like, from inside the inn as a bright light comes up on PAUL.)

JO MARIE (*cont'd*). Suddenly, Paul appeared before me. When I first saw him, I wanted to run to him but was afraid he might disappear. But I had to be near him.

(JO slowly moves to PAUL, who embraces her.)

PAUL. You've chosen well. In time you will know joy again.

JO. I don't know if I can live without you.

PAUL (*lovingly*). You can, and you will.

JO. But—

PAUL. This is my gift to you. Don't doubt my love. You will feel joy again. You will heal at this inn, and all who come to stay will also heal.

(He exits as the light on him fades. JO, in wonderment, goes back inside the inn.)

JO MARIE. The next morning I knew I had dreamed of Paul. My tears were real, and there was moisture on my cheeks and pillowcase. But now, I had to face reality. My new job. I hurried downstairs to my small office and flipped through the reservation book the Frelingers had given me. I reviewed the names of the two guests due to arrive that week. And here they are today, twenty years later. Please welcome Josh Weaver and Abby Kincaid.

(JOSHUA WEAVER, early 50s, and ABIGAIL KINCAID, early 50s, enter from R and L, respectively, speaking as they cross, then meeting at DC.)

JOSHUA. Thank you, Jo Marie.

ABIGAIL. Thank you, guests.

JOSHUA (*to ABIGAIL*). And hello again to you.

ABIGAIL. I was about to say the same thing.

JOSHUA. Well, why don't you?

ABIGAIL. OK. And hello again to you.

(They smile at each other.)

JOSHUA. Oh, by the way, we're married.

ABIGAIL. Yes ... but not to each other.

JOSHUA. We were hardly ever at the inn at the same time.

ABIGAIL. We crossed paths at a couple of breakfasts, but that was about it.

JOSHUA. As you will see, we were in Cedar Cove for two very different reasons. Both of which pretty much took us away from the inn except to sleep.

ABIGAIL. Which, apparently, neither one of us did very much of.

(One sits near JO MARIE, and the other sits on a chair or bench at DL.)

JO MARIE. And so, with no experience, no training and very little to prepare me for the business world, I was ready to open my establishment.

(JO enters from inside the inn and wanders thoughtfully about the porch.)

JO MARIE *(cont'd)*. Paul had said this was his gift to me. I would do my best to make my guests comfortable. Perhaps in giving of myself, I would find the joy that Paul had promised.

(A younger JOSHUA, henceforth designated as "JOSH," early 30s, enters carrying a suitcase.)

JO. Oh, hello.

JOSH. Mrs. Frelinger?

JO. Sorry, no. I'm Jo Marie Rose. I recently took over the inn from the Frelingers ... And you must be Mr. Weaver.

JOSH. Just call me Josh. I don't feel I'm old enough to be a "mister" yet.

(They laugh.)

JO. Very well. Josh it is.

JOSH. Mmmm. Something smells good.

JO. I enjoy baking. Even though this is a B & B, I'll also be serving dinner this week. I hope you brought a good appetite with you.

JOSH. I did, but I don't know if I'll be here for dinner. I have to make a couple of phone calls first.

JO. Sure ... Well, you're my very first guest, welcome.

JOSH. Thanks.

JO. I'm sorry the parking area isn't closer to the inn. You should have driven up and dropped off your bag.

JOSH. That's OK. The walk did me good after the long drive.

JO. Well, come inside. I have some coffee on and sweet rolls in the oven, if you're so inclined.

JOSH. Sounds good.

JO. Since you're my first guest, you'll have your choice of rooms.

JOSH. Any one is fine. All I need is a place to sleep. I won't be here at the inn very much during the day ... This isn't exactly a pleasure trip for me.

JO. Oh?

JOSH. No. I'm here to visit my ailing stepfather and maybe set him up with hospice care.

JO. I'm sorry to hear that.

JOSH. Thanks, but ... we were never really close. This is more out of duty than anything else.

JO. Is there something I can do?

JOSH. No ... but thanks anyway.

JO. Well, at least I can help you settle in with a nice cup of hot coffee and a warm sweet roll. (*As they start to go into the inn.*) Do you take cream or sugar?

JOSH. No thanks. Black is fine.

(*They exit.*)

JOSHUA. Black was the way I learned to drink it when I lived with my stepfather, Richard. He had insisted on it.

JO (*from just inside the inn*). You will let me know if there's anything I can do to help.

JOSHUA. At that point there was nothing to be done. If I could have, I would have gladly avoided this altogether. But, unfortunately, there was nobody else to take the responsibility for Richard.

JO MARIE. I put Josh in a room on the second floor that overlooked the cove and the Puget Sound Naval Ship Yard, directly across the way.

JOSHUA. Richard had worked at the shipyard most of his career, after serving in the Navy during the Vietnam War. His son, Dylan—my stepbrother—had worked there, too ... until the motorcycle accident that claimed his life ... I checked my cellphone for messages, hoping for word on my next job. I hadn't even seen Richard yet, and already I was planning my escape.

JO (*calling from offstage*). If you need anything else—extra blankets, towels—let me know.

JOSH (*answering from offstage*). Thanks, I'll be fine. My room's nice and cozy.

JOSHUA. My only voice message was from Michelle Nelson, Richard's next-door neighbor. We had been in school together, but rarely had stayed in touch, except for an occasional update on Richard.

MICHELLE (*voice from offstage*). Hi Josh. I'm expecting you to arrive at any time now, and I wanted to make sure we connected first thing. My parents are visiting my brother in Arizona, so I'm staying home to feed the dog and keep tabs on Richard. I'm off work the next couple of days, so give me a call once you're settled in at the B & B. I'll go with you to see Richard if you like. Bye.

JOSHUA. I remembered how Michelle had been infatuated with Dylan, much to his embarrassment. Still, he had never been cruel to her like some of the other boys in school—teasing her about her weight and looks, taunting her with names and off-color remarks ...

(JOSH, carrying a briefcase and cellphone with an antenna, enters onto the porch.)

JOSH. ... 8-7-5-6. *(He puts the phone to his ear.)*

JOSHUA. I came outside, hoping for clearer reception. I appreciated Michelle's offer to accompany me when I would visit Richard for the first time. It would be great to have another person there to act as a buffer.

(MICHELLE NELSON, early 30s, is heard from offstage, or she may step onto the stage with a phone like JOSH's.)

MICHELLE. Hello?

JOSH. Michelle, it's Josh.

MICHELLE. Oh, Josh. My goodness, it's so good to hear your voice. How are you?

JOSH. Good.

MICHELLE. You sound wonderful.

JOSH. So do you. Are you married yet? You never mentioned it.

MICHELLE. No ... unfortunately. And you?

JOSH. Me neither.

MICHELLE. I asked Richard about you, but he didn't know anything.

JOSH. No reason he would. We haven't spoken for years ... How's the old man faring these days?

MICHELLE. Not good, as I mentioned when we talked a couple of months ago. He's stubborn and foolish. Doesn't want help from anyone, though he is willing to let me bring his meals and check in on him.

JOSH. You're a very kind next-door neighbor, as are your folks ... Does he know I'm coming?

MICHELLE. I didn't tell him, nor did my parents. We didn't know whether you would come or not.

JOSH. I wasn't sure I would either.

MICHELLE. Stop by our house first, and we'll go over to Richard's together.

JOSH. Thanks. I appreciate the offer.

MICHELLE. I've thought of you often over the years, Josh. I wish ... I wish we had more of a chance to talk at Dylan's funeral.

JOSH. So do I ... Look, I'll get settled in here and see you in about an hour. The sooner I confront the old man the better.

MICHELLE. Good. And afterward, I'll fix us a bite to eat.

JOSH. Thanks. I'll be there for that. G'bye.

(He pushes the disconnect button. If onstage, MICHELLE exits.)

JOSHUA. It had stung that Richard had discounted the strong relationship I'd had with his son, Dylan. It was just another slight to add to all the rest. But as it stood now, I was Richard's only living relative.