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The events of drama take place in the waiting hall of the Governor-General building in a commercial town. All travelers come to the town only to shop and do business; so, they usually stay for a short while. The building has, in fact, been turned into a hostel with only one out of its 15 rooms allocated as the Governor's Office. The other rooms are often available for travelers. The title "Governor-General & Aram Hostel" appears on the doorway to the building. The atmosphere of the hostel [Governorate] is calm and quiet but a vague hubbub is heard from outside.

OBOL, the head of Governorate Office and the hostel as well, is an old man or woman who has fallen asleep behind the counter. There's a passage beside the counter which leads to the basement, a door is seen on the other side of the counter on top of which is a sign in illegible handwriting: "The Governorate will be off due to the warm weather." A passage leads to the kitchen.

Some couches and a table, each different in form and color, are in the middle of the waiting hall. None of the set props match each other in general.

The door is opened after some moments and HOBOL, a 35-year-old traveler, with a suitcase in his hand enters pell-mell. After a brief hesitation, he, horrified, looks outside through the half-closed door. He closes the door and heaves a sigh of relief while pushing the suitcase on his chest. He smiles with pleasure and says hello as he sees OBOL. He hears nothing in response. He goes closer and stands next to OBOL.

HOBOL: Hi! ... ha... ha... [Sneezes loudly.]

OBOL: [Awakes agitated and immediately pulls out a huge piece of stick from beneath the counter.] What? Who was it?

HOBOL: [Jumps back] Gee! ... It's me. Stop it...

OBOL: [Casts his eyes over HOBOL for a few seconds.] Don't be afraid... [Puts the stick on the counter, points his finger at HOBOL, indicating him to come closer.] Come on... Come closer... I won't hurt you.

HOBOL: Here... Is here a hostel?

OBOL: [Smiles.] As you wish.

HOBOL: [Looks around confusedly. Then, points at the signboard on the Governorate Office.] I mean... here...

OBOL: It's closed right now... But the hostel is open.

HOBOL: Excuse me... that...

OBOL: As if I was asleep... wasn't I?

HOBOL: Honestly... I've already arrived. I don't know.

OBOL: Yeah... I was asleep... That's right. Your voice awakened me.

HOBOL: I'm sorry... If I knew...

OBOL: Well... what would you do if you knew it? What?

HOBOL: I wouldn't awaken you.

OBOL: I thought so... [Picks up the stick.]