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The Devil's Double

By Michael Thomas

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Hey.

You haven't changed. Please, take a seat.

How is your sister?

I have three sisters.

The one with the big tits.

The one I always wanted to fuck.

I hear good things, Latif.

It says here you can shoot straight.

Officer material, promoted already.

Lieutenant.

Please, help yourself.

Juice?

I won't keep you guessing, Latif.

I want you to come and work for me.

- Work for you?

- Here, in Baghdad.

Like old friends.

- We were friends, weren't we, at school?

- Classmates.

Didn't you once paint a picture
of my father?

- You still have it?

- I gave it to you.

I have an awful feeling

I told him I did it myself.

Do you know who this is?

- Of course.

- No, no, no.

It is not who you think it is.

His name is Faoaz al-Emari.

Not Saddam. I see him all of the time.

In the newspapers, in the magazines,
on television.

Even I cannot tell who is who.

It is not so unusual, Latif.

Stalin had a double. He had dozens.

So did the Shah.

The country is at war.

My father cannot be expected
to be everywhere at once.

Half the time there is no good reason,
but the people, they expect it.

Add to that there is always the chance

some fucked-up Shi'a scum
will take a shot at him.
Look at yourself, Latif.
Look. Look, look.
Look at me.
We could be twins, no?
You are taller.
How much? This much?
Didn't they used to say
you looked like Uday Saddam Hussein?
Didn't they used to say that at school?
I want you, Latif.
I want you to be my fidai.
I want you to be my brother.
Don't say anything.
Take 10 minutes.
Think it over.
What happens if I say no?
Ten minutes.
He is shitting bricks.
His grandfather was a Kurd. It's a pity.
But the family's been in Baghdad
a long time.
His father's done well.
I believe he sells domestic appliances.
He's never said a word against the party.
Latif is the best we could find.
And we looked.
Well, I have to have him.
You will have whatever you want.
Everything I own will belong to you.
Uday,
I am my father's son.
I would give my last drop of blood for Iraq.
But when this war is over,
I'm going to work in his business.
I am the eldest son.
I have brothers and sisters.
I have given them my word.
- Sleep on it.
- Uday...
You are asking me to
extinguish myself.
Thought it over?

Please be clear about this, Latif.
Uday has chosen you. You belong to him.
You have about five minutes
to think about this
before a car pulls up
outside your house in Al-Adhamiya
and your family, every one of them,
your father, your mother,
your sisters and brothers,
is thrown into Abu Ghraib.
God willing, they will die quickly.
I've said too much.
You have about two minutes left.
You'll have a cook and four maids.
These pretty girls will get you
anything you feel like.
Strawberries in winter, figs in July.
Just ask.
But lay a finger on one of them
without prior permission
and you'll never walk upright again.
And these are Uday's rooms.
He wants you to use them,
now that you are to be his brother.
Leather sofas, Italian marble,
all designed by Gianfranco Giannelli.
Handmade shoes, suits,
Brioni, Versace, Armani, of course.
Silk ties, watches. Breitling, Cartier, Rolex.
Silk pajamas.
These are very nice.
Poor child never knows what to wear.
He changes his mind every five minutes.
Depends on what car he's driving.
Honestly, habibi, that boy, he wears me out.
You should probably clean yourself up.
No calls.
Incoming, yes. Outgoing, no.
My name is Munem Hammed al-Tikriti.
We're going to be seeing
a lot of each other.
I write to my mother once a week.
She's going to think that I got killed in Iran.
Inshallah.

Inshallah?

My family are going to think that I'm dead.

Let them think you died a martyr.

I know it's difficult,

but it's what Uday wants.

He will accept nothing less.

She will be knocking on the door

of every hospital in Baghdad.

When you say your prayers tonight,

when you turn out the light

and close your eyes,

this is what

you should be saying to yourself,

"Latif Yahia is dead. He died in Iran.

"May God have mercy on him.

"Now I am Uday Saddam Hussein."

Guten Tag.

Take off your clothes, please.

Cough.

One more time.

And one more time, please.

Uday is three centimeters taller.

We can use built-up shoes.

Look at that. He is perfect.

- Uday, this is boring.

- Shut up.

How can you sit here all night

looking at yourself?

- He looks great.

- He doesn't even look like you.

What?

His cock's too big.

What do you mean, his cock is too big?

Uday's life story. Learn it.

Come on, come on, tell me.

Shape of face, hair, nose, physique,

all in the high 90s.

- Good.

- Your eyes are five millimeters bigger.

- They can use make-up.

- And the teeth? What about the teeth?

Two peas in a pod.

- I was just trying the teeth.

- Smile. Go on, smile.

No, no, no. Like this.
And do the hair. Do the hair.
You like the Rolex.
Keep it.
You look good in blue.
Yes, it definitely suits you.
Latif, hurry up.
- There's too much ice.
- Can I say blue is your color?
Shut up.
I like the way you fight.
You fight like me.
He fights like me.
I had a word with Dr. Linz.
He says your cock's too big.
We need to make a surgical reduction.
- A what?
- Chop a bit off.
- What?
- Not much.
Just a teeny-weeny.
Not much?
My cock is well-known in Baghdad.
The women, they talk.
I'm joking with you, you fuck.
This is Said Kammuneh.
He's a member
of the Iraqi Olympic Committee.
He has something to show you.
This is from the personal collection
of Uday Saddam Hussein.
That guy, he was a police officer.
We were on the same football team.
Great left foot. Good in the air.
I shot this myself. Wait a minute.
Good work, huh?
We got a lot of this shit
from the East Germans and the Russians.
See that guy? That's Rakti, the wrestler.
He won a bronze medal in Moscow.
The President calls him
the sharp sword of the Republic.
You know that gas station
on Haifa Street by the lights?

The President gave him that.
The fat fuck's making 20 grand a month.
That's good money.
Look, I'll leave this with you.
- Seen enough?
- Enough?
Have I seen enough?
I remember the day Saddam Hussein
became president of this country.
I was still in short trousers.
We ran through the streets, shouting,
"Saddam! Saddam Hussein!
Saddam Hussein!" Firing our guns.
Even my father. Even my father.
This stuff, Munem...
These people...
I hope Said said something about this.
They're criminals, deserters.
Pornographers, counterfeiters,
murderers, of course.
Putschists. Enemies of the Republic.
Saddam Hussein built this country.
Never forget that.
The schools, the roads, hospitals,
the mosques.
He gave the Iraqi people
everything they want.
He demands only one thing in return.
Never raise a hand against his family.
Do so and you will suffer.
The people you love will suffer.
Do well here, work hard
and you'll be one of the family.
One day all this will be over. Inshallah.
Inshallah?
Only God knows when.
Come, come, come, come, come.
Munem disapproves. Look at him.
He's angry with me.
He thinks I should leave you at home.
- Who's this?
- Latif? He's my brother.
Nobody must know this,
but Saddam, he has three sons.

You tell anybody this,
I will have to cut your tongue out
with a razor and feed it to the cat.
Everything I own, I give to him.
You don't own me.
Sarrab, best fuck in Beirut.
Loosen your tie. Let me do it for you.
There. Isn't that better?
Be careful what you say.
I can read your mind.
Are you really the President's son?
You know what they say on TV.
We are all the President's sons.
Hey!
Hey!
Look at him.
He can't keep his hands off that drag queen.
Poor Uday.
Sometimes I think he wants
to fuck himself to death.
Will you excuse me a moment?
Keys.
Give me the keys.
Give me the fucking keys!
Baby, I so love your tits!
I hope so, lover. You paid for them.
What have you done with my brother?
You see, Munem?
Discipline. We must have discipline.
If we do not have discipline,
we have no control.
If we have no control, we have chaos.
If we have chaos, we have disorder.
You do understand, Latif? It is quite simple.
We must have discipline.
Got it?
Got it?
Good.
Latif. Five minutes.
Latif.
- No, no, no!
- We must have discipline!
Discipline! We must have discipline!
How was that, Munem?

Excellent.

Sorry.

Good.

Empty your pockets.

My grandfather,

he talks to me the same way he did
when I was 10 years old.

God is great.

He gave me two sons.

Now I have three.

Make sure you give me no reason
to be angry with you.

And?

Uday, you owe me 50 dinar.

50 dinar?

You see?

Trying to get money from your brother
is like trying to get blood from a stone.

What?

It's not him.

What?

It's your turn, brother.

Fuck them. Fucking Kuwaitis.

I hate them all.

Worse than horseflies.

My brothers, welcome to Baghdad.

Fuck!

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Fucking Kuwaitis!

I fucking hate Jews, I hate horseflies
and I hate fucking Persians,
but I hate fucking Kuwaitis more!

They insult us.

They are filth. They maul our women.

The Kuwaitis have been
stealing \$280 million a year
from the oilfields at Rumaila.

\$280 million a year!

You know we traced the weapon.

I just know the fucking Kuwaitis
are behind this!

I hope my father wipes them out.

No, I'm telling you this.

I don't care who knows it!

The age of the sheikhs is over. Over!
- What?
- It's me, habibi.
What are you doing right now?
I'm getting my nails done. Nice and sharp.
The better to scratch you with.
Did I ever tell you
how much I love your ass?
It's the best ass in Baghdad.
I'll see you soon.
Hey, you, you!
You'll meet many women.
Whores, wealthy women from Al Mansour
who come looking for a favor
and offer you favors in return.
Schoolgirls he snatches off the street.
- You'll be given your fair share.
- Ready, guys?
Never even speak to a woman
Uday has chosen for himself.
He is insane.
You know it, Munem.
He's insane.
You turn a blind eye. You have no choice.
I understand that.
You are a good man in a bad job.
Look at him.
He's psychotic.
Come on, kiss. Kiss more. More. Kiss, kiss.
Who wants to sleep with me tonight? You?
Through the window
of a British worker's flat,
the Battle of Kuwait unfolds.
Saddam Hussein, very simply,
you cannot bully your neighbor.
You cannot wipe him out,
a member of the Arab League,
a member of the United Nations.
Saddam Hussein!
The hero of the Battle of Qadisiyyah.
The knight of the Arab nations.
Direct descendant of the prophet.
Saddam the noble fighter.
Scion of the family of Imam al-Hussein.

Ladies and gentlemen,
Uday Saddam Hussein.
The age of the sheikhs is over!
With the help of Almighty God,
Kuwait has come home!
Hey, you. The teeth. You with the teeth.
Come on. I'll give you a ride.
Hey! Hey, hey, hey! You!
No, no, no, no. You, you, you.
Hey, you.
Don't be scared. Come for a ride.
Come on, get in the car.
I'll give you a lift home.
I'll take you back.
Hey, don't be scared.
Why do you run? Why do you run?
Come on. Why are you running?
I'll take you home.
Come on.
Hey. How about you?
I love what you've done with your hair.
Hey, hey, hey!
It's okay, it's okay.
Don't be scared. Don't be scared.
It's all right.
You're beautiful. Don't be scared.
I'm not going to hurt you.
Brother, she's beautiful. You want her?
- Take.
- No!
What? What?
Don't fucking look at me like that.
- Like what?
- Like that.
I know that fucking look.
I know what you're thinking.
Think what the fuck you like.
I like cunt. I want cunt.
I see a cunt, I want to fuck it. I don't care.
I love my country,
I love my mother, my father.
But I love cunt more than I love God!
Does her mama know that she's out?
You know this man?

This is Kamel Hannah.
He's my father's greatest friend.
He tastes his food.
Did she get a note from her teacher?
See this watch?
You see this watch?
How much you think a watch like this costs?
How much? How much you think
a watch like this costs? \$10,000.
It's a \$10,000 watch.
My father bought him that watch.
Why? Why did my father buy Kamel Hannah
a watch like this?
Shall I tell you why? Shall I tell you why?
Shall I tell you why my father
loves Kamel Hannah so much?
- Because he gets his whores for him.
- Rubbish.
Our mother... Our mother
sits around the house and weeps
because of the whores
this man brings my father.
She wanders, she walks around the palace,
walks around the palace,
staring in the mirrors,
staring in the mirrors,
looking at herself like a fucking zombie
because of the whores
this man brings my father!
- Shall I kill him, brother?
- Uday.
What do you think, brother?
What do you think? Shall I kill him?
Kill your father's greatest friend?
He is a twittering little pimp
that has driven my mother mad.
- Maybe I'll let you kill him for me.
- Uday.
No.
I don't know him. It's meaningless.
If I am going to kill somebody,
I want to know why I'm going to do it.
Uday.
Uday.

- You fucker!
- Easy, easy.
You should be ashamed of your...
Motherfucker.
Come into my bedroom. Come on.
Would you like a drink? A nice drink?
I like to drink whiskey.
Take it, here, here.
Would you like some?
Would you like some?
That's it. In just one. In one. In one.
You're very beautiful.
You're a very beautiful girl.
Beg me... Beg me to fuck you.
Beg me. Go on, beg me to fuck you.
He humiliate me.
Why not? Just say it.
Beg me. Beg me to fuck you.
- I can't.
- Come on.
- I...
- Yes?
- ...beg...
- ...beg...
...you... I can't.
- Go on.
- No.
- Beg me. Beg me.
- No.
Beg me! Beg me to fuck you.
Beg me to fuck you.
Beg me to fuck you.
Beg me to fuck you! Beg me!
- Beg! Beg! Beg!
- I beg...
Yassem! Yassem!
- Who's doing that?
- That pig, Kamel Hannah. He won't stop.
He says he doesn't take orders
from faggots.
Stop!
- Fuck you.
- I order you to stop!
I don't take orders from you!

I take orders from Saddam Hussein.
Uday, Uday...
No! No!
Boss, come on. Let's go.
Just get her out of here, okay?
He took pills, sleeping pills.
Give me the knife.
You'll kill him.
The loss of blood and...
I should have gelded him at birth.

At 7:

of the United States began an operation
at the direction of the President
to force Saddam Hussein
to withdraw his troops from Kuwait
and to end his occupation of their country.
That's the latest Tomahawk cruise missile
to fly just over our position here.
Anti-aircraft gunners all around
have been trying to shoot them down.
I have said to the people of Iraq
that our quarrel was not with them,
but instead with their leadership
and above all with Saddam Hussein.
Kuwait has been stealing our oil.
Millions of dollars a year.
Millions of dollars. Millions of dollars.
Kuwait has been stealing our oil.
Millions of dollars a year.
From the oilfields.
From our oilfields at Rumaila.
Kuwait.
Kuwait, Kuwait.
Kuwait has stolen our Iraqi oil!
Millions of dollars a year
from our oilfields at Rumaila.
Our country is losing
more than a billion dollars a year!
Take the glasses off.
What are you doing here?
- How did you get in?
- Do you want me to go?
Why are you wearing Ray-Bans

at 1 :

Take them off.

- I want to be sure it's you.

- Are you sure?

I can always tell.

You cannot stay here.

Have you seen what's going on outside?

Hear what Saddam said on television?

"The mother of all battles."

Iraqi people are not stupid.

Nobody believes that crap.

Iraq is going to burn to the ground.

We won't see that on TV.

And Uday? Is he reporting for duty?

No. Uday has gone to bed

with a splitting headache

because Yassem Al-Helou forgot

to press his tweed hunting breeches.

He's a child. He'll tire of you.

He tires of everything.

One day soon, he'll tire of me

and I'll end up

at the bottom of the lake with the fish.

Today he's infatuated with you.

He's quite dazzled.

He thinks he made you up,

just like that, out of the dust.

Tomorrow he snaps his fingers

and you vanish.

But you can leave, Sarrab.

If I run away, he'll find me.

If he can't find me, he'll find my sister.

Who's going to protect me

from Uday Hussein? You?

This is the way it is in Iraq.

It's him.

Latif?

I cannot sleep.

Take a pill.

You may kiss me now.

You must go to Basra, my son.

- What did he say?

- It's not him.

- Of course it's him.
- You don't know your own father?
- It wasn't him.
- Of course I do. What did he say?

Basra.

Basra?

Fuck Basra.

Don't expect me to go.

Kuwait has stolen our Iraqi oil!

Millions of dollars a year

from the oilfields at Rumaila!

Our country is losing

more than a billion dollars a year!

What is Kuwait?

Who made up this country?

The thieving British!

In 1935 they picked up a pen

and drew a line in the sand.

Kuwait is a fantasy!

- Look, Mother. It's me.

- Kuwait is a lie!

Kuwait is the province of Iraq!

The age of the sheikhs is over!

- Qusay?

- Uday.

- Are you watching?

- He didn't fool me, my brother.

You can tell? How?

For one thing he's sober, and second

he's not foaming at the mouth.

It's a hit!

- Let's go!

- Go! Go! Go!

You've lost a lot of blood.

We might have to lose the little finger.

Who's going to tell Uday?

Take more. Take more.

Monsieur.

What? What?

The little finger. Right hand.

They're doing their best.

Fuck!

Is it you?

It's me.

The Americans are saying
Uday has been shot by the Shi'a.
But I know Uday is in Geneva,
gambling with his uncle.
He called me last night.
Yes, it is you.
- Where's Latif? Latif, with the finger?
- I'm busy. People are dying.
People are dying! People are dying!
People are fucking dying!
I know people are dying!
I know they are dying!
Men, women, Iraqi soldiers losing arms
and fucking legs. Brave people.
I don't give a fuck! Do you understand me?
Do you understand me? Fuck them!
- I don't give a fuck!
- You must go. Now.
Go, go, go, go. You must go.
Save his finger.
If you fail to save this man's finger,
I will kill every one of you.
Iraq's army is defeated.
Our military objectives are met.
Kuwait is once more
in the hands of Kuwaitis,
in control of their own destiny.
Oh, my God. Look at that.
I could fuck that. I could really fuck that.
Could you fuck that?
Yassem.
I wonder if she's a virgin.
Do you think she's a virgin?
It's her wedding day. It is the best day
of her life. She is the man's bride.
Do you think she'll let me
stick my finger up her ass?
You think?
Come over. Come on.
Come.
I do like that dress.
Come here, darling.
You're beautiful, very, very beautiful.
You having a nice day?

Come, let me kiss you.
Very good. My brother.
Nothing serious.
As you can see, rumors of my death
- are scandalous lies...
- It's me.
...put out by the Americans.
Scandalous lies that insult
the intelligence of the Iraqi people.
Allahu akbar.
Allahu akbar?
Allah gives me nothing.
Everything I want I just take for myself.
Look at me.
I'm a fucking war hero.
Well, she's dead.
Find out who she is. Send them some
dinars for the damage. Are you deaf?
I said pick up the phone,
get hold of Said at the Olympic Committee.
- Do what I tell you.
- Do it yourself!
What? What did you say?
I said do it yourself.
I will not be part of this madness.
I will never let you go.
I will never let you go.
I love you too much.
Yassem.
I should have put a bullet in his head.
Then you would be just like him.
And you're not.
Praise God for that.
You're my Latif.
- You must go.
- No, he's gone. He's gone.
I know, but he'll be back. You must go.
How can you stand it?
Why do you choose to live like this?
I didn't choose.
He chose me, just like he chose you.
You have a visitor.
I want you to do something for me.
I will look into this complaint.

If need be, I will talk to my father.
I'm a tired man.
I have a heart condition.
Look into my eyes. Look deep.
Can you see the pain there?
This is the pain you give
to the people of Iraq.
Pain that never ends.
Today I have come to seek justice.
Will I be shown any compassion?
Justice. Compassion.
Fuck this!
Is this him?
Your daughter was a whore. She enjoyed it.
She was 14 years old.
No man has ever touched her.
God gave her beauty.
This was her downfall.
This is too much. You are a criminal.
- All of Iraq knows your crimes.
- You are a good man.
Give him 1,000 dinars for her time.
That is good money for a whore.
Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!
I'll put a fucking bullet
in your fucking head!
You, you, put a bullet in his head now.
Now!
- What has he done?
- What has he done?
- He's a man who has lost his daughter.
- You heard what he said about you?
- About me?
- About you, Uday Saddam Hussein.
It was not me who snatched her
off the street.
I didn't beat her.
If you want to kill him, kill him yourself.
You think you can pick and choose?
You think you can pick and choose?
You are nothing!
Without me, you'd be hanging
from a fucking lamppost on Haifa Street.
I made you, Latif. I made you.

I gave you life.
If I want, I'll fucking take it away.
Now put a bullet in his head.
I'm not going to kill this man.
Kill me if you want.
- I don't care.
- You would die to save this man?
Go on, what are you waiting for?
Kill me. Put a bullet in my head.
You're going to do it one of these nights
when the mood takes you.
Why not now?
Go on, put a bullet in my head.
Never. I love you too much.
No.
You love Uday.
You are not afraid to die?
You forget.
I died the day I came here.
You do not fear God.
Let me make this easy for you.
I don't believe it.
Somebody get this on tape.
Yassem! Come film this.
- This is better than a porno movie!
- Get me the hospital.
- Get out of my way.
- Yassem, film this. Film this.
Yassem! Yassem!
Yassem!
Get help.
He's the last person I'd be going out with.
- But he's my best friend.
- Well, you go out with him, then.
- Go out with who?
- Nobody, Baba.
Am I missing something here?
- I'll get it.
- Yes, Baba.
Gallalha's getting married next week.
Is she? That's good.
Makes life much easier for me.
Baba!
It's Latif!

Ju'an, run along, habibi.
Uday Saddam Hussein
invites you to a party.
His birthday.
He is never going to stop.
Son,
I don't want to know what you've done.
I want you to know
that I absolutely trust you.
And I am proud of you.
One day, when God wills it,
we'll have justice.
You must go.
You must leave this country,
go as far away as you can,
and don't come back
until Uday Hussein is dead and buried.
He will come looking for me.
He will come here. You know that.
He will come looking for you.
Go to this party, drink his whiskey.
We must look for the right moment.
- Don't ask me to do this.
- Latif, I am an old man.
My life is here.
Everything I have made of my life.
God gave me life, my son.
When he wills it, he'll take it away.
You will do as you are told.
You.
You, you, in the blue dress.
In the blue dress.
Get it off. Get it off, all of it.
Get it off, get it off, get it off.
Go on, take, take, take.
All of you, all of you. You, in the gold.
Give me... Take off your dress.
Take off your dress!
It's Uday's birthday party for my friends
and I want to see all of you naked,
all of you!
Come on! Come on, naked.
More. Blue clothing. Take it off!
Now, off. All of it. Take your knickers off.

Beautiful ass. Beautiful ass.
Come on! Take it off!
This is birthday celebration!
Good, good, good. I like it.
And you. Don't hide yourself.
Let me see you.
You're beautiful. You're beautiful.
You should show yourself.
It is a lot of beautiful people
for my birthday.
- That Mercedes...
- It's not for sale.
I heard you'd take 30,000.
There are two things I never do, Said.
I never pass wind in the presence
of the President of the Republic
and I never do business with pimps like you.
Latif! Latif!
God is great.
He gives my brother back to me.
- You didn't?
- I did. Come.
Come, come, come, come, come.
I quite enjoyed it.
It hurt like hell.
I thought I would need stitches.
What is Sarrab going to say?
Sarrab?
What is Sarrab going to say?
Why the fuck should you care
what Sarrab is going to say?
Look at him.
Latif thinks because he looks like me,
he dresses like me, he sleeps in my bed,
he thinks he can fuck like me.
You think you can fuck my women?
He's jealous.
He wants to fuck you himself.
You know what this fucking Kurd
said to me?
I offered him 30,000 dinars
for that Mercedes.
He said he wouldn't sell it to a pimp.
Pimp? You called this gentleman a pimp?

- Gentleman?
- He called you a pimp?
- Uday's.
- Uday's pimp? Uday's pimp?
- You called this man Uday's pimp?
- He's lying.

This man is my friend.

He is one of this country's most successful businessmen.

Businessmen?

What business is that? Cunt?

- Sit down.
- I'm leaving.
- Sit down.
- Are you leaving? No?

I am leaving.

Sit down. I'm talking to you.

What do you want from me, Uday?

You belong to me, Latif.

You do as I say. Sit down.

You are going to have to shoot me in the back.

Stop!

Stop! I order you to stop!

Fuck!

Take me with you.

You can't leave me here.

Kill him. He'd kill you.

I am not Uday.

Come on.

Keys.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

You let him go.

He had a gun.

You had a gun.

He took it.

Fuck.

Second thoughts?

I should've put you out back there.

Would've been the smart thing to do.

- That's what Uday would have done.
- Not so smart.

Uday would have killed me first.

- Do you have any money?

- No.
- Nothing?
- I'm not a prostitute.
Too bad.
Do you ride?
Well, what does it say?
What does it say, Munem?
Uday Saddam Hussein has fled Iraq.
Sit down.
Who is this woman?
Some whore he met.
Uday will make an appearance
on the news at 1 :00.
They're on their way here now.
She has no shoes on her feet.
This is what happens.
You give people an opportunity,
Iift them up, let them eat at your table,
sleep in your bed.
And this is how they repay you.
Who is this?
I'm sitting here watching Ali
fuck your sister up the ass.
I'm not joking with you, Latif.
Come back to Baghdad.
We can smoke a pipe together.
Fuck some women, drive some cars.
Don't tell me you need time to think.
Don't keep me waiting, brother.
Don't force my hand.
Come back, Latif.
I miss you.
I've got no one here to talk to.
Think of your mother and your father.
How did he get this number?
We just walked through the door.
Uday knows everybody.
These people in Malta
have a lot of business in Baghdad.
Half the people I know have money here.
They come to get their tits done.
We've got to get out of here.
We cannot stay here.
We walk through the door

and he's on the phone.
He will never leave us alone.
I know him, he's a fanatic.
He will never stop.
You're not listening to me!
Stop shouting at me!
I have a child.
A little girl.
Tara.
Nobody knows this, not even Uday.
She's with my sister in Samarra.
You have to help me.
You have to do something, Latif.
She's three years old.
I can't leave my daughter in Iraq.
You tell me this now?
I was too frightened.
- I didn't know what you'd do.
- This is insane.
You are insane.
- What kind of a woman are you?
- There's nothing else, wallahi, I swear it.
What do you expect me to do?
Who is the father?
Talk to him.
Do you even know who the father is?
Now that's Uday talking. I can hear it.
He's dead.
I spoke to my sister.
She knows a man who can drive
Tara to Amman. He wants US dollars.
It was you.
What do you mean?
How else did Uday know where I was?
There is no other way.
You never say anything nice, do you?
You never say I look pretty.
You never ask me how I'm feeling.
You never tell me you love me.
When you make love to me,
you're tender.
Only then.
Look at me, Latif.
Look at me.

What do you see?
Uday's whore?
- Is that what I am to you?
- I spoke to the operator.
He gave me a list of outgoing calls.
I didn't call the Iraqi Embassy three times.
It wasn't me
who called the Iraqi Olympic Committee.
I got scared.
I was calling my sister.
- I was scared for my daughter.
- It was you, Sarrab.
You.
You called Uday. You told him where I was.
It was you.
Take what you want, Sarrab.
There is money in the hotel room.
My poor Latif.
And how is Sarrab?
Did she tell you about her daughter
living with her sister?
And you believed her.
Don't hang up the phone, motherfucker.
I have your father in my office.
Let me speak to him.
Come home, Latif.
Think of your father.
Come back to Baghdad.
I'm going to put your father on the phone.
I want you to listen
to what he has to say to you.
He's going to tell you what to do.
Here.
Speak to your son.
Are you well, my son?
Yes, I'm fine. Listen, I have a plan.
I'm going to say this once,
and it's my final word.
You will do as I tell you
or you are no longer my son.
Tell this evil son of a bitch
to go to hell.
Speak up, Latif.
What is it to be?

Go to hell.
Latif Yahia.
They took my father
to Uday's office that morning.
They dropped his body off

at 4:

My mother was forbidden
to give him a decent burial.
She was told to bury him in the garden.
Nothing will bring my wife back.
Or your father.
Why have you come here?
What do you want?
Hey, girls! Girls!
You, come and talk to me.
Hey, you. Come here.
Come. I'll take you home.
With the pretty hair.
You're very pretty. No, you are.
Please, come on. Where are you from?
Trying to get away from me, huh?
He's stopped.
Come on. Are they your friends?
Move. Ali. Ali, Yassem.
Get the fuck out! Move!
Yassem! Yassem!
Ali! Ali! No!
- No! Yassem! Yassem!
- This is for my wife!
Latif?
No! Please stop!
No! No!
Out of my way!
Move!
You, stop!
Move, move!
Stop!
Clear the area!
Clear the area!
Move!