

MANA NEYESTANI

# THE SPIDER OF MASHHAD



# THE INTERVIEW BEGINS





HE'S GOING TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW, SO LET'S STICK TO THE PLAN, OK? TRY TO MAKE HIM OPEN UP ABOUT HIS MOTIVES, AND WHAT HE WAS FEELING WHEN HE COMMITTED THE MURDERS.

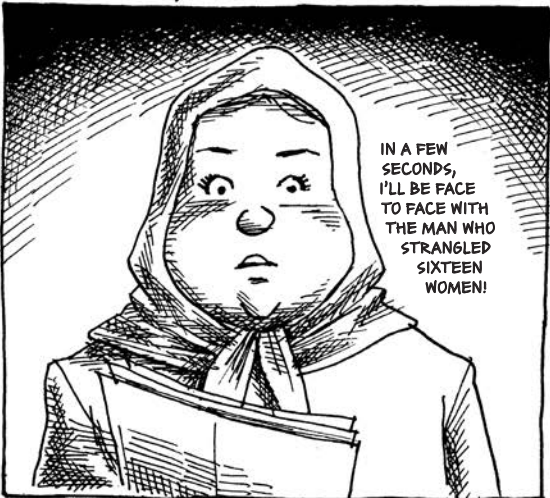


I WANT TO GET INSIDE THIS GUY'S HEAD. START WITH HIS PAST, HIS CHILDHOOD, ALL THAT STUFF... AND WORK UP TO HIS MOTIVES FOR THE CRIMES. GOT IT?

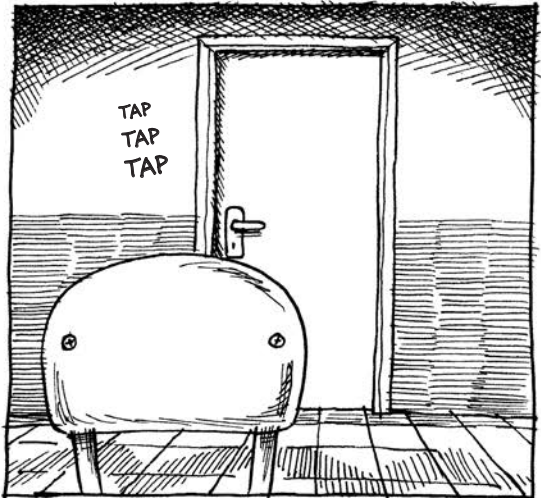


OK, MAZIAR. WHERE ARE WE ON THE INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE AND SON?

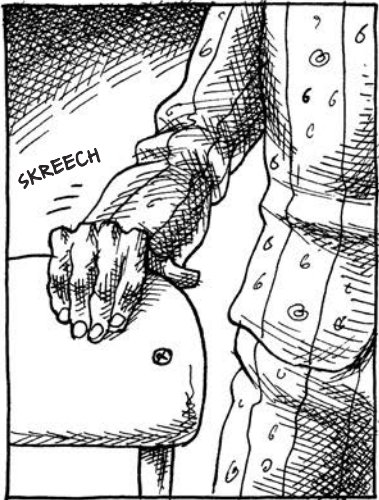
SHE SAID YES. WE'LL DO IT WEDNESDAY.

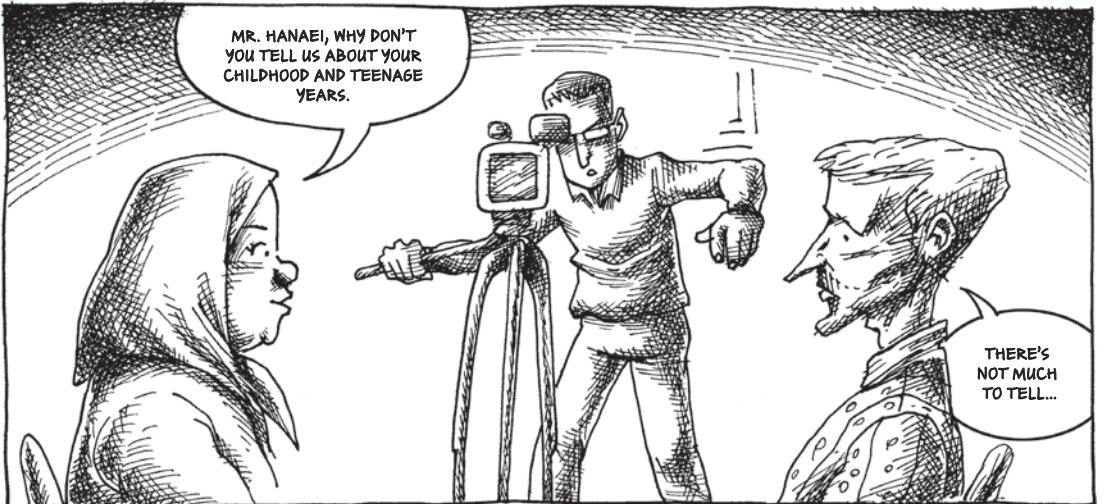
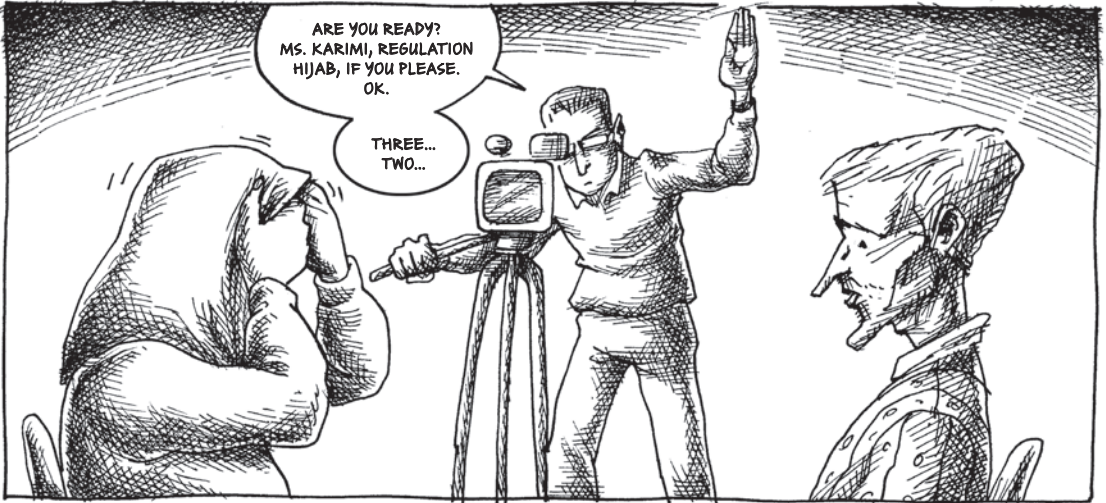


IN A FEW SECONDS, I'LL BE FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN WHO STRANGLED SIXTEEN WOMEN!

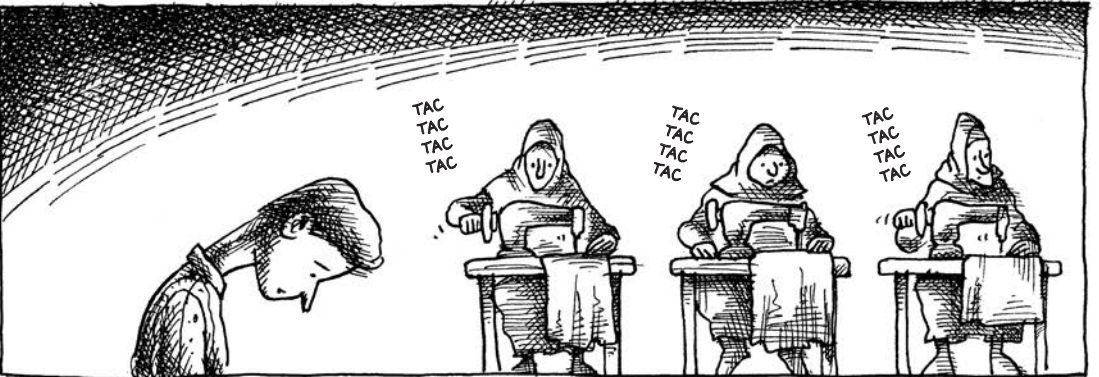
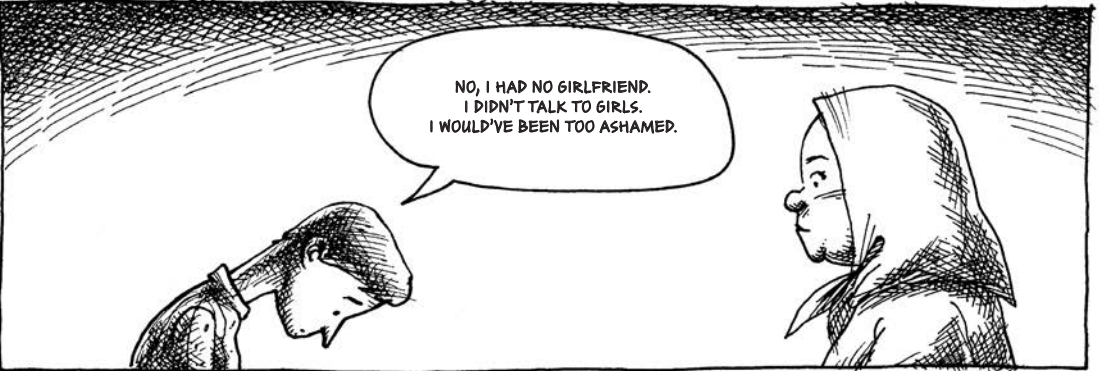
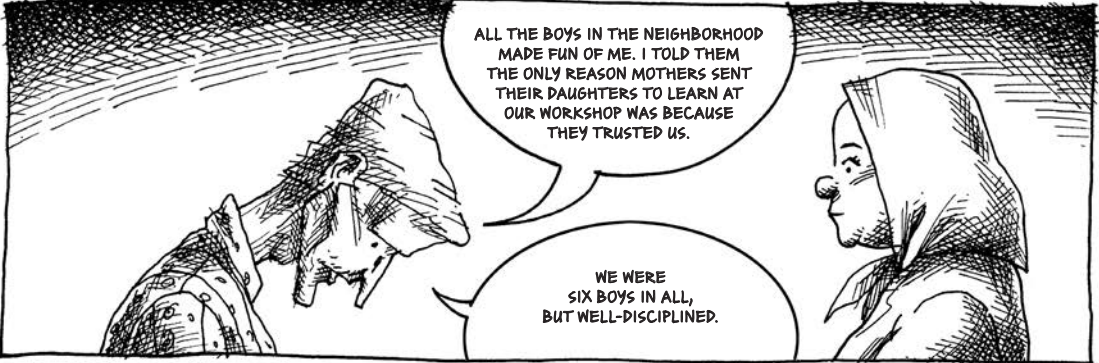
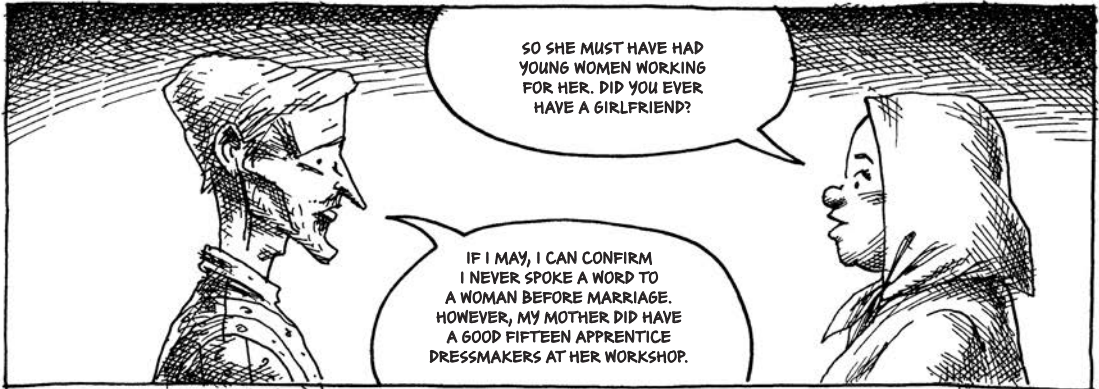


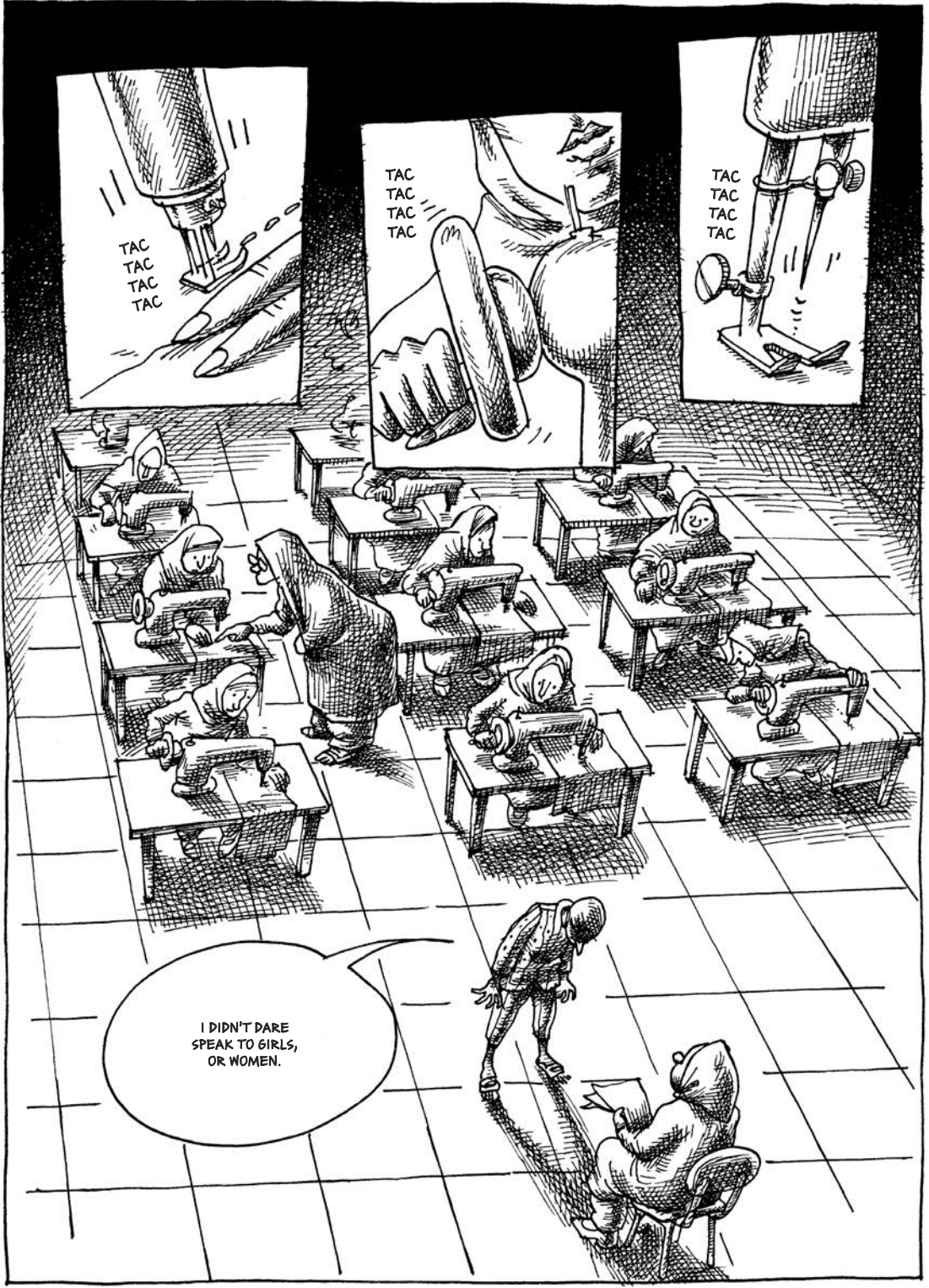
TAP TAP TAP





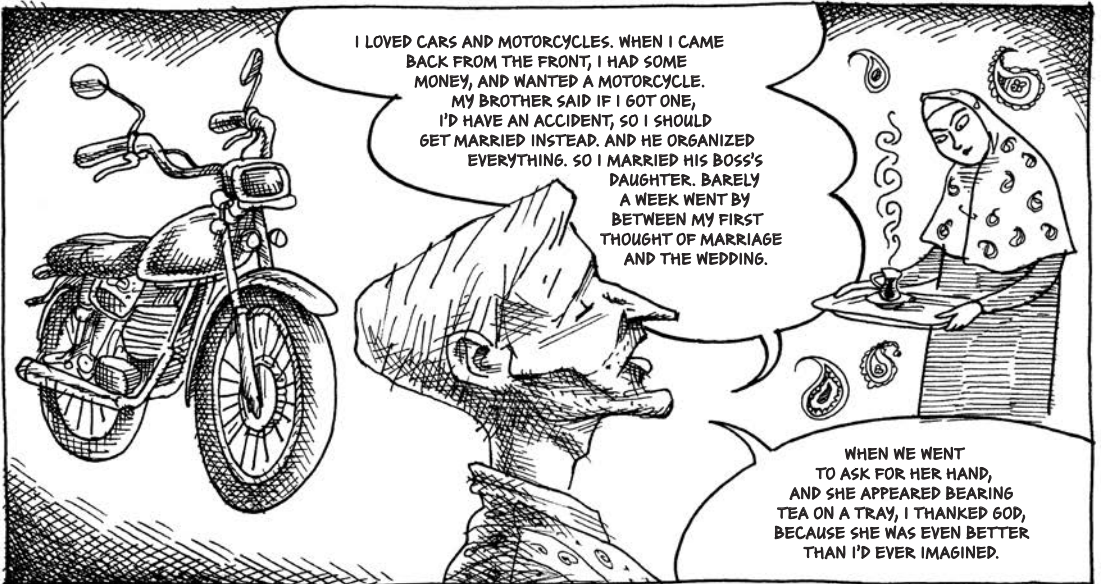
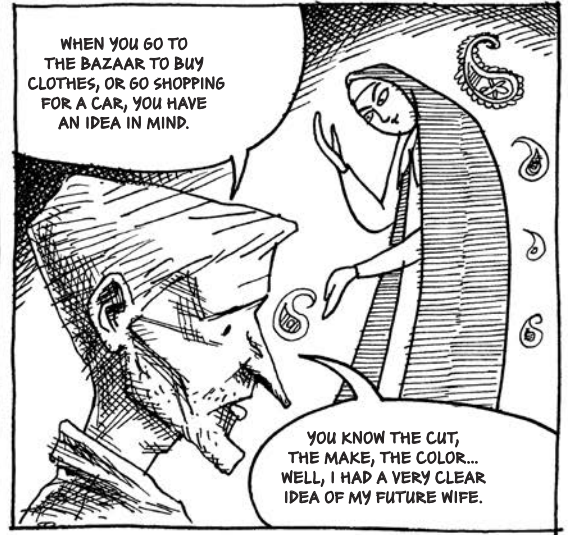
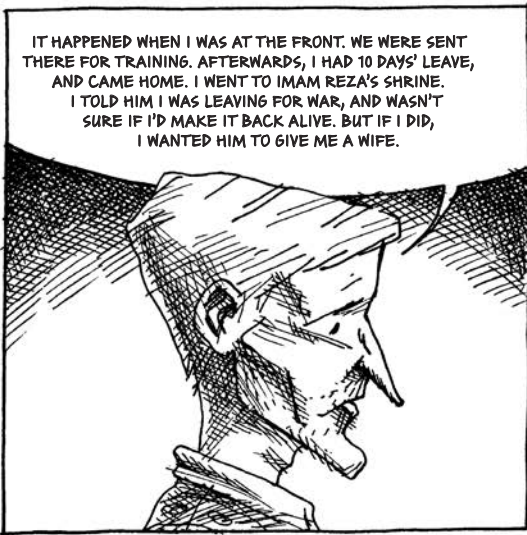
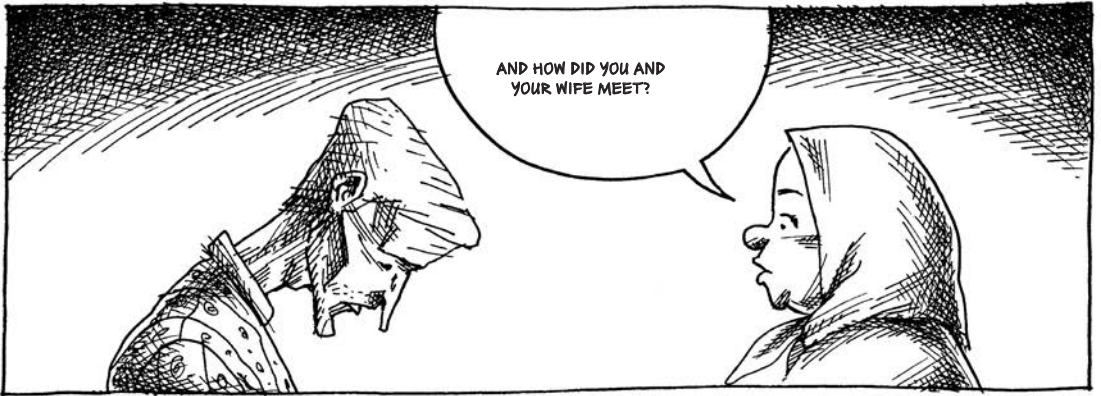


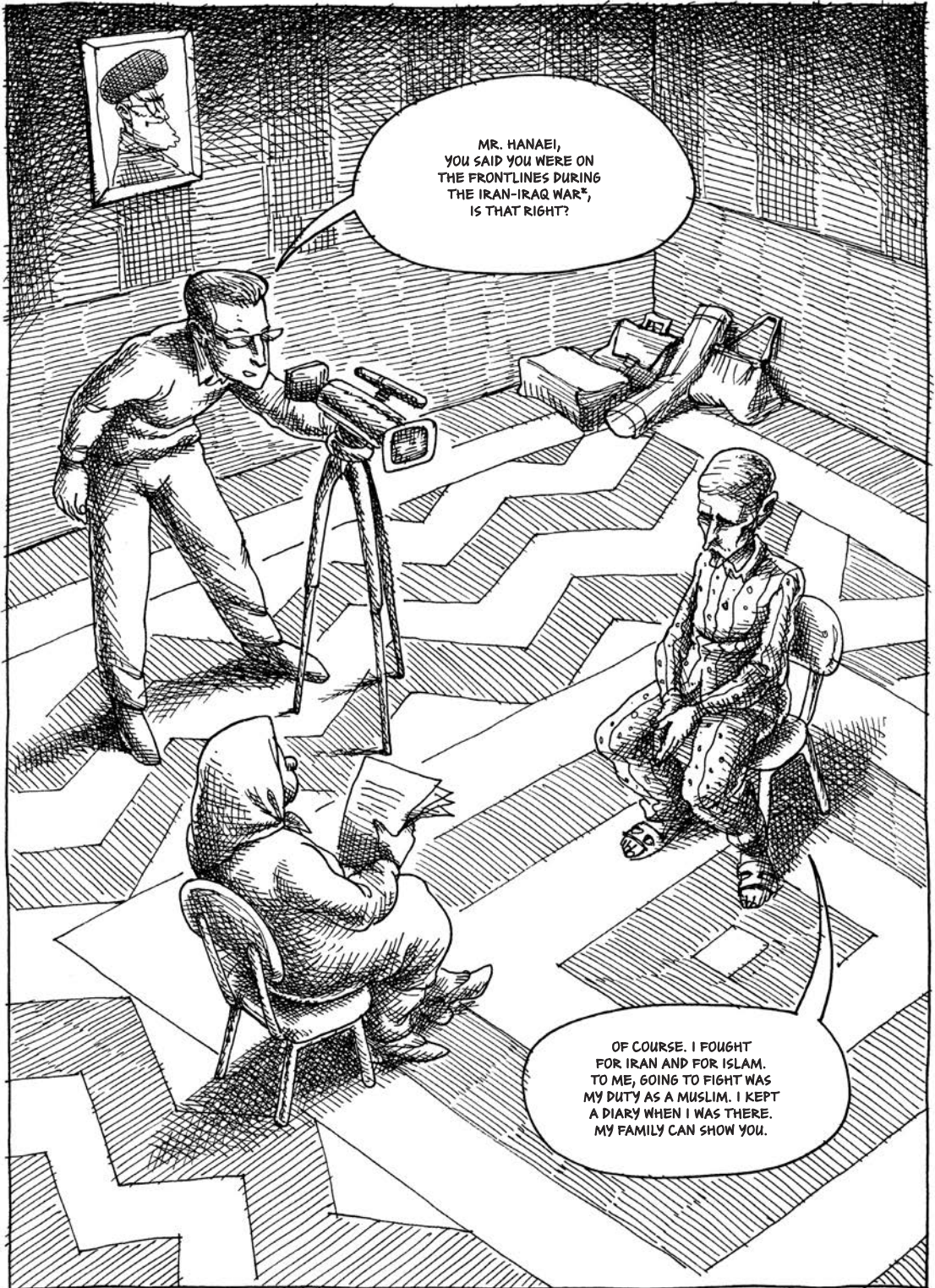




I DIDN'T DARE  
SPEAK TO GIRLS,  
OR WOMEN.







MR. HANAËI,  
YOU SAID YOU WERE ON  
THE FRONTLINES DURING  
THE IRAN-IRAQ WAR\*,  
IS THAT RIGHT?

OF COURSE. I FOUGHT  
FOR IRAN AND FOR ISLAM.  
TO ME, GOING TO FIGHT WAS  
MY DUTY AS A MUSLIM. I KEPT  
A DIARY WHEN I WAS THERE.  
MY FAMILY CAN SHOW YOU.

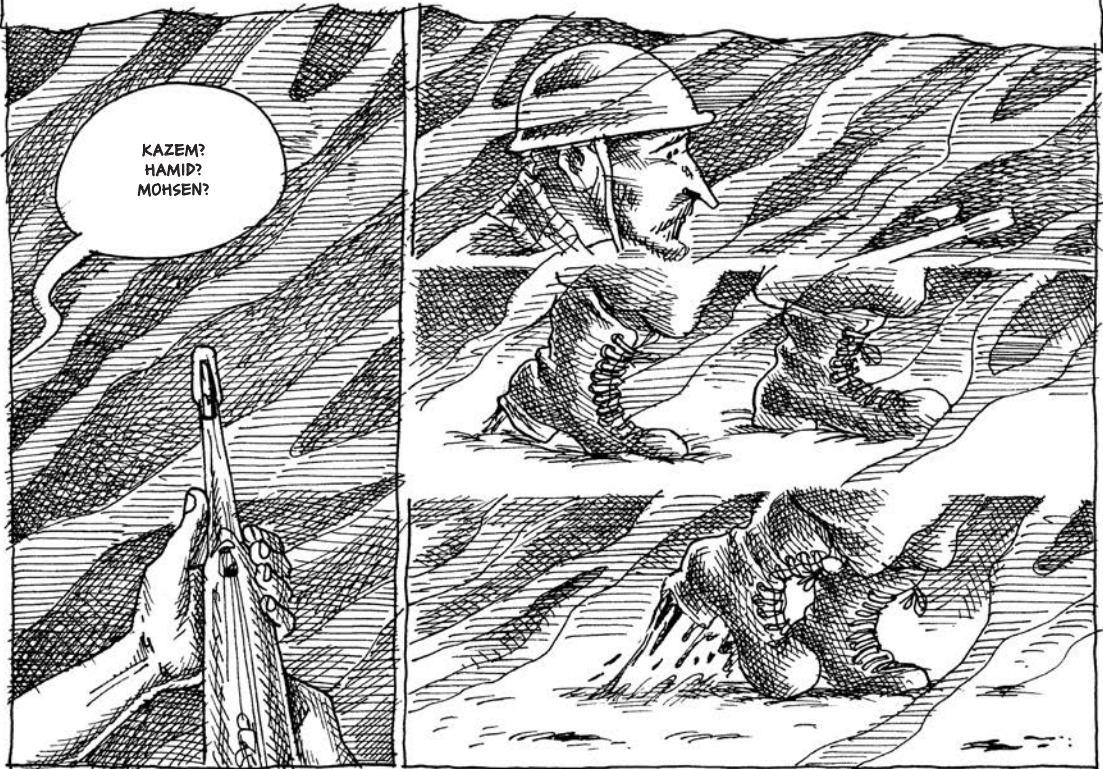
\* THE IRAN-IRAQ WAR FROM 1980-1988

## EXCERPTS FROM HANA EI'S DIARY

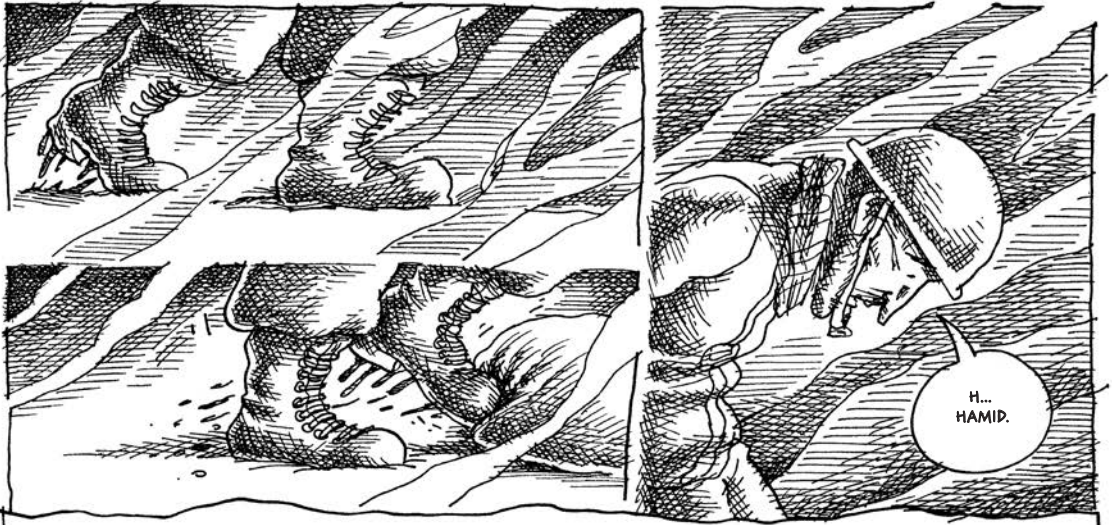




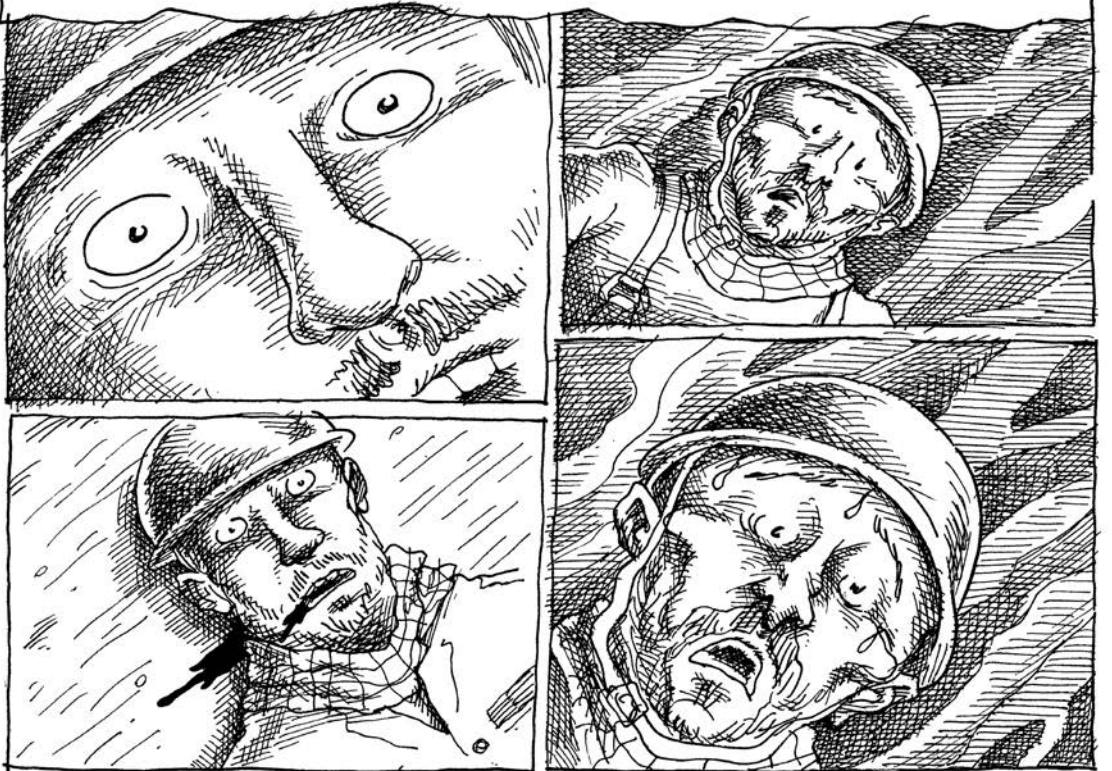
THINGS WERE BLOWING UP RIGHT AND LEFT, AND IT SMELLED OF SMOKE AND GUNPOWDER. I WAS DEEP IN THICK FOG. I'D LOST SIGHT OF THE OTHERS. NOT WATER VAPOR, BUT CHEMICAL GASES FILLED MY LUNGS WITH EVERY BREATH. I WAS ALONE. MY EARS WERE STILL RINGING FROM THE DIN OF THE EXPLOSION. IN THE DISTANCE, I COULD SEE SHAPES MOVING AROUND. I DIDN'T KNOW IF THEY WERE ON OUR SIDE, OR THE ENEMY'S. I BEGAN CALLING OUT TO THE OTHERS.

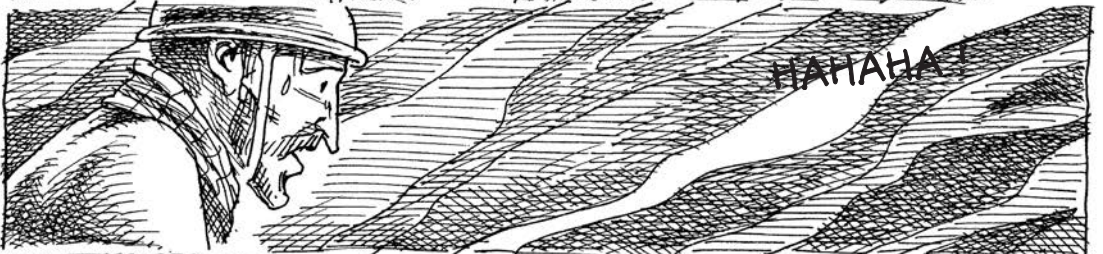
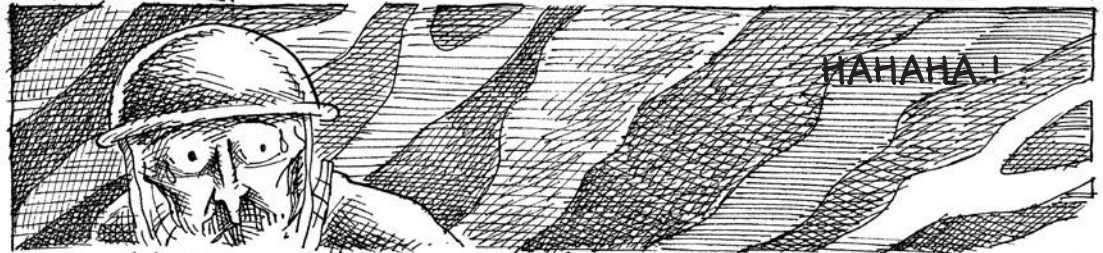


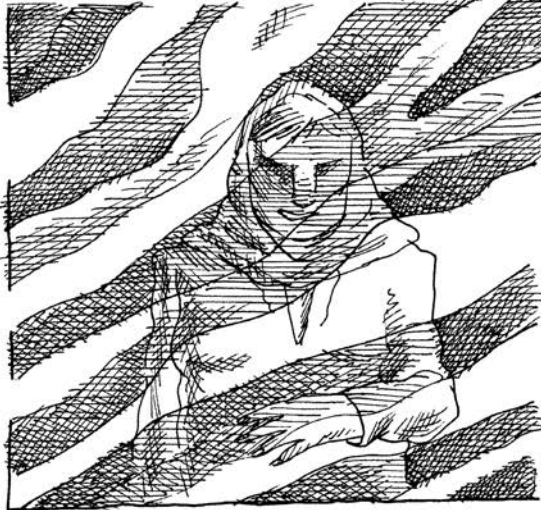
KAZEM?  
HAMID?  
MOHSEN?

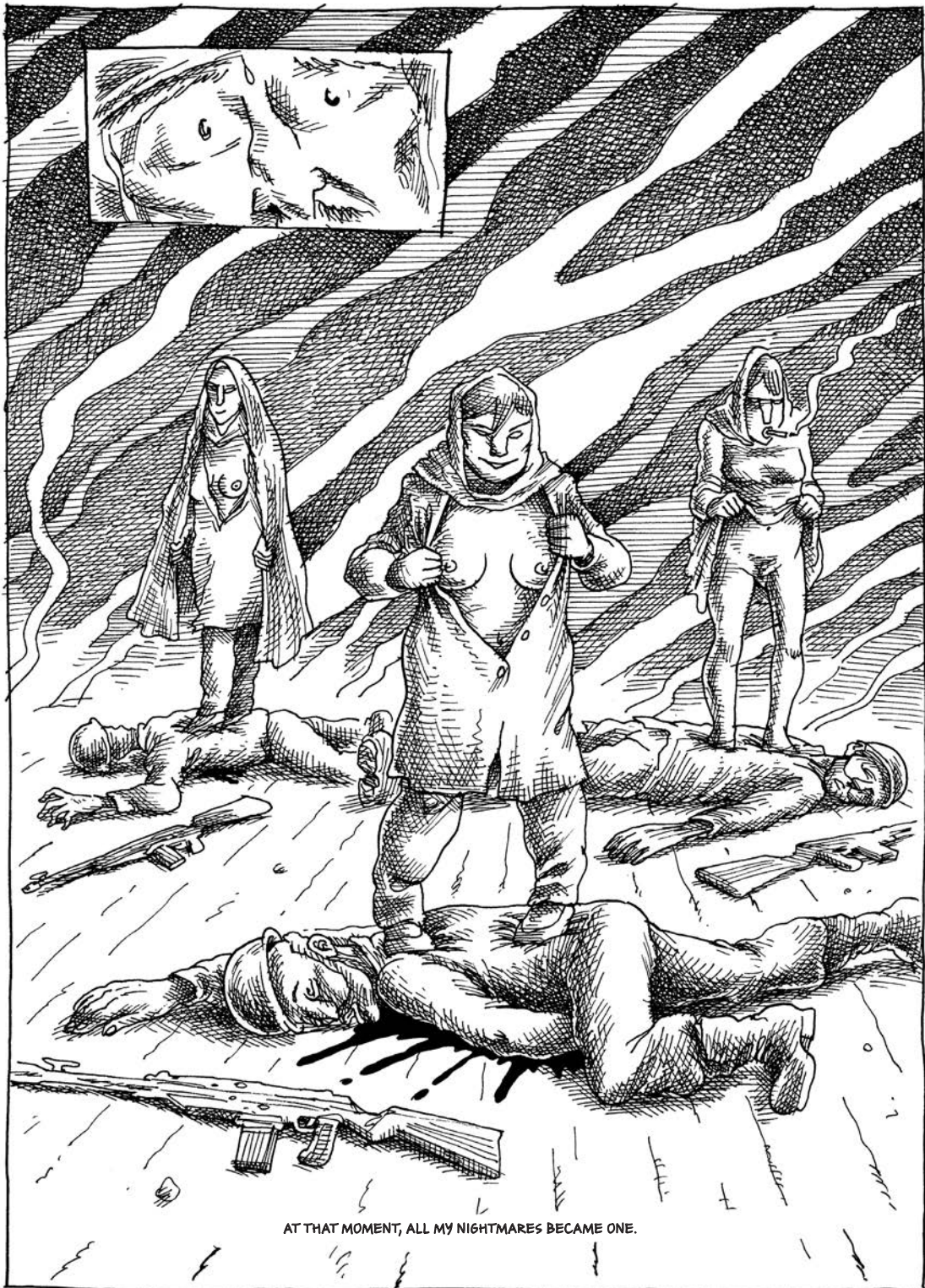


I TIGHTENED MY GRIP ON MY RIFLE AND MOVED FORWARD. I TRIPPED ON SOMETHING.  
I LOOKED DOWN... IT WAS HAMID. HIS EYES WERE STARING BACK AT ME.



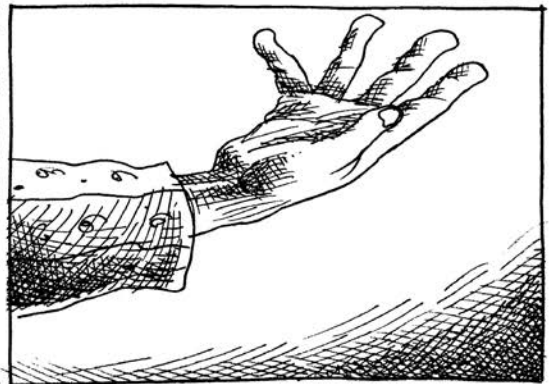
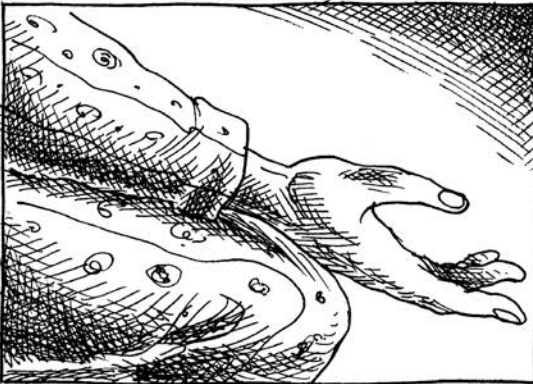
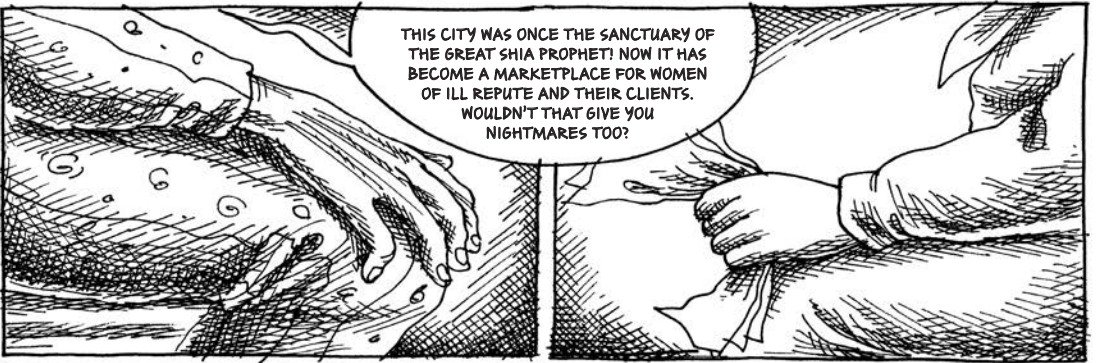
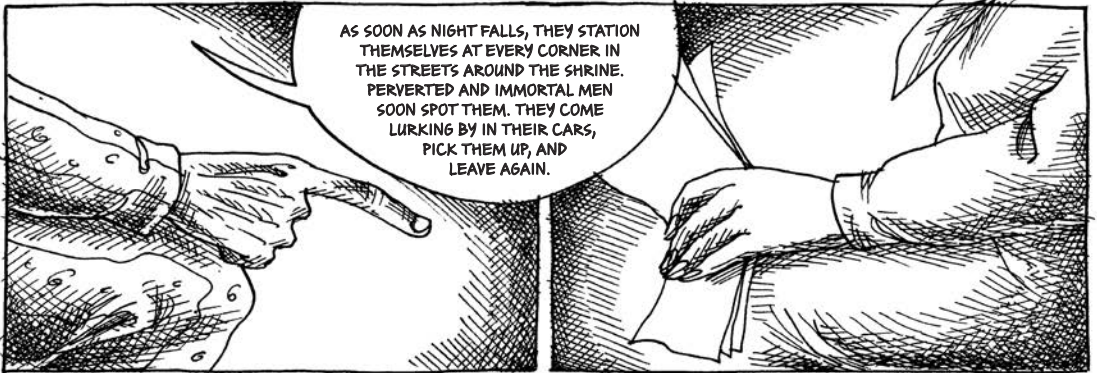
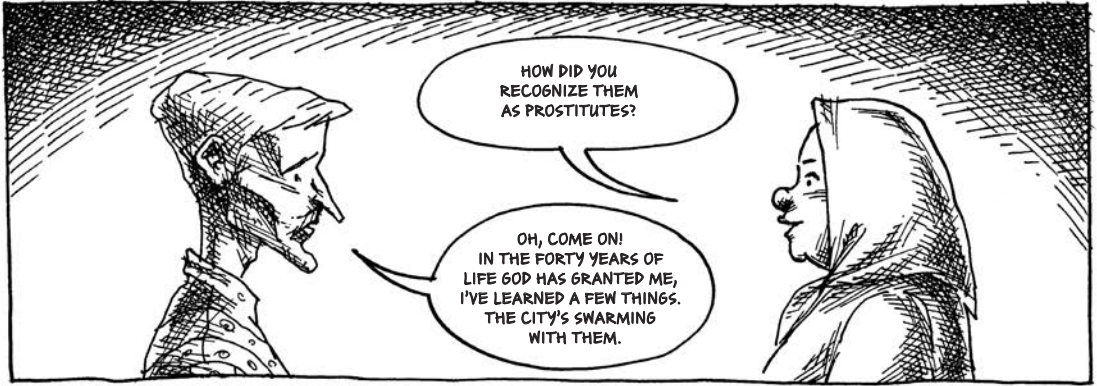


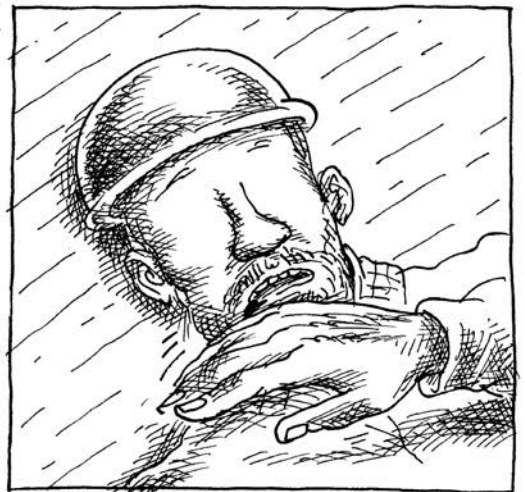
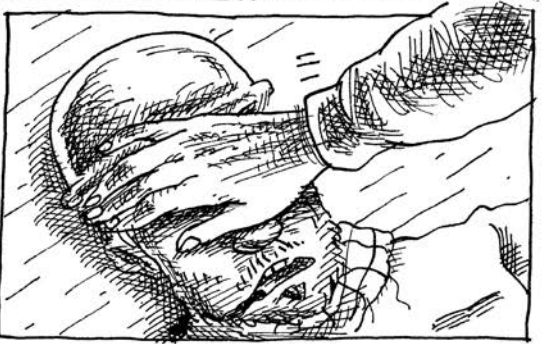




AT THAT MOMENT, ALL MY NIGHTMARES BECAME ONE.



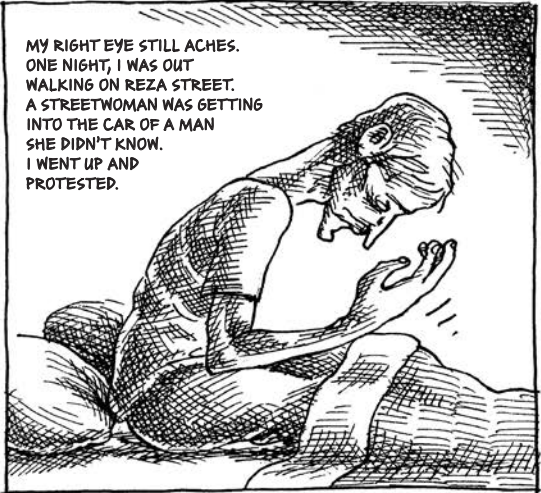






ANOTHER NIGHTMARE.

MY RIGHT EYE STILL ACHES.  
ONE NIGHT, I WAS OUT  
WALKING ON REZA STREET.  
A STREETWOMAN WAS GETTING  
INTO THE CAR OF A MAN  
SHE DIDN'T KNOW.  
I WENT UP AND  
PROTESTED.





THE MAN GOT OUT AND PUNCHED ME. WHEN I CAME HOME, MY WIFE ASKED ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED. I TOLD HER A BRICK HAD HIT ME IN THE FACE AT THE WORKSITE. FORGIVE ME FOR THIS LIE, O LORD.



I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING. I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING...