

HOMER DAVENPORT AND THE QUEST FOR THE ARABIAN HORSE

A Narrative Documentary

Written by

Aaron Guzzo

Based on

MY QUEST OF THE ARAB HORSE

By

Homer Davenport

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Aaron Guzzo
1218 McClellan Dr.
APT 103
Los Angeles, CA 90025

NOTE: You will notice the photos listed throughout the script have a number after them. Some have a p before them (pxx), while some have a # before them (#xx). The photos with the (pxx) notation are referring to the location of said images in THE ANNOTATED QUEST - HOMER DAVENPORT & HIS WONDERFUL ARABIAN HORSES (Seauphah Publishing Assoc. Inc., Copyright 1992, ISBN 0-9634581-0-8). The photos with the (#xx) notation are referring to a DropBox folder containing the corresponding photos, all numbered accordingly for your reference. Contact Paul Husband for access to the Dropbox folder.

NOTE: This is a "documentary screenplay" (for lack of a better term), and it alternates between historical photos, stock footage, original live re-enactments, historical sketches by Davenport, and yet to be created drawings / paintings. All of these visuals are merely suggestions and references which can be changed if needed to best serve budget, resources, time, and the story itself. The main focus here is the narration and story.

FINAL NOTE: If funding is not available to portray the live-action scenes, these can be done as a "radio drama," with voice actors performing the lines with sound effects and a few paintings / sketches appearing throughout as a visual

- Aaron Guzzo

TITLE CARD: HOMER DAVENPORT AND THE QUEST FOR THE ARABIAN HORSE

INT. DINGY BAR - CONSTANTINOPLE - NIGHT

We open on an old, dimly-lit Middle-Eastern bar, packed with Turks, Arabs, and Middle-Easterners of all kind. The air is thick with hookah smoke.

SFX: Raucous laughter and chatter. Not a word of English being spoken. Turkish music twangs lightly in the background.

TEXT: CONSTANTINOPLE (ISTANBUL) - July 1906

As we move through the crowd:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Take a trip back in time with us, before the World Wars, before the fall of the Ottoman Empire, to Istanbul, 1906. It's July, and it's sweltering hot. You're in a dingy saloon, out of place, surrounded by people who don't speak your language. You and your comrades are about to embark on a journey of great personal importance into the brutal Middle Eastern desert. Though it will have far-reaching consequences over the next century, the perils and tribulations of your journey will be quickly forgotten and almost lost to the sands of time. Almost. The journey you're about to go on is Homer Davenport's quest for the Arabian Horse.

We finally come upon three men sitting at a table across from a grey-haired man in a white suit. The four of them are the only white people here.

The man in the suit, WILLIAM FORBES (70s), leans in.

FORBES

They call him "The Pride of the Desert." He was a gift to the Governor of Aleppo from the Bedouin people. I've offered fortunes to have him, enough to fill ten palaces... but the Governor won't budge. And I'm not the only one after him - the Italian Government offered more than I did...

(MORE)

FORBES (CONT'D)

and they got nowhere. He's the perfect specimen, the most sought-after prize in all of the Arabian desert. So forgive me for having my doubts that the three of you will get anywhere.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The man speaking is William Forbes, owner and founder of MacAndrews & Forbes, which is the leading dealer of liquorice root in the world to *this very day*. He's Davenport's only contact in Istanbul.

The three men he's speaking to are HOMER DAVENPORT (39), balding and sporting a thick mustache, ARTHUR MOORE, 6'4", 245 lbs, and JACK THOMPSON, "a tall athletic man with the snappiest eyes." They look out of place here. Davenport points to a piece of paper on the table.

DAVENPORT

Well it doesn't have to be *that* one exactly. I bet we could find at least eight others.

FORBES

Oh, finding them will be easy. But they're fiercely protected by the Bedouins, and the Bedouins will swear to anything but the truth. And even if you *do* convince them to do business with you and you get what you came for, getting your prize back to America will be even harder.

MOORE

We've made several preparations-

FORBES

Boy, I don't think you heard me. Let me put this bluntly: Do NOT go into the desert right now. The reasons are endless but I'll give you four: One - it's July. You'll die of a heat stroke before you even reach Aleppo. Two - the Bedouins are at war. They're always at war, but right now the fighting's so bad my company's had to stop shipping liquorice from the entire region.

(MORE)

FORBES (CONT'D)

If you don't have protection from a local, you'll be unsafe. Three - once you're in the desert how do you plan to get any information?

Davenport produces a book titled *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*.

DAVENPORT

We have a reference book.

FORBES

And when was it written?

DAVENPORT

...Thirty years ago.

FORBES

Then nearly nothing in it will be accurate. The Bedouins' alliances, locations, and customs change with the seasons. You may as well throw it away.

DAVENPORT

But I like it...

FORBES

And lastly, and most seriously:
(points to a map on the table)
I see your journey's next stop is Alexandretta.

DAVENPORT

Yes. We begin our journey to the desert from there.

FORBES

Avoid Alexandretta at all costs. You'll never find a more wretched hive of poverty, thieves, and Turkish spies. And on top of that, the mosquitoes of Alexandretta are the most deadly species of any mosquitoes in the Ottoman Empire. It is, without question, the most unhealthy place in the world. *Ignoring these warnings will cost you dearly.* Do you all understand?

They all nod.

DAVENPORT

We do.

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They did not.

EXT. SHIP - PORT OF ALEXANDRETTA - DAY

Davenport, Thompson, and Moore walk up the gangplank onto a steamer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, Davenport and his pals loaded onto a ship headed for Alexandretta, known in present-day as Iskenderun. It's on the Mediterranean Sea, at the southernmost tip of Turkey, 85 miles West of their destination: Aleppo.

Davenport bursts with excitement.

DAVENPORT

By God, we're doing it. I've waited my whole life for this.

THOMPSON

To risk your life buying some horses?

DAVENPORT

That's what you think this is all about? *Horses?*

THOMPSON

It's why we're here, isn't it?

DAVENPORT

We didn't come all this way for *horses*, my dear boy. We came all this way for *Arabian horses*.

THOMPSON

Isn't that still -

DAVENPORT

There has been but one thought
uppermost in my mind ever since my
childhood, and that is to go to the
desert, find Arabian mares of
unquestionable blood, and bring
them to America. And if I die in
the process, I'll die happy.

Beat.

THOMPSON

Horses.

DAVENPORT

You know, before you judge me,
you'd need to know me.

(breaks the 4th wall)

Narrator, take it away!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You got it, Homer!

TEXT: PART ONE - Homer Davenport - The Early Years

PHOTO: Young man Davenport (#8)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You might have the same question
Davenport's friends and wife had at
the time of his quest: Why would a
man leave his comfortable life
behind to face death over and over
again on the other side of world
for a goal no one but he himself
has put in place? It takes an
eccentric, over-confident, fool-
hearty, and most importantly,
wealthy and well-connected person
to do what Davenport was
attempting, and that's precisely
why no one else had done this: No
one else was Homer Davenport. He
was the most successful political
cartoonist of his time, and his
life was eccentric long before he
set off across the desert on what
could be described as a suicide
mission. So let's take a few
minutes and get to know the man,
before he was a man.

PHOTO: Young Homer Davenport and his mother (#1)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Homer Davenport was born outside of Silverton, Oregon, on March 8, 1867 to FLORINDA WILLARD DAVENPORT & TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE.

PHOTO: Timothy Woodbridge (#2)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were a progressive family - Homer's grandfather, Benjamin, was an abolitionist whose Ohio home was a stop on the Underground Railroad. When Florinda and Timothy were married in 1854, Timothy took Florinda's last name. Before Homer was born, they had two other children who were lost to diphtheria, as there was an outbreak on the west coast in 1856.

PHOTO: Young Homer Davenport and his mother (#1)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While pregnant with Homer, Florinda had a premonition of her son becoming a cartoonist - a prophecy which would come true in full force years later.

PHOTO: Russell Trall (#3)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She also followed the instructions of an essay by Russell Trall called "How to Born A Genius." Though the instructions of the essay, which included diet recommendations and "concentration" exercises, may have not been scientifically sound, they nonetheless yielded the results she wanted -

PHOTO: Any of Davenport's cartoons

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Homer Davenport would become the highest-paid cartoonist in the country as an adult. Florinda, however, would not see this success, as she died of smallpox when Homer was just three years old.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy Woodbridge kneels at Florinda's deathbed. Her final moment is upon them. A brutal winter wind howls outside.

FLORINDA DAVENPORT

Timothy, come close.

TIMOTHY DAVENPORT

I'm here, Florinda. I'm right here.

FLORINDA DAVENPORT

Homer will be a cartoonist. He'll make them laugh. He'll make them think. Most importantly...he'll make a name for himself. You have to give him that opportunity. Give him every opportunity.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were her dying words, and Timothy faithfully followed them. Initially, though, there was little he could do.

EXT. TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE'S HOME - NIGHT

Through the billowing snow we see a sinister red X painted on the front door of the Davenport / Woodbridge home. A passing family crosses to the other side of the street upon seeing it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The same smallpox outbreak which ravaged the American Northwest and killed Homer's mother caused Homer and his Father to be quarantined inside their home the winter of 1870 to 1871.

INT. TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE'S HOME

YOUNG HOMER DAVENPORT (3) unwraps a box of paints in front of a fireplace. Timothy watches Homer's reaction apprehensively.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was during that brutal, quarantined winter that Timothy gave young Homer a box of paints as a Christmas gift.

LATER - Timothy reads to Little Homer from a book. Homer listens with wide-eyed awe.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He also told him stories of Arabian horses to pass the time - stories which took the boy's imagination by storm.

TIMOTHY DAVENPORT

"Now this was the war-mare, as feared as she was beautiful..."

SFX: Clip-clop of horses galloping, horses whinnying, shouts of the jockeys, bugles playing. We HEAR what Homer is seeing.

SCAN: Davenport's lumpy childhood horse sketch (#4)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The first images he created with the paints were of Arabian horses. Due to scarce information on what Arabian horses actually looked like, Homer's first depictions of Arabian horses were less than accurate (as he believed that Arabian horses had spots).

IMAGE: One of Davenport's later professional horse sketches

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This would change in later years, though - Homer would develop an uncanny ability to draw horses - or anything - from memory.

MAP: Silverton, Oregon, 1878 (#4.5)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When his father remarried in 1872, he moved the family to Silverton, Oregon's Latin Quarter, so that Homer,

PHOTO: Young Davenport (#5)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now age 5, may "inhale any artistic atmosphere" there.

PHOTO: Main Street, Silverton, Oregon (p3)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was here that young Homer's propensity for drawing earned him a reputation.

EXT. SILVERTON, OREGON - DAY

YOUNG HOMER DAVENPORT (5) sits on the curb, sketching the street scene. An OLD MAN approaches him.

OLD MAN

Why aren't you in school?

YOUNG DAVENPORT

It's summer.

OLD MAN

What are you doing out here all by yourself?

YOUNG DAVENPORT

I'm drawing.

OLD MAN

Shouldn't you be helping your dad at the store?

YOUNG DAVENPORT

I'm drawing.

OLD MAN

A boy your age ought to be working.

YOUNG DAVENPORT

Drawing is work.

Beat.

OLD MAN

You know what the word "shiftless" means?

VIDEO: Stock footage of a circus

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In his teenage years, the circus came to Silverton, and with the circus came horses. Homer's obsession had not abated, and he left with the circus, so that he may be near the horses, which he sketched constantly. However, circus life was not for him.

INT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Teenage Homer Davenport sits by an elephant, sketching it. His BOSS approaches him with a large brush and a bucket.

BOSS

Brush this entire elephant down
with linseed oil.

TEENAGE DAVENPORT

No.

BOSS

You're fired.

SCAN: Drawing / painting (not a Davenport) of a lineup of jockeys. Pan down the line until we reach TEENAGE DAVENPORT, who towers above the rest, his head out of frame.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He then tried being a jockey - another job that allowed him to be near horses - but he was far too tall. He tried his hand at being a store clerk, a railway fireman, and a stoker on a steamboat, but his real passion remained horses, and drawing.

PHOTO: The Mark Hopkins School of Art (a mansion) - (#6)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 1889, Davenport attended the Mark Hopkins School of Art in San Francisco, California, but he was almost immediately expelled because of his preference to draw cartoons instead of his assignments.

PHOTO: Portland Telegram Building (#7)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He did, however, find some moderate success at the Portland Evening Telegram, which published several of his drawings... but for no pay.

PHOTO: Young man Davenport (#8)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He briefly attended Armstrong Business College in 1890 but quickly dropped out.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It seems that, to 24-year-old Homer Davenport, if it didn't involve horses or cartooning, it wasn't for him.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

During this time I missed Oregon. It got so bad I had to ask my relatives to not send me anything that reminded me of Silverton, as it would send me into despair and melancholia. I missed home.

INT. OREGONIAN OFFICE - DAY

Davenport (mid-20s) stands before a few MIDDLE-AGED BOSSES with a cloth over an easel, about to present something.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But it wasn't all doom and gloom for Davenport. He secured his first paying job as an artist for the *Oregonian*. However, his streak of short-term employment was far from over:

Davenport unveils the drawing: A comically bad, childish stick-figure depiction of a stove.

ANGRY MAN

WHAT IS THAT MONSTROSITY??

The bosses erupt into anger, shouting and throwing things at him. He leaves in a hurry. **NOTE:** This scene is a tongue-in-cheek dramatization.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After he could not draw a stove properly for an advertisement... he was fired. His talent lie in drawing people and animals. Though his first paying job as an artist was a failure, as was so much else that he tried, his next job would serve him well.

EXT. SMALL-TOWN STREET - DAY

Young Davenport (20s) sits on a curb surrounded by a group of young boys. A POLICEMAN glowers at them from across the street.

Davenport makes a comical sketch of him to the delight of the boys, who laugh wildly at it... and pool together some money for the drawing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 1891 he worked for the Portland Sunday Mercury, where he traveled to New Orleans to sketch a boxing match. Along the way he made extra money selling his drawings as postcards.

A shadow falls over them - a man stands over them, silhouetted: C.W. SMITH.

C.W. SMITH

You drew this?

YOUNG DAVENPORT

Yes, I did, sir.

The policeman marches across the street toward them, angry.

C.W. SMITH

You're quite talented. Name's C.W. Smith. You employed?

Davenport nods. Together, they run away from the policeman.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

C.W. Smith just so happened to be his father's cousin. Smith wrote a letter to the business manager of The San Francisco Examiner demanding that he be hired.

INT. EXAMINER LOBBY - DAY

Young Davenport (20s) waits for his interview. While waiting, he doodles a caricature of the grumpy-looking secretary. A HAND clamps down on Davenport's shoulder - the BOSS!

BOSS

What is this?

He looks at the doodles.

BOSS (CONT'D)

This drawing is rude! It's preposterous! You're hired!

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 However, yet again, Davenport's
 success would be short-lived.

INT. EXAMINER BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Young Davenport stands at his boss's desk.

YOUNG DAVENPORT
 Sir, I've been here a year, and
 it's awful hard getting by on ten
 dollars a week. Can you please do
 something about that?

BOSS
 Absolutely.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 He was fired.

**SCAN: Davenport's portrait of himself when he was a young man
 (#9)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But talent is talent, and he had no
 shortage of admirers at this point,
 which led him to a job at the rival
 San Francisco Chronicle 1892.
 During his time there, his fan base
 grew even more. But something was
 on the horizon that would change
 him - and America - forever:

PHOTO: The Grand Basin of the Columbian Exposition (#10)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The 1893 World's Columbian
 Exposition in Chicago, Illinois...
 where, in addition to every other
 imaginable oddity on earth, there
 would be Arabian horses. For the
 first time in his life, Davenport
 would get to see them live. He used
 his contacts to secure a job at the
 Chicago Herald which would pay him
 to sketch the horse races at
 Washington Park.

SCAN: Davenport's drawing for the Chicago Herald (p4)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Photographic reproduction was still in its infancy, and hiring someone like Davenport to just sketch them was the more economical option.

PHOTO: Hamidie Society performers at the Chicago World's Fair (p8)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, instead of going to the horse track to sketch the races as instructed, he went to the World's Fair to sketch the Arabian horses on display there. At this point, you may be able to guess what happened next:

INT. CHICAGO HERALD OFFICE - DAY

A GRUMPY BOSS sits at his desk. Davenport stands before him.

GRUMPY BOSS

You're fired.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

DAISY, a young white woman in a dress, sits with her head in her hands. Davenport (30s - will be played by the same actor from here on out) tries to comfort her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport had recently married Daisy Moore, of which very little is known. She had left her home in San Francisco to join him in Chicago-

DAISY

And now you're telling me you've been FIRED?

DAVENPORT

But don't you see? It was all worth it! My entire life revolves around Arabian horses, and I finally got to see them!

DAISY

I'm sorry, WHAT does your life revolve around?

DAVENPORT

Arabian horses! And there's something else, too, Daisy - tomorrow could very well be the biggest day of my life.

DAISY

Don't you mean second biggest day?

DAVENPORT

No. I will meet Bedouins from the Arabian desert for the first time. I hope it goes well!

PHOTO - Another photo of the Bedouins exhibit at the Columbia Exposition (#11)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It did not.

The photo MORPHS into a LIVE-ACTION SCENE...

EXT. BEDOUIN HORSE GROUNDS, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION - DAY

Bedouins show off their majestic Arabian horses, who trot about in SLOW-MOTION, showing them in their full glory - we should see them as Davenport sees them. Davenport sits to the side, sketching away, his eyes alight. His sketch complete, he timidly approaches the Bedouins.

DAVENPORT

Ahoy! My name is Homer. I have a gift for you.

He presents his drawing, folded in half, to the solemn-faced old men. They take it, unfold it... and burst into a fit of rage.

BEDOUIN

WHAT IS THAT MONSTROSITY??

They drop the drawing and all produce SWORDS. Davenport stumbles back. The men then tear the drawing to pieces and stomp it.

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The snafu here was that he depicted the horses with their tails down, which is a great insult in Bedouin culture.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It would be over a decade before he would see another Bedouin.

ANIMATION - We're looking at a map, focused on Chicago and surrounding area. As the narrator speaks, we move across the world, to the East, landing in the Syrian desert, on a tiny dot labeled **Manbij**.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Bedouins in question were from modern-day Syria, 6,000 miles away,

STOCK FOOTAGE of Arabian horses in their glory

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For 5,000 years they have domesticated and bred Arabian horses, carefully selecting only the strongest and best-tempered to reproduce. They kept immaculate records of the bloodlines, which is generally traced through the maternal line. The result has led to Arabians being the purest, most sought-after, and most recognizable breed in the world, capturing the imaginations of horse aficionados the world over, like Homer Davenport, who was known to regale those around him with his immense knowledge of Arabian horses, whether they wanted it or not.

INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Daisy makes dinner, bored out of her mind from Homer's droning:

DAVENPORT

- And Arabians are a mainstay in nearly every equestrian field; they absolutely dominate endurance riding. So now you know why they're the foundation of so many breeds.

DAISY

That's nice, dear.

INT. CHICAGO HERALD OFFICE - DAY

The grumpy boss's eyes are glazed over as Davenport speaks.

DAVENPORT

You know why Arabian horses are
nicknamed "Drinkers of the Wind?"

GRUMPY BOSS

Because they're fast?

DAVENPORT

Because they're fast.

**SCAN: Painting (not Davenport) of Genghis Khan on his horse
(#11.5)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Genghis Khan,

**SCAN: Painting (not Davenport) of Napoleon on his horse
(#11.6)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Napoleon,

**SCAN: Painting (not Davenport) of Alexander the Great on his
horse (#11.7)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

-and Alexander the Great all
carried out their conquests from
the backs of Arabian Horses.

EXT. BEDOUIN HORSE GROUNDS, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION - DAY

Davenport brushes an Arabian horse.

DAVENPORT

(to us)

And Arabians are incredibly well
tempered.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own footage) of Bedouins

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The tribe Davenport would be going
to do business with, the Fedaan
Anezeh tribe, did not share their
horses' good temper. According to
Davenport, they were the most
warlike and uncivilized Bedouins in
the world.

MAP of their territory.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were also the most powerful. They have a mysterious history that predates Islam. *The Encyclopedia of Islam* simply says, "It is not known whence they came," but it is believed they came from the Iraqi desert near Karbala. Their enemies were the mighty Shammar tribe to the East, across the Euphrates.

FOOTAGE from *Lawrence of Arabia*, if possible.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ten years after Davenport's visit, they would be among the tribes who took part in the Arab Revolt against the Ottoman Empire, famously depicted in *Lawrence of Arabia*.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own footage) of Bedouins

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Regarding the Bedouin war men, Davenport writes that they had

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

No purpose in life other than to sit around til some raid started,

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However he conceded:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The true Bedouin is a gentleman. His hospitality is unsurpassed, and even if he hates you he has the knack of making his hospitality appear entirely genuine. You may be his personal enemy, as well as his tribal enemy, still, if you came and touched his tent rope, he is bound to protect you; you are his guest. To offer a tip would be an insult to the poorest Bedouin.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own footage) of Bedouin women

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Regarding the Anezeh women, Davenport describes them as being little more than slaves.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They were seldom seen, confined to their tents cooking, cleaning, and raising their children. Meanwhile, the men, who could have up to four wives,

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

- stroll here and there as if they belong to some great club, which in a way they do.

PHOTO: Achmet Haffez (p80)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While the Anezeh were essentially their own nation, their territory was in the Ottoman Empire, which meant someone had to be their liaison, their representative to the Ottomans. That someone was Achmet Haffez, the Diplomatic Ruler of the Anezeh Bedouins. Little is known about him outside of Davenport's writing. In order to complete his mission and dream of bringing Arabian horses to America, Davenport would have to earn this man's trust.

TEXT: PART TWO - Political Cartoon Career

PHOTO: Homer Davenport sketching at his easel (#12)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back in America, Davenport's stream of short-lived employment would finally come to an end. After being let go from the Herald, Davenport went back to the San Francisco Examiner, which was owned by William Randolph Hearst.

INT. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST'S OFFICE - DAY

Davenport sits across from the desk of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST (30s), who considers him critically.

HEARST

I understand your cartooning has gotten you in some trouble before? Well this time it's your job.

RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE: A few quick shots of various Davenport cartoons

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And it wasn't just his job; it was his true calling. He lampooned the various candidates of California's 1894 elections to great effect. Hearst himself followed his work and was a fan.

PHOTOS: A photo of Hearst (#13) morphs into Davenport's caricature of him (ANNOTATED CARTOONS, p85)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When a famous horse died which had never had its picture taken, Davenport sketched it from memory, having only seen it once a year before - a feat which impressed Hearst, who bought the drawing and transferred Davenport to New York City.

INT. HEARST'S OFFICE - DAY

Davenport sits before Hearst at his desk again.

HEARST

You're going to work at my brand new paper: *The New York Journal*. It's got the greatest staff in newspaper history.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And he was able to back that up -

PHOTO: Mark Twain (#14)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mark Twain was a contributor, which quickly put the Journal on the map. And, for the first time ever, Davenport had a high salary. He was in the big leagues now.

PHOTO: William McKinley / William Jennings Bryan (#15 & 16)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When you're a political cartoonist, presidential elections are your bread and butter, and the 1896 election between Republican nominee William McKinley and Democratic nominee William Jennings Bryan was no exception. The New York Journal was a Democratic newspaper, so Davenport was sent to Washington to find character flaws in Republican nominee William McKinley to expose and mock in his cartoons.

INT. CROWD - DAY

Davenport watches WILLIAM MCKINLEY (53) from afar. McKinley shakes hands, smiles, and is generally likable. HEARST (33) approaches Davenport.

HEARST

So, how is my favorite cartoonist doing? Have you roasted him on a spit yet?

DAVENPORT

No. He's scandal-free. His public image is impeccable. He's likable. Hell, I like him. It's a nightmare. I've got nothing.

Davenport CRUMPLES UP his sketch. Then...

Another man, MARK HANNA (59) appears over McKinley's shoulder, whispering in his ear and managing his every move, directing him here and there. McKinley obediently follows his every command.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Hold, hold - who is that?

HEARST

That's Mark Hanna. He's McKinley's political manager. Industrialist from Cleveland. Practically made of money. He's raised \$3.5 million dollars for Mckinley's campaign -

DAVENPORT

THREE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS FOR A CAMPAIGN?!!

HEARST

The most expensive campaign in US history. He's also paid off all of McKinley's debts, and -

DAVENPORT

...He's holding that over McKinley's head.

A smile forms on Davenport's face. He begins to sketch with renewed purpose.

SCAN: Davenport's "A Democratic Rise in the Ohio" (The Annotated Cartoons, p55)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

McKinley was a bought man, as was the entire Republican Party, and the man who bought them both was Mark Hanna.

SCAN: Davenport's "Mr. Hanna's Stand on the Labor Question" (The Annotated Cartoons, p57)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The cartoons that followed were scathing, brutal depictions of Hanna. Subtlety was not the name of this game.

SCAN: Davenport's "Wall Street's New Guardian" (The Annotated Cartoons, p 59)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport's message was clear: A vote for McKinley was not in fact a vote for McKinley but for Hanna and his financial interests - a truly shocking concept.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

A FARMER and his WIFE stand in front of a farm house, *American Gothic*-style.

FARMER

Poppycock! Rich people influencing elections? It's unheard of and will never happen again!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

HANNA and MCKINLEY look at one of the cartoons printed in the newspaper. Hanna looks troubled.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Upon seeing the cartoons, Hanna supposedly said-

HANNA

That hurts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-But McKinley was amused by them and kept a file of his favorite Davenport comics.

On McKinley, who grins and begins to cut the comic out.

MCKINLEY

Mudslinging is part of the game, my friend.

SCAN: Davenport's "I Am Confident The Working Men Are With us." (The Annotated Cartoons p67)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They affected more than just the candidates' moods - they affected the entire country. Nothing in paper came close to matching their impact.

SCAN: Davenport's "A Man of Mark" - the Watch-fob version (The Annotated Cartoons p68)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport's cartoons ran a few times per week and were widely reprinted. But despite his impact, William Jennings Bryan was unable to overcome the public's mistrust of Democrats,

SCAN: The Panic of 1893, crowds in chaos (#17)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-who were blamed for the 1893 Financial Panic from which the country was still recovering. After McKinley's victory, Davenport and Hanna met. All was in good humor. Hanna is reported to have said:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Davenport and Hanna aggressively shake hands.

HANNA

I admire your genius and execution,
but damn your conception.

INT. DIFFERENT OFFICE - DAY

Davenport and Hanna shake hands in a different office.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When Hanna was elected to the Ohio
Senate in 1898, Davenport wished
him well, saying:

DAVENPORT

That insures me six more years at
you, and you're a good subject.

INT. AIR TUNNEL

Davenport stands proudly amid a flurry of cash, which flies
around him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The 1896 Election launched
Davenport to stardom and wealth. He
was paid \$12,000 per year (equal to
almost \$463,000 in 2025) - making
him the highest-paid cartoonist of
his time. In addition, Hearst,
despite losing a fortune that year,
gave him a \$3,000 bonus to be used
to take Daisy to Europe.

INT. HEARST'S OFFICE - DAY

Various newspaper executives stand and applaud for Davenport
as he and Hearst shake hands.

HEARST

(sotto)

So what will you do with all this
money I'm throwing at you?

Davenport is fixated on a huge painting of an Arabian horse
hanging from the wall.

DAVENPORT

Oh, I've got something planned.
Something big.

PHOTO: Thomas C. Platt (#18)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport's greatest political achievement may have been in 1897, when Republican Senator Thomas C. Platt introduced an anti-cartoon bill in the state legislature to ban political cartoons from New York. It did not pass, and it inspired one of Davenport's most famous works:

SCAN: Davenport's "No Honest Man Need Fear Cartoons" (The Annotated Cartoons p173)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"No Honest Man Need Fear Cartoons."
There was now no doubting Davenport's influence. His salary grew to \$25,000 a year - over \$975,000 in 2025.

SCAN: Drawing of McKinley's assassination (#19)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unfortunately, it was not cartoons that William McKinley needed fear, but anarchist Leon Czolgosz, who watched him speak at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. At 4:07 PM, September 6, 1901, Czolgosz shot McKinley in the abdomen.

FOOTAGE from McKinley's funeral procession

NARRATOR (V.O.)

McKinley was a gentleman to the end, telling the crowd to go easy on Czolgosz when they captured him. He seemed to recover from his wounds, but at 2:15 AM on September 14th, the 25th President of the United States died, making him the third of four Presidents to die by assassination.

IMAGE: Teddy Roosevelt (#24) - or other

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in that very day, making him the 26th President of the United States... and thus the subject of Homer Davenport's cartoons.

SCAN: Davenport's "The Frightened Animals See Who's Coming" (#20)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though he did lampoon him for his propensity for big game hunting, it was hard for Davenport, or anyone, to dislike him.

PHOTO: Roosevelt on a horse (p12)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After all, Roosevelt was a fellow horseman who had become an American hero in the Spanish-American War, when he led the Rough Riders to victory on horseback at the battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba.

SCAN: Drawing of The Evening Mail's offices (#21)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So when the New York Evening Mail offered to repay Davenport's \$25,000 salary for the last six months of 1904, plus an undisclosed (but presumably greater) amount to switch from blue to red, he eagerly accepted and drew his magnum opus:

SCAN: Davenport's "He's Good Enough For Me" (#22)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"He's Good Enough for Me," which became the face of Roosevelt's 1904 campaign-

SCAN: The famous 2008 Yes We Can Poster

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- not unlike Obama's "Yes We Can" poster, and it did the trick:

SCAN: November 9, 1904 Washington Tribune - "Roosevelt Wins By Landslide" (#23)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Roosevelt won in a landslide, and
 was forever grateful for
 Davenport's undeniable contribution
 to his campaign. Davenport had
 secured an ally in the President of
 the United States.

PHOTO: Roosevelt on a horse (p12)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 This, coupled with their shared
 interest in all things equestrian,
 paved the way for Davenport to
 begin preparations for the journey
 that his life's work had lead him
 to:

PHOTO: The cover of "My Quest of the Arab Horse" (#23.5)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 His Quest for the Arabian Horse.

TEXT: PART THREE - The Adventure Begins

TEXT: New York to Constantinople

PHOTO: Peter Bradley (p9)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 As anyone who's ever set out to do
 something great knows, no matter
 how much passion, talent, or
 experience you have, you're not
 going to get far without one vital
 ingredient: Someone to foot the
 bill, and that someone came in the
 form of fertilizer magnate PETER
 BRADLEY.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Davenport jealously watches through a pair of binoculars as
 PETER BRADLEY (has an amazing mustache) purchases several
 Arabian horses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Davenport knew Bradley well, as
 Bradley had purchased the very
 horses Davenport had admired so
 much at the 1893 World's Fair.

DAVENPORT
 (under his breath)
 Curse you, Bradley!

He marches over to him they begin speaking (MOS). Davenport produces a wad of cash, hands it to Bradley, and they heartily shake hands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Davenport, in turn, purchased all but one of the horses from Bradley. With his groundwork laid, there was still one major obstacle he would need to overcome:

GRAPHIC: Map of the Ottoman Empire SLAMS onto screen

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The Ottoman Empire, which had ruled Aleppo, the Levant, and much of the Middle East since 1516. Under Ottoman Rule, exportation of Arabian horses was strictly forbidden...

SCAN: Davenport's Irade (reproduction) (p17)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 - unless you received an Irade (essentially, a decree) from the Sultan himself.

STOCK NEWSREEL FOOTAGE of the Ottoman Empire

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 No foreigner had received such permission for 35 years. In order to be granted an audience with the Sultan, Davenport would need help from the very top.

IMAGE: Teddy Roosevelt (#24)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 President Roosevelt, perhaps knowing a favor to Davenport was owed, gave his full support of the trip.

IMAGE: Chikeb Bey (p13)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 He arranged a meeting with CHIKEB BEY, the Turkish Ambassador in Washington.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

CHIKEB BEY and Davenport stand face-to-face, with PRESIDENT TEDDY ROOSEVELT standing between them.

CHIKEB BEY
 (Middle Eastern accent)
 You want *how many*??

DAVENPORT
 Six to eight. All Arabian.

CHIKEB BE
 It will be difficult. It will be very difficult...But I will cable Constantinople with your request.

DAVENPORT
 Thank you.

CHIKEB BEY
 But it will be difficult.

INT. ORNATE HALLWAY - DAY

Davenport strides down a hallway, grinning ear to ear, Irade in hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Miraculously, Davenport was granted his Irade. It seemed too good to be true, mostly because it was.

DAVENPORT
 The trip is on!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Additionally, Roosevelt gave Davenport a personal letter of credit to present to the Sultan:

TEXT of Roosevelt's letter:

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (V.O.)
*My Dear Mr. Davenport: Anything you
 want I should like to do anyhow,
 and when it comes to dealing with
 Arabian horses I would take you up
 with double zeal. Is the enclosed
 letter from the Secretary of State
 all right? If not, make what
 changes you wish and I will have
 them put in. You can use this
 letter too with any of our
 representatives. With all good
 luck, faithfully yours,
 Theodore Roosevelt.*

INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY

Davenport scuttles about, packing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Davenport was ready to begin his
 adventure. He spent a week making
 final preparations and gathering
 supplies. He planned to go alone,
 but fate had other plans.

PHOTO: John Henry (Jack) Thompson Jr. (p204)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The day before departure, "a tall
 athletic young man with the
 snappiest eyes in New York" (as
 Davenport put it) came to see him.
 This was JOHN H. THOMPSON, JR. They
 had met before, but did not know
 each other well.

INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY

JACK THOMPSON (late 20s / early 30s) stands among the clutter of Davenport's preparations.

THOMPSON
 (late 20's / early 30s)
 Hello sir my name's John H.
 Thompson, Jr.; we've met before.

DAVENPORT
 When?

THOMPSON

I don't remember. I heard about your horse expedition, and if I wouldn't be in the way I'd like mighty well to go on that trip with you, sir.

Davenport considers him.

DAVENPORT

Not one part of this will be easy. We'll be facing the elements, heat, disease, thieves, spies, bandits, and worse. You still want this?

THOMPSON

My life is boring, Mr. Davenport. I have nothing for entertainment. It's unlikely I'll ever see much of the world. This is my only chance. I'll risk any spy over another moment of normal life. So I'm ready to catch any boat tomorrow. Are you?

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The following, unlikely as it may sound, is the account of how Davenport's second travel companion came to join him, as told by his memoir. He had received a letter from the president of the firm of

IMAGE: Manning, Maxwell & Moore Plate (#25)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Messrs. Manning, Maxwell & Moore telling him that his son, ARTHUR MOORE, was:

INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Davenport and Thompson are as we left him. Davenport reads the letter:

DAVENPORT

"...just as much an Arab as you are, and I haven't the slightest doubt that my son would dance at the mention of such a trip." Hmm.

THOMPSON

You should let him come.

DAVENPORT

It's out of the question. I know the boy - he's six feet four inches, weighs 245 pounds, and would undoubtedly be in the way.

THOMPSON

Six-foot four? Could be useful if we have to deal with these thieves and spies you keep mentioning.

Davenport considers this. Goes to his (old-timey) phone and dials a number.

DAVENPORT

Hello. Mr. Moore? I received your letter about Arthur.

MOORE (O.S.)

This is Arthur.

DAVENPORT

Ah, Arthur, I understand you're very excited about my trip I'm setting off on tomorrow!

MOORE (O.S.)

What trip?

DAVENPORT

What trip? My quest of the Arab horse! Tomorrow I set sail for Aleppo to import Arabian horses to America!

MOORE (O.S.)

All right, we'll let it go at that. Count me in.

DAVENPORT

We'll be facing the elements, heat, disease, thieves, spies, bandits-

MOORE (O.S.)

I'm ready now; I'll be up to see you in five minutes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And that's how Moore and Thompson came to be on the trip.

SCAN: Painting of La Lorraine (#26)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On July 5, 1906, the three of them
set sail, armed with:

IMAGE: Stock image of rifles from the time period

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- rifles -

SCAN: The Irade (p17)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- the Irade from the Sultan -

TEXT: Roosevelt's letter

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- the letter of credit from
Roosevelt, and other necessities.

ANIMATION: An Indiana Jones-Style map traces their route outlined by the narrator. We will refer to it throughout.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The plan was to reach Paris, take
the Orient Express to Istanbul
(which was still called
Constantinople in 1906), sail to
Alexandretta, ride to Aleppo, and
from there, find someone to take
them to the desert.

The line on the map ends on a big question mark once it reaches the desert.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But first-

INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY

Davenport sits across from Daisy with her hands in his. Two adorable Airedale terriers watch from the side.

DAVENPORT

Darling?

DAISY

Yes, dear?

DAVENPORT

While I dearly wish I could take you with me, we both know I cannot. So I shall take the Airedales with me. They're more or less members of the family.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport felt that if you are truly a horse-lover, then you must also be a dog-lover.

DAVENPORT

(to us)
The two go hand-in-hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So he and his wife owned two Airedale terriers. However, there was instantly "a wail from the human part of the household" -

DAISY

They'll be in the way!

DAVENPORT

They've been on trips before and weren't in the way! And look at them, they want to go!

The Airedales couldn't care less.

DAISY

It won't be safe for them. They're not going.

DAVENPORT

You're not in the least concerned in the matter, and I'm the man of the household, and I make the decisions, so that means-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The dogs stayed home. But on his voyage across the Atlantic, he began to miss them, as he writes:

TEXT: Davenport's words

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

A dog's love in a strange place is comforting, but they were left behind and not even allowed to say good-bye to me at the station.

SCAN: Painting of La Lorraine (#26)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He met an Englishman on the ship who claimed that one "always needed a dog on the Euphrates River."

PHOTO: Archival photo of Paris from the time (#27)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport was looking for an excuse to get a dog for the journey, so in Paris, they searched out a dog shop to find a dog "that would be a companion, a hunter, and above all a friend." It wasn't until they were on their way to catch the Orient Express to Constantinople that they spotted a dog shop run by a woman who-

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of the woman (p138)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

- was so attractive that we hardly saw the dogs.

PARISIAN WOMAN (V.O.)

Bonjour!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She presented them a dog, which was

SCAN: Davenport's first sketch of the dog (p139)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

A restless sort of cur which she called something in French. Moore said it meant 'sheep-dog.' We didn't believe Moore the least on principle, but we believed the woman. She would have made a fortune in a New York dog store, or any other kind of store. So we bought the dog. We didn't like it.

SCAN: Davenport's second sketch of the dog (p140)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

He seemed to be everybody's dog but mine. He was more of a nuisance than a dog. About the only comfort any of us could get out of him was that his sight recalled the lady who sold him to us, and in that way we coaxed ourselves into the belief that we had already got the \$25 worth out of him.

PHOTO: Constantinople from the sea (p27)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They reached Constantinople on July 19th, where they were met by Alexander Gargiulo, a local Dragoman, which is to say, interpreter and guide. Upon seeing their Irade, he had bad news -

INT. CONSTANTINOPLE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

ALEXANDER GARGIULO (thin, has a thick accent) reads the Irade.

GARGIULO

It is not in the slightest bit official.

MOORE

Whaaaat?

DAVENPORT

Poppycock!

GARGIULO

It is nothing more than a letter from the ambassador, who has no authority to write Irades.

RABBLE RABBLE RABBLE from Davenport, Thompson, and Moore.

DAVENPORT

I knew it was too good to be true!

GARGIULO

Okay, okay, okay. I will leave for the night and take this with me. I will go to Topkapi Palace and see what I can do.

PHOTO: The Hagia Sophia from the time (p29)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The night that followed was
 restless, to say the least.

INT. CONSTANTINOPLE HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

We look at Thompson: Sound asleep. Moore: Sound asleep.
 Davenport: Wide awake, sitting on his cot, wracked with
 worry. There is a knock on the door. Davenport answers. It's
 Gargiulo.

DAVENPORT
 What news do you bring?

With a little smile, Gargiulo enters. Thompson and Moore
 groggily wake up.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
 Have I come all this way for
 nothing?

Gargiulo slowly, carefully reaches into his coat pocket.
 Davenport, Thompson, and Moore all lean forward in suspense.

From Gargiulo's pocket emerges a fancy scroll with colorful
 stamps - the Irade! He hands it to Davenport, who reads it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Not only had the Sultan allowed him
 to export mares, as was his intent-

DAVENPORT
 (in awe)
 He included stallions in the deal.

GARGIULO
 Would you like to see him?

DAVENPORT
 Excuse me?

PHOTO: Abdul Hamid II (#28)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ABDUL HAMID II would ultimately be
 the Ottoman Empire's last Sultan.
 As Davenport writes,

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
To see the Sultan was an event,

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of the Sultan (p28)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Every Friday, the Sultan had a sort of religious parade which took him from the palace down a hill to the mosque of St. Sophia for religious worship. Sultans had carried out this custom for centuries, and it was the only regular public appearance they made.

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of the three of them (p31)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unfortunately for Davenport, Moore, and Thompson, none of them were dressed the slightest bit right for the affair.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Our appearance was a shock to the dignified foreign consuls and ambassadors. For some reason or another, they did not think we were dressed right. Moore was given a frock coat which was too tight and a hat that was two sizes too small. Moore handled his hat as a farmer does the parlor lamp. He didn't wear it, but tried to balance it on his head as a carrier would carry a jug of water. Thompson wasn't any better - he only had a raincoat to wear, trousers, and a straw hat. My clothes were tattered from the trip there. It was not what one might call a team effort.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was in that manner that they met the Sultan of Turkey.

IMAGE: Hamid in 1908 (#29)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport disregarded Hamid's massacres against the Armenians, Assyrians, and Albanians and took an immediate liking to him, even expressing pity for him, as he wrote:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Consider the handicap of being born to be a Sultan, or a Czar, or a King; of being deprived of the opportunity of meeting the common people. Think of not being able to enjoy a fireside chat with your family, or of the influence of a wife. Think of being brought up to know the earth only by its maps and not its dirt and soil; its countries by the uniforms of their armies and not their peoples; to know just a few men and then only through layer after layer of cold, gold braid.

PHOTO: Hamid waving to people from a carriage (#30)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Then you will not wonder at him for not having a fair understanding what the world is really for. The holder of such a throne only knows what the doorkeeper to the throne tells him, and these keepers naturally tell him what is best for them and for the people nearest them.

PHOTO: Wikipedia cover image of Hamid (#31)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The lessons that are in the lives of other men are kept from him. He does not even know how they lived, or when they died.

PHOTO: Mass grave in Armenia from the Hamidian massacres (#32)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

I have heard stories of the Sultan's cruelty, and most of them I do not believe. If he is cruel, his heart and face do not show it.

SCAN: Portrait of Hamid (#33)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After the meeting, Davenport took it upon himself to sketch the Sultan from memory as he had done with the horses he admired so much.

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of Hamid (p28)

NARRATOR

However, when a friend of the Sultan's saw it, he told Davenport:

INT. CONSTANTINOPLE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gargiulo looks at the sketch.

GARGIULO

What you have done is illegal. It is forbidden to draw or photograph the Sultan. Because you did not know, this is the only picture of him ever made. If it is ever known that you have it, your visit to the Ottoman Empire will be a sad one. It is in your best interest to let me destroy it.

DAVENPORT

I'll take care of it.

INT. CONSTANTINOPLE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Davenport places the sketch between two pages of a book and pastes the two pages together.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As a political cartoonist, having the only known depiction of the Sultan was too great an opportunity to lose. At the risk of losing all he had come for, Davenport kept the drawing secret throughout his journey and smuggled it out of the country in a bail of hay.

TEXT: Constantinople to Aleppo

PHOTO: The Hagia Sophia from the time (p29)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though they'd made it to Constantinople-

A green check mark appears over his face, accompanied by a DING SFX, like a "SALE" on an old cash register.

SCAN: The Irade (p17)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
-and acquired the proper Irade,

A green check mark appears over the Irade, accompanied by the same cash register DING SFX.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
-they still needed to find owners
willing to sell their valuable
horses.

PHOTO: Arabian horses (p24)

A question mark graphic appears over the horses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
When they met with William Forbes,
their contact in Constantinople for
advice and encouragement, you may
remember what they got instead was:

INT. DINGY BAR - CONSTANTINOPLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

RAPID-FIRE series of shots from the opening scene:

FORBES
- The Bedouins will swear to
anything but the truth. - Do NOT go
into the desert right now. - You'll
die of a heat stroke. - The
Bedouins are at war. - If you don't
have protection from a local,
you'll be unsafe. - *Avoid
Alexandretta at all costs* - the
most unhealthy place in the world.
*Ignoring these warnings will cost
you dearly.*

ANIMATION: The Indiana Jones-style graphic of their route, showing a boat route from Constantinople (Istanbul) to Alexandretta, with a stop in Beirut.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As you also already know, ignore
these warnings is precisely what
they did.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The next day, Davenport, Thompson, and Moore were on a ship, Trade in hand, headed down and around the Anatolian Peninsula toward Alexandretta, where they would begin their desert journey by land.

PHOTO: Beirut at the time (p50)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They made a stop in Beirut, where they encountered, as Davenport put it:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Crooked horse dealers of the East.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There they were assisted by the United States Vice Consul, William C. Magelssen, in finding an interpreter for their journey.

SCAN: New York Times front page, August 28, 1903 (#34.5)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is worth noting that three years prior to Davenport's journey,

SFX: Gunshots!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Magelssen survived an assassination attempt which resulted in newspapers reporting him as dead. However, Mr. Magelssen was very much alive, and able to recommend

PHOTO: Ameene Zeytoun (p51)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ameene S. Zeytoun, who had been their interpreter for years and spoke both English and Arabic. Zeytoun would be their first companion, who they would depend on for every step of the way.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

All we can do is hope that he is an honest man, for we are completely at his mercy.

PHOTO: Beirut (can be same image as before)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With their interpreter acquired, they were eager to get away from Beirut. However, they soon had first class confirmation of Mr. Forbes' warnings.

The photo of Beirut morphs into a **photo** of Alexandretta (**p55**), showing how much more rundown Alexandretta is than Beirut.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When they arrived in Alexandretta on August 2nd, their contact who waited for them at the docks, Mr. Sneddon from MacAndrews & Forbes, was sick with "the fever," which we know today as malaria.

MONTAGE: Photos (can be modern-day) of malaria victims and what it does to them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And it wasn't just Mr. Sneddon - it was the entire Alexandretta population. Davenport writes:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

It is a miserable place. The people have a washy yellow complexion, owing to the fever which is always present.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Over a hundred years later, malaria is still a major health crisis in much of the world.

GRAPHIC showing malaria-stricken countries.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 2024, 83 countries and territories reported malaria transmissions, with 263 million cases and 600,000 deaths caused by malaria reported in 2023.

STOCK FOOTAGE of mosquitoes

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is caused by *plasmodium* parasites passed to us by mosquitoes. Pregnant women are at especially high risk.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Though it is preventable and treatable today - at great cost - the same was not true in 1906, when Homer Davenport and his companions were exposed to it in Alexandretta, starting a ticking clock they were unaware of. But malaria wouldn't be their only problem.

GRAINY FOOTAGE of a sinister figure lurking in the shadows, his face occasionally lit up by a cigarette. This is AL HAMI BEY, the Turkish spy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Upon arrival, their guns - the only means of protection they'd have in the desert - were seized. Another of Mr. Forbes' warnings had come true - a Turkish spy named Al Hami Bey had circulated a rumor that they were weapons dealers, there to sell their rifles to the warring Bedouin tribes. Regarding this spy, Davenport writes:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

That man looked to me exactly like a spy. He objected to everything, and especially everything American. It is this kind of man which causes the Sultan of Turkey to be much misunderstood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was a small man, which Davenport felt was actually the root of the problem - he resented them, Moore in particular, for being such large men.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The Turkish spy is always small.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY - MOS

Davenport, Moore, Thompson, Zeytoun, Mr. Sneddon (still sick), the spy Hami Bey, and the GOVERNOR OF ALEXANDRETTA all argue and gesture wildly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They went to the Custom House to meet with the Governor and sort it all out.

DAVENPORT

Why. Why will they not listen?

ZEYTOUN

You've underestimated how much power the spy wields here - the Governor himself is afraid of him. Hami Bey reports directly to Constantinople.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though they "drank coffee by the gallon and smoked cigarettes by the dozens," they got nowhere with the Governor.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, ALEXANDRETTA - EVENING

Davenport, Thompson, and Moore huddle outside the Governor's house, deciding what to do. Mr. Sneddon sits to the side, sweaty and miserable from the fever.

MOORE

We've got a choice to make. Do we venture into the desert without our guns, or wait here indefinitely until the issue is resolved?

THOMPSON

If we stay any longer in Alexandretta we'll all get the fever. All we're doing is choosing how we die.

DAVENPORT

Hogwash. We compromise. Moore and I will journey to the desert without our guns, and you and Zeytoun stay here and sort the matter out.

MOORE

Go without our interpreter? What if we get lost? Or kidnapped? We've no way to defend ourselves.

DAVENPORT

Getting our guns back will require some diplomacy, which will be impossible if no one speaks the same language. Zeytoun stays here. You and I will have to do without.

MOORE
We're going to die.

ZEYTOUN
Excuse me, gentlemen.

Zeytoun has arrived with a handful of armed soldiers.

ZEYTOUN (CONT'D)
I told these gentlemen you would pay them to accompany you to the desert.

DAVENPORT
Do any of them speak English?

ZEYTOUN
Of course not. Do you want them or not?

COUNTRY ROAD - SYRIA - DAY

Davenport, Moore, Mr. Sneddon, and the soldiers leave town by horse-drawn carriage.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And so their journey into the desert began. As they left, though, they encountered an appalling sight, which Davenport described in chilling detail in his memoir:

PAINTING / DRAWING (NOT a Davenport) of the disturbing scene Davenport describes.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
It was a little girl of about twelve years of age, whom the fever had nearly eaten away. She was coming through a graveyard with a jug of water on her head. Her lips were so drawn that her teeth were all exposed to view, and her arms and legs were mere skin and bone. She looked as though she had come from the grave. The graveyard through which she was walking was a low, marshy place where water buffalo wallowed in the mud among the rock-piled graves.

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Portions of the small valley
between the town and the mountains
were all taken up with swampy
graveyards swarming with
mosquitoes. It was a relief to get
out of Alexandretta.*

PHOTO: The ancient Roman road (p58 & 73)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The road to Aleppo was an ancient Roman road. Though it took them safely away from the mosquitoes by the coast, it also took them over narrow, unsafe bridges above jagged rocks 200 feet below.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE ROAD - DAY

The carriage goes down a bumpy, dangerous cliffside road that is hardly wider than the carriage itself. While everyone else is petrified, Davenport turns to us and gives a hearty thumbs up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nevertheless, Davenport described it as:

DAVENPORT

The finest mountain road I have ever seen!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The soldiers, fearful of

SCAN: Circassian Bandits (#35)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Circassian bandits who considered that part of the world their own, refused to travel overnight, so they stopped in Antioch.

PHOTOS: Antioch (p61, 63)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport describes their overnight in Antioch as:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

A new world record for longest and worst night I had ever put in.

INT. MUD ROOM - EVENING - MOS

An INNKEEPER leads Davenport, Moore, and Mr. Sneddon into a mud room. They look dejectedly at their miserable quarters. Mr. Sneddon rushes out and VOMITS.

MOORE

Ask him for something better.

DAVENPORT

And how will he understand me?
We've no interpreter.

MOORE

Excuse me, do you have anything
better? Better??

INNKEEPER

No. Bring food.

The innkeeper leaves. Moore looks at Davenport as if he wished he had never seen him. A servant comes in with trays of slop, which he sets in front of them.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*What it was we never knew or really
cared - we just ate it.*

INT. MUD ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Moore tosses and turns in his sleep, as does Mr. Sneddon. A thin sheet is all that separates them from the mud. We move over to Davenport... who is wide awake, feeling the first tendrils of doubt beginning to take root and spread.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

WIDE WIDE WIDE shot of miles of desert. Their caravan is just a dot in a sea of orange and yellow.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, they rode to a junction in the desert, where they were to wait for Thompson and their interpreter to meet them with their guns. Mr. Sneddon, still sick with malaria, took the carriage and the soldiers on to Aleppo... leaving Davenport and Moore stranded in the desert.

We see the dot move on, leaving Davenport and Moore all alone in this vast, empty expanse.

TIME LAPSE of the sun setting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thompson and Zeytoun were to arrive later that day or the next. When the sun set and no one came, they were in for a long and cold night.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Davenport and Moore sit on a hill in the desert, worried.

MOORE

What if they don't come?

DAVENPORT

They will.

MOORE

But what if they don't?

DAVENPORT

They will.

MOORE

Homer.

DAVENPORT

I said they will.

MOORE

Homer.

Moore points, and Davenport looks: Below them, a caravan of camels silently approaches, stretching to the horizon.

MOORE (CONT'D)

What are they carrying?

DAVENPORT

Liquorice root. MacAndrews & Forbes' empire is walking right past us. They're headed to the coast.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They counted three hundred and eighty-six camels.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The whole of this load of liquorice root was for shipment to America, to be bought, chewed, and spat upon the ground.

DAVENPORT

The vast majority of it will most likely wind up in the hands of my old friend Bill Sterrett of Texas, and he'll use it up in the next winter alone.

The faintest of laughs from Moore. Davenport is trying to cheer him up.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

When we get back from all this, you'll meet him, and then you'll see: If Bill would quit chewing, the percentage of camels that cross this desert would be noticeably less.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Homer would later write that, to his knowledge, Bill never reformed.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The next day. Davenport sits while Moore paces about. Worry has become fear. Moore drinks the last few drops from his pouch. He checks their food bag - empty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the sun and the temperature rose the next day, it became clear: no one was coming for them.

MOORE

That's it. That's the end of it. We have three days. Three days until we're dead, probably sooner. And we never even got to see your horses.

DAVENPORT

I'm sorry. I thought I'd accounted for everything. When you're at home, planning the exportation of Arab horses, there are some details you overlook. We never stood a chance of surviving this trip. We shouldn't have come here. I see that now.

Moore sits next to Davenport and slings an arm around him.

MOORE

I'm glad you see that now. I wish you'd seen that earlier, before we were sitting in the desert with nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and no hope, but you know what? This is the way to go. Pursuing your passion. Let it kill you. We gave it our best.

DAVENPORT

(touched)
You're not mad?

MOORE

Would it help if I were?

Davenport smiles at his friend.

A team of camel drivers emerges over a sand dune.

MOORE (CONT'D)

I swear, if I have to look at one more camel or listen to one more camel driver-
(beat)
Camel drivers!

Davenport and Moore leap to their feet and stumble toward them, waving and shouting madly. The camel drivers approach cautiously.

DAVENPORT

Food! Please! We need food!

MOORE

And water! Food and water!

The camel drivers do not understand them. Davenport begins miming eating food. Moore does the same. The drivers get it... and produce GRAPES from their bags. Davenport and Moore eat them rabidly. The camel drivers also give them water.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

DAVENPORT

Send help. We are on our way to Aleppo. We are out of food and water. Please send help.

MOORE

(to Davenport)

But Thompson and Zeytoun will be here soon -

DAVENPORT

We can't wait for them. We'll be dead before they get here. We've got to carry on and hope they find us in Aleppo.

(to the camel drivers)

We need a horse. Or a camel. Horse or camel.

Nothing from the camel drivers... but then one gestures off into the distance, toward where they came from.

CAMEL DRIVER

Post.

MOORE

Post? Post when?

CAMEL DRIVER

Later.

MOORE

Later? Post later? How later? What do you mean later?

CAMEL DRIVER

Post later. Coach. Later.

And they ride away, leaving Davenport and Moore confused.

Beat.

MOORE

There's a mail coach?

DAVENPORT

So it would seem.

MOORE

WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT?? We could've just ridden with them!!

DAVENPORT

I didn't know. When you're at home planning the exportation of--

MOORE

YOU PLANNED NOTHING! It will be a miracle if we find these horses, actually convince the Bedouins to sell them to us, get them all back to America, and, oh yes, most importantly, SURVIVE. And as of this moment, our only chances of survival depend on a few words muttered from a camel driver. What if we misunderstood and there is no mail coach?

DAVENPORT

It will come.

MOORE

And if it doesn't?

DAVENPORT

It will come.

MOORE

Even if it does, what if they ride right past us? Or won't let us on?

DAVENPORT

There is one card we can play. And it's a good one.

EXT. OLD ROMAN ROAD - DESERT - EVENING

Davenport and Moore sit by the road, parched and out of energy. Then Moore sees it - the post coach. He whacks Davenport.

They jump up and down in the middle of the road, blocking its path. The driver of the coach stops and trains a pistol on them.

Davenport reaches into his pocket. The coach driver FIRES at the ground in front of them, causing them to jump.

DAVENPORT

Money! I have money!

COACH DRIVER

Oh! Then you are my friend. Climb aboard!

INT. MAIL COACH - EVENING

Davenport and Moore have been stuffed into the back of the mail coach with the letters and packages which bounce around them. Davenport looks out the window in wonder, happy as a clam. Moore is passed out and snores loudly.

ON MOORE - BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - Moore opens his eyes and sees that the view out the window... is not reality. They pass waterfalls and castles, all under a sky lit by a bright Aurora Borealis. Moore stares in wonder.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Once we reached Aleppo, Moore began to comment on the wonderful beauties of the ride there. He had slept through it all, but that made no difference to him. He really thought he had been awake and wanted to know if I had seen things that had not happened.

RETURN TO REALITY - Moore is sound asleep.

MOORE

*(under his breath)
Ooh that's pretty...*

Davenport shakes his head at his sleeping friend.

ANIMATION - Indiana Jones-like map showing their arrival in Aleppo.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, on August 6th, they reached Aleppo.

INT. MAIL COACH - DAY

Davenport and Moore peek out from under piles of mail at the city around them. They gaze at the OS sites and sounds of Aleppo. They don't like what they see.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The driver did not want them to be seen, as two foreigners riding into town in the back of a mail coach could give the impression of illegal activity, so they were snuck into town.

PHOTO: Aleppo (p90)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Like every other city they had encountered since Constantinople, Davenport was not impressed with Aleppo.

SCAN: Painting of opulent Middle Eastern city (#36)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

For years I had imagined an entirely different Aleppo. I had pictured it as built in an oasis of the desert, with beautiful wide streets, clean and well-kept and lined with palm trees. I was wrong.

The painting FADES into a **PHOTO (p89)** of the stark reality that is Aleppo.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

In reality it is a city built of stone and mud. It has been tumbled down so many times by war and earthquakes that it looks as tired as the old Roman road which leads up to it.

ANIMATION: A colored map of Syria, with each color representing a different empire. The colors change and move in TIME LAPSE as empires fall, move, change, and invade each other. At the bottom of the screen is the year, which flies from ancient times to 1516 at light speed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was absolutely correct. Before the Ottomans arrived in 1516, Aleppo had been ruled by at least 35 different empires, changing hands, often violently, up to five times in the same century.

When the year at the bottom reaches 1516, Syria turns red and stays as the Ottoman Empire takes control.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The stability of Ottoman rule, as well as Aleppo's unique advantage of being the end point for one of the Silk Road's many routes, had served it well over the last few centuries,

SCAN: Famous drawing of the Suez Canal (#37)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, nearly 40 years before Davenport's arrival, had diverted much traffic, and thus, business, from Aleppo.

PHOTO: Aleppo, 1906 (p 89 & 90)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The steady decline that followed led to the depressing city Davenport now found himself in.

MONTAGE: Graphic photos of the horror that is leishmaniasis (38-42).

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

On the faces of all the young people were the sores of the Aleppo Button, and on those of the older ones were the scars left by that disease, and this added to our general depression.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"The Aleppo Button" is now known as *leishmaniasis*, a horrific disease caused by sandflies, which in more recent times made a vicious comeback in Syria during Islamic State's rule. In fact, the number of known leishmaniasis cases doubled in Syria from 2008 to 2012. Globally, twelve million people are infected in 99 countries. Though it's treatable if caught early, visceral leishmaniasis is often fatal within two years if not treated. And at the time of Davenport's visit, there was no treatment for it, which meant the victims he writes about were all carrying death sentences.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

We were half starved, and tired out from the night ride and the effects of the sun. Our spirits were low. To tell the truth, we were thoroughly broken down.

SCAN: DRAWING or PAINTING (NOT Davenport) of a mangy, run-down hut masquerading as a hotel.

SFX: Dogs barking and yelping.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

We were dropped off at what they called a hotel. They were driving a mangy dog and a dozen puppies out of the room which was to be ours, but I couldn't take it.

EXT. ALEPPO - DAY

Davenport and Moore are surrounded by slack-jawed Syrians who do not follow a word they're saying. Davenport and Moore gesture wildly but get nowhere.

DAVENPORT

We need somewhere to stay. Hotel? Hotel?

MOORE

We. Are. Looking. For. Lodging...We. Are. From. America.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But none of the Syrians had even heard of America. Yet again, they were helpless without their interpreter. However, when Davenport said

DAVENPORT

MacAndrews and Forbes!

There is an AHhh from the crowd, which parts, revealing an Englishman named BEARD, who has a beard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were back in business. A young Englishman named BEARD came to their rescue.

BEARD (BRITISH ACCENT)

You should've lead with that! There's not a soul here who doesn't know MacAndrews and Forbes!

PHOTO: A street in Aleppo (p72)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He took them to a better hotel, one with a garden-

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

-That is, they had a potted palm or two.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- but this was as clean as a hotel could be in Aleppo. Davenport had not had any sleep the night before,

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

- and Moore refused to admit that he had had any -

NARRATOR (V.O.)

so they slept immediately.

ANIMATION - Indiana Jones-like map showing Thompson and Zeytoun's route to Aleppo.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, Jack Thompson and Zeytoun the interpreter, having sorted things out in Alexandretta, arrived with the guns. The cause of delay had not been negotiations in Alexandretta but a near fatal accident afterward.

SCAN: Drawing of the precarious road to Aleppo (p73)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The carriage they were in had been crowded by a camel caravan on a road that followed a cliff, and their team of horses had fallen over the bank. Just as the carriage went over with them, Thompson and Zeytoun leaped out in the nick of time. Other than that incident,

INT. GENERIC ROOM - DAY

Davenport, Thompson, Moore, and Zeytoun are all reunited.

THOMPSON

We had a nice trip! Turns out we could have just ridden with the post carriage. Did you know they have a post carriage?

Moore turns to Davenport.

DAVENPORT

When one is planning the
exportation of Arab horses-

TEXT: PART FOUR - Achmet Hafez

INT. MACANDREWS & FORBES ALEPPO OFFICE - DAY

Two businessmen in suits sit across a desk from us, frowning,
shaking their heads, and both giving thumbs-down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, the people at
MacAndrews & Forbes parroted their
founders' words -

MACANDREWS & FORBES EMPLOYEE

I urge you, in the strongest terms:
Do not go into the desert now.
You're lucky to have made it this
far. We can't help you.

DAVENPORT

Can you at least give me some leads
on where I can go, who I can talk
to in order to find Arabian horses?

MACANDREWS & FORBES EMPLOYEE

No. We're liquorice traders, not
horse traders. I wish you farewell.

Davenport reaches for a roll of bills.

DAVENPORT

But if I offered you-

MACANDREWS & FORBES EMPLOYEE

I SAID I WISH YOU FAREWELL.

Davenport looks at them with contempt and sadness.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*I began to believe that our journey
was over without the accomplishment
of what I thought I was so well
equipped to carry out. I was
utterly down in the mouth.*

PHOTO: Aleppo bazaar (p74)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Concerned for their friend, Moore and Thompson took Davenport out to find anything horse-related - not to accomplish anything for their mission, but simply to cheer him up. Little did they know how handsomely they would be repaid for their kindness, as it sparked the unlikely chain of events that followed.

PHOTO: Bazaar (p76)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They found some shops that make saddles, bridles, and horse trimmings. While there, the Bedouins, who they towered over, gawked at them.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

Davenport, Moore, Thompson, and Zeytoun are surrounded by staring Bedouins. A BEDOUIN MAN leans in and whispers to Zeytoun.

ZEYTOUN

He asks if you are from England.

DAVENPORT

Tell him we're from America, the Greatest Country on Earth!

Moore and Thompson cheer. The Bedouins mutter among themselves and shake their heads.

ZEYTOUN

(amused)

They say they have not heard of this "Americ" tribe.

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was at this point that their guidebook, old as it was, proved its worth.

SCAN: Title page of Blunt's "Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates" (#43)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Lady Anne Blunt had characterized
 the Anezeh in her book as having

TEXT: Blunt's words in the book highlighted for easy reading.

LADY ANNE BLUNT (V.O.)
*Particularly white, chalk-like
 teeth.*

DRAWING / PAINTING: A crowd of Bedouins with one in the back,
 smiling with pearly white teeth.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 It was in this shop that Davenport
 saw a man who fit that very
 description.

An animated star of light DINGS off of the teeth with a sound
 effect.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 It was then that Zeytoun also
 proved his worth yet again.

Zeytoun breaks away from a group of Bedouins and motions for
 Davenport, Thompson, and Moore to huddle. They do so.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 After speaking with the Bedouin man
 Davenport spotted, Zeytoun informed
 them that -

ZEYTOUN
 Our timing is fortuitous. The Sheik
 of Sheiks is here.

PHOTO: Hashem Bey (p152)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The Sheik of Sheiks he's referring
 to is a man named HASHEM BEY. He
 was in town to visit ACHMET HAFFEZ,
 Diplomatic Ruler of the Anezeh
 Bedouins, a title which meant
 "ambassador" more than "ruler."

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

ZEYTOUN

His presence here is a secret,
which means everyone knows.

THOMPSON

Can we meet him?

ZEYTOUN

Probably not. But Haffez, he is
diplomatic ruler. He will see us.
He is key.

DAVENPORT

Excellent. When can we see him?

ZEYTOUN

We go now.

PHOTO: Palace (p70)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were taken to a two-story
stone and mud house, where they
were lead to a room

PHOTO: Opulent Bedouin lounge room (#44)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"showing every sign of wealth." As
they took in the room's opulence,
everyone rose and

PHOTO: Achmet Haffez (p80)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*A noble elderly looking Arab came
forward. Anywhere he would have
attracted instant attention. He
looked like a bronze Grover
Cleveland in his last years. His
eyes fairly glowed with smiles as
he bowed low on the magnificent
silk rugs. This was Achmet Haffez,
the ruling Prince of the Desert!*

INT. HAFFEZ'S LOUNGE - DAY

Davenport and his men are gathered around ACHMET HAFFEZ,
smoking hookahs.

HAFFEZ

Are you the men who had stayed in Antioch, who had an Irade from the Sultan of Turkey and letters from the Great Sheikh of the Americ tribes?

DAVENPORT

It seems word spreads quickly in the desert. Yes we are.

The old man's eyes fill with tears.

HAFFEZ

Then you have called on me before calling on the Governor of Aleppo and Syria.

THOMPSON

(looking around)
There's a Governor?

Moore WHACKS him subtly.

HAFFEZ

No such honor was ever paid to a Bedouin before.

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The truth was they never knew it was customary to meet the Governor first - a happy misunderstanding that there was no need to correct, as they had now accidentally earned the second most powerful Anezeh Bedouin's devotion.

PHOTO: Wadduda (p85)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As a token of his thanks and of their new friendship, Haffez took Davenport and his convoy to see the greatest mare in the Ottoman Empire: WADDUDA of the Desert.

EXT. STABLE - DAY - ALEPPO

Haffez strokes Wadduda affectionately. Davenport, Thompson, and Zeytoun look on in awe. Moore is not present.

HAFFEZ

She is a war mare, and yet her name means "love." Poetic, no? The Sheikh of Sheiks, Hashem Bey, gave her to me before leaving last night.

SCAN: Wadduda at war (Wadduda of the Desert, p138)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From Wadduda's back Hashem Bey had killed his most distinguished enemy, the leader of the enemy Shammar tribe.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Nothing but a gift from Allah Himself could surpass her.

EXT. STABLE - DAY - ALEPPO - CONTINUOUS

HAFFEZ

But she's not a gift from Allah. She's a gift from me. To you.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Just like that, Davenport had secured his first mare: Wadduda of the Desert. But Haffez had another surprise for him:

HAFFEZ

Oh, also, I'm giving you a slave.

DAVENPORT

Wait, what-

HAFFEZ

(pronounced Sai-eed)
Said!

SAID ABDULLAH, a 12-13 boy, runs into the stable.

SAID

Yes, sir!

HAFFEZ

This is Said Abdullah. He will take care of Wadduda.

PHOTO: Said Abdullah (p222)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Said, whose name means "happy servant of God," had been with Wadduda her entire life. Though Davenport tried to explain to Hafez that there was no need for a-

EXT. HAFFEZ STABLES - ALEPPO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hafez waves his hand dismissively.

DAVENPORT
 - Servant -

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 "Slave" was not a term he was comfortable with -

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
Hafez dismissed the subject at once and considered the incident closed. The logic seemed perfectly clear to his mind. As his guest I could do no more than follow suit and figure it out later.

HAFFEZ
 When you speak Wadduda's name it will bear living witness of my love to you. The acceptance of this gift will be the forming of friendship and brotherhood that will never end.

DAVENPORT
 I can't accept a gift this big.

Zeytoun pulls him aside and leans in.

ZEYTOUN
 (sotto)
 It is an insult to not accept. It is their custom to give a big gift to a stranger to ensure that you will not be enemies.

PHOTO: Abbeian 111 (p87)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 In addition, Hafez gave Thompson a young grey stallion, who historians believe was the stallion pictured here, Abbeian.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Moore was not present to receive a gift, but would later.

STOCK FOOTAGE: A chestnut Arabian mare bucking wildly

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Though Davenport and Haffez were getting on famously, the same could not be said for Davenport and Wadduda, his new horse and first victory of his voyage.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
I went up to her, but she put back her ears as if she would bite or strike or kick. It appears that I, in European dress, was the worst object she had ever seen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Though not friends yet, they had one thing in common: Their eagerness to get out of Aleppo and to the desert.

PHOTO: Achmet Haffez (p80)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Meanwhile, Achmet Haffez's crusade of kindness was just getting started. In addition to gifting Davenport and Thompson their horses,

EXT. HAFFEZ STABLES - ALEPPO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Haffez, Davenport, Thompson, Zeytoun, and Said emerge from the stables.

HAFFEZ
 I've decided to personally take you to my tribe.

DAVENPORT
 I beg your pardon?

ANIMATION: Indiana Jones-style map with an animated line heading East out of Aleppo and into a question mark in the Syrian desert.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This was no light favor - his tribe was a ten hour ride away, to what is, to this day, one of the most desolate places on earth.

EXT. HAFFEZ STABLES - ALEPPO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Zeytoun takes Davenport off to the side.

ZEYTOUN

There is one complication.

DAVENPORT

What's that?

ZEYTOUN

It's been a while since our friend Hafez has actually been to his tribe's camp.

DAVENPORT

How long?

Hafez answers in Bedouin.

ZEYTOUN

...thirty years.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

We can only speculate as to why Hafez went to such extremes for Davenport.

DAVENPORT

He's a wise man. He's going to make a fortune off of me.

ZEYTOUN

With respect, Mr. Davenport, perhaps he is being a friend.

DAVENPORT

He doesn't even know me.

ZEYTOUN

Does that matter?

PHOTO: Nazim Pasha (p88)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Before they set off, they would need to visit the Governor of Aleppo, NAZIM PASHA, who according to custom they should have visited first.

INT. NAZIM PASHA'S HOME - DAY

NAZIM PASHA greets them all with a smile and ushers them inside.

NAZIM PASHA

Greetings!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nonetheless, Pasha received them warmly despite their break in etiquette. They weren't just there to see him, though - they were there to see HALEB,

PHOTO: Haleb (p99)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"The Pride of the Desert," the legendary stallion William Forbes had told them of in Constantinople, that he and others so badly wanted, but none could have. Davenport admits in his writing that he hadn't expected much. Like Wadduda, he was eager to get to the desert.

INT. NAZIM PASHA'S HOME - EVENING (MOS)

Davenport and his crew look tired and bored. Nazim Pasha, however, seems to be just getting started. He gestures for them all to rise, which they do.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Once the "endless Eastern hospitalities," as Davenport put it, were over with, they were all led to a paddock, where at last, they saw him: HALEB, the Pride of the Desert.

STOCK FOOTAGE: A beautiful chestnut horse, bathed in sunlight, looking glorious. Heavenly music plays.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

We forgot all about the heat and the sun reflection. We could only think of the horse. What a stocky fellow he was! He was powerful enough for any purpose. There was not a white hair on him. Other horses were shown, but we remembered only the brown stallion.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And there was one last surprise.

PHOTO: The Anezeh say goodbye to Haleb (p160)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not to be outdone by Haffez, the Governor gifted Haleb to Davenport. He told him:

NAZIM PASHA (V.O.)

You have accepted the present of the war mare, Wadduda from Achmet Haffez; you must accept this horse as a present from me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport had done what the powerful William Forbes, the Italian Government, and countless others could not. He felt badly about this gift, as the Governor was a poor man. In gratitude Davenport sent Pasha's son a check for 100 French pounds (which seems to be a misnomer, as the French do not use pounds). Nevertheless this was a sum equal to approximately \$475 dollars in 2018. It was now time to begin their ride into the desert to complete their quest... But there was one last stop to make.

SCAN: Davenport's first sketch of the dog (p139)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You may have forgotten about the dog they picked up in Paris, who no one liked. Though they had brought him this far and had named him Dedong, this was the end of the line for him, as they would be on horseback from here on out.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So, the dog was left in a boarding
 house in Aleppo to an unknown fate,

**STOCK FOOTAGE: Shots of street mutts and other dogs roaming
 the streets of a modern-day Middle Eastern city.**

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 -with descendants perhaps roaming
 the streets of Aleppo to this day.

PHOTO: Davenport's desert party (p106)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Their party consisted of Davenport,
 riding Wadduda, Achmet Haffez on
 his horse, Thompson on Abbeian,
 Moore on a rented mare, ALI HAFPEZ,
 (Achmet Haffez's oldest son), on
 Haleb, the Pride of the Desert, and
 Zeytoun the interpreter and a
 priest who served as a secretary.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ALEPPO - DAY

The party meets with Nazim Pasha, who has a dozen soldiers
 with him.

NAZIM PASHA
 As a courtesy, I have prepared a
 dozen soldiers to join you.

DAVENPORT
 Soldiers imply conflict. Their guns
 will be the first thing the
 Bedouins see.

NAZIM PASHA
 Sir, I highly advise-

Davenport produces his guide book by Lady Anne Blunt.

DAVENPORT
 I WILL NOW READ A SELECTION FROM MY
 GUIDE BOOK:
 (clears throat)
 "The Bedouins believe all Europeans
 are cowards."
 (closes book)
 A belief I hope to dispel.

NAZIM PASHA
 You are not European.

DAVENPORT

And I'm not a coward. We need no soldiers. Achmet Haffez is with us; his presence is more than an army.

PHOTO: Davenport on Wadduda (p101)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And away they went. Everything was in order, except for one matter: Davenport and Wadduda were still not getting along. She fretted and snorted. There was something she wanted, but Davenport didn't know what... until they reached the desert.

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE OF ALEPPO - DAY

Davenport sits astride Wadduda, waiting to see what she will do.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Wadduda stopped as if she were paying some tribute to the closing day. With a quick and graceful toss of the head, she began to play. I let her frolic uninterrupted.

Wadduda begins to gallop into the desert. Davenport smiles.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

She started galloping with a delightful spring. It was the return home, the call of the wild life with its thrills of wars and races; with its beautiful open air, as compared with the musty stuffed corral she had been picketed in. Her eyes were blazing with an expression of intense satisfaction.

Davenport's smile grows and grows until tears begin to run down his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And Wadduda wasn't the only one in rapture - Davenport found himself with tears running down his cheeks.

Shot of Wadduda's legs, which gallop full-throttle through the desert.

We move up to see that it's not adult Davenport but DAVENPORT AS A CHILD sitting atop Wadduda, shrieking with laughter.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

I was again a boy and felt the presence of my parents, and recalled the stories of the Arab horses they used to tell me when I was a child. I remembered the drawings I had made of them as a boy. It was hard to realize that I was I, and that I was astride the most distinguished mare of the desert. I seemed then to realize what she was and what she meant to me. My face was dripping and I felt glad I was alone. The call of the desert came strong to both of us.

They come to a stop, and it's adult Davenport again atop Wadduda. He reaches out to touch Wadduda's mane and she does not flinch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Finally, they were friends.

TEXT: PART FIVE - As to Bedouins and Dogs

ANIMATION: Indiana Jones-style map of the Syrian desert, with a line leaving Aleppo and heading East toward a dot on the Euphrates river - Manbij.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

According to Achmet Haffez, their destination was a settlement called Manbij, on the Euphrates River about fifty-six miles east of Aleppo. It was the home of the Fedaan Anezeh tribe.

PHOTO: A Bedouin feast (p105)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the way there, Davenport's party stayed overnight with Haffez's cousin at his camp in the desert, where they received a feast fit for a king and a special prayer from Haffez' cousin.

EXT. BEDOUIN CAMP - NIGHT

The party sits around said feast. HAFFEZ'S COUSIN sits off to the side, on a mat facing Mecca, saying an Islamic prayer.

DAVENPORT
(to Zeytoun, sotto)
What's he saying?

ZEYTOUN
He's thanking Allah for the blessing of receiving you as a guest. You and your "Americ" tribe are a big deal to the Bedouins.

STOCK FOOTAGE of the sun rising over a desert

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The next day, they left at sunrise, before the heat of the desert would find and punish them. But, find them and punish them it inevitably did.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY

Davenport, Haffez, and the crew ride listlessly through the desert. Sweat pours from their faces. They are parched and miserable.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It was at this point they began to realize they were really in the desert.

DAVENPORT
We're really in the desert.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But at eleven o'clock, with Davenport "feeling as sore as an Aleppo Button looks,"

Wadduda begins to prance under Davenport - she sees something. Davenport sees it too, and tears form in his eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
-they arrived.

PHOTO: The Anezeh camp (p108)

EFFECT - We FADE into the photo, shimmering it in and out of focus as if it is emerging from the desert.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The camp emerged from the scorching desert heat like a mirage. When we got closer, Davenport saw the true power that Achmet Haffez wielded -

SCAN: Haffez shaking hands with another sheik (p125)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Sheik after sheik greeted him and his guests like royalty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though absent for thirty years, there was no doubt: Achmet Haffez was in charge.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

We were in the tents of the greatest war tribe of Bedouins and under possibly the most favorable conditions possible.

EXT. BEDOUIN CAMP - DAY

Davenport is overcome with emotion. Haffez approaches him.

HAFFEZ

What troubles you?

DAVENPORT

Nothing. This is the supreme moment of my life.

Haffez puts Davenport's hands in his.

HAFFEZ

Ever since the Anezeh became a tribe, we have known that one of us was missing. Now you have come and the number is complete. Today we celebrate the gathering of the entire tribe.

PHOTO: Davenport and the Bedouins gathered in a tent (p110)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After the standard formalities of coffee, food, and cigarettes, the letters of credit from both Theodore Roosevelt and Aleppo Governor Nazim Pasha were presented.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Bedouins were far more impressed with the letter from Pasha than Roosevelt. Afterward, little time was wasted getting down to business.

We do our best to MATCH the photo with the opening frame of:

INT. ANEZEH TENT - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hafez called the Bedouin men together and told them:

HAFFEZ

You will be selling your horses to this man as if you are selling them to myself!

Angry grumbles from the men...

Thompson leans over to Davenport:

THOMPSON

So much for the warm reception...

HAFFEZ

This is a strict order! Your hands are bound and there will be no gouging! Also, you will only present horses which are chubby.

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In this context, "chubby" is not what you think. In Arabian horse culture, "chubby" means "of the highest degree of purity, fit for breeding."

INT. ANEZEH TENT - DAY

Davenport, Thompson, and Moore watch Hafez from afar as he schmoozes with the Sheiks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As with all business-related friendships, the strength of their friendship would be put to the test now that it was time for deals to be made and money to change hands.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Was Haffez's adulation nothing more
 than buttering up the buyer? A
 question which would soon be
 answered.

PHOTO: The showing of the horses (p117)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The showing of the horses began.
 Haffez and Davenport set up a
 system - if Davenport liked one of
 the horses, he would wink at
 Haffez, who would then bargain for
 a fair price.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Davenport winks very obviously at Haffez, no subtlety.

HAFFEZ
 No, no, they will all see. Like
 this.

Haffez does it too and is no better.

DAVENPORT
 Oh, I see.

He does it no differently than the first time.

HAFFEZ
 No, that was even worse.

Some sand flies into Davenport's eye, causing him to blink to
 get it out.

HAFFEZ (CONT'D)
 Yes, like that, perfect.

PHOTO: Smiling, friendly Arabs (p116)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Actually arriving at said price was
 easier said than done, since

HAFFEZ (V.O.)
*Arabs will never set a price on a
 horse.*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One thing that put Davenport at ease was that the Bedouins made no attempt to hide any blemishes from him -

PHOTO: Bedouins on horses (p109)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

If a horse had a blemish, they would present that side first as to not deceive him in any way. They were taking Hafez's command to heart.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own) of a 4-year-old colt.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The first horse Davenport took an interest in was a four-year-old colt which caused some drama. He had been bred by the great

SCAN: Drawing of Sheik Ali (p135)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

SHEIKH ALI of the Abo-Gomese, a sub-tribe of the Anezeh, who lived in a neighboring camp several hours away. They were to visit and stay with him in a few days.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY

Hafez and SHEIK ALI argue (MOS) while Davenport waits.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport gave the wink, so Hafez began to bargain... but he and Ali couldn't agree on a price and began to argue. Davenport feared that Hafez would argue so fiercely that he would make enemies-

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

-where I wanted only friends.

ALI

(in Bedouin language)

Hafez. You've been gone for thirty years. You're completely out of touch with the going price of Arabian horses.

HAFFEZ

(also in Bedouin language)
 May I remind you - I receive a
 commission of five pounds for every
 horse sold by my tribe, so I know
 exactly what the going rate is.

ALI

(in Bedouin language)
 Ahh. Does your new Western "friend"
 know of this arrangement? Or does
 he think you are a Bedouin saint?

Hafez says something in Bedouin that is not translated. Ali
 is taken aback.

ON DAVENPORT:

DAVENPORT

(to Zeytoun)
 What are they saying?

ZEYTOUN

Hafez is taking no commission on
 any of the horses you buy. He will
 receive nothing.

Davenport is also taken aback.

DAVENPORT

But he's come here with me, he's
 bargaining for me, he's making this
 whole trip possible -

ZEYTOUN

For free. You are a lucky man.

SAID

Allah is watching out for you.

Thompson is shaken and astonished. More on that later.

Davenport watches Hafez with admiration.

DAVENPORT

Allah or not, we are truly in safe
 hands in the desert.

Hafez and Ali continue to shout at each other.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

But I must end this fight.

Davenport gets up and approaches them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To get the two of them to stop arguing, Davenport agreed to pay for the colt at a price \$20 over what Haffez felt was fair.

HAFFEZ

This is wrong, my friend!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Wrong or not, the first sale had been made.

FOOTAGE (can be stock footage) of a majestic, beautiful Arabian mare on a hill

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Next, they were presented with a mare, named "The Pride of the Euphrates," and with her came more drama.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

She looked like a fine lady of quality in the presence of a lot of cooks at an employment agency.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Needless to say, Davenport gave the wink. However, they had been somewhat tricked - she was not for sale, as she was the prized breeding mare of the Bedouins. They had just shown her off to make him want her colt, , simply named "Euphrates," who was still small.

PHOTO: Euphrates (p167)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Despite the bait-and-switch, Davenport bought the colt, who was free of any blemish of any kind. However, separating the colt from its mother would prove traumatizing to them both.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY

Euphrates GOES BERSERK as he is led away from his mother, who also whinnies in distress.

DAVENPORT

Please! Let me buy the mare! Name your price, I'll pay it!

Ali shouts several angry words at him.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

What did he say?

ZEYTOUN

He said...

More angry shouts from Ali.

ZEYTOUN (CONT'D)

...no.

Ali leads the mother away from her colt, who kicks and fights helplessly to get back to her.

DAVENPORT

The price wasn't wrong. *This* is wrong.

HAFFEZ

If you didn't buy the colt, someone else would. Someone who won't treat him as nicely as you will. This happens every day, with or without you.

PHOTO: One of the Arabian horses they purchased (p123)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With his conscience still bugging him, Davenport then bought two of Hafez's own horses at a price of ten pounds over what Hafez asked for them, perhaps seeking for a way to repay him for his service.

PHOTO: Davenport and Hafez drinking together

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, as they prepared for another 10-hour ride, this time to Sheik Ali's tribe in Manbij, Hafez stopped, for he had something planned.

EXT. BEDOUIN CAMP - DAY

HAFFEZ

Do you have any brothers?

DAVENPORT

No.

HAFFEZ

I do not either. It is one of my life's greatest regrets.

DAVENPORT

I'm sorry to hear that.

HAFFEZ

So we must become blood brothers.

DAVENPORT

(laughs)
Sounds good.

Hafez suddenly GRABS Davenport's left hand with his own and thrusts his right hand into the sky.

HAFFEZ

Do as I do!

Bemused, Davenport raises his right hand to the sky.

HAFFEZ (CONT'D)

Now say as I say: By God and through God, brothers, today and tomorrow and forever brothers!

Realizing that he is dead serious, Davenport's demeanor changes to a more serious tone. A crowd has begun to gather.

DAVENPORT

By God and through God, brothers, today and tomorrow and forever brothers!

Davenport is surprised by a bear-hug from Hafez, who is deeply moved, with tears in his eyes.

HAFFEZ

You would be the brother of a brown old man who eats with his hands?

DAVENPORT

I think we've always been brothers, we just didn't know it until now.

PHOTO: Wikipedia main image of Homer Davenport (#46)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But Achmet Haffez wouldn't be the only friend Davenport would make in this camp. Though they had only been away from Aleppo for a few days, Davenport yet again found himself longing for a canine companion, for reasons already stated -

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

-as if one needs a reason to want a dog.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And find one he did, as they prepared for the 10-hour ride to Sheik Ali's tribe in Manbij.

SCAN: Davenport's drawing of his beloved pup (p141)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

I saw at one tent a litter of pups that were big and husky. This dog family consisted of the father and mother and four children - three girls and a boy. The boy walked out to see us.

SCAN: Davenport's drawing of him petting the dog (p142)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

I stopped and patted him, whereupon he fell on his back with his heels up, and was immensely pleased.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Angry, snarling, barking dogs

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

He looked back at the tent where his family was and saw in his home a place where only the fittest or the prettiest survived. His father was a big powerful fellow in his prime. The sisters were pretty, and could stay at home, but for this big overgrown puppy there was not much of a future with his father.

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was so big for his age that his father snarled at him, and the neighbors' dogs made him keep out of their tents. The only kindness he got was from his mother.

SCAN: The pup waiting for something to come his way (p143)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

He was well fed, but he was waiting for an opportunity. He wanted a home of his own. He seemed to tell me that he was a boy with a purpose in life, whose father didn't understand him.

SCAN: (NOT Davenport) - Drawing of an adorable puppy poking his head into a tent

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

That evening after the Bedouins had gone, a big white head shoved its way through the curtain of my tent. The pup was returning my visit in true Bedouin fashion. He did not walk; he crawled with politeness. After a few moments taken up in patting him, we went to the cook's tent and got better acquainted with the aid of some chicken bones.

SCAN: (NOT Davenport) Drawing of the puppy sleeping in front of a tent, guarding it

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The next morning he was there; his opportunity had come and he had taken it. He had filled the only vacancy, perhaps, on the great Arabian Desert. There was probably not a tent, except mine, that was not carefully watched by many dogs.

SCAN: (NOT Davenport) Drawing of the puppy standing proud

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

His tail was poised in a different way. He had actually grown during the night, and he had the ways of a full-fledged dog, and wouldn't let others come around. He was thinking how to manage his empire.

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*All day he went from tent to tent,
from saddle to horse, as if the
weight of the whole caravan was on
his shoulders.*

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of the puppy barking at other animals (p144)

DAVENPORT

*He was no longer a bashful puppy.
He growled and barked when his
father and mother drove a hundred
sheep too close to his preempted
home. His hour had arrived and he
was there with all his four feet -
and those feet were the only things
that were holding him back. That
night he was walking among the
stallions and mares with an
important air that nearly threw his
shoulder blades out of socket.
During the night I heard him
several times; his growl was
coarser and he made several tours
to see that everything was all
right.*

EXT. BEDOUIN CAMP - DAY

A dog that looks somewhat like the ones from the drawings marches about.

DOG (V.O.)

(in Bedouin language,
subtitled)

*These donkeys and camels think they
can walk right over our tent ropes
because they've known me all my
life, but I won't have it.*

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*He kept up this attitude, getting
more and more confidence in
himself, until we were ready to
start on our visit to Sheikh Ali. I
had wanted to take him along,
especially when he was mouthing
over my hands with his sharp baby
teeth, but his big soft feet and
legs looked too young to stand such
a march, and I gave up the notion
altogether. But the pup had other
ideas.*

**SCAN: Davenport's sketch of the pup walking at Wadduda's side
(p145)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

We were a half-mile or more on our way when Ameene called to me to look in the shadow of my horse, and there, almost under my stirrup, was the pup, lumbering along. His tail was rolled up more importantly than ever. At last he had a mission. He had seen that we were without a guard, so he had cast his lot with ours. He recognized that we needed protection and he was giving it at the cost of leaving home and a good mother, and a father who was compelled to remain behind by the laws of home, to be what he was. I could not keep my eyes from him, he was so brave. He was now out of sight of the environment that he knew and was going to the big desert.

**SCAN: Davenport's other sketch of the dog at his horse's side
(p147)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

At intervals he sniffed at my stirrup as if traveling was new to him. He was a pioneer without practice, and he did not propose to get lost. He proposed to stick by me. Astride the best horse in the desert, and protected by the best puppy in the world, I was much elated. He was the only dog in the caravan and at every mile he seemed to realize the fact more. He was avoiding the camel thistles as best he could, but got a nasty burr in his big soft foot. He went on three legs a while and then showed of what stuff he was made.

**SCAN: Another Davenport drawing of the dog at their side
(p136)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

He rolled on his back and gnawed the burr out with his teeth without a whimper.

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He had left mother and father for me, and he was to meet emergencies as they came. He was going out where there was a future, and no such little thing as a thorn, not even a camel thistle, could stop him.

FOOTAGE of a glittering golden collar spinning on a mirror display table, like a jewelry commercial.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

I wondered if he would be happier if he knew of the glittering collar I was going to get for him when we reached New York.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Davenport and the rest of the team ride under a thousand stars. The pup trots at Davenport's side. Each beams with pride at the other.

Then, a METEOR SHOWER begins overhead, causing everyone to gasp and look skyward. It's a beautiful, CINEMATIC moment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, the magic would be short-lived.

SCAN: The dog attack (p148)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next morning, when they reached Sheikh Ali's tribe in Manbij, their party startled the tribe's "wolf-like dogs," who charged forward at them, snarling. The time had come for the best puppy in the world to defend his master.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Before I could dismount, or a man come to the rescue with a spear, my volunteer baby guard, my puppy, my boy that was leaving home and going out into the world to make a living, was torn and dead. He didn't whine. He had fought as well as he could with his puppy teeth, the teeth that had scratched my hand in play a few hours before, but they had failed him.

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He had started out for himself to be as much of a man as a dog can ever be. But he was gone and it was all over!

SCAN: Davenport mourning his puppy (p149)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The first real fight he had ever made was the only one he ever was to make. I felt as if I could have destroyed the dogs of the desert for this wanton murder.

SCAN: Previous image of Davenport petting his pup (p142)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The affection of this puppy was spontaneous and it was mine. There was no glittering collar on him as he died, but he died as he had traveled - in the shadow of the horse, before his master's eyes and without turning tail. He died a real hero.

MONTAGE: Stock-footage (can be modern-day) of people playing with their dogs, of dogs mourning at their masters graves, of dogs being man's best friend

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

There is one friend of man who never deserted him; a friend who would lick the hand that had no food to offer, a friend who, when death came, when the master had finished his life, when all others had returned from the graveyard, would mourn at the grave itself - his last, his best friend, his dog! I thought of that and then of this puppy, a little fellow offering his devotion for my friendship.

SCAN: Davenport mourning his puppy (p149)

For a moment, we stay on this powerful image, with no narration needed. After a beat:

ANIMATION: Indiana-Jones style map showing the Syrian desert. The line showing their progress reaches Manbij.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Despite the tragedy at hand, the mission had to carry on. They had arrived in the ancient town of Manbij, which the Greeks had called Hierapolis.

SCAN: The Circassians evacuation from their homeland (#47)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Its citizens, the Circassians, were refugees, driven from their homeland in modern-day Georgia fifty years before, in the Circassian Genocide, which was carried out by the Russians.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Manbij today

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In modern times, Manbij has been one of the many frontlines in the Syrian Civil War, particularly in late 2019 during Turkey's invasion of Northern Syria after the United States' withdrawal from the area.

PHOTO: Kusof (p132)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In Manbij, Davenport purchased three more horses, but not without a few misadventures first.

EXT. MANBIJ - DAY

A Circassian breeder presents horses to Davenport and Hafez. He brings out a gray mare.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was a gray mare that Davenport very much wished to purchase. When asked:

HAFFEZ

Is she chubby?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-meaning of breeding quality, the Circassian owner said:

CIRCASSIAN OWNER

Yes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 However, Haffez sensed that
 something was off.

Haffez suddenly GRABS the Circassian by the right wrist and thrusts his hand to the sky.

HAFFEZ
 DECLARE TO ALLAH THAT SHE IS
 CHUBBY!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Essentially he was saying, 'if
 you're going to lie to me, then
 you're going to lie to God.'

The Circassian's eyes go wide and he YANKS his hand from Haffez's.

CIRCASSIAN OWNER
 The mare is "Chubby" to me, but not
 to God!

HAFFEZ
 Then we are done here.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Yet again, Davenport saw that he
 was in the best hands in the entire
 desert. But things were just
 getting started in Manbij.

PHOTO: Qal'at Najm (#48)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Davenport, Haffez, Ali, and their
 interpreter Zeytoun were summoned
 to the Circassian Governor's
 palace.

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of them schmoozing (p114)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 This was to be expected, as, you
 may have noticed, every stop on
 this trip came with a diplomatic
 meeting with the local governor or
 ambassador. However, this was no
 meeting of trite formalities.

SCAN: Drawing of Sheikh Ali Rashid (p135)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It had been a while since Sheik Ali had come to Manbij, and he had gotten them into a bad situation... for he was wanted for murder, and had been for a number of years.

EXT. CASTLE WALL - DAY

Davenport, Haffez, and Zeytoun stand outside the castle wall, kicking dirt, pacing, and being generally worried.

DAVENPORT

Can we find our way back to your camp without him?

HAFFEZ

No. It is a ten-hour ride.

DAVENPORT

What do we do?

HAFFEZ

All we can do is ask for Ali to not be arrested just yet, that they do it after he's escorted us back.

DAVENPORT

Will they go for it?

HAFFEZ

Maybe if the charge were theft. But it's murder, for which he will promptly be punished.

Davenport and Haffez stand in silence, stumped. They're stuck.

Then, OS, someone WHISTLES. They turn to see:

ALI, with a broad grin.

ALI

Hello, my friends!

DAVENPORT

You're...free?

ALI

Yes, I am free. The Governor has let me off, provided I resume paying my camel tax, which has been overlooked ever since...the murder.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Davenport, Haffez, Ali, Zeytoun, Thompson, Moore, and the CIRCASSIAN GOVERNOR smoke, drink, eat, and laugh raucously together (this could also be a drawing or painting).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They all then had a good laugh and a pleasant visit with the Governor, who wanted to know all about the Americ tribe from which Davenport hailed.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

There was no more talk of Sheikh Ali's crime and I have often wondered since whether he is paying those camel taxes!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It seems even back then, and on the other side of the world, the wealthy and well-connected faced the same consequences they do today.

PHOTO: Hashem Bey on his horse (p117)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They returned to Haffez's camp, where they found Hashem Bey, the Sheikh of Sheikhs, who had returned from a raid on the Shammar tribe, their great enemy.

ANIMATION: A colorful chart showing the structure of the Bedouins. At the top is the OTTOMAN EMPIRE, with SULTAN - ABDUL HAMID II on top. Below that, in a section labelled BEDOUINS, SHEIK OF SHEIKS - HASHEM BEY is at the top of the Bedouins. Below that, the Bedouins are then divided amongst the various tribes. We focus in on the ANEZEH, where ACHMET HAFPEZ is at the top of his tribe.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the hierarchy of Bedouins, there was only one man higher than Achmet Haffez, and that man was Hashem Bey, who had ruled the Bedouins since he was twelve. Davenport would need his seal, officiating the horses' pedigree.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In a time before blood samples and lab tests, the only way they had of guaranteeing that a horse was "pureblood" was a stamp from someone such as he.

SCAN: The Sheikh of Sheikhs (p154)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, despite making friend after friend on this voyage, Hashem Bey proved to be the exception. He made no attempt to hide his displeasure at meeting them. There had been a bit of a snafu -

PHOTO: Davenport on Haleb (p103)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

he had given Haleb, the Pride of the Desert,

PHOTO: Nazim Pasha (p88)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-to the Governor of Aleppo mere days before the Governor had turned around and given Haleb to Davenport.

SCAN: Drawing or painting (NOT Davenport) of Hashem Bey staring down Davenport

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hashem Bey's gift to Nazim Pasha was a rare honor of immeasurable value... which Pasha had turned around and re-gifted to the man who now stood before him.

We PULL BACK, comically revealing more of the drawing / painting - HALEB stands behind Davenport, looking awkward.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To make matters worse, Davenport had shown off Haleb to Bey, unaware that he was rubbing Bey's loss in his face.

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of Bey (p156)

HASHEM BEY (V.O.)

You are...a disappointment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The feeling was mutual. Hashem Bey holds the achievement of being one of the only people who Davenport writes about disparagingly:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Hashem Bey was tall and thin, a young man of thirty-four. He was strictly the war-type. After we had talked for ten minutes, I noticed that there was something lacking in him. He was not the big man Achmet Haffez was. He did not possess the latter's fine sense of humor or, indeed, any sense of humor; he was without that indefinable air that immediately suggests gentility and good breeding.

SCAN: Another Davenport sketch of Bey (p155)

DAVENPORT

Before the first interview was over I realized that we were a disappointment to each other, and was secretly glad I had not ridden three days to see him.

EXT. BEDOUIN CAMP - NIGHT

Haffez and Davenport sit by a fire, smoking and drinking tea. Zeytoun approaches and whispers in Haffez's ear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That night, they received news that Hashem Bey was unwilling to put his seal on the horses' pedigree, at which point Haffez's eyes flashed and he simply said:

HAFFEZ

I will force him to.

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The man he would be forcing was the ruler of all of the Bedouins, the most powerful man in the desert. It's not said how Haffez accomplished this...

SCAN: The Pedigree (p160)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But they got their seal.

STOCK FOOTAGE of men running horses through the desert

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The next day they departed and began their ride back to Aleppo, now herding a team of purchased horses with them. However, word had now spread that wealthy buyers were in the desert shelling out money for quality Arabian horses,

PHOTO: Sheiks and warriors gathered around Haleb (p160)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
So Bedouins began to find them to show them their best horses. Along the way, they bought four more, now taking them to a total of twenty-two horses, well over what their Irade permitted.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own) of the young colt, looking sad and restless. Could also be a painting / drawing if too difficult to film.

SFX: The colt calling out mournfully

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Though all had gone well for Davenport, there was one member of their team who was having a rough time. Euphrates, the young colt they had bought, whose mother the Bedouins had firmly said was not for sale, was lonesome and calling for his mother. The trauma of being separated from her had not abated.

SCAN: Davenport sketch of a Bedouin (p169)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
One of the Bedouins had said they would meet them with the colt's mother the day before they were to return to Aleppo, to consider a purchase...

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY

Davenport and his crew stand by the side of the road, pacing and waiting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But he never came.

A messenger rides up with the colt. Davenport and the others stand at attention, thinking it's him. He begins to speak in and gesture to them (in the Bedouin language).

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Instead, a messenger arrived with an outrageously expensive offer for the mother.

He and Hafez begin to argue and shout. We stay on Davenport, who looks at the lonesome colt (who whinnies unhappily), then at the two shouting men. He makes a choice. He fishes out a fat wad of cash.

DAVENPORT
We'll buy her!

HAFFEZ
But when you hear the price-

DAVENPORT
When I hear the price I'll pay it.
(to one of the men)
Go with him.
(hands him the cash)
Take a soldier with you. Come back with that mare.

HAFFEZ
But he's practically robbing you!
You're paying fifty pounds more than her worth! How will you sleep?

DAVENPORT
How will *I* sleep?
(re: the colt)
How will *he* sleep without his mother?

PHOTO: Aleppo (p90)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The next day they returned to Aleppo,

PHOTO: Gomusa (p31)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 -where the Governor's son gifted
 Davenport with yet another horse.
 And there was someone who wished to
 meet them -

PHOTO: HASSAN TAHSSIN PASHA (p174)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 HASSAN TAHSSIN PASHA, the
 wealthiest man in Aleppo, who was
 there in exile. His popularity with
 the people had alarmed the Sultan,
 who sent him to Aleppo on the
 pretense of being made governor,

**SCAN: Drawing / painting (NOT Davenport) of Hassan Pasha
 waving and smiling in full military garb...**

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Only to discover that he was just
 being exiled,

PULL BACK to reveal more of the painting / drawing, where the
 people he's smiling and waving to are unfriendly, hostile
 soldiers with guns pointed at him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 -and the soldiers meeting him there
 were not his subjects, but his
 guards. Nevertheless, he was still
 wealthy and popular, which meant he
 had horses.

The drawing / painting DISSOLVES to another, nearly identical
 painting, only instead of among guards, Hassan Pasha is among
 horses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Davenport bought three. Though he
 now had all the horses he came for
 and more, their troubles were far
 from over.

TEXT: PART SIX - The Journey Home

ANIMATION: Map showing the distance between Aleppo and
 Alexandretta

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was time for them to depart.
There was a steamer leaving
Alexandretta in four days that they
needed to travel 106 miles to
catch...but the messenger they had
sent with the money had not
returned.

EXT. ALEPPO - DAY

Davenport sits pensively on a bench on the outskirts of
Aleppo, looking out to the desert. Hafeez joins him.

HAFEEZ

I'm sure it's just the heat holding
him up.

DAVENPORT

That colt will never be reunited
with his mother. Makes it hard to
feel good about this trip, ya know?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nonetheless, they had to cut their
losses and depart.

**SCAN: DRAWING / PAINTING (NOT Davenport) of crowds gathered
outside Hafeez's palace**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Great crowds gathered outside
Hafeez's home to bid the travelers
from the Americ tribe goodbye.

INT. HAFEEZ'S LOUNGE - DAY

Davenport and Hafeez have tea in the same room they met in.
There is a sadness to them both - they know this is the end.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Inside Hafeez's house, though, was
a mood of feigned lightheartedness,
with an undertone of sadness. They
knew the time had come.

We focus on Hafeez, Davenport's friend and champion.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

The Arabs have a word - 'Halamy,' which can best be transferred into English (or rather American) as 'hot air.' The Arab showers on you all sorts of fine phrases and you accept them with a grin and say to yourself 'Halamy,' and letting it go at that, immediately forget it. But with Achmet Haffez it was different. After you had once gained his friendship you knew that what he said was never 'Halamy.' Few men in any country would have gone out of their way so far as to have done for us what this diplomatic, far-seeing old Bedouin had done.

INT. HAFFEZ HOME LOBBY - DAY

Davenport and Haffez are now joined by Thompson, Moore, and Haffez's family. Moore looks ill.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When they went downstairs and the moment came for them to depart, Davenport knew that more than the traditional handshake was required.

Davenport embraces Haffez.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So, slightly against customs, in front of Thompson, Moore, and Haffez's own people, Davenport embraced Haffez, who broke down and began to sob almost aloud.

HAFFEZ

I now indeed have a brother in America.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- he had finally learned its name -

HAFFEZ

And I promise to visit soon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though he sadly would not get a chance to make that visit.

The soldier they sent with the messenger BURSTS into the room, covered in dust and looking worse for the wear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To make matters worse, there was trouble regarding the mare.

SOLDIER

The owner, he took your money, but he said it's not enough.

The tears in Haffez's eyes are replaced with anger.

HAFFEZ

I KNEW it was a robbery.

SOLDIER

He wants Davenport's revolver.

DAVENPORT

Absolutely not.

Beat. Silence. Then, Davenport sighs, unclips his holster, takes his revolver out, and holds it out to Haffez.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Go then. Her colt calls for her every night.

SOLDIER

I will depart immediately.

HAFFEZ

No. Not you. I will send my son. FAIOT! Take this revolver! Retrieve the mare alive - *or her owner dead.*

Faiot and the soldier hurry out.

ANIMATION - The map showing the distance between Aleppo and Alexandretta

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They would not be able to wait to learn the outcome. The steamer would be leaving in four days, and they had one hundred miles to cross with 26 horses between now and then.

The map shows the route Faiot would have to take.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Faiot would have to meet the Bedouin (in the opposite direction), settle the deal, then ride to Davenport with the mare before the steamer departed. It was all they could do.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Medium shot of Moore, looking sick from malaria.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though they'd miraculously had good health throughout their travels, Moore was now sick with "the fever" - malaria - and was getting steadily worse. They had been warned about this.

SCAN: The Dangerous Roman Road (p190)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On top of that, as they re-entered the more populated coast, Turkish spies would be waiting for them, looking for ways to get them in trouble. Their run of good luck had come to an end. Getting home with all that they had come for seemed like a long shot. But nevertheless, Davenport, Thompson, and an increasingly deteriorating Moore set off with their 26 horses.

EXT. ROMAN ROAD - MORNING

Davenport looks to the horizon, waiting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After a day of riding, they made camp. The first of three nights passed - no sign of Faiot.

EXT. ROMAN ROAD - ANOTHER SPOT - MORNING

The exact same shot, only in another spot.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The second passed - still no sign.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

The exact same shot, only in another spot.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the third and final night, all hope for reuniting the colt with his mother seemed lost. They would set sail for America the next day.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here is the reason for Faiot's delay:

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

A standoff outside of a cave. On one side is the soldier and Faiot, holding Davenport's revolver. On the other is the Bedouin and his men, who guard the mare that this whole affair revolves around.

FAIOT

(in Bedouin language)

We have the revolver of the great Davenport! Now hand her over.

BEDOUIIN

No. Let me see it.

Faiot tosses the revolver to him. The Bedouin inspects it, then throws it back to Faiot.

BEDOUIIN (CONT'D)

This is the wrong one. The deal is off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Of course all present knew this was a lie - the Bedouin had no intention of letting go of that mare-

FAIOT

But you took the money for her. We've honored our end of the deal and more. Now you must do the same.

BEDOUIIN

THERE IS NO DEAL. And because you will not stop harassing me about the matter, we will be taking her to BRIHEM PASHA, where you will stand no chance of ever taking her!

Everyone GASPS.

PHOTO: BRIHEM PASHA (p191)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Brihem Pasha was a dangerous outlaw hiding in the desert. This photograph is the only photograph ever taken of him. It is the only photograph ever taken of him because he killed the man who took it, and no one else ever tried to do so again.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK (RETURN TO SCENE)

FAIOT

THAT'S IT.

Faiot FIRES Davenport's weapon into the air, causing the Bedouins to hit the deck. Some reach for their weapons, but the soldier is ready and has his rifle trained on them.

FAIOT (CONT'D)

THE NEXT GUNSHOT WILL NOT BE INTO THE AIR. I DECLARE THIS DEAL COMPLETE. HAND HER OVER.

Without looking up, one of the Bedouins unties her. As if she knows this man will get her back to her son, she trots over to Faiot. He ties her up next to his own horse, keeping Davenport's gun on them.

FAIOT (CONT'D)

(in Bedouin, subtitled)

THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

And they're off, at breakneck speed, back toward Aleppo. The Bedouins LEAP to their horses and PURSUE -

FREEZE FRAME

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Bedouins pursued them all the way back to Aleppo, but were promptly arrested for attempting to renege on a deal. Yet again, Hafez, this time via his son, had come through for Davenport. And Faiot's efforts were well worth it.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own) of a colt playing with his mother.

INSERT SHOTS of Davenport and the other men laughing joyfully as they watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The colt and his mother were finally reunited.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

His excitement was so great that we shall never forget it. It seemed as if such an unexpected meeting had never taken place before. Those who may think that dumb animals have no way of expressing their feelings should have been present at this twilight celebration. The colt fairly kissed his mother and his joy knew no bounds. He tried to be her baby again, forgetting that he had long been weaned. He kicked up his heels and cantered about, stopping to lick her all over. Then, with a squeal, he started, with his little tail high up, to run and run round her. He almost stampeded some camels with his antics. He ran so close to the other horses we were afraid he would trip on their hobbles. He forgot he was tired and leg-weary, forgot his baby feet had no shoes. Fifty Arabs and grooms, and we three were half laughing and crying together to see the boy celebrate his joy. All this time his mother acted bashfully as if she were saying: "Don't mind him; he's just my boy."

PHOTO: Davenport's camp (p195)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They now had everything they'd come for - but they still needed to get home. And that meant going through Alexandretta, the Malaria-riddled port city that the steamer would be leaving from.

PHOTO: Circassian Bandits (#35)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yet again, word of their adventures had travelled faster through the desert than they could - the Arabs there knew that one of the horses had been taken by force, and they were not happy.

PHOTO: Loading the horses (p196)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On August 27th, the day had come to load the horses onto the steamer. Davenport had hired a man to build stalls for the horses, but later he wrote of this humorously:

EXT. DAVENPORT PORCH - DAY

Davenport sits in a rocking chair, pleasantly writing away on a beautiful day.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

When you're at home sitting on the shady side of your porch and planning the exportation of Arab horses, there are some details which you overlook while seated in a comfortable rocking chair. If you have never put twenty-seven stallions and mares into the first boxes, or stalls they have ever seen, then there's something in you have yet to experience.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though his writing is humorous, getting those horses onto the steamer was not.

PHOTO: Loading the horses (p197)

SFX of wood creaking, crowds, and horses whinnying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The construction for the horses' stalls had been contracted out to the lowest bidder, which means they got what they paid for, which wasn't much. The cheaply-constructed stalls worried Davenport.

STOCK FOOTAGE of a nervous horse kicking at his stall

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One kick from a nervous horse, and the box would be-

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

as frail as a chicken coop.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And nervous, indeed were the horses, for good reason. There were several elements working against them.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own): same footage as earlier of Al Hami Bey, the Turkish spy, looking sinister in the shadows.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

First, as mentioned before, were Turkish spies. One in particular was at the docks, eager to find an infraction that would earn him a promotion. He would prove his weight in trouble, but he was not their only trouble.

PHOTO: Men in burkas (#49)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The docks were lined with thieves, eager to jump on any unprotected horse.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

If those men once got on the back of any of these horses nothing could catch them. It would be a short run of an hour into the mountains and then the desert, where everything is lost. A fortune was waiting for the man who could get away with a stallion.

STOCK FOOTAGE of mosquitos

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As morning turned to mid-day the heat found them and brought with it the deadly Alexandretta mosquitos, eager to bring the sickness that Moore and the rest of Alexandretta suffered from. And Davenport brought his own trouble.

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of the Sultan (p43)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You may remember the sketch he made of the Sultan which threatened to jeopardize their entire trip. It was during the loading of the horses that he had the sketch smuggled onto the ship in a bail of hay. However, it is now known, long after Davenport's time, that there was no such law forbidding a depiction of the Sultan, and in fact a quick Internet search will yield several paintings, drawings, and photographs of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. The stress Davenport put himself through carrying the drawing in secret and smuggling it out was completely unwarranted. But a sketch was not the only thing he was smuggling, though he did not know it.

PHOTO: Said (p162)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The spy had declared that no one could leave with Davenport, Moore, and Thompson. This proved to be a problem, as Said, the slave

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

-servant!-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-who took care of Wadduda, refused to leave her side. Seeing that he would not be allowed aboard, he decided to smuggle himself aboard.

SCAN: Drawing / Painting (NOT a Davenport) of Said crawling up a rope hanging off the side of a ship

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

He had crawled in under the bales of hay, and to anyone on shore he might have been taken for a monkey scaling up a rope which hung down the side of the big boat as he scrambled aboard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The punishments he would face if Said were caught would be far worse than if the drawing of the Sultan were discovered.

PHOTO: Loading the horses (p198)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the main concern at the moment was the horses, who were getting frightened. To calm them, Davenport had their eyes covered-

SFX: Frightened horses whinnying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-not realizing that this only exacerbated the problem. The first horse loaded nearly kicked his stall apart from fright.

SFX: CRASH!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was Faiot, Haffez's son, who saw the root of the problem and removed the bandage from the horse's eyes. After that,

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

He was calmer by 50 percent than I was during the whole operation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The other horses were calm as well... until too many of them were loaded on the ship in close proximity to each other, causing them to fight. Davenport needed one man per horse to hold them by the head, but the spy took this chance to prove his worth.

PHOTO: Other photo of loading the horses (p198)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He told them that no one other than Davenport, Moore, or Thompson could even go on the boat out of fear that they might leave the country.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Davenport tried explaining that if
 the horses began to fight, their
 boxes would be smashed to pieces,
 but to no avail.

SPY (V.O.)
 Perhaps you can ask them to not do
 that.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
 There is no reasoning with
 horses...
 (under his breath)
 ...or spies.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 All they could do was hope the
 horses didn't break their stalls.

STOCK FOOTAGE: A choppy sea

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Making matters worse, the sea
 started to get rough and choppy.
 It is not known how they managed to
 set sail without incident.

STOCK FOOTAGE: An old steamer chugging away

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But by the end of August 28th,
 Davenport, Thompson, Moore, Said,
 and twenty-seven pureblood Arabian
 horses were headed to America.

TEXT: THE END

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But not before a few last
 misadventures.

ANIMATION: Indiana Jones-style animation showing the ship's
 route down to Latakia.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The ship they were on had a stop in
 Latakia, a port city in modern-day
 Syria. The Governor of Aleppo had
 telegraphed ahead alerting them of
 Davenport's visit.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or drawing) of massive crowd at the dock

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A thousand soldiers and a crowd of civilians gathered at the docks, eager to greet the great people they had been told of. They expected royalty.

EXT. LATAKIA PORT - DAY

Davenport and Thompson emerge from the ship, covered in dust, looking like hell. No one in the crowd notices them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What they got were Davenport and Thompson, covered in hundreds of miles of Syrian desert. Moore was still bedridden from malaria.

INT. MOORE'S CABIN - DAY

Moore lies in bed, sick and covered in sweat. Said tends to him.

MOORE

Blehhehh...

EXT. LATAKIA PORT - DAY

Davenport and Thompson join the crowd, awaiting their own arrival. No one pays them any notice.

PERSON IN FRONT OF THEM

I can't wait to see them! What they've done is nothing short of incredible.

Raised eyebrows from Davenport and Thompson, who are enjoying this.

OTHER PERSON IN FRONT OF THEM

I hope I get to shake Homer Davenport's hand. It would be like meeting Ishmael. I've always wanted to meet a madman!

ANIMATION: Indiana Jones-style map graphic showing the ship's route up to Naples.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The ship's next stop was Naples.
Some good news - Moore was
recovering from his malaria.

INT. MOORE'S CABIN - DAY

Moore gives a feeble thumbs up.

PHOTO: The Nord America (#50)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In Naples, they were to directly
transfer the next day to another
ship, the *Nord America*, only to
find that the space reserved for
them had been filled with
immigrants heading to America. What
followed was a miracle and a treat
for the people of Naples.

PHOTO: The horses in their stalls (p214)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The horses had to be stabled, at
great expense, while they waited
for a ship that could take them.
However, the horses, instead of
being exhausted from a ride through
the desert, had spent two weeks
resting and eating well. So they
were of high spirits, meaning they
were ready and able to kick and
struggle with their flimsy boxes.

PHOTO: One of the horses in his box (p213)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As they were unloaded from the
ship, the men could only hope the
horses would cooperate.

STOCK FOOTAGE of a horse back-kicking and being disagreeable

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What happened instead was the first
horse they unloaded kicked his
stall apart, prompting the other
horses to do the same.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The boxes they depended on to transport the horses in had been turned into firewood in a matter of minutes, and now the horses were free to do as they please... to run away if they so wished.

SCAN: Drawing / painting (NOT Davenport) of Said crawling under the horses and shackling their feet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, Said, the stowaway slave, leapt into action, hobbling each of the twenty-seven horses at great personal risk. One horse even kicked him and knocked him senseless, but he quickly recovered. Not only did he hobble them, he also calmed them down. But their trials were not over.

PHOTO: Naples, 100 years ago (#51)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They then had to transport them through Naples to the stables, which meant taking them through a noisy, busy city full of commotion that could startle them. However, despite the crowd of onlookers enjoying Naples having a real horse show for once, the horses moved calmly through the town without incident.

INT. NAPLES HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Davenport, Thompson, Moore, and Said check into a nice hotel.

HOTEL CLERK

I'm so sorry gentlemen... but at the moment we only have rooms with satin sheets, no silk. I hope that's not too much of an inconvenience.

STOCK FOOTAGE: A violent storm

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That night, a terrible storm kicked up, destroying the very barge the horses would have been kept on had they stuck with their original plan of staying on the ship overnight and unloading to the *Nord America* the next morning.

INT. NAPLES HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Davenport, Thompson, Moore, and Said sit on their beds, unable to sleep from the storm that rumbles around them.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Had our space on the ship not been double-booked, every single horse we fought so hard for would have been lost. The entire trip would've been a failure.

MOORE

Saved by a random fluke.

THOMPSON

Was it a random fluke? We've had too many strokes of luck for this to be coincidence. This whole trip has been managed by someone else. Allah has smiled on us.

Beat.

MOORE

I'm sorry, who has smiled on us?

THOMPSON

Allah. I've spent some time with Said over the last two weeks, witnessing miracle after miracle play out before our eyes. And so I converted to Islam. Now might be a good time to do the same.

DAVENPORT

(chuckles)

I'm not a religious man... but I concede that you and Said's faith have kept us safe.

MOORE

Kept us safe! I nearly died of malaria!

SAID
Probably because you don't believe.

MOORE
Who taught you English?

THOMPSON
I did. He saved my soul; I'm
teaching him English; it's an even
trade.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Though they had narrowly avoided
disaster, they were still stuck in
Naples. In regards to a ship that
could bring their horses back, the
steam ship company only told them

INT. TICKET BOOTH - DAY

A ticket booth teller looks at us and says:

TELLER
You will have to wait.

Davenport and the teller begin to argue.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
They had seen enough to know what
that meant -

DAVENPORT
We're going to be stuck waiting
here forever!!

TELLER
Probably!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As no ship would be willing to
transport their horses. They tried
contacting every line and every
route, but no one would have them.
They had come so far, only to not
be able to take the last step.

Davenport throws his arms in the air in frustration.

PHOTO: Victor Emmanuel III (#52)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Davenport telegraphed the King of
 Italy, Victor Emmanuel III,
 appealing to him as a horseman...
 to no response.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

Davenport stands before a clerk, who taps out a morse
 telegram, reading from a card.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
*Then I played trumps and cabled to
 the President.*

TELEGRAM CLERK
 Your telegram has been sent to...
 a... Mr. Roosevelt?

DAVENPORT
 Bloody amazing! The future is here!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Roosevelt responded immediately and
 bluntly:

GRAPHIC: Made-up telegram displaying the following message:

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (V.O.)
 "State Department at Washington
 wants to know if it is true that
 this shipment of horses is held on
 account of immigrants being shipped
 to America."

STOCK FOOTAGE: Old footage of a steam ship

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Magically, a ship was made
 available the next day which could
 carry the horses back to New York.
 There was but one catch:

PHOTO: A horse above deck (p212)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The only room was above deck, where
 they'd be exposed to the elements,
 putting them at great risk for
 sickness. But it was their only
 option.

SCAN: Drawing / painting (NOT Davenport) of the horses huddled above deck, shivering and getting rained on.

SFX: Rain and wind, the elements

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For forty-one days the horses stood without rest and without shelter. Davenport's fears were correct - several horses got sick.

EXT. SHIPDECK - NIGHT

Davenport, Thompson, Moore, and Said stand among the shivering horses, massaging them, feeding them, trying to comfort them. Then, they all stand up straight, looking at something OS:

The Statue of Liberty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But on October 8th, Homer Davenport and all of his Arabian Horses arrived in New York City without a single casualty.

MOORE

It's a miracle...

On Davenport:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His quest was complete.

TEXT: PART SEVEN - Back in America

PHOTO: Davenport's Farm (p192)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Against all odds, Davenport had done exactly as he'd promised: Gone to the desert, found unquestionably purebred Arabian horses, and brought them to America - specifically to his farm in Morris Plains, New Jersey. But, of course, his trials were not over, because they never are.

INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY

Said BURSTS IN.

SAID

Mr. Davenport - the horses -
they're dying!

DAVENPORT

They're WHAT?

SAID

They're not eating their hay or the
oats we give them. It's perfectly
good food...but they won't touch
it. I don't think they know how to
eat it; it's not their desert
grass. All they eat is their
bedding. They're starving.

STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own) of Arabian horses eating

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In typical Davenport fashion, he
found a way to solve this problem
by mixing in the hay & oats with
their bedding. He mixed less and
less bedding with the oats until
finally they ate what they were
supposed to and regained their
health.

INT. ELLIS ISLAND - DAY

Davenport stands with Said at Ellis Island's final
immigration checkpoint.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As for Said Abdullah, the happy
servant of God, his arrival in
America and naturalization at Ellis
Island were...noteworthy.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Occupation?

SAID

Slave.

Davenport nearly chokes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Uh...Mr. Davenport, is he...yours?

Davenport nods. Eyeing Davenport disapprovingly, the clerk
writes **SLAVE** into Said's **OCCUPATION** line.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though he was never Davenport's slave, he was declared as such in New York, making him the last officially-documented slave to arrive in the US. Davenport immediately "freed" him and gave him a salary for taking care of Wadduda.

EXT. DAVENPORT PORCH - DAY

Said sits on the front porch, lonely.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport cared for Said, taught him English, and made him part of his family, but no amount of kindness could quell the homesickness Said felt for the desert. To help cheer him up, Davenport would take him to the New York Hippodrome.

FOOTAGE from *Neptune's Daughter*, *Better Times*, or any other films or stock footage shot at the Hippodrome.

SFX: Circus sounds, elephants trumpeting, etc.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

No eyes ever saw as he did. He had never seen elephants, nor any pictures of them. He had not even heard of them.

SAID (V.O.)

These fat grey horses, are they real, or just made of cloth?

SCAN: Drawing / painting (NOT Davenport) of Said in awe of the show he's watching.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

If the roof had dropped in and sprung back to its place, Said would have thought it was on the regular programme. After each show his brain was wore out for a day.

INT. SAID'S ROOM - NIGHT

Said lies in bed and closes his eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But despite the wonders of America,
 when he shut his eyes,

Footage: We fade into footage of the Anezeh tribe

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 -his thoughts took him to the
 Anezeh, and he joined the tribes in
 his mind.

INT. SAID'S ROOM - MORNING

Said' opens his eyes, happy from his dream... then realizes
 where he is.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Then he would wake up to see that
 he was not in the desert, but in
 Morris Plains.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SAID'S ROOM - DAY

Davenport goes to enter, but sees through the open door that
 Said is crying. He watches him for a beat, then:

DAVENPORT
 Said?

SAID
 (quickly wipes off tears)
 Hello, sir. I'm very happy today.

DAVENPORT
 No you're not. Keeping you in
 America is wrong. You miss your
 people. Do you want to go back to
 Aleppo?

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

The scene described below happens.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The next morning, Davenport found
 Wadduda out in the pasture, dressed
 in her full wild regalia, with the
 beads of her wild tribe in her
 hair, and her desert saddle on,
 with long flowing tassels that
 swayed in the morning breeze.
 (MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Next to her was Said, praying to Mecca with a spear at his side. Said had been praying all night, asking Allah for guidance, and Allah had given it.

Said turns to Davenport.

SAID

I am not to go back to the desert. I was given with Wadduda by Achmet Haffez, and I'm going to stay as long as Wadduda lives, even when she's gone, with her colt and her colt's colt, and I'm never going back to the desert.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport writes that Said was never homesick again.

SCAN: Davenport's sketch of Haleb (p161)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Haleb, "The Pride of the Desert" essentially became "The Pride of Davenport." The next year, Haleb was entered into the Morgan Cup, a competition for Morgan horses in Rutland, Virginia, where he took top prize, beating out nineteen other horses and making history.

INT. HORSE SHOW - DAY

Three judges enthusiastically hold up cards all saying 10. They're going bonkers.

A reporter gets in Davenport's face.

REPORTER

Mr. Davenport! Is this victory sufficient compensation for the trouble of your journey?

DAVENPORT

Don't spoil the moment. But yes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Haleb's victory secured him as an icon to American breeders. Although he only sired ten foals, his bloodline continues to this day.

PHOTO: Said and Haleb (p99)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But in 1909, though in his prime, Haleb died under mysterious circumstances. Davenport believed Haleb was poisoned by owners of the Morgan stallions, humiliated by their defeat in the Morgan Cup, but this was never proven.

FOOTAGE (or picture) of Haleb's skeleton in the Smithsonian if we can get it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Haleb's skeleton was sent to the Smithsonian and placed in the research collection.

PHOTO: Wadduda (p85)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Wadduda went on to give birth to a prestigious line of Arabian horses, which is considered the standard by which all American Arabian horses are measured.

PHOTOS & videos of Davenport horses today

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not just Wadduda, but all of the horses Davenport brought back were of major importance to the Arabian horse breed in America. There are breeders whose horses have bloodlines that are entirely descended from the horses he imported.

GRAPHIC: The Arabian Horse Association Logo (#53)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport became one of the five incorporators of the Arabian Horse Club of America, now called the Arabian Horse Association. In 1909 the USDA recognized them as the official registry for Arabian horses, a title they still hold.

INT. SMOKING LOUNGE - EVENING

Davenport sits with Peter Bradley.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Needless to say, Peter Bradley, the backer of the expedition, was greatly pleased.

BRADLEY

My God, what a fascinating tale. You should write it all down and publish it for posterity.

DAVENPORT

Nah. No one would believe it.

SCAN: Cover of *My Quest of the Arab Horse*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But that's precisely what he did. In 1909 Davenport published *My Quest of the Arab Horse*, which this film is based upon.

PHOTO: (if we can find it) Jack Thompson's grave

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though Arthur Moore made a full recovery from his malaria, Jack Thompson would die two years later of symptoms that match malaria. Though he didn't have concrete proof, Davenport believed Thompson got the sickness from the mosquitos of Alexandretta. Regardless of where or how Thompson caught "the fever," it affected Davenport deeply.

PHOTO: Jack Thompson (p204)

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Thompson added greatly to the pleasure and success of our trip. He had the knack of seeing the cheerful side of life and thoroughly adapted himself to any conditions. He never had a word of complaint and his good humor helped us through many unpleasant times.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Davenport and Daisy solemnly sit across from a grim LAWYER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport's quest led to another painful loss: His marriage. Around the same time his memoir was published, Daisy filed for divorce. She didn't share any of his interests, which always came first.

DAISY

(to the lawyer)

I'm not even mentioned in his memoir. He forgot about his own wife!

DAVENPORT

I did NOT forget about you. I simply had a transcendental experience which did not involve YOU. I have taken a great change, growth toward a higher plain.

DAISY

Good for you. Have fun playing with your horses.

They descend into further bickering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though Davenport deeded everything but the horses to his wife, the divorce was bitter; she sued for alimony over their three children and held Davenport in contempt of court for failure to pay support. Whether she was important to him or not, the divorce caused Davenport to suffer a breakdown.

Davenport begins to weep in the office. Neither Daisy or the lawyer care.

PHOTO: Wikipedia image of Homer Davenport (#46)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By 1911 he had come out of his slump and was getting his life back together. He was cartooning for Hearst again, and he had fallen in love with a mysterious woman named Zadah, of which nothing is known.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He had also become a spiritualist,
which was popular at the time.

FOOTAGE: A Night to Remember (1951)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the early hours of the 15th of
April 1912, the RMS Titanic struck
an iceberg and sank in the North
Atlantic Ocean. As is well-known,
over 1500 people died in the
disaster. As is less well known,
there was one more death caused by
the disaster: Homer Davenport.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - NIGHT

Davenport stands among the crowd, sketching furiously. He is
shivering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He went to the New York docks to
sketch the Titanic survivors
getting off of the RMS *Carpathia*,
which led to his final cartoon.

SCAN: Davenport's final cartoon (#54)

INT. DAVENPORT DEATH BED - NIGHT

Davenport lies ill, at death's door. Someone whose face we
never see dabs at his forehead and holds his hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It also led to his death, as he
contracted pneumonia from being out
in the unseasonably cold April that
had caused the sinking in the first
place. He stayed with a friend,
Mrs. William Cochran, a medium and
spiritualist.

DAVENPORT

(barely a whisper)

*Of course it's the cold that kills
me. I'm used to the desert.*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He succumbed to his pneumonia two
weeks later.

SCAN: (NOT a Davenport) Drawing / Painting of his funeral

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His funeral was a freethought service conducted by a spiritualist. William Randolph Hearst personally paid for it.

PHOTO (or get our own footage): Davenport's grave (#55)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport was buried in his hometown of Silverton, Oregon, next to his father who had died the year before. And Silverton has not forgotten him.

FOOTAGE: Shots of the Homer Davenport Days

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Since 1980, Silverton has hosted an annual festival in his honor every August, Homer Davenport Days. Of his trip, Davenport wrote:

MONTAGE: Various shots from the journey, their good times, their bad, everything in between, Haffez, the dog, the horses, Said, etc.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

In looking back at that summer trip in the desert I should say that we learned more than anything else to take things as they come. We learned not to complain too much. In our general American life we complain if we are asked to eat off a tablecloth which has once been used. We rather object to drinking from a glass of water if another person has drank a sup from the same glass. We sometimes complain at hotels because the sheets are not changed more than twice a week, but all this bluff disappears quickly when we have borne the hardships of the desert in the summertime. The desert is the great leveler and it shows us how trivial and artificial we are in some ways in our civilized life.

MONTAGE: Shots of Davenport horses today

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport's legacy is undeniable. His ground-breaking importation of Arabian horses remains the largest importation of authentic Arabian horses ever made to the United States in one shipment to this day, and led to a new classification of horses - "Davenport horses," meaning of direct descent from the horses he imported.

SCAN: Davenport sketch of Achmet Haffez (p238)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But he would probably want his legacy to be that of his friendship to Achmet Haffez - a man he had virtually nothing in common with and who did not have the same customs or beliefs as him.

STOCK FOOTAGE of the events described below

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As for Syria, since the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, Syria suffered greatly under French rule from 1920 through 1946, numerous coups from 1946 to 1970, and the Assad regime from 1970 to 2024. From 2011 to 2024, the Syrian Civil War caused over 600,000 deaths, finally culminating in the overthrow of Bashar al-Assad.

SCAN: Photograph of the Aleppo Citadel in 1906 (p91)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As Syria recovers from the Civil War, with its citizens hopeful for stability, economic growth, and a government selected by popular vote, the first and easiest thing we can do to help is to take a note from Homer Davenport...

The photograph morphs into the present-day #Believe_in_Aleppo sign in front of the Aleppo Citadel (#56)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And Believe in Aleppo.

ALONGSIDE THE CREDITS:

The following info (as well as pictures) is displayed either alongside the credits, in between credits, or intermittently throughout.

TEXT: Notable descendants of Davenport's Quest of the Arab Horse

PHOTO: Jadaan (#57)

TEXT: Jadaan: Foaled in 1916, both parents imported by Davenport.

FOOTAGE: Jadaan in *Son of the Sheikh*

TEXT: Ridden by Rudolf Valentino in *Son of the Sheikh (1926)*

TEXT: ANTEZ: Foaled 1921, all ancestors imported by Davenport

- So fast he was imported to Poland to sire racehorses.
- Was brought back to the US by WK Kellogg to race against thoroughbreds.
- His bloodline continues to this day.

TEXT: FADJUR: Foaled 1952, Two-time US Reserve National Champion Stallion

- Father of Jurneeka, grandfather of Khemosabi
- Charismatic, called "The Fabulous Fadjur"
- Leading sire in the Arabian Breed in North America during the 1970s & 80s

FOOTAGE: *The Black Stallion (1979)*

TEXT: CASS OLE, AKA "THE BLACK STALLION"

- Foaled 1969 in San Antonio, Texas, partial Davenport
- Portrayed the title character in *The Black Stallion* and its sequel

- Sired over 130 foals

SCAN: Image - Khemosabi

TEXT: KHEMOSABI: Foaled 1967 by Bert & Ruth Husband, parents of Paul Husband, producer of this film

- Subject of popular comic strip "The Exciting Adventures of Khemosabi," written by Paul Husband

- So popular a Breyer horse was modeled after him in the 1990s

- Won National Championship in both halter and western pleasure performance competition, earning him the highest level of achievement offered by the Arabian Horse Association

- For over 20 years he was the leading sire of purebred Arabian foals in the world - sired 1,261 purebred foals

IMAGE: Paul Husband with Khemosabi