

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

Copyright (c) 2018. This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

12/22/18

Aaron Guzzo  
310.736.8115  
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

**INT. DINGY BAR - CONSTANTINOPLE - NIGHT**

Three men sit at a dimly-lit table across from a grey-haired man in a white suit. The four of them are the only white people in this noisy bar. Vague Middle-Eastern music fills the background as well a host of Turks and Middle-Easterners.

**TEXT: CONSTANTINOPLE (ISTANBUL) - July 1906**

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... and they got nowhere. You see, 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.

The three men he's speaking to are HOMER DAVENPORT (39), balding and sporting a thick moustache, 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

Surely he isn't the only one out there, is he? 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 - they'll 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. 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 find nothing there but  
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. Do  
you all understand?

They all nod.

DAVENPORT

We do.

**EXT. SHIP - PORT OF ALEXANDRETTA - DAY**

Davenport, Thompson, and Moore stand on a ship entering a port. They pass under a sign written in Arabic. A caption translates: **PORT OF ALEXANDRETTA.**

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 Arab mares of  
unquestionable blood, and bring  
them to America. And if I die in  
the process, I'll die happy.

Beat.

THOMPSON

Horses.

DAVENPORT

Before you judge me, you would need  
to know me.

**TITLE CARD: DAVENPORT IN ALEPPO: MY QUEST OF THE ARAB HORSE**

**TEXT: PART ONE - Homer Davenport - The Early Years**

**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 prophecy 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.

**SCAN: Drawing / painting (NOT a Davenport) of Florinda on her deathbed clutching Timothy**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On her deathbed, she instructed Timothy to give Homer every opportunity to become a cartoonist. Timothy faithfully followed these instructions.

**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.)

Due to the very smallpox outbreak which killed Homer's mother, he and his father were quarantined inside their home the winter of 1870-1871.

**INT. TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE'S HOME**

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

During that time, 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.

**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 ought to be learning how to work.

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.

(MORE)

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

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. 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.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This talent caught the eye of C.W. Smith, who also 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. When he demanded a raise from his salary of \$10 a week a year later... 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. Davenport 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.

**GRAPHIC: A stock image of a woman from the 1890s... with a question mark graphic obscuring her face.**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While in Chicago, he married DAISY MOORE, of which very little is known, as she is not even mentioned in his memoir. She left her home in San Francisco to join him in Chicago.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While at the Chicago Herald, 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 with orange hair sits at his desk. Davenport stands before him.

GRUMPY BOSS  
You're fired.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

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

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!

She is not consoled in the slightest. Davenport gets down on his knees and takes her hands into his.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)  
And there's something else, too, Daisy - tomorrow could very well be the biggest day of my life: 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, despite his having the best of intentions.

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. 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. 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 talks, 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.

**INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

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

DAVENPORT

-And they're the foundation of several other breeds. They dominate nearly every equestrian field, from endurance riding to horse racing.

**INT. CHICAGO HERALD OFFICE - DAY**

The orange-haired 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)

In addition to their impressive features and accomplishments, 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.

(MORE)



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

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. 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.)

The Diplomatic Ruler of the Anezeh Bedouins was a man named Achmet Haffez. 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.

**PHOTO: William Randolph Hearst (#13)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This time, Davenport's "cartooning" was not only encouraged; it was his job. And not only was it his job; it was his true calling.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He lampooned the various candidates of California's 1894 elections to great effect. Hearst himself followed his work and was a fan.

**PHOTO: The previous photo of Hearst 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.

**FOOTAGE from *Citizen Kane* if possible. If not, then:**

**SCAN: front page of the New York Journal (any edition)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There, he began work at the newly formed New York Journal, which had one of the greatest staffs in newspaper history, with such contributors as

**PHOTO: Mark Twain (#14)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mark Twain giving it notoriety. For the first time ever, Davenport had a high salary.

**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

\$3.5 MILLION DOLLARS?!!

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 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 concept which at the time would have been more shocking than it is today.

**EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

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

FARMER

Nonsense! Rich people influencing elections? That never happens!

**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. 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 over \$350,000 in 2018) - 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 his wife 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 when Republican Senator Thomas C. Platt and others introduced an anti-cartoon bill in the state legislature to ban political cartoons from New York.

(MORE)

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

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  
\$600,000 in 2018.

**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 angry crowd to go  
easy on Czolgosz. 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 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.

**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 and then an undisclosed (but presumably greater) amount after that 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 with all great endeavors, someone would need 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. Bey warned Davenport that it would be difficult, but nonetheless he cabled Constantinople, asking for purchase of 6-8 Arabian horses.

**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.

DAVENPORT

I've done it!

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

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, crooks, 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.

Thompson places his hand over Davenport's, giving the ONLY hint toward any sort of gay relationship that we will acknowledge, as there is no history supporting this theory.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

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, crooks,  
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, then  
take the Orient Express to Istanbul  
(which was still called  
Constantinople in 1906), sail to  
Alexandretta, then 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.

**SCAN: The Irade (p17)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Before they even reached Paris, the Irade was already beginning to show wear and tear from much handling.

**INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY**

Davenport and his wife argue while their two terriers watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport had wanted to take his two Airedale terriers.

DAVENPORT

They're more or less members of the family!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He felt that:

DAVENPORT

(to us)

If you are truly a horse-lover you must always necessarily be a dog-lover. The two things somehow go together.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, when he brought it up to his family, there was instantly "a wail from the human part of the household" -

DAISY

The dogs will be in the way!

DAVENPORT

They've been on trips before and weren't in the way!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But though she was not in the least concerned in the matter, and notwithstanding that the dogs wanted to go, Davenport chucked the plan. But once he was away from them, 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.*

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.*

(MORE)

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

*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.

GARGIULO (CONT'D)

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?

**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.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 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 team work.*

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.*

(MORE)

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

*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.

**PHOTO: Arabian horses (p24)**

A question mark graphic appears over the horses.

NARRATOR  
They met with William Forbes, owner  
and founder of -

**IMAGE: The MacAndrews & Forbes logo (#34)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
- MacAndrews & Forbes, a company  
which, to this day,

**SCREEN CAPTURE: Scroll through [www.macandrewsandforbes.com](http://www.macandrewsandforbes.com)  
and [www.magnasweet.com](http://www.magnasweet.com)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
-is still the leading dealer of  
liquorice root in the world.

**INT. DINGY BAR - CONSTANTINOPLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

RAPID-FIRE series of shots from the opening scene:

FORBES  
-They call him "The Pride of the  
Desert."-

--

FORBES (CONT'D)  
-The Bedouins will swear to  
anything but the truth.-

--

FORBES (CONT'D)  
-Do NOT go into the desert right  
now. - Four reasons - One: You'll  
die of heat stroke. - Two: The  
Bedouins are at war. - Three: You  
have no guide. - Four: Alexandretta  
is 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.)

They set sail for Alexandretta the next day, stopping in Beirut along the way.

**PHOTO: Beirut at the time (p50)**

NARRATOR

In Beirut they encountered, as he put it:

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*Crooked horse dealers of the East.*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were assisted by the United States Vice Consul in Beirut, 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, 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 under the employe of the US Consul in Beirut 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. All they could do was hope that he was an honest man.

**PHOTO: Beirut (can be same image as before)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With their interpreter acquired, they were eager to get away from Beirut.

(MORE)



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

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 problem.

**GRAPHIC showing malaria-stricken countries.**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 2014, 97 countries and territories had ongoing malaria transmissions, with 214 million cases of malaria reported every year.

**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

*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, but they underestimated how much power the spy wielded - the Governor himself was afraid of him, as Bey reported directly to Constantinople. 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

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. 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??

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.

**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 the hell are they carrying?

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

**EXT. TEXAS FIELD - DAY**

We move in on a GIANT pile of tobacco.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)  
*The whole of this load of liquorice root was for shipment to America, there to be spat upon the ground by the chewers of tobacco. It seemed quite possible that a large part of what the three hundred and eighty-six camels had on their backs,*

A man, BILL STERRETT, middle-aged, POPS out of the tobacco like a stripper from a cake. He holds it by the handful and chews it happily.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)  
- *my old friend Bill Sterrett of Texas would use up in the next winter alone, and that if Bill would quit chewing, the percentage of camels that pass along the old Roman road would be noticeably less in the future. Up to date I have not heard that Bill has reformed.*

Bill shakes his head, confirming that he hasn't.

**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. Then...

A team of camel drivers emerges over a sand dune. Davenport and Moore take a moment to register what they're seeing... then stumble toward them, waving madly and shouting. 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.

Davenport produces a FAT STACK OF AMERICAN MONEY.

**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.*  
 (MORE)

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

*It has been tumbled down so many times by 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.)

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 nearly 40 years before, in 1869, 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 recently made a vicious comeback in Syria as Syria's residents fled Islamic State. In fact, the number of known leishmaniasis cases doubled in Syria from 2008 to 2012. Currently four to twelve million people are infected in 98 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.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were dropped off at

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*-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.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Again, they were helpless without their interpreter to do anything.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 When Davenport tried telling them  
 he and Moore were from America, no  
 one understood them, or had even  
 heard of it. 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. They  
 were taken to a young Englishman  
 named BEARD-

DAVENPORT  
 (to us)  
 And we hung onto him on both sides.

They do so.

**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  
 (MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Alexandretta but a near fatal  
 accident afterward.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Their 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 Haffez**

**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 people at MacAndrews & Forbes  
 parroted their founders' words -  
 they discouraged Davenport and his  
 crew in the strongest terms to not  
 go into the desert in August.

The two businessmen hold their hands up in an expression of  
 "I've got nothin' for ya."

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Worse yet, they had no leads for  
 him on where to acquire these  
 horses.



We move to Davenport, who 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 Davenport 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.

Zeytoun breaks away from some other Bedouins and motions for Davenport, Thompson, and Moore to huddle. They do so.

ZEYTOUN

It appears 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.

**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, Hafeez took Davenport and his convoy to see the greatest mare of the country, named WADDUDA.

**EXT. STABLE - DAY - ALEPPO**

Hafeez strokes Wadduda affectionately.

HAFFEZ

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

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From her back 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.*

**PHOTO: Wadduda and Said (#45)**

Focus on just Wadduda, not revealing Said until the Narrator mentions him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But Hafez was not just showing Davenport Wadduda. He was giving her to him. Davenport had secured his first mare. But Hafez also gifted him a young slave, SAID ABDULLAH, who would take care of her.

**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**

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.*

HAFFEZ

When you speak the name it will bear living witness of my love to you and that the acceptance of this gift will be the forming of friendship and later 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. 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 Hafez were getting on famously, the same could not be said for Davenport and Wadduda, his new horse and first victory of his voyage.

DAVENPORT

*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,

**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.)

Haffez agreed to take them to his tribe in the desert - a ten hour ride to one of the most desolate places on earth.

**PHOTO: The Anezeh Tribe (title page)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This was no light favor - he had not visited his tribe's camp in thirty years. We can only speculate as to why Haffez went to such extremes for Davenport. Perhaps it was just to make a buck. Or perhaps it truly was an act of altruism. Before they would set off, they would visit the Governor of Aleppo,

**PHOTO: Nazim Pasha (p88)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

NAZIM PASHA, who according to custom they should have visited first. 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. He was eager to get to the desert and felt this time was a waste, as he says it involved endless eastern hospitalities.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, when that ended, and they finally saw Haleb, Davenport was in awe.

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.

**INT. NAZIM PASHA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Pasha bolts up from his desk.

NAZIM PASHA

*He gave him WHAT??*

**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. 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 riding the gray horse gifted to him, Moore on a rented mare, ALI HAFFEZ, (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

(reading from Lady Anne Blunt's book)

"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.)

However, 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.*

(MORE)

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

*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 then.*

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 - The Bedouins**

**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.)

Their destination was a settlement called Manbij, on the Euphrates River, home of the Fedaan Anezeh tribe. They stayed overnight with Haffez's cousin at his camp in the desert.

**PHOTO: A Bedouin feast (p105)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There, they received a feast fit for a king, as well as a prayer in which Haffez's cousin thanked Allah for the blessing of receiving Davenport as a guest. Though Davenport had become a big deal over in the "Americ" tribe, he was an even bigger 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.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 The camp emerged from the scorching  
 desert heat like a mirage. When  
 they got closer, Davenport saw the  
 true power that Achmet Hafez  
 wielded -

**SCAN: Hafez shaking hands with another sheik (p125)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Sheik after sheik greeted him and  
 his guests like royalty. Though  
 absent for thirty years, there was  
 no doubt: Achmet Hafez 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 still overcome with emotion. Hafez approaches  
 him.

HAFFEZ  
 What troubles you?

DAVENPORT  
 Nothing. This is the supreme moment  
 of my life.

Hafez 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 Nazim Pasha, were presented. 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.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 In horse culture, "chubby" simply  
 means "fit for breeding purposes."

**INT. ANEZEH TENT - DAY**

Davenport, Thompson, and Moore watch Haffez 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.  
 Was Haffez's adulation nothing more  
 than buttering up the buyer? Which  
 came first, the business or the  
 friendship? 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

DAVENPORT (V.O.)  
*Arabs will never set a price on their 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 Hafeez'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**

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Davenport wanted the colt, so Hafeez began to bargain...  
(MORE)



NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 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)  
 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 it seems. You are a lucky man.

SAID

Perhaps someone is watching out for you.

Thompson is shaken and astonished. More on that later.

Davenport watches Haffez with admiration.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*Truly we are in safe hands in the desert.*

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. 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 wanted to buy her. However, this was somewhat of a trick - 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, who was still small.

**PHOTO: Euphrates (p167)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Despite the bait-and-switch, Davenport bought the colt, who was absolutely 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 no.

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

ON DAVENPORT, who doesn't like what's happening one bit.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

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 Hafez 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.

**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.  
 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. 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.*

(MORE)

## DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

*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 sheep and camels think that, because they have known me all my life, they can walk right over our tent ropes, 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.*

(MORE)

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

*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. 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 at ten 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. He had started out for himself to be as much of a man as a dog can ever be. He had left home that his father might rule alone. But he was gone and it was all over!*

**SCAN: Davenport mourning his puppy (p149)**

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

*The opportunity we thought so bright was a blank. The career that had started so well had ended quickly. 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. The town they had arrived in was 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.

**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, Hafez sensed that something was off.

Hafez 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 Hafez'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.

**PHOTO: Qal'at Najm (#48)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Davenport, Haffez, Ali, and their interpreter Zeytoun were later 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 you find your 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 Hafeez stand in silence, stumped. They're stuck.

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

ALI, with a broad grin.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The Governor had let him off  
provided he resumed paying his  
camel tax, which had been  
overlooked since the murder was  
committed.

**INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

Davenport, Hafeez, 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 rather pleasant visit with the  
Governor, who wanted to know all  
about the Americ tribe that  
Davenport hailed from.

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.)

Upon returning back to Haffez's camp, they found out that Hashem Bey, the Sheikh of Sheikhs, 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. 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. Hashem 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)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The feeling of disappointment was mutual. Hashem Bey holds the accomplishment of being one of the very few 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 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. 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)

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

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

(re: the colt)

Better than he has.

**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 in fact the  
Sultan had exiled him there,

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.

(MORE)

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

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.)

Though 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 - their 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.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though Hafez had assured him that it must only be the heat holding their messenger up, it was a dark cloud that troubled Davenport. The colt would never be reunited with his mother. Nonetheless, they had to cut their losses and depart.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

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

**INT. HAFFEZ'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 Hafeez 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 Hafeez are now joined by Thompson, Moore, and Hafeez'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 Hafeez.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So, slightly against customs, in front of Thompson, Moore, and Hafeez's own people, Davenport embraced Hafeez-

DAVENPORT (V.O.)  
 -who broke down and began to sob  
 almost aloud.

HAFFEZ  
 I now indeed have a brother in  
 America.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 - he had learned its actual name -

HAFFEZ  
 And I promise to visit soon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Though he sadly would not get a  
 chance to make that visit. To make  
 matters worse, there was trouble  
 regarding the mare they sent the  
 messenger to purchase.

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

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

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

HAFFEZ  
 I KNEW it was a robbery.

SOLDIER  
 He wants Davenport's revolver.

DAVENPORT  
 Absolutely not.

Hafez takes him aside.

HAFFEZ  
 If we do not make this deal after  
 causing such a fuss, then my  
 position is insulted. It will be  
 said that I am all talk.

Davenport ponders for a moment, then holds his revolver out  
 to Hafez.

DAVENPORT  
 Go then. Her colt calls for her  
 every night.

HAFFEZ

(to one of his sons)

FAIOT! Take this. 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.

**EXT. ROMAN ROAD - MORNING**

Davenport looks to the horizon, waiting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

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.

BEDOUIN

No. Let me see it.

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

BEDOUIN (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.

One of the old Bedouins leans in.

OLD BEDOUIN

They have honored their end of the deal and more. You must do the same.

BEDOUIN

(to Faiot)

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 of him, which you can see has been torn and put back together, is significant because it 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)

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 them. 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.*

(MORE)

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

*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.*

(MORE)

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

*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 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.)

Ironically, while Davenport was fretting over his contraband drawing, which was perfectly legal, Davenport failed to notice an actually illegal item, a human, smuggling himself out right under his nose. 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.)

To calm the horses, Davenport had their eyes covered, 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. Davenport tried explaining that if the horses began to fight, their boxes would be smashed to pieces, but to no avail.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

There is no reasoning with 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. 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

Ehhhhh...

**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.

(MORE)

## OTHER PERSON IN FRONT OF THEM

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 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. 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.)

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.)

It took a while to acclimate the horses to the green pastures of Davenport's farm in Morris Plains, New Jersey.

**INT. DAVENPORT'S HOME - DAY**

Said BURSTS IN.

SAID

Mr. Davenport - they're dying!

DAVENPORT  
They're WHAT?

**STOCK FOOTAGE (or get our own) of Arabian horses eating**

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
For one, the horses ate their bedding instead of the timothy hay & oats he provided them. Though perfectly good food was presented to them every day, they became gaunt and malnourished. They didn't know to eat it, as they were used to pasture grass from the desert. 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 the immigration office.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
Occupation?

SAID  
Slave!

Davenport nearly chokes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
As for Said Abdullah, the happy servant of God, Davenport "freed him" upon arriving in America.

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. Upon freeing him, Davenport gave him a salary for taking care of Wadduda.

**EXT. DAVENPORT PORCH - DAY**

Said sits on the front porch, lonely.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though Davenport cared for Said, taught him English, and made him part of his family, 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 the beast. His first query was to ask if they were 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. 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 Hafez, 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 a horse show in Rutland, Virginia, where he won the "Justin Morgan Cup," beating out nineteen other horses.

**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! Was that sufficient compensation for the trouble and expense of the entire journey?

DAVENPORT

Don't spoil the moment. But yes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Haleb was widely admired by American breeders, and went on to sire a line of Arabian descendants that continue 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, 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.

**PHOTO: (if we can find it) Jack Thompson's grave**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though Moore made a full recovery from his malaria, Thompson would die two years later of symptoms that match malaria. Davenport believed Thompson got the sickness from the mosquitos of Alexandretta, but modern science shows malaria has a maximum gestation period of one year. Regardless of where or how he 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.*

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*He never had a word of complaint  
 and his good humor helped us  
 through many unpleasant times.*

**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.

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  
 is based upon. Davenport's voyage  
 yielded success beyond measure. To  
 this day it remains the largest  
 importation of authentic Arabian  
 horses ever made to the United  
 States in one shipment.

**INT. LAWYER OFFICE - DAY**

Davenport and Daisy solemnly sit across from a LAWYER who  
 looks like Paul Husband.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Despite this success, it came at  
 the cost of 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.  
 (MORE)

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

You may have noticed that she has only been mentioned once in this narrative.

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. 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 ancillary 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 whole mess 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 led to their own class - "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.

**SCAN: Photograph of the Aleppo Citadel in 1906 (p91)**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 1906, an American and a Syrian made each other's lives so much the better for having met. An entire class of horses, as well as an industry and a lifelong dream were made possible by their fellowship. Friendships between our two cultures can, should, and will happen again. As Aleppo and Syria recover from its Civil War, 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