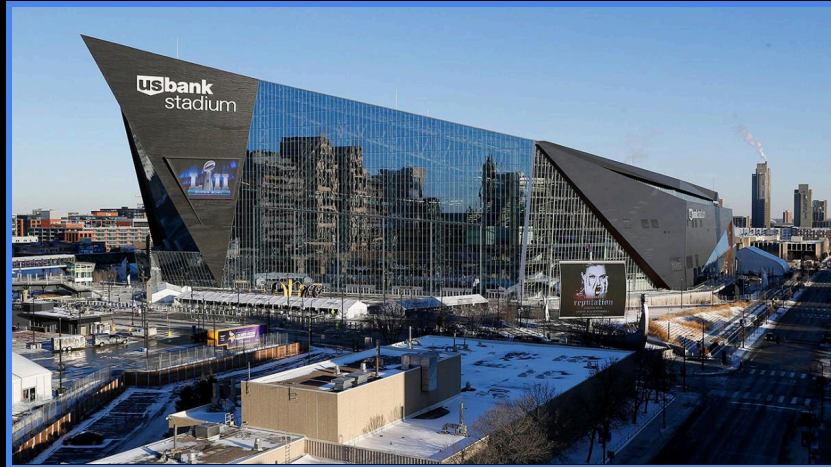




THE DUNHAM TOUR OF TWENTY-TWENTY-FOUR

Next Stop: Minneapolis, Minnesota



To get to know Davey Dunham better you need to know about his past. Get a little context, so to speak. Well, upon leaving the U.S. Army once his four years were up, he immediately jumped into the world of pro-wrestling. The year was 2007 and Davey was as green as a leprechaun. He didn't have much experience in combative sports other than boxing, so a lot of wrestling promotions were hesitant to hire him. That included the XWF. Him and his wife, Haley, had a newborn daughter on their hands, and Davey almost had to give up one dream in order to take care of another: being a family man. With Haley's support, and the money her parents were giving them to help with the baby, they managed to “kill two birds with one stone” (**no actual birds were harmed in the making of the Dunham family**) and Davey was able to do what he wanted without sacrificing time with his two ladies.

That meant getting an RV. Something cozy that they could call home, while enabling Davey to travel from one venue to the next as he pieced together a series of in-ring performances for anybody who'd have him—trying to build a name for himself in the “rasslin business.” He mustered up quite a following; enough people showed interest in him that his name started popping up all around the indy circuit, which no doubt helped his chances when he showed back up at the XWF's doorstep. In 2009, he got the job he originally set out for.

Unfortunately, his big opportunity was ruined by Kieran King, who squashed any momentum Davey had going for him when the two men faced off at X-Mas Xtreme in 2009, in the finals of a tournament for the vacated World Championship. Following that, Davey didn't accomplish much other than his brief stint as an interim General Manager. He requested his release shortly thereafter.

So back to the indies he went. As a “big fish” in small ponds, Davey has done pretty well for himself over the years. He didn't have much trouble finding work after his stint with the XWF, but when Covid swept the globe that shut everything down. Davey found **SOME** work during the pandemic, but ultimately he used that time to find yet another house (he's owned several over

the years); he wanted a place where he could really plant his roots. He decided on San Diego, California. Actually, it was Haley's father's health concerns that ultimately led to them choosing San Diego. That way they were close to his in-laws, and hey, it's a nice city.

Anyway... In 2024, Davey returned to the XWF hoping to right a wrong, and to eventually retire his career in the place where it originally, truly began.

And that brings us to the present.



[“Marching Into Madness (VI)”]

Featuring **Davey** and **Elizabeth** Dunham

An  Exclusive

*Scene One: Sunday, March 17th - Morning
The Dunham Household
San Diego, California*



“Hey, Liz. Is it pronounced ‘toward’ or ‘towards’ with an S?”

We see Davey seated at a table that appears to be in the kitchen of his home. He's got a pen in his hand and a few pieces of paper spread out in front of him.

“Depends who you ask. In America there's no S, but overseas they say ‘towards’. Why?”

His daughter, Elizabeth, closes the door of the refrigerator and sets down two bottles of Propel on the table, one next to Davey.

“Just tryna jot down a few things so I know what I want to say when I address my next set of opponents. Thanks.”

Davey screws off the cap from his bottle and takes a big gulp of the flavored H2O.

“May I take a look at what you've got so far?”

“I don't know, *can* you? ... Wait a minute, you asked right.”

“You mean ‘correctly’.”

“Yeah, yeah. Anyway, go ahead. It's not much, but that's only because they're new to the XWF. Brooke Hernandez has only had one match so far—”

“Thus far.”

“Now you're just teasing me.”

"That's correct."

"... and this Bert McAlroy guy is making his debut. I don't have much to go on."

"Well, neither do they. They were probably too young to remember you from the late 2000s. Cadryn Tiberius, who's only a year younger than you, was questioning if you even had a past with the XWF. It's a shame a lot of their history has gone missing."

"So are we just supposed to talk baseless smack to build up hype for the match? You know I'm not very good at that."

"Because you're respectful. Well, all I know about Brooke is that she's barely older than me, and she's only wrestled one match – a loss to Vincent Black, who was also making his debut. Though technically you might say it was a 'return' (*finger quotes*) because he was supposed to debut back in 2015. He cut a promo hyping that up, but then POOF! He disappeared."

"Uh, Liz? I don't need to know about Vincent Black—"

"He's married to Vhodka Black, who faced Latoya Hixx the night you were originally going to make your XWF in-ring return. She won."

"-- it's Brooke Hernandez we should be focused on."

"Right. Sorry."

A quizzical look spreads across Davey's face.

"How is it that you can retain all this information about my colleagues, but you can never remember to take the clothes out of the washer and put them in the dryer?"

"Clothes don't interest me, dad."

"Says the only teenage girl in America who's ever said that. You're not like other girls your age."

"A fact I'm rather proud of, actually."

"Speaking of proud... I wanted to talk with you about what happened on Anarchy..."

“What about it? It was a good match. The fans enjoyed it, and you looked like you were having some fun.”

“It's been nice hearing the XWF Universe cheer me on again. I missed that. But that's not what I wanted to talk about.”

“Let me guess. You think I'm disappointed in you for not getting your shoulder up a fraction of a second sooner, am I right?”

“Yeah, pretty much. But it's like I don't know what's been going on with these referees lately. First was the one officiating the Mark Flynn/SEB match, and now this one who couldn't react in time—when clearly I had my shoulder up before his hand touched the mat...”

“Dad.”

“I'm just gonna have to march into HQ and have a talk with management. We need competent referees or else everything goes to heck in a hand basket.”

“Dad.”

“There's been a lot of strange behavior coming from the refs.”

“Dad, it's okay. I'm not the least bit disappointed in you. You're still my Rockstar Dad. Nothing's ever going to change that.”

“Thanks, I needed to hear that. That's all I ever need to hear.”

Davey wraps his arm around Elizabeth's midsection and pulls her in for a side hug.

“Don't you worry, the wins will start coming soon enough. *(Followed by a whispered)* I hope.”

“Cool. Anyway, *(pretending she didn't hear that last part)* “I'll go get my laptop and help you dig up some more info on Brooke and Bert.”

“I appreciate the offer, but you probably won't find much. All I know is that Brooke has a background in gymnastics, and Bert has a reputation for being a little reckless. You know I'm really not comfortable heading into these things blindly, but there's very little

information to go on. I like knowing what I'm getting myself into. I'm marching into battle and I know next to nothing about my opponents. It's madness, I tell ya. I'm marching into madness.”

“How pun-y, dad.”

“Well, at least I've still got my sense of humor. That'll help immensely once I've officially lost my mind. Anyway, let's get to work, shall we? Knowing your mom, she's got something planned for us tonight to celebrate my getting old.”

“You're 39, dad, not 80. But yeah, give me a minute while I go get my laptop.”

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