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DEAR Prisons Foundation,

Enclose are four
short original screen plays by / the author Tirreil Maynor.
My current address is placed at the very top of the page. My
permanent address is placed towards the left of the page. Day time
contact is available as well. A self address envelope enclose as well
Thanks for the opportunity for abling people in my same situation
a chance to show case their talent. I'm looking follow on hearing
back something.

Thanks



Oh, wow!

by: Tirreil Maynor

Oh, wow! It's four short screen plays of Nonfiction but relatable (to some!). That would leave you the reader saying "Oh, wow!" while sharing a few laughs afterwards. Hopefully, that was my hold purpose and thoughts, when I had created these short stories. I truly apologize for the collating of the pages. Be sure to look out for other books and short stories by me under the name T. Maynor.... Thanks!

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Shhhh!
Original screenplay
written by:
Tirrell Maynor

WE OPEN IN BLACK:

A FEMALE SCREAMS

FADE IN:

INT: MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A horror movie plays from the big screen. A MALE VOICE IS heard over the female screamin in the movie

MALE VOICE

Run bitch..... Stop lookin back,
and run!

Sittin a few seats over from the LEFT OF THE MALE VOICE IS A FEMALE THAT'S GETTIN PRETTY AGGRAVATE, with the male that's talking over the movie.

FEMALE VOICE

(annoy)

I wish you shut the — up!
Damn! I can't hear the movie.

The female in the movie began to get attack, by the monster

MALE VOICE

Oh shit! What the —!

The female sucks her teeth.

FEMALE VOICE

Psssss!

(i)

Shhhh: by Tirreil Maynor

Proud of me!
Original Screenplay
Written by:
Terrell Maynor

FADE IN:

INT: LIVIN ROOM-NIGHT

TIM late thirties, slim, paces BACK AND FORTH from inbetween his DINGY LOVE SEAT AND MESSY COFFEE TABLE. while on the phone with his homeboy Alex

ALEX (v.o)

Man take that money you inherit,
From you Grandmother, and make her
proud of you

TIM

(still pacing)

Man! I plan on..... I'm going to
make sure, I make my mom-mom
proud of me. Watch!

ALEX (v.o)

How much did you inherit again?

TIM

Fifty-thousands!

ALEX (v.o)

man —! Here's your big break!

DARIN

Man stop been a lame! I got
us tonight. ALL drinks, and dances
on me. Just get me back, when you
can?

TIM

Well alright, If you assist?

DARIN

Hell, I'm dress! I'm waitin on
you...

INT: TIM-BEDROOM-NIGHT

SUPER: ONE HOUR LATER

Tim STANDS AT HIS DRESSER COUNTIN MONEY. He just inherit from his
Grandmother. He can't mak up, his mind rather to take some to the Club,
with him.

His PHONE RINGS, He answer it. Placin it inbetween his shoulder and
face.

TIM

(Countin money)

Hello!

DARIN (v.o)

Aye! Where the — you at?

Tim takes Darin up on his offer. He joins a STRIPPER in the CLUBS
V.I.P Room

Super, minutes later

Tim returns HAPPY WITH A BOTTLE OF LIQUOR IN HIS HAND

TIM

(drunk)

Man... I feel fuckin good!
thanks man!

DARIN

(down)

Aye! About ready after, I
finish my drink?

TIM

Man what? Are you Crazy,
the night still young! Why you
tryin to bounce for?

DARIN SHRUG HIS SHOULDERS. NOW PATTIN HIS POCKETS.

A THICK YOUNG STRIPPER name CHERRY COMES OVER TO THE ROUND.
Cherry Cute face wonderful body. STARTS GRINDIN ON DARIN ARM

Tim gets up to tips her.

Tim Drunk, and feels Insulted. He joins the stage where the pair of DRUG DEALERS AT. With his eyes glued on Foxy. It's hard to get her attention with the pair of dealers makin it rain on her.

Tim gets on STAGE AND STARTS MAKING IT RAIN ON FOXY big time. THE CROWD STARTS BACK CHEERIN HIM ON

THE PAIR OF DEALERS LAUGHS AT TIM and order up some more one's. the crowd starts back cheerin the pair of dealers on. Who has foxy on THE FLOOR, WITH HER LEGS BEHIND HER HEAD.

Tim is LEFT ALONE ON THE STAGE.

He gets off of the stage. Heads back to his table DRINKIN STRAIGHT BUTTER OF ONE OF HIS MANY LIQUOR BOTTLES

He thinks of away to get Foxy and the crowd back from the pair of dealers.

Tim heads over to the crowd and PULL MORE MONEY OUT HIS POCKET. HE TIPS FOXY AGAIN. He has her and the crowd attention again, but not for long. the pair of DEALERS ORDERS UP MORE ONE'S grabbin Foxy and the crowd back.

TIM Pulls OUT ANOTHER STACK OF MONEY OUT AND STARTS LIGHTIN TWENTIES AND FIFTIES ON FIRE. Strippers alone with some of the Club Customers rushes over to get the money butter of his hands, before he burns it all.

Foxy walks over towards him afterwards

TIM
What happen? |
Can't remember shit!

ALEX (v.o)
Man go to your I.G page.
It will answer all your
Questions. Aye!

TIM
What?

ALEX (v.o)
man! You show made
your Grandmother proud!

Tim
(Frowning)
what?

FADE OUT:

Proud of me by: Tirrel Maynor

Misery!
Original Screenplay
Written by:
Tirreil Maynor

WE OPEN IN BLACK

SOUNDS OF HANDCUFFS BEEN PUT ON INMATES

FADE IN:

A HOLDIN CELL DOOR SLAMS

INT: FEDERAL HOLDIN CELL-MORNIN

CONS SITS ON A STEEL BENCH waitin to see Judge Forster. Amongst the Cons. PACES DRE. He's average height, slim, lowcut, designer frames on.

A GUARD COMES TO THE BULL PIN DOOR.

GUARD
DRE! Attorney Visit!

Dre SITS HANDCUFF to a small metal table.

Super: Minutes later

Attorney Creeks ENTERS THE ATTORNEY CLIENT visitor room. Attorney Creeks short, sloppy looking, goin ball up top. He's known to send you up shit creek without a paddle.

ATTORNEY CREEKS

The D.A, isn't willin to drop the violation. She wants you to serve the remainder of your sentence out in the custody of the B.O.P

ATTORNEY CREEKS

(cool)

Sorry, It's the law Mr.
I see you inside the Court
room, in a few.

Mr. Creeks stops at the door.

ATTORNEY CREEKS (cont'd)

It's Judge Forster on the bench
this morning. She's tough as nails...
So let me do the talkin

Mr. Creeks leaves outter the room. Die placed back into the holdin cell.

Big mavi, Fat, Cornrows, mouth full of gold teeth. Comes back to the holdin cell from seeing Judge Forster.

Con

What's the word,
Big mavi?

BIG MAVI

(distort)

man.... That bitch slated
me! She came me hundred
Forty four mos.... man I hate
a _____ snitch!

STRONG (cont'd)

(prss)

First snitch I see, I'm

Chokin his — out!

DRE

Shit... I don't blame

You man!

LIL Cedar

I'm not tryin to see that

Ol bitch face today! Guard,

I need to see my lawyer

The guard comes back to the holdin cell.

GUARD

(yells)

Cedar!

Con

Who the — is that?

GUARD

Cedar! If you guys shut

the — up! You can hear the

names been called. Cedar bring

your little ass on here!

Dre, bring your goofy,
lookin ass on here, with
them fake — frames on!

the CONS cracks up laughin. DRE HUFFS

DRE
Damn man! Why you tryin
to play me out for?

GUARD
Come on here!

Super: Ten minutes later

Con
What she do to you, Dre?

LIL CEDAR
Shit! You already know,
she fried his ass!

DRE
Shit! I'm going home!

LIL CEDAR
N—, say word!

DRE
(excited)
WORD!

(18)

Misery by Tiricil Maynor

Can
What's —?

ATTORNEY CREEKS

Dre, the DA wanted me to,
Come personally and thank
you for all the information,
and assistance you been able
to provide for us, these last
few months. . . .

Dre looks WORRY.

Everybody inside of the HOLDIN CELL STANDS.

,FADE OUT:

Who's House is this?

Original Screenplay

written by:

Tirreil Maynor

FADE IN:

EXT: PRISON RECREATION YARD - EARLY MORNING

Inmates WORKOUT BY DOIN PUSH UPS PULL UPS, ALONG WITH OTHER EXERCISES LIKE JOGGIN, WALKIN THE PRISON YARD TRACK. OTHER INMATES HUDDLES UP IN SMALL GROUPS DISCUSSIN prison politics. Amongst one of the prison gang leaders is THIRTY BALL. Thirty Ball, brown skin, stocky, straight up menace, with a few tattoo tear drops, to back up his story.

THIRTY BALL
Listen up, everybody!

Thirty Ball GANG HUDDLES AROUND HIM.

THIRTY BALL (Cont'd)
(poundin his fist into his hand)
Once again, these fuckin Pigs, is
makin it hard for us, to live here,
by limited our fuckin privileges around—!
Before long we're not going to have shit!
Eights, you're not either, this our—
house.....

Thirty Ball looks each one of his gang members in the eye. In return each one of them grills him back, with head nods.

THIRTY BALL

(timid)

NO! Because, I have a plan.
The prison is expecting some
visitors, from some very important
people. We gonna use them
to get our issues across to
the Warren bitch ass!

SLIM

I don't understand! How the
F— we gonna do that? Are
we plan on kidnappin them, and
holdin them hostage? To get
the Warren attention?

THIRTY BALL

Hell—! You fuckin idiot!
Violents, isn't the key to solve
all of our — problems around
here! Although that's a good
ass idea!

Eight members agree's with Slim. While DOING THE EIGHT HAND SHAKE.

THIRTY BALL (contd)

And take our fuckin
— back!

Amongst the gang leaders standin around is WILD BILL. The head of the Nazis. Wild Bill, early forties, buff, bald head, bunch of prison tattoos
Savage!

WILD BILL

(Attitude)

And, how do you support we,
do that Thirty Ball? You do
realize the deck stacked against
us, with this fuckin Compound split
up, This new Waren beginning to be
a pain in my white ass. He done fucked
up the visits, which stoppin my drug flow
not to mention the mail.

Other gang members agree's inside of the huddle. JOSE the leader of the Spanish gang STEPS FORWARD to speak. Jose, brown skin, ball headed, body full of tattoos. He WIPES SWEAT FROM HIS FORE HEAD.

JOSE

Aye. homies IF me and my Vato's goes
on this, so called hunger strike. You tryin
to tell me. We get our — back running
smoothly again?

INT: WAREN OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

WARREN DAVIS, late Forties, Looks to be going ball on top of his head from years of stress. Grills a snitch name DO DIRTY for more informant about the Food and work strike. Do Dirty thirty something years old, long dread locks, brown skin. Shady as they come. Word around the System he told on his on damn mother

DO DIRTY

All I know Sir, is that this Strike
is going down sometime next week.
When the visitors supposed to come.
I didn't make the meetin this afternoon
do to I couldn't get off work in time!

WARREN DAVIS

(beet red in the face)
How in the hell they knew about the
visitors? What's the reason behind this ___?
What are they're lookin to gain, from all
this crap?

DO DIRTY

(Shoulder shrug)
I don't know Sir! I heard that they
want the yard mail visits back to
how it was, before you came, Sir!

WARREN DAVIS

That's to fuckin bad!

INT: STAFF BREAK ROOM-LATER THAT NIGHT

Waren DAVIS gives his officers warning about the strike

WAREN DAVIS

Alright Ladies and Gentlemen. I have some valuable information from Do Dirty Snitchin ass, that the so called inmates plans to make us look bad in front of our visitors on Thursday. Keep in mind they're here a full week word has it these punks want my ass butter here, they want their house back.

~~CAPTAIN~~ FRANKS RISE HIS HAND TO SPEAK. Captain Franks, black, medium build with a small gold chain around his neck. His GOLD CROSS DANGLES from his chain. Captain FRANKS CREW GUY to control his cravings for nicotine. A real uncle Tom.

CAPTAIN FRANKS

It's no way in hell that's going to happen. This our house now! WAREN...

WAREN DAVIS

Damn right it is Cap!

Other officers inside the break room agrees with Waren Davis. He rise his hand to quite the noise

WARREN DAVIS

(diggin inside his pocket)

Here! Make sure Do Dirty Snitch ass get these stamps, and his phone call. Pull his ass out the Cell durin the drug testin hours. Also see if his ass has anymore info for us. . . .

Captain Franks stuff the stamps.

Inmates goes over the details, about the strike.

Guard

(yells)

Lock down!

Super: Next day Morning

Inmates gets up at the crack of dawn, dressed ready to start their prison life.

GUARD

(enterin the unit)

Shake down!

Inmates began to SLING Home made KNIFES along with other Contraband under neath their cells doors onto the cat walk. The guards shakes each cell down one by one, followin the orders of Warren Davis to take any food items from the inmates cells

Super: Hours later. . .

(31) What's House is this? by Tirreil Maynor

Inmate #2
You, EAT it Pig!

After a few attempts to feed the inmates. The guard gives up, and phones the Captain. The inmates began KICKIN ON THEIR CELL DOORS.

Inmate #3
Commissary Pig!
We want our fuckin _____!

Guard
(on the phone)
Cap! these guys refusin their
meal...

Captain FRANKS (v.o)
If they asses, don't want to
eat, Fuck'em! Take you a
early lunch.

The guard hangs up, and exits the unit.

Super: Hours later

Another guard come back with DINNER BAGS and attempts to feed the
raging inmates

THIRTY BALL

(stands in his cell door)

Twenty-four more hours! Baby
Eight hold tight! We Eights
we down fold, or tuck our fuckin
tails. We're Eights——!

BABY EIGHT

I know... But, I'm so fuckin
hunger my——!

Other inmates began to agree with Baby Eight

Super: Hours later

A guard goes to each cell door. Asks if they wish to eat. The Cons to
weak to buck

THIRTY BALL

(curl up in bed)

Don't take the——!

INT: MEETIN INSIDE OF THE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

WARREN DAVIS

As we all know, the Little Punks
still refusing to eat. After ninety-
six hours. Which is a new record!

Captain Franks RISE HIS HAND TO SPEAK. WARREN DAVIS Acknowledge him
CAPTAIN FRANKS STANDS

WARREN DAVIS

Do to the threats that was maded
on a staff member life. The inmate, are
on lock down. If you wish? Your wel-
come to see their livin quarters. After
I show you guys our amazin law
library, and indoor gym.

the visitors seem pleased.

WARREN DAVIS

(Whisper to Captain Franks again)
make sure the inmates feed!
we on our way

Captain Franks walks off

INT: INSIDE THE UNIT- LUNCH TIME - NOON

The smell of fresh fried chicken and other foods reaches the inmates noses
INMATES BEGAN RUSHING THEIR CELLS DOORS

BABY EIGHT

Is that Fried Chicken, I smell?

Inmate #2

(respondin)

Hell ___! And it's looks like,
they have a sided of Cherry pie.
oh shit! Is that mac in Chesse ___!

Baby EIGHT
MAN you taste that
MAC and —? Sorry
Thirty BALL I'm —!

Captain Franks SMILES, while walkin' outter of the UNIT. To meet the
Waren.

WARREN DAVIS
(Whisper)
Have the officers started
feedin' yet?

CAPTAIN FRANKS
(Smirking)
Yeesssss!

INT: INSIDE OF THE DORM - NOON

WARREN DAVIS SHOWS OFF THE UNIT. A FEW OF THE INMATE SITS ON
THEIR BUNKS LICKIN' THEIR TRAYS

KAREN one of the top guess. Karen, older, short, heavyset. Compliments
Waren Davis on a wonderful job he's has done with running the prison.

KAREN
(hand to her chest)
By far Warren Davis, you have
done a wonderful job here. I
done seen enough. I'm please...

INMATE #3

(yells)

Your house sir! Now

What's for dinner?

WARREN DAVIS

Those sack lunches,

y'all been buckin'!

Enjoy.....

WARREN DAVIS TAPS CAPTAIN FRANKS before exiting the DORM

FADE OUT: