

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE EXAM ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON a series of MRI Films and X-rays of a man's lumbar spine. Widen to reveal **JOEL SALSBERG**, MID-30S going on 80. Think Walter Matthau, only alive and that age. You can see pain on his face. Unshaven. Vulnerable eyes. Nervous. A no-nonsense SPINE SURGEON, DR. GRAY, examines his films.

SALSBERG

It's a pulled muscle, right?
Little strain? Take some Advil...

DR. GRAY

Your disc ruptured.

SALSBERG

Oh god. Again??

DR. GRAY

Different one. And you've got a
grade-3 slip at L-5 that's crushing
a nerve. We need to go back in.

SALSBERG

What if we don't?

DR. GRAY

Slurred speech. Foot drop. Diaper
by forty...

SALSBERG

Diaper?

DR. GRAY

Tremors. Memory loss. Twitching...

SALSBERG

Diaper?

DR. GRAY

Look, I know how you feel...

SALSBERG

Oh yeah? You're wearing one?

DR. GRAY

I get that it's distressing.
Simmer down.

SALSBERG

Are you trying to scare me into
this? Because I know that trick.
I've coaxed a few patients into
root canals for the extra cash.

DR. GRAY
Why would I scare you into a risky operation?

SALSBERG
Oh God. It's risky?

DR. GRAY
Very.

SALSBERG
How very?

DR. GRAY
Well, with your history, it's only 50-50 it would even work and a good chance you'll become a retrograde ejaculator.

SALSBERG
Huh?

DR. GRAY
Shoots backwards.

SALSBERG
Out my ass??

DR. GRAY
Inside you. Into your bladder.

SALSBERG
Jesus.

DR. GRAY
You'd be infertile.

SALSBERG
Just what I need. *More sexual dysfunction.*

DR. GRAY
On the bright side, it's cleaner.

Off Salsberg's that's not funny look...

INT. WAITING ROOM - SAME

A MAN IN A HAT and sunglasses enters. To the annoyance of the SECRETARY.

SECRETARY
(to man in hat)
You again! Stay away from here!

Man in the Hat turns around, walks out.

INT. EXAM ROOM - SAME

DR. GRAY

It's a year of rehab. And with no insurance, you're looking at about a hundred thousand dollars.

SALSBERG

And it might not even work.

DR. GRAY

It might not. Or it might. I'll do a better job than that hack Goldstein. Why'd you use him?

SALSBERG

He cut me a deal. I gave him free veneers. You need any dental work done? I'm broke.

DR. GRAY

No thanks. I heard about your malpractice suit. Did you really cut out that woman's tongue?

SALSBERG

Not all of it.
(explaining)
Had a back spasm. Lost my practice. Good times.

DR. GRAY

Sounds like you've had a run of bad luck.

SALSBERG

Just a lifetime.

Salsberg grabs his cane, hobbles out.

EXT./INT. SALSBERG'S CAR/STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

A 1999 beat-up Honda Passport. Salsberg talks on his cell phone. INTERCUT. Salsberg's parents driving. Mid sixties. Think Gabe Kaplan and Julie Kavner.

SALSBERG

No? You're actually saying no?

AL

I've spent more than three hundred grand on your back. And you still owe me 150 g's for dental school...

SALSBERG

I'm in this position because of you.

AL

I didn't push you off that balance beam.

SALSBERG

You made me take gymnastics.

AL

You're lucky I didn't make you play football. You'd be dead. And I thought it would get you laid. Those petite girls can wrap their legs behind their heads.

SALSBERG

Dad.

AL

No boobs but in life there are trade-offs. Can't you get a job that doesn't stress your spine?

SALSBERG

Employment options are kind of limited when you're only comfortable in the fetal position.

LYNN (V.O.)

You could be a mattress tester.

He rolls his eyes.

SALSBERG

When did you get a speaker phone?

AL (V.O.)

It's called Bluetooth. It came with the X5.

SALSBERG

You bought a BMW and you won't lend me money?

AL (V.O.)

That's why I can't afford to. Hey, doesn't "Bluetooth" sound like the name of a Bond villain?

LYNN (V.O.)

Maybe you just need to marry the right woman and all your pain will go away.

JOEL

So then lend me a hundred grand for my wedding. I'll elope with Jessica and we'll test your theory. If it doesn't work, I'll go under.

LYNN (V.O.)

I said the right woman.

SALSBERG

Okay, I gotta go!

As he hangs up, frustrated, we PULL BACK several cars in traffic to find... Man in the Hat's POV. He's following Salsberg.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Salsberg (his cane in one hand and a paper bag and bottle in the other), stands incredulous.

JESSICA (O.S.)

You can't ejaculate??

Jessica, mid-30's, attractive in a cold way. Her pad denotes the cleanliness of a control freak.

SALSBERG

No, no, it would just go backwards.

Hearing that news sends her into a panic. She runs to her sofa and starts straightening the already straight pillows.

SALSBERG

Cleaning something clean. Never a good sign.

JESSICA

I can't do this anymore, Joel.

SALSBERG

Do what? Us? Why?

JESSICA

I can't even afford a pedicure
because of you.

SALSBERG

You'll find another gig.

JESSICA

No I won't. Do you know how many
girls show up in this city every
day with a dream to do what I do?

SALSBERG

Be a dental hygienist?

JESSICA

And it's a small town. People
talk. Everyone knows I assisted
you during the laceration. I'm a
joke.

SALSBERG

Look, sweetheart, sometimes things
change. But I love you...

JESSICA

Then how come you've only made love
to me 7 times in the fourteen
months we've dated?!

SALSBERG

Because it's been too painful for
me except for that one position and
you said it was the most boring
thing ever.

JESSICA

You won't even sleep over and
cuddle.

SALSBERG

It's tricky. Your bed is too soft
for my...

That's the magic word.

JESSICA

(sotto)

Here it comes. Talk about your
back. Listen to me for a change.
Listen to this!

She grabs his head and shoves it in her stomach.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Do you hear that? Do you hear a heartbeat?

SALSBERG

You're pregnant?!

JESSICA

No. That's the point. I'm thirty five. I want to start a family.

SALSBERG

So do I.

JESSICA

You might not be able to.

SALSBERG

Ow! Let go. That hurts.

She lets go.

SALSBERG

So let's try right now, okay?
Let's go to my place and make a baby. And if you're tired of the zero gravity chair, we can try the inversion table this time. Just promise me you'll be gentle.

Beat. Jessica softens. Thinks about it.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)

Come on, let's do it! Let's be a family.

JESSICA

I need a drink.
(re: paper bag he's holding)
Is that a Cabernet?

SALSBERG

(removing it from the bag)
This? No, it's Scope. My old supplier Ralph sent me a get well case. Thought you might need some.

That's it. She's done with this loser. She opens her door. Salsberg's devastated. Broken hearted. He looks back at her. Then walks out. Slam!

EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stalker's POV. Still watching through binoculars. Salsberg hobbles over to his car.

EXT. STREETS - EVENING

Salsberg's car pulls UP and stops outside the garage of the CENTURY CITY MEDICAL TOWERS. A despondent Salsberg looks up at the high rise. 50 stories.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Salsberg rides as it ascends.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING FLOOR - DAY

Salsberg gets off the elevator, stumbles down the hall. Stops at an office door. There's a gold plate/sign that reads "Joel Salsberg DDS". Salsberg reaches into his jacket pocket. Pulls out a... screwdriver. Starts taking it off.

INT. BUILDING ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Salsberg, holding his name plate waits, impatient. Elevator doors open. He gets in. The door starts closing. At the last second, the MAN IN THE HAT jumps in.

MAN IN THE HAT

You going up or down?

SALSBERG

Down.

MAN IN THE HAT

You sure? We all have choices.

SALSBERG

I don't. My car's in the garage.

MAN IN THE HAT

I was talking about in life.

SALSBERG

Yeah, well, the garage charges three bucks every fifteen minutes. I'll think about life after I pull out.

Salsberg angrily hits the P2 button. As it descends, the man in the hat pushes the STOP button. Elevator STOPS.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Hey! Are you crazy?

MAN IN THE HAT
I can rebuild you.

SALSBERG
What?

MAN IN THE HAT
I can rebuild you.

SALSBERG
Oh God, you're gonna rape me,
aren't you?

Salsberg hits the **ALARM BUTTON**.

MAN IN THE HAT
Do I look like a homo?

Salsberg looks at him.

SALSBERG
Well, uh, you are wearing a Fall
Guy belt buckle...

Indeed he is. The man takes off the hat, it's actor Lee Majors.

LEE
I'm Lee Majors.

SALSBERG
The Six Million Dollar Man?

LEE
Don't forget the Big Valley. That
was a good show.

SALSBERG
Yeah, before my time. But, uh,
wow. Sorry for not recognizing you.
Joel Salsberg D.D.S.

LEE
Look, I see you're struggling with
injuries and I can help you out.
Make you better, faster, stronger
than you were before.

Salsberg looks at Lee. Senile? Or just pathetic?

SALSBERG

That's funny. I get it. "Better, faster, stronger." Loved your show. Great show. Thirty years ago.

Salsberg flips the switch, the elevator resumes its descent.

LEE

I have the technology.

SALSBERG

Yeah, look, I need more than a fancy ab roller. I need surgery. But if you want to spot me 100 grand I'll take it.

LEE

Come home with me, Joel. I'll make you feel better.

Joel looks him up and down.

SALSBERG

You sure this isn't a gay thing? Cause it sounds like a gay thing.

LEE

Not gay. Married. Lovely woman. Christian. You'll like her. Younger than you.

The doors open. Joel's leery. He looks Lee up and down.

SALSBERG

Well, can we take two cars? I'd feel more comfortable.

LEE

No problem. I'm in a 1979 non-descript sedan. No license plates. Follow me.

SALSBERG

Sure. (then) No plates?

But Lee's already ahead. Off Salsberg's puzzled look...

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Lee leads Salsberg through his Mansion that's unchanged since the 1970's.

SALSBERG

I'm just saying, why not 'Five Million'? Or 'Seven Million Dollar Man'? Six million was just a very sensitive number for us.

LEE

Take it up with ABC. They were the Jew haters, not me.

A young blonde in a hot tub by the pool.

LEE

My wife. Hi, Faith.

They exchange waves. As he leads Salsberg downstairs, Salsberg admires the impressive pictures along the walls. Young Lee with Paul Newman, Young Lee with Elvis Presley, Young Lee and George Bush Sr, etc...

SALSBERG

(At a photo)

Cool. You met David Spade.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Majors leads Salsberg into an all white room, like something out of a 70's TV government conspiracy show. The only thing in this room is a glass tank with a cockroach running around.

LEE

Say hello to my inspiration.

SALSBERG

A cockroach?

LEE

Did you know a little cockroach like that can withstand a thermonuclear blast while a human exposed to radiation in excess of 800 rems will most likely die?

JOEL

Can't say that I did.

LEE

Yup. It takes 65 thousand rems to kill an American cockroach and over 100 thousand to demolish a German one. Even their roaches are physically superior.

SALSBERG

Okay...

LEE

The reason a tiny roach is less vulnerable to radiation than a 200 pound man is their biological simplicity. The more complex the organism, the more vulnerable to radiation.

SALSBERG

You're building a bomb, aren't you?

LEE

The human body is too damn complex. If we were built more like roaches, we'd have less problems. The reason for your chronic pain is that every part of your genetically flawed anatomy surrounding your spinal cord sends your brain too much negative information. We need to replace those defective parts with simpler more durable ones.

Lee hits a button. The wall slowly opens. 70's style.

LEE (CONT'D)

I've been obsessed with this since the 1970's. Poured every spare dime I ever made into making advancements. The technology really is here, Joel. Right here in my basement.

Salsberg's agape. Computer stations, multiple TV monitors, skeletons with wired limbs, surgical tables... A state of the art lab that, albeit cold looking, should feel authentic.

SALSBERG

A bionics lab?

LEE

Not quite. That was a made up word for tv. And I couldn't get the rights. But close. This is Prosthetic Replacement & Integrated Cyber-Kinetics. Or as I call it PRICK.

SALSBERG

Insane.

LEE

My PRICK works, Joel. I've used it on a monkey but now I need a human to experiment on. You're the perfect guinea pig.

SALSBERG

Me?

LEE

Your body has completely failed you, you're the right age. No commitments. You'd be able to run 60 miles an hour, lift 500 pounds. Doesn't that sound good?

SALSBERG

It's the coolest thing I've ever heard but forgive me if I'm skeptical.

LEE

Why would you doubt me?

SALSBERG

Uh... Because you're an actor.

LEE

So is Paul Newman and he has a successful salad dressing side business.

SALSBERG

Mixing oil and vinegar is just a little simpler than adding wires to a human!

LEE

Chuck Norris has made more than 30 million from infomercials on his stupid home gym. And Judith Light's made a fortune with Jewelry. We can crush them with my PRICK. What do you have to lose?

SALSBERG

My life.

LEE

What life? It's lost already.

Lee opens a dossier. Pulls out computer printouts, records...

LEE

Washington Mutual savings account,
you have a negative balance.
Bankruptcy papers. Lawyers letters
from a pending malpractice suit...

SALSBERG

How do you know all this?

LEE

I've been following you. Do you
know you've spent a half a million
dollars on back care?

Salsberg nods yes as Lee clicks on a slide projector.
There's a large woman, MELINDA, walking a pit bull.

LEE

You can't even walk your own dog.
You got a fat woman doing it for
you.

Lee clicks on another photo. Long lens photo. Joel's buying
a raised toilet seat in a medical supply store. Click. Joel
at "Relax The Back". Click. Joel's at the pharmacy with
prescriptions for Viagra, vicodin, xanax, etc... Lee hits a
remote control. TV monitor fires up. Young woman appears.

JULIE (ON TV)

I dated Joel like 8 years ago. He
was nice but the sex was horrible.
Real awkward. Blamed it on his sore
back but I think he had issues.

The screen goes dark, another woman, middle aged, comes on.

MRS. LOEB (ON TV)

He wuinned my wife. That wussy
wentist wacerated my wongue and
wuinned my wife. I'm gonna wuin
him.

A nerdy 32 year old.

BRIAN HERSCOVITCH (ON TV)

We went to dental school together.
Joel had great hands. A natural.
Best young driller I ever saw.
Real shame about his injury.

BLACK DUDE

We used to shoot hoops together.
Great free throw shooter but could
never move worth a damn. Just like
a white boy I guess.

LEE
Your pain's ruined your life.

SALSBERG
It has. It really has.

Lee looks over. Salsberg's on the verge of tears.

LEE
Blip, get in here.

A door opens. In walks **BLITT**, a swarthy, hairy guy, mid-30's, wearing a white lab coat. Part techie, part Igor.

LEE (CONT'D)
Meet Blip, my surgeon. And the real scientist behind all this.

BLITT
Blitt, not Blip.

LEE
Whatever.

BLITT
(To Lee)
Dinner will be ready in ten minutes. I made lamb chops.

LEE
Great. Hey, Faith loved your cookies.

BLITT
I baked him some gingerbread Oscar Goldman's this morning.

LEE
I thought they were Ving Rhames.

BLITT
Why would I bake a Ving Rhames cookie?

LEE
He's a nice guy. And they were brown.

BLITT
Oscar had a tan.

Salsberg's utterly baffled by the banter.

SALSBERG
Are you a surgeon or a chef?

LEE
Blip went to Harvard Med.

BLITT
And the Cordon Bleu.

LEE
He woulda graduated if they didn't
kick him out for contaminating the
cadavers.

BLITT
I had to practice my deboning.

LEE
He's got better hands than any
neurosurgeon in the country. He
knows everything.

BLITT
Everything.

LEE
Joel's our guinea pig.

BLITT
Excellent.

SALSBERG
Whoa. I haven't agreed to any of
this. I need to think about it.
You're an actor and you're a chef.

LEE
Fair enough. Let's have a drink,
discuss it further. Blip.

Blitt crosses to the bar. Pours everyone a drink. Slips a
pill in Salsberg's without him seeing. Hands it back to him.

SALSBERG
Thanks.

They all clink their glasses. Salsberg starts drinking.
Blitt winks at Lee as we...

FADE TO BLACK...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ON A BLACK SCREEN

LEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Prick, can you hear me? Prick?

Salsberg's eyes come to life. Salsberg's POV: Lee hovering over him. "Prick" "Prick" Prick" echoes in his ear. He's groggy.

SALSBERG
Lee?

LEE
Right here!

SALSBERG
What happened?

LEE
It's over.

Salsberg notices Blitt's grown a beard.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Jesus.

LEE
How are you feeling?

SALSBERG
Tired.

Salsberg looks around the room. His eyes show fear when he sees open boxes from "Radio Shack" "Home Depot", "The Sharper Image", with dismantled electronics equipment strewn about.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

Salsberg's eyes start to well up.

SALSBERG
What did you do to me?

BLITT
Fixed you. How do you feel?

Salsberg takes a deep breath. Something about the look on his face tells us there's something different.

SALSBERG
The pain.

BLITT

Where?

SALSBERG

Nowhere. It's kind of gone. It's morphine, isn't it?

He sees Lee and Blitt exchange looks.

BLITT

Nope. No drugs. Your days of complaining are over.

SALSBERG

You fixed me?

LEE

Someone owes someone a big I told you so.

SALSBERG

This is crazy. Even my legs feel good.

LEE

And they're not even in yet.

Salsberg glances down to his legs and lets out a SCREAM! He has no legs. Or arms. FX: He's just a head and torso in a gown.

SALSBERG

AHH! You butchered me!

BLITT

Relax... Your limbs are charging.

Blitt crosses to the corner of the lab where two very real looking prosthetic legs rest in an electrical charger (think of a cordless phone's recharging base, only for legs). He grabs one of legs off the charger, approaches Salsberg. The top of the leg has two PRONGS (like a plug). Blitt plugs it in to Salsberg's torso. Goes back, grabs the other leg, plugs it in.

His arms are on another charger. The arms snap in to sockets instead of plugs.

BLITT (CONT'D)

Let's get you up.

The look on Salsberg's face is utter terror.

BLITT (CONT'D)

Don't be scared. Your new parts
are programmed to respond to brain
activity.

Salsberg slowly gets up off the table. He stands upright, a
la Frankenstein. Stiff from his new limbs, he tries to walk
forward, arms ahead of him, awkwardly takes a few slow steps.

BLITT (CONT'D)

Stimulate your neurons with sensory
feedback. Bend your knees and
visualize the action.

Salsberg concentrates for a beat, he bends his knees, takes a
stride and explodes with speed. BOOM! He crashes into the
wall. His arms puncture right through and he gets stuck.

BLITT (CONT'D)

Holy crap, it works!

LEE

Jackpot.

Lee and Blitt bump fists.

BLITT

One out of twenty. Not bad.

LEE

(maniacal)
My creation!

BLITT

Your creation? I didn't see you
implant any microchips.

SALSBERG

(muffled)
Help!

They pull him out of the wall.

LEE

You okay?

SALSBERG

You maimed me.

LEE

I saved your life, boy. I solved
your problem. Show some gratitude.

SALSBERG

You severed my limbs against my will! That was not your decision.

LEE

Listen to you. Chiropractors, acupuncture, physical therapy, light therapy, yoga, pilates, something called Feldencris, traditional surgery. Your own bad decisions cost you a fortune. Your decisions ruined your life and a bunch of other people's too. You really shouldn't be making your own decisions. Ever. Let me make 'em.

BLITT

Yeah. And aren't you pain free?

SALSBERG

Well... my face hurts from the plaster. But yeah, my body feels fine I guess.

(sinks in)

This is nuts. I'm bionic.

LEE

Watch your words. You're a PRICK. Let's go for a test run.

SALSBERG

Can it wait? I want to see Jessica. Satisfy her for the first time in my life. I can finally have good sex!

BLITT

You think you can just get up off the table after a two year operation and walk off without mastering cyberkinetic movement?

SALSBERG

(horrified)

Two years? I've been out for two years??

Lee and Blitt exchange looks. Crack up.

LEE

Good one, Blip.

BLITT

I've waited so long to use that.
 (to Joel)
 You were out for nine hours.

SALSBERG

That's it? Nine hours? How'd you
 grow a beard so fast?

BLITT

Listen to this guy. I just turned
 him into a functioning cyborg and
 he's perplexed by my Middle-Eastern
 roots.

SALSBERG

Animals. Both of you.

LEE

At least I can satisfy my wife.

INT. LEE'S HOME GYM - DAY

Training montage. Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger".

1. Salsberg runs on a treadmill. 10 MPH. 25 MPH. 60 MPH.
 Lee and Blitt marvel.

2. Bench presses. 100 lbs. 200 lbs. Lee and Blitt
 struggle to add another 100 pound plate while Salsberg
 presses with ease.

3. Salsberg, Lee and Blitt on a basketball court. Lee
 passes Salsberg the ball, who stands at half court.
 Salsberg's face lights up with excitement. He hasn't been
 able to play ball in forever. He eyes the net and takes a
 running start. He leaps up. A la Michael Jordan, he soars
 through the air going with a one handed lean. He JAMS it.
 Hangs on the rim. Purposely shatters the glass like
 Shaquille O'Neal. That's what I'm talking about.

4. Salsberg's in the kitchen, chopping vegetables at 100 MPH.
 Blitt's really impressed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Salsberg stands with Lee and Blitt, who's handing him a
 shopping bag.

SALSBERG

This is the most incredible thing anyone's ever done for me. You really did save my life, Lee. Thanks, man!

LEE

You're welcome, buddy.

They exchange smiles.

BLITT

If you have any problems, there's a manual in your parting kit with some troubleshooting tips and if you need tech support, I'm here between 9 and 5 during the week and noon to six on Saturdays.

Lee opens the bag.

LEE

I threw something special in there for you, Joel.

Lee pulls out an old red jogging suit.

LEE (CONT'D)

My original Six Million Dollar Man suit. From me to you.

Joel looks at it closely.

JOEL

I'm not wearing this.

LEE

It's a lucky suit.

JOEL

It's got stains on it.

LEE

Like I said.

BLITT

And here's your charger.

Blitt fishes out a long cord with a plug.

BLITT (CONT'D)

Once a week at bedtime for eight hours and you're good for a week.

Salsberg examines it. Looks around his limbs, confused.

JOEL
Where does it go?

LEE
(cracking up)
It's a butt plug.

Blitt and Lee crack up again. Bump fists. Salsberg winces.

SALSBERG
I'll see you animals later.

LEE
Go get her, Tiger. Don't forget to
kiss her neck. The broads like
that.

Salsberg nods, then leaves. After a beat, he comes back.

SALSBERG
Any cyber-enhanced...?

He motions to his crotch. Blitt shakes his head no.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Thought I'd ask.

EXT. STREETS OF LA - NIGHT

Salsberg sprints through the STREETS. A huge smile on his face. Cuts down an alley. Bionic fast. A car backs out of a garage, right in his path.

Salsberg hurdles it with ease. Lands on his feet.

Holy shit. This is the greatest thing that's ever happened to him. Well, maybe not.

He rounds a corner... SFX: Bionic HEARING KICKS IN (The same sound effect Lindsay Wagner had in "Bionic Woman").

Salsberg grabs his ear. Doesn't know what to make of it. From 100 yards away, as he nears her apartment door, he picks up Jessica's voice.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Oh, yeah. Right there. That feels
amazing.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You like that, don't you?

JESSICA (O.S.)
 Keep going. That's the spot.
 Yes!

Salsberg's eyes widen.

SALSBERG
 No.

He SPRINTS in closer.

JESSICA (O.S.)
 (low moan)
 Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

SALSBERG
 No! No! No! No!

Bionic VISION focuses in on a tiny opening in her blinds.

SECOND MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Come on, dude, my turn!

Salsberg's POV ZOOMS into her apartment. TWO SHIRTLESS MEN high-five each other. It's a euphoric threesome for all.

SALSBERG
 Noooooooo!!!

Salsberg drops to the ground. Traumatized. Just as he turns away, he hears...

LEE (V.O.)
 Go back, PRICK! Go back! That's
 real swank.

Salsberg looks around, confused. Lee's nowhere to be seen.

LEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She's a fox.

SALSBERG
 Lee??

LEE (V.O.)
 Hi, Joel.

SALSBERG
 Where the hell are you?

LEE (V.O.)
 The lab.
 (off Salsberg's confusion)
 I can see what you see.

Lee's chuckles echo in Salsberg's ear. Salsberg's overwhelmed with confusion.

INT. BIONIC'S LAB - DAY

Lee and Blitt hover behind one of the monitors labeled "P.R.I.C.K's P.O.V." Eyeball cameras. His POV shows he's passing a "Koo Koo Roo" franchise (or whatever franchise will pony up). Lee leans into the microphone.

LEE

Pick me up some mac and cheese.
(off no response)
Guess he has no money.

INT. BIONIC'S LAB - DAY

Salsberg stands before Lee, who's watching himself through Salsberg's POV on the monitor.

SALSBERG

Eyeball cams?! You never mentioned eyeball cams.

LEE

How about the cochlear implant?
That's gonna make us trillions.

BLITT

And the universal remote I put on your wrist. Not too shabby.

LEE

Check out the instant replay.

Lee hits a button on the monitor. A TIVO screen comes up. It's a Tivo'd replay of Salsberg's POV of the threesome.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

SALSBERG (V.O.)

No! No! No! No!

Bionic VISION focuses in on a tiny opening in her blinds.

SECOND MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Come on, dude, my turn!

Salsberg's POV ZOOMS into her apartment. TWO SHIRTLESS MEN high-five each other.

The POV monitor starts to fog up.

LEE (CONT'D)

Blip, what's wrong with the POV screen?

BLITT

It's not the monitor. I think he's crying.

SALSBERG

Turn that off.

They look at Salsberg who's indeed slightly welling up. He tries to hold it back.

SALSBERG

Take out the cameras. It's not cool.

LEE

Come on, Prick. That's the best perk.

SALSBERG

Maybe for you. What do I get out of it?

LEE

You're a loser. Your whole life's a mess. Your mental state. You need a new career. A love life. You need our help rebuilding all that or you're gonna screw it up again with your own bad decisions. Who better to help guide you?

SALSBERG

I'm not a "loser". I was at a disadvantage because of my pain. And now that I don't have that, I'll turn things around.

Lee and Blitt exchange looks.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)

What? You don't think so?

LEE

You need a tissue for those tears?

BLITT

Look, dude, Lee Majors is the coolest, most confident man in the history of the world. You need his help to improve your self-esteem.

LEE

And Blip's a genius, he knows everything.

BLITT

Except social etiquette. With your body, Lee's confidence and my brains, there's no end to what we'll accomplish as a team.

LEE

And we can't invest this much in you without keeping an eye on our work.

SALSBERG

How would you like it if someone watched every move you ever made? I have no privacy.

LEE

You're right. As the world's biggest TV star married to the most famous poster girl of all time, what would I know about that?

BLITT

And God watches your every move. We're much less judgemental and we can't send you to hell.

Salsberg starts to get angry.

SALSBERG

Well I don't like the cameras, ok? I want them out. Or I'll...

LEE

You'll what?

SALSBERG

Kick your ass, old man. That's what. I'm a PRICK now, right? Who's the loser now?

Salsberg starts to bear down on Lee.

LEE

Blip!

Blitt hits a red button that says "Kill Switch". Salsberg's body goes limp. He hits the floor like a ton of bricks.

SALSBERG

Ow! Jesus!

LEE
 Don't be taking me on, boy. Say
 you're sorry.

Salsberg shakes his head.

SALSBERG
 Sorry.

LEE
 Reset him.

Blitt hits a reset button. Salsberg's back on. He gets up.

SALSBERG
 With you in my head, people are
 always gonna think I'm talking to
 myself.

BLITT
 It's LA. Just wear this cell phone
 ear piece at all times and everyone
 will think you're a big shot.

Blitt grabs a cell phone ear piece, gives it to Salsberg.

LEE
 See? Genius.

BLITT
 In the left ear, not the bionic
 one. That could cause an aneurysm.

SALSBERG
 I don't know about this.

LEE
 Believe in your creator, Joel. I
 will guide you.

Off Salsberg's skeptical look...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COFFEE BEAN/INT. LAB - EVENING

The following INTERCUTS between the Coffee Bean patio and the LAB, with Lee and Blitt watching Salsberg's POV. Salsberg, ear piece in his right ear, exits from inside with a cup of coffee. A HOT BABE sits at a table reading a fashion mag. Salsberg takes a seat at a free table.

LEE (V.O.)
Damn, she is groovy. You should
hit on her.

SALSBERG
What? No.

LEE
I thought you wanted good sex?

SALSBERG
I'm not ready yet. Healing time.
I need to get over Jessica.

LEE (V.O.)
Jesus. The only way to get over
one girl is to get into a new one.

SALSBERG
Well, even if I was ready, I have
no shot. She's a 10. The best
I've ever had was a drugged-up 6.

LEE
Listen to you. Excuses, excuses,
excuses. Whole new playing field
for you now that you're a PRICK.

Lee belches.

SALSBERG
Are you drunk?

LEE
Gettin' there.

Blitt pours him another drink.

LEE (CONT'D)
Go. Do it. Or else...

SALSBERG
What?

Blitt leans into the microphone at the console and starts to
make really annoying and obnoxious sounds in Salsberg's ear.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Stop it. That's annoying!

He continues the obnoxious noises.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Stop.

LEE (V.O.)
Kill switch?

SALSBERG
All right, fine! But this isn't
cool.

Blitt stops. Salsberg gets up. Approaches her reluctantly.

LEE
Stand tall. Do what I say.

Salsberg concedes, stands tall, approaches the hot girl.

LEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm Lee Majors and I'm in show
business.

SALSBERG
I'm Lee Majors and I'm in show...
business?

The girl looks up.

BABE
No way! I want to be in show
business! I'm Nina!

Nina extends her hand for a shake.

LEE (V.O.)
Aha. You're welcome.

Salsberg smiles ear to ear, this is working. He extends his
hand. Forgetting his bionics, he CRUSHES her hand. SFX:
Bones crushing. Nina screams in pain.

SALSBERG
Oh god! Someone call 911!

Salsberg's mortified. He turns to see Mrs. Loeb, the woman
whose tongue he lacerated approaching.

SALSBERG (CONT'D)
Call 911!

Mrs. Loeb dials her cell phone.

MRS. LOEB
Fotwee-five Bevawee dwive. No, not
Bevawee, Bevawee. Bevawee.
Bevawee. With a awooo. Hawo?

But the operator can't understand her.

A big guy pulls up in a red Corvette.

BABE

Ricky! Help! He broke my hand!

The big guy, RICKY and Salsberg lock eyes. Ricky's pissed. He charges Salsberg. Salsberg panics. He's still a pussy and BOLTS!

As he gathers speed, he approaches Melinda walking Kirby.

MELINDA

Joel! Where have you been? Kirby pooped all over your apartment!

He stops for a beat.

SALSBERG

Hi. Yeah. Hi, pooch.

He picks up speed again. She watches him run. Then looks down at Kirby.

MELINDA

I think I might be out of a job.

MUSIC CUE: The start of TINA TURNER'S "We Don't Need Another Hero."

As Salsberg whizzes past all the homes in the hood, their garage doors all start opening one by one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - SAME

Lee and Blitt watch Salsberg run away, Lee shakes his head...

LEE

How long before we can override this turkey and have some real fun?

BLITT

Joystick should be ready in a few weeks, boss.

LEE

Perfect.

We pull back up and out of the lab, fading out to the chorus.

END OF ACT TWO

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

Salsberg walks in. He's greeted by his attorney LENNY.

LAWYER

Joel.

SALSBERG

Lenny.

LAWYER

We're in good shape. Talked to the insurance company and as long as you fail their physical and prove the laceration was from your spinal condition, they'll pay her off. Otherwise it's gonna be expensive.

SALSBERG

I have to take a physical?

LAWYER

Yeah, right after the hearing.
(checks his watch)
We're up.

Lenny starts to cross off.

LENNY

You coming?

A look of fear crosses Salsberg's face. He sees something scary.

SALSBERG

Gimme a second.

He turns back the other way. Fakes dialing a call.

SALSBERG

Lee, you there? Lee? Blitt?

No response. Further distress crosses his face.

LENNY (O.S.)

Let's go, Joel, we're up!

Salsberg looks back at Lenny, nervous. Sees several ARMED GUARDS. Even more concerned. He looks the other way. MRS. LOEB'S bearing down on him, glaring. He takes a deep breath. WIDEN TO REVEAL what he's most afraid of. THE METAL DETECTOR. On his reluctant approach, we...

FADE OUT: