

F I G H T C L U B

by Jim Uhls

based on a novel by Chuck Palahnuik

2/16/98

SCREEN BLACK

JACK (V.O.)

People were always asking me, did I
know Tyler Durden.

FADE IN:

INT. SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR OF HIGH RISE -- NIGHT

TYLER has one arm around Jack's shoulder; the other hand holds a HANDGUN with the barrel lodged in JACK'S MOUTH. Tyler is sitting in Jack's lap.

They are both sweating and disheveled, both around 30; Tyler is blond, handsome; and Jack, brunette, is appealing in a dry sort of way. Tyler looks at his watch.

TYLER

One minute.
(looking out window)
This is the beginning. We're at
ground zero. Maybe you should say a
few words, to mark the occasion.

JACK

... i... ann....iinn.. ff....nnyin...

JACK (V.O.)

With a gun barrel between your teeth,
you only speak in vowels.

Jack tongues the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK

(still distorted)
I can't think of anything.

JACK (V.O.)

With my tongue, I can feel the
rifling in the barrel. For a second,
I totally forgot about Tyler's whole

controlled demolition thing and I wondered how clean this gun is.

Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER

It's getting exciting now.

JACK (V.O.)

That old saying, how you always hurt the one you love, well, it works both way.

Jack turns so that he can see down -- 31 STORIES.

JACK (V.O.)

We have front row seats for this Theater of Mass Destruction. The Demolitions Committee of Project Mayhem wrapped the foundation columns of ten buildings with blasting gelatin. In two minutes, primary charges will blow base charges, and those buildings will be reduced to smoldering rubble. I know this because Tyler knows this.

TYLER

Look what we've accomplished.
(checks watch)
Thirty seconds.

JACK (V.O.)

Somehow, I realize all of this -- the gun, the bombs, the revolution -- is really about Marla Singer.

PULL BACK from Jack's face. It's pressed against TWO LARGE BREASTS that belong to...BOB, 45, a moose of a man. Jack is engulfed by Bob in an intense embrace. Bob weeps openly.

JACK (V.O.)

Bob had bitch tits.

PULL BACK to wide on...

INT. CHURCH MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Men are paired off, hugging, talking in emotional tones. Near the door, a SIGN on a stand: "REMAINING MEN TOGETHER."

JACK (V.O.)

This was a support group for men with testicular cancer. The big moosie slobbering all over me was Bob.

BOB

We're still men.

JACK

Yes. We're men. Men is what we are.

JACK (V.O.)

Six months ago, Bob's testicles were removed. Then hormone therapy. He developed bitch tits because his testosterone was too high and his body upped the estrogen. That was where my head fit -- into his huge, sweating tits that hung enormous, the way we think of God's as big.

BOB

They're gonna have to open my pec's again to drain the fluid.

Bob hugs tighter; then looks with empathy into Jack's eyes.

BOB

Okay. You cry now.

Jack looks at Bob.

JACK (V.O.)

Wait. Back up. Let me start earlier.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)

For six months. I could not sleep.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Jack, sleepy, stands over a copy machine. His Starbucks cup sits on the lid, moving back and forth as the machine copies.

JACK (V.O.)

With insomnia, nothing is real. Everything is far away. Everything is a copy of a copy of a copy.

Other people make copies, all with Starbucks cups, sipping.

Jack picks up his cup and his copies and leaves.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Jack, sipping, stares blankly at a Starbucks bag on the floor, full of newspapers and FAST FOOD GARBAGE.

JACK (V.O.)

When deep space exploration ramps up, it will be corporations that name everything. The IBM Stellar Sphere. The Philip Morris Galaxy. Planet Starbucks.

Jack looks up as a pudgy man, Jack's BOSS, enters, Starbucks cup in hand, and slides a stack of reports on Jack's desk.

BOSS

I'm going to need you out-of-town a little more this week. We've got some "red-flags" to cover.

JACK (V.O.)

It must've been Tuesday. he was wearing his "cornflower-blue" tie.

JACK

(listless management speak)
You want me to de-prioritize my current reports until you advise of a status upgrade?

BOSS

You need to make these your primary "action items."

JACK (V.O.)

He was full of pep. Must've had his grande latte enema.

BOSS

Here are your flight coupons. Call me from the road if there are any snags. Your itinerary...

Jack hides a yawn, pretends to listen.

INT. BATHROOM - JACK'S CONDO - NIGHT

Jack sits on the toilet, CORDLESS PHONE to his ear, flips through an IKEA catalog. There's a stack of old Playboy magazines and other catalogs nearby.

JACK (V.O.)

Like everyone else, I had become a
slave to the IKEA nesting instinct.

JACK

(into phone)

Yes. I'd like to order the Erika
Pekkari slip covers.

Jack drops the open catalog on the floor.

MOVE IN ON CATALOG -- ON PHOTO of COFFEETABLE SET...

JACK (V.O.)

If I saw something like clever coffee
table sin the shape of a yin and
yang, I had to have it.

PAN TO PHOTO of ARMCHAIR...

JACK (V.O.)

Like the Johanneshov armchair in the
Strinne green stripe pattern...

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING AREA/KITCHEN

The armchair APPEARS. PAN OVER next to armchair...

JACK (V.O.)

Or the Rislampa wire lamps of
environmentally-friendly unbleached
paper.

The lamps APPEAR. PAN OVER to wall...

JACK (V.O.)

Even the Vild hall clock of
galvanized steel, resting on the
Klipsk shelving unit.

The clock APPEARS as the shelving unit APPEARS on the wall.

JACK (V.O.)

I would flip through catalogs and
wonder, "What kind of dining set
defines me as a person?" We used to
read pornography. Now it was the
Horchow Collection.

A dining room set APPEARS. Jack, the cordless phone still
glued to his ear, walks INTO FRAME and continues.

JACK

No, I don't want Cobalt. Oh, that sounds nice. Apricot.

Jack opens a cabinet, takes out a plate.

JACK (V.O.)

I had it all. Even the glass dishes with tiny bubbles and imperfections, proof they were crafted by the honest, simple, hard-working indigenous peoples of wherever.

He rummages through the refrigerator. It's practically empty. Jack takes out a jar of mustard, opens it and uses a butter knife to eat it.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, eyes puffy, face pale, sits before an INTERN, who studies him with bemusement.

INTERN

No, you can't die of insomnia.

JACK

Maybe I died already. Look at my face.

INTERN

You need to lighten up.

JACK

Can't you give me something?

JACK (V.O.)

Red-and-blue Tuinal, lipstick-red Seconals.

INTERN

(overlapping w/ above)

You need healthy, natural sleep. Chew valerian root and get some more exercise.

The Intern ushes Jack to the door. They step into the...

INT. HALLWAY

The Intern walks away from Jack, picks up a chart.

JACK

I'm in pain.

INTERN

(facetious)

You want to see pain? Swing by First Methodist Tuesday nights. See the guys with testicular cancer. That's pain.

The Intern moves into the other room. Jack stares after him.

EXT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack heads for the front door.

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack stares at a group of men, including Bob, who are all listening to a group member speak at a lectern. The SPEAKER has pale skin and sunken eyes -- he's clearly dying.

SPEAKER

I... wanted three kids. Two boys and a girl. Mindy wanted two girls and one boy. We never could agree on anything.

The Speaker cracks a sad smile. Some men chuckle, happy to lighten the mood.

SPEAKER

Well, she had her first child a month ago, a girl, with her new husband... And, Thank God. I'm glad for her, because she deserves...

The speaker breaks down, WEEPS UNCONTROLLABLY.

Jack watches. A couple of the men go up to the speaker, comforting him, leading him away. A LEADER takes the stand.

LEADER

Everyone, let's thank Thomas for sharing himself with us.

Jack, uncomfortable, joins EVERYONE ELSE:

EVERYONE

(in unison)

Thank you, Thomas.

LEADER

I look around this room and I see a lot of courage. And it gives me strength. We give each other strength.

Jack looks around. Many of the men are sniffing, sobbing. Jack squirms in his seat.

LEADER

It's time for the one-on-one. Let's follow Thomas's example and open ourselves.

Everyone gets out of their chairs and begins pairing-off. Jack stands, uncomfortable.

LEADER

Can everyone find a partner?

Bob, his chin down on his chest, starts toward Jack, shuffling his feet.

JACK (V.O.)

The big moosie, his eyes already shrink-wrapped in tears. Knees together, invisible steps.

Bob takes Jack into an embrace.

JACK (V.O.)

Bob was a champion bodybuilder. You know that chest expansion program you see on TV? That was his idea.

BOB

...using steroids. I was a juicer. Diabonol, then, Wisterol -- it's for racehorses, for Christ's sake. Now I'm bankrupt, divorced, my two grown kids won't return my calls...

JACK (V.O.)

Strangers with this kind of honesty make me go a big rubbery one.

Bob breaks into sobbing, putting his head on Jack's shoulder and completely covering Jack's face. After a long beat of crying, Bob raises up his head, looks at Jack's NAME TAG.

BOB

Go ahead, Cornelius. You can cry.

They look at each other. Slowly, Jack's eyes grow wet.

JACK (V.O.)

Then... something happened. I was
lost in oblivion -- dark and silent
and complete.

Bob pulls Jack's head back into his chest. Jack tightens
his arms around Bob.

JACK (V.O.)

I found freedom. Losing all hope was
freedom.

Jack pulls away from Bob. On Bob's chest, there's a WET
MASK of Jack's face from how he looks weeping.

JACK (V.O.)

Babies don't sleep this well.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies sound asleep.

JACK (V.O.)

I became addicted.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack moves into a "group hug" of sickly people, men and
women. In view is a sign by the door "Free and Clear."

INT. OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack stands with a weeping middle-aged WOMAN. He begins to
cry along with her. A sign by the door: "Onward and Upward."

JACK (V.O.)

If I didn't say anything, people
assumed the worst. They cried
harder. I cried harder.

INT. PUBLIC BUILDING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone, including Jack, sits back in their seats, EYES
CLOSED. The Leader speaks into a microphone.

LEADER

Tonight, we're going to open the
green door -- the heart chakra...

JACK (V.O.)

I wasn't really dying, I wasn't host to cancer or parasites; I was the warm little center that the life of this world crowded around.

LEADER

...And you open the door and you step inside. We're inside our hearts. Now, imaging your pain as a white ball of healing light. That's right, the pain itself is a ball of healing light.

Jack, eyes closed, is silent...

LEADER

It moves over your body, healing you. Keep this going and step forward, through the back door of the room. Where does it lead? To your cave. Step forward into your cave.

INT. CAVE - JACK'S IMAGINATION

Jack walks along, moving through an ICE CAVERN...

LEADER'S VOICE

That's right. You're going deeper into your cave. And you're going to find your power animal...

Jack comes upon a PENGUIN. The penguin looks at him, cocks his head to signal Jack forward.

PENGUIN

Slide.

The penguin jumps onto a patch of ICE and slides away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks out a doorway, saying goodbye to people. He walks down the sidewalk, shining with peace.

JACK (V.O.)

Every evening I died and every evening I was born again. Resurrected.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - RESUMING

Jack's still in an embrace with Bob.

JACK (V.O.)

Bob loved me because he thought my testicles were removed too. Being there, my face against his tits, ready to cry -- this was my vacation.

MARLA SINGER enters. She has short matte black hair and big, dark eyes like a character from japanese animation.

JACK (V.O.)

And, she ruined everything.

Marla looks around, raises a cigarette to her lips.

MARLA

This is cancer, right?

Bob and Jack stare, dumbfounded.

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - LATER

Everyone paired-off. MOVE THROUGH ROOM... FIND JACK'S FACE as he stares... MOVE THROUGH ROOM... FIND MARLA'S FACE. She's drinking coffee, smoking a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)

This ... chick ... Marla Singer ... did not have testicular cancer. She was a liar.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Marla sits with the group, smoking, listening intently while a member speaks. Jack spies on her.

JACK (V.O.)

She had no diseases at all. I had seen her at my melanoma Monday night group ...

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Marla sits at the end of a row, smoking. All the faces down the row are turned toward her, incredulous...

JACK (V.O.)

... and at "Free and Clear," my blood parasites group Thursdays.

Jack leans out further than the others, scornful.

JACK (V.O.)

-- And, again, at "Seize The Day," my tuberculosis Friday night.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Jack watches... Marla's eyes are closed, her head on the shoulder of the MAN she's embraced by. She opens her eyes, catching Jack's stare. Jack looks away.

JACK (V.O.)

Marla -- the big tourist. Her lie reflected my lie.

Marla rests her chin on the man's shoulder. Tears roll down her cheeks. She wipes at them.

EXT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Marla walks out, The support group's dispersing. Jack exits amongst them. He spots Marla walking away.

JACK (V.O.)

And suddenly, I felt nothing. I couldn't cry. So, once again, I could not sleep.

Jack stares after Marla for a long moment. He walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jack, in underwear, is cross-legged on the floor, assembling IKEA furniture, CORDLESS PHONE shouldered to his ear.

JACK

(into phone)

No, I just can't believe that card is declined -- Okay, okay, let me give you a different card number.

Jack gets his wallet off the floor, pulls out another card and, MOS over the following, he reads it into the phone.

JACK (V.O.)

Next group, after guided meditation, after we open our chakras, when it's time to hug, I'm going to grab that little bitch, Marla Singer, pin her

arms against her sides and say...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - JACK'S IMAGINATION

CLOSE ON JACK as he CLAMPS his arms around Marla.

JACK

Marla, you liar, you big tourist. I need this. Get out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack, in pajamas, stares at Home Shopping Network on his TV.

JACK (V.O.)

When you have insomnia, you're never really asleep and you're never really awake. I hadn't slept in four days...

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack walks in and joins the crowd, looking around. People are chattering with each other.

JACK (V.O.)

-- But, in here, in everyone, there's the squint of a five-day headache. Yet they forced themselves to be positive. They never said "parasite;" they said "agent." They always talked about getting better.

LEADER

Okay, everyone.

Everyone sits in chairs. Jack catches sight of Marla.

LEADER

To open tonight's communion, Chloe would like to say a few words.

Taking the lectern is CHLOE, a pale, sickly girl whose skin stretches yellowish and tight over her bones. She wears a head bondage. She clears her throat.

JACK (V.O.)

Ahh, Chloe. Chloe looked the way Joni Mitchell's skeleton would look if you made it smile and walk around a party being extra nice to everyone.

CHLOE

Well, I'm still here -- but I don't know for how long. That's as much certainty as anyone can give me. but I've got some good news -- I no longer have any fear of death.

APPLAUSE from around the room.

CHLOE

But... I am in a pretty lonely place. No one will have sex with me. I'm so close to the end and all I want is to get laid for the last time. I have pornographic movies in my apartment, and lubricants and amyl nitrate ...

The LEADER gingerly takes control of the microphone.

LEADER

Thank you, Chloe. Everyone, let's thank Chloe.

EVERYONE

Thank you, Chloe.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - LATER

LEADER

Now, you're standing at the entrance to your cave. You step inside your cave and you walk. Keep walking.

Jack's face, eyes closed, is motionless.

JACK (V.O.)

If I did have a tumor, I'd name it Marla. Marla...the little scratch on the roof of your mouth that would heal if only you could stop tonguing it, but you can't.

LEADER

Now, find your power animal.

INT. CAVE - JACK'S IMAGINATION

Jack finds Marla smoking a cigarette. Marla cocks her head, indicating she wants him to --

MARLA

Slide.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - RESUMING

Jack's eyes open and turn to Marla, watching her blow smoke rings with her eyes closed.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - LATER

Everyone stands and mills about, pairing-off.

LEADER

Pick someone special to you tonight.

Jack sees the ghastly spectre of Chloe ambling towards him. He tries to smile. She smiles with a twisted, dying mouth.

CHLOE

Hello, Mr. Tayler.

JACK (V.O.)

I never gave my real name at support groups.

JACK

Hi, Chloe.

CHLOE

We've never actually talked.

Chloe's eyes are eerily bright with desperation. Jack, in a sincere attempt at levity, chokes out:

JACK

You look good. You ... look ... like a pirate.

Chloe laughs, a little too much. Jack squeezes out a laugh. Then he sees Marla, off by herself. Someone heads for her.

JACK

Excuse me, I have to...

Jack gives a quick nod to Chloe and darts towards Marla. Chloe watches him go.

STAY ON JACK AND MARLA as Jack CLAMPS his arms around her. He whispers into her ear.

JACK

We need to talk.

MARLA

Sure.

JACK

I'm on to you. You're a faker. You aren't dying.

MARLA

What?

JACK

Okay, in the Sylvia Plath philosophy way, we're all dying. But you're not dying the way Chloe is dying.

LEADER

Tell the other person how you feel.

JACK

You're a tourist. I saw you at melanoma, tuberculosis and testicular cancer.

MARLA

And I saw you practicing this...

JACK

Practicing what?

MARLA

Telling me off. Is it going as well as you hoped... ?

(reads his nametag)

"... Mr. Taylor."

JACK

I'll expose you.

MARLA

Go ahead. I'll expose you.

LEADER

Share yourself completely.

Marla puts her head down on Jack's shoulder as if she were crying. Jack pulls her head back up. She deadpans at him.

JACK

Why are you doing this?

MARLA

It's cheaper than a movie, and there's free coffee.

JACK

These are my groups. I was here first. I've been coming for a year.

MARLA

A year? How'd you manage that?

JACK

Anyone who might've noticed either died or recovered and never came back.

LEADER

Let yourself cry.

MARLA

Why do you do it?

JACK

I... I don't know. I guess... when people think you're dying, they really listen, instead...

MARLA

-- Instead of just waiting for their turn to speak.

JACK

Yeah.

Brief recognition between them, broken as the Leader passes.

LEADER

Quietly, now. Share with each other.

Jack waits till the Leader's out of earshot.

JACK

(warning)

It becomes an addiction.

MARLA

Really?

Jack sighs, then pulls back.

JACK

Look, I can't cry with a faker present.

MARLA

Candy-stripe a cancer ward. It's not my problem.

JACK

Please. Can't we do something... ?

Marla starts out of the room. Jack follows her.

LEADER

Now, the closing prayer.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marla gets to the sidewalk, moving quickly along.

JACK

We'll split up the week. You can have lymphoma, tuberculosis and --

MARLA

You take tuberculosis. My smoking doesn't go over at all.

JACK

I think testicular cancer should be no contest.

MARLA

Well, technically, I have more of a right to be there than you. You still have your balls.

JACK

You're kidding.

MARLA

I don't know -- am I?

Jack follow Marla into...

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Marla walks with authority up to an unwatched DRYER. She takes out clothes, picks out jeans, pants and shirts.

MARLA

I'll take the parasites.

JACK

You can't have both parasites. You can take blood parasites --

MARLA

I want brain parasites.

JACK

Okay. I'll take blood parasites and organic brain dementia --

MARLA

I want that.

JACK

You can't have the whole brain!

MARLA

So far, you have four and I only have two!

JACK

Then, take blood parasites. It's yours. Now we each have three.

Marla gathers the chosen garments and heads out past Jack...

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack follows, bewildered.

JACK

You... left half your clothes.

HONK! Jack starts. Marla's led him into the street with traffic barreling down.

Marla walks on, oblivious as CARS screech to a halt, HORNS BLARING. Jack dashes, following...

INT. THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marla drops the pile of clothes on a counter. An old CLERK sifts through the clothes, begins writing on a pad.

JACK

You're selling those?

Marla steps down hard on Jack's foot. He winces in pain.

MARLA

(for the Clerk to hear)
Yes, I'm selling some clothes.

The Clerk starts to ring up the assessed amounts.

MARLA

So, we each have three -- that's six.

What about the seventh day? I want ascending bowel cancer.

JACK (V.O.)

The girl had done her homework.

JACK

I want ascending bowel cancer.

The Clerk gives a strange look as he hands money to Marla.

MARLA

That's your favorite, too? Tried to slip it by me, eh?

JACK

We'll split it. You get it the first and third Sunday of the month.

MARLA

Deal.

They shake. Jack tries to withdraw his hand; Marla holds it.

MARLA

Looks like this is goodbye.

JACK

Let's not make a big thing out of it.

She walks to the door, pocketing money, not looking back.

MARLA

How's this for not making a big thing?

Jack watches her go. A moment, then he follows after...

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack hesitates, unsure, then run/walks to catch up to her...

JACK

Um... Marla, should we maybe exchange numbers?

MARLA

Should we?

JACK

In case we want to switch nights.

MARLA

I suppose.

Jack takes out a business card, writes his number on the back, hands it to her. She takes the pen, grabs his hand and writes her number on his palm. She walks into the street, causing more SCREECHING and HONKING. She turns, holds up the card.

MARLA

It doesn't have your name. Who are you? Cornelius? Mr. Taylor? Dr. Zaius? Any of the stupid names you give each night?

Jack starts to answer, but the traffic noise is too loud. Marla just shakes her head, turns, and keeps moving. A BUS moves into view, obscuring her.

JACK (V.O.)

This is how I met Marla Singer.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

The plane touches down; the cabin BUMPS. Jack's eyes open.

JACK (V.O.)

You wake up at O'Hare.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack snaps awake again, looking around, disoriented.

JACK (V.O.)

You wake up at SeaTac.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The rear of a CRASHED CAR sticks up by the side of the road. Jack stands, marking on a clipboard. The SUN SETS behind.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack stands at a gate counter. An ATTENDANT smiles at him.

ATTENDANT

Check-in for that flight doesn't begin for another two hours, Sir.

Jack looks with bleary eyes at his watch, steps away and looks at an overhanging CLOCK.

JACK (V.O.)

Pacific, Mountain, Central. Lose an hour, gain an hour. This is your life, and it's ending one minute at a time.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack's eyes snap open as the plane LANDS.

JACK (V.O.)

You wake up at Air Harbor International.

INT. AIRPORT WALKWAY

Jack stands on a conveyor belt, briefcase at his feet. He watches PEOPLE MOVING PAST on the opposite conveyor.

JACK (V.O.)

If you wake up at a different time and in a different place, could you wake up as a different person?

Jack misses seeing TYLER on the opposite conveyor belt. They pass each other.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits next to a BUSINESSMAN. As they have idle CONVERSATION, we MOVE IN ON Jack's tray. An ATTENDANT'S HANDS set coffee down with a small container of cream.

JACK (V.O.)

Everywhere I travel -- tiny life. Single-serving sugar, single-serving cream, single pat of butter.

CUT TO:

HANDS place a dinner tray down.

JACK (V.O.)

Microwave Cordon Bleu hobby kit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth in the MIRROR.

JACK (V.O.)

Shampoo/conditioner combo. Single-serving mouthwash, tiny bar of soap.

Jack picks up an individual, wrapped Q-TIP, looks at it. He moves out of the bathroom into...

MAIN ROOM

Jack sits on the bed. He turns on the TV. It's tuned to the "Sheraton Channel," shows WAITERS serving people in a large BANQUET ROOM. Jack stops brushing his teeth, feels something on the bed, lifts it -- a small DINNER MINT.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits next to a frumpy WOMAN. They chat. Jack turns to look at his food, takes a bite. He turns back and it's...

--a BALD MAN next to him, talking. Jack takes another bite, turns back and it's...

--a BUSINESSMAN next to him. Jack takes another bite, turns back, and it's...

--a BUSINESS WOMAN next to him.

JACK (V.O.)

The people I meet on each flight --
they're single-serving friends.
Between take-off and landing, we have
our time together, but that's all we
get.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - LANDING

Jack's eyes snap open.

JACK (V.O.)

You wake up at Logan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A giant corrugated METAL DOOR opens.

JACK (V.O.)

On a long enough time line, the
survival rate for everyone drops to
zero.

Two TECHNICIANS lead Jack to the BURNT-OUT SHELL of a WRECKED AUTOMOBILE. Jack sets down his briefcase, opens it and starts to make notes on a CLIPBOARDED FORM.

JACK (V.O.)

I'm a recall coordinator. My job is

to apply the formula. It's a story problem.

TECHNICIAN #1

Here's where the infant went through the windshield. Three points.

JACK (V.O.)

A new car built by my company leaves somewhere traveling at 60 miles per hour. The rear differential locks up.

TECHNICIAN #2

The teenager's braces around the backseat ashtray would make a good "anti-smoking" ad.

JACK (V.O.)

The car crashes and burns with everyone trapped inside. Now: do we initiate a recall?

TECHNICIAN #1

The father must've been huge. See how the fat burnt into the driver's seat with his polyester shirt? Very "modern art."

JACK (V.O.)

Take the number of vehicles in the field, (A), and multiply it by the probable rate of failure, (B), then multiply the result by the average out-of-court settlement, (C). A times B times C equals X...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - MOVING DOWN RUNWAY

Jack is speaking to the BUSINESSWOMAN next to him.

JACK

If X is less than the cost of a recall, we don't do one.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Are there a lot of these kinds of accidents?

JACK

Oh, you wouldn't believe.

BUSINESS WOMAN

... Which... car company do you work for?

JACK

A major one.

Turgid silence. Jack turns to the window. He sees a PELICAN get SUCKED into the TURBINE.

JACK (V.O.)

Every time the plane banked too sharply on take-off or landing, I prayed for a crash, or a mid-air collision -- anything.

Jack's face remains bland during the following: the plane BUCKLES -- the cabin wobbles. People panic. Masks drop.

JACK (V.O.)

No more haircuts. Nothing matters, not even bad breath.

The side of the plane SHEARS OFF! Screaming PASSENGERS are sucked out into the night air, flying past the quivering wind. Magazines and other objects fly everywhere.

JACK (V.O.)

Life insurance pays off triple if you die on a business trip.

Jack remains in his same position, same bland expression.

DING! -- the seatbelt light goes OUT. Jack SNAPS AWAKE. EVERYTHING IS NORMAL. Some passengers get out of their seats. From next to Jack, a VOICE we've heard before...

VOICE

There are three ways to make napalm. One, mix equal parts of gasoline and frozen orange juice...

Jack turns to see TYLER. Without turned to Jack, Tyler continues:

TYLER

Two, equal parts gasoline and diet cola. Three, dissolve kitty-litter in gasoline until the mixture is thick.

JACK

Pardon me?

Tyler turns to Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

This is how I met --

TYLER

Tyler Durden.

Tyler offers his hand. Jack takes it.

TYLER

You know why they have oxygen masks on planes?

JACK

No, supply oxygen?

TYLER

Oxygen gets you high. In a catastrophic emergency, we're taking giant, panicked breaths...

Tyler grabs a safety instruction CARD from the seatback, hands it to Jack.

TYLER

Suddenly, we become euphoic and docile. We accept our fate.

Tyler points to passive faces on the drawn figures.

TYLER

Emergency water landing, 600 miles per hour. Blank faces -- calm as Hindu cows.

Jack laughs.

JACK

What do you do, Tyler?

TYLER

What do you want me to do?

JACK

I mean -- for a living.

TYLER

Why? So you can say, "Oh, that's

what you do." -- And be a smug little
shit about it?

Jack laughs. Tyler reaches under the seat in front of him
and lifts a BRIEFCASE.

TYLER

You have a kind of sick desperation
in your laugh.

Jack points to his own briefcase.

JACK

We have the same briefcase.

Tyler turns the top of his briefcase toward Jack.

TYLER

Open it.

Jack looks at Tyler, then pops the latches and raises the
lid to reveal quaintly-wrapped bars of SOAP.

TYLER

Soap -- the yardstick of civilization.
(reaches in his pocket)
I make and sell soap...

Tyler hands Jack his card. "THE PAPER STREET SOAP COMPANY."

TYLER

If you were to add nitric acid to the
soap-making process, one would get
nitroglycerin. With enough soap, one
could blow up the world, if one were
so inclined.

Tyler SNAPS the briefcase shut. Jack stares.

JACK

Tyler, you are by far the most
interesting "single-serving" friend
I've ever met.

Tyler stares back. Jack, enjoying his own chance to be
witty, leans closer to Tyler.

JACK

You see, when you travel, everything
is small, self-contained--

TYLER

The spork. I get it. You're very clever.

JACK

Thank you.

TYLER

How's that working out for you?

JACK

What?

TYLER

Being clever.

JACK

(thrown)

Well, uh... great.

TYLER

Keep it up, then. Keep it right up.

Tyler stands, looks towards the aisle.

TYLER

... As I squeeze past, do I give you the ass or the crotch?

Tyler moves to the aisle, his ass toward jack, walks away...

TYLER

We are defined by the choices we make.

Tyler goes to the curtain dividing First Class, slaps the curtain aside and sits in an empty seat. Jack watches.

JACK (V.O.)

How I came to live with Tyler is:
airlines have this policy about
vibrating luggage.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

Utterly empty of baggage. No people except for Jack and a SECURITY TASK FORCE MAN. The Security TFM, smirking, holds a receiver to his ear from an official phone on the wall.

SECURITY TFM

(to Jack)

Throwers don't worry about ticking.
Modern bombs don't tick.

JACK

Excuse me? "Throwers?"

SECURITY TFM

Baggage handlers. But when a suitcase vibrates, the throwers have to call the police.

JACK

My suitcase was vibrating?

SECURITY TFM

Nine time out of ten, it's an electric razor. But, every once in a while ...

(whispers)

...it's a dildo. It's airline policy not to imply ownership in the event of a dildo. We use the indefinite article: "A dildo." Never "Your dildo."

Jack sees, through the window, Tyler, at the curb, throwing his briefcase into the back of a shiny, red CONVERTIBLE. Tyler leaps over the door into the driver's seat and PEELS OUT. Jack turns away, looks at the Security TFM.

In the background, a HARRIED MAN dashes after Tyler and the convertible, SCREAMING.

JACK

(to Security TFM)

I had everything in that bag. My C.K. shirts... my D.K.N.Y. shoes...

SECURITY TFM

(into phone)

Yeah, uh huh... yeah?

(pause, still on phone)

Oh...

EXT. EMPTY RUNWAY

A lone SUITCASE sits on the concrete. SECURITY PERSONNEL keep their distance. KABOOM! The suitcase explodes.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - RESUMING

The Security TFM, shakes his head, hangs up.

SECURITY TFM

I'm terribly sorry.

The Security TFM hands Jack a claim form. Jack snatches it, disgusted, takes out a pen, starts filling out the form.

SECURITY TFM

You know the industry slang for
"Flight Attendant?" "Air Mattress."

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

Along a residential street. Jack looks ahead, sees a tall, grey, bland BUILDING on the corner.

JACK (V.O.)

Home was a condo on the fifteenth floor of a filing cabinet for widows and young professionals. The walls were solid concrete. A foot of concrete is important when your next-door neighbor lets her hearing aid go and has to watch game shows at full volume...

The taxi turns a corner and Jack sees the front of the building. A diffuse CLOUD of SMOKE wafts away from a BLOWN-OUT SECTION of the fifteenth floor. FIRETRUCKS, POLICE CARS and a MOB are all crowded around the lobby area.

JACK (V.O.)

-- Or when a volcanic blast of debris that used to be your furniture and personal effects blows out your floor-to-ceiling windows and sails flaming into the night.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUILDING

Jack, gaping at the sight above him, absently gives the Cabbie money. The taxi pulls away. Jack starts toward the building. He pushes through the fray of people, into the...

INT. LOBBY

The DOORMAN sees Jack enter, gives a sad smile, shakes his head. Jack starts for the elevator.

DOORMAN

There's nothing up there.

Jack presses the button. The Doorman moves next to him.

DOORMAN

You can't go into the unit. Police orders.

The elevator doors open. Jack hesitates. The doors close. Jack heads out the lobby doors. The Doorman follows...

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks past SMOKING, CHARRED DEBRIS -- a flash of ORANGE from the Yang table, a CLOCK FACE from the hall clock, part of an arm from the GREEN ARMCHAIR. His feet CRUNCH glass.

JACK (V.O.)

How embarrassing.

DOORMAN

Do you have somebody you can call?

Jack comes to his REFRIGERATOR lying on its side. He reaches down and takes a note: "MARLA --" and a phone number, from under a BANANA MAGNET.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S STOVE

Hissing.

JACK (V.O.)

The police would later tell me that the pilot light might have gone out... letting out just a little bit of gas.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack gets to a PAYPHONE. The Doorman follows, watching him.

DOORMAN

Lots of young people try to impress the world and buy too many things.

Jack picks up the receiver, puts in a quarter. He looks at Marla's number a long moment.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ENTIRE CONDO - KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM

The SOUND of the HISS...

JACK (V.O.)

The gas could have slowly filled the condo. Seventeen-hundred square feet with high ceilings, for days and days.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack replaces the receiver. He pockets Marla's number, digs out a small FILOFAX. He flips through the pages for phone numbers and addresses. Most of the pages are blank.

DOORMAN

Many young people feel trapped and desperate.

INSERT - CLOSE ON THE BASE OF JACK'S REFRIGERATOR

JACK (V.O.)

Then, the refrigerator's compressor could have clicked on...

Click. KABOOM! SCREEN GOES WHITE.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack looks at the Doorman. Tyler's BUSINESS CARD falls from the Filofax. Jack catches it.

DOORMAN

If you don't know what you want, you end up with a lot you don't.

The Doorman walks away. Jack stares at Tyler's card.

JACK (V.O.)

If you asked me now, I couldn't tell you why I called him.

Jack re-deposits the quarter, dials Tyler's number. It RINGS... and RINGS and RINGS. Jack sighs and hangs up the phone. A moment, then the phone RINGS.

JACK

Hello?

TYLER'S VOICE

Who's this?

JACK

Tyler?

TYLER'S VOICE

Who's this?

JACK

Uh... I'm sorry. We met on the plane. We had the same briefcase.

I'm... you know, the clever guy.

TYLER'S VOICE

Oh, yeah.

JACK

I just called a second ago. There was no answer. I'm at a payphone.

TYLER'S VOICE

I star-sixty-nined you. I never pick up my phone. What's up?

JACK

Well... let me see... here's the thing...

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A small building in the middle of a concrete parking lot.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

Jack and Tyler sit in the back, with a pitcher of BEER.

JACK

You buy furniture. You tell yourself: this is the last sofa I'll ever need. No matter what else happens, I've got the sofa issue handled. Then, the right set of dishes. The right dinette.

TYLER

This is how we fill up our lives.

Tyler lights a cigarette.

JACK

I guess so.

TYLER

And, now it's gone.

JACK

All gone.

Tyler offers cigarettes. Jack declines.

TYLER

Could be worse. A woman could cut off your penis while you're asleep

and toss it out the window of a moving car.

JACK

There's always that.

TYLER

I don't know, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it's a terrible tragedy.

JACK

...no ...no ...

TYLER

I mean, you did lose a lot of nice, neat little shit. The trendy paper lamps, the Euro-trash shelving unit, am I right?

Jack laughs, nods. He shakes his head, drinks.

TYLER

But maybe, just maybe, you've been delivered.

JACK

(toasts)

Delivered from Swedish furniture.

TYLER

Delivered from armchairs in obscure green stripe patterns.

JACK

Delivered from Martha Stewart.

TYLER

Delivered from bullshit colors like "Cobalt," "Ebony," and "Fuchsia."

They laugh together. Then, silence. They drink.

JACK

Insurance'll cover it.

TYLER

Oh, yeah, you gotta start making the list.

JACK

What list?

TYLER

The "now I get to go out and buy the exact same stuff all over again" list. That list.

JACK

I don't... think so.

TYLER

This time maybe get a widescreen TV. You'll be occupied for weeks.

JACK

Well, I have to file a claim...

TYLER

The things you own, they end up owning you.

JACK

Don't I?

TYLER

Do what you like.

JACK

(looks at watch)
God, it's late. I should find a hotel...

TYLER

A hotel?

JACK

Yeah.

TYLER

So, you called me up, because you just wanted to have a drink before you... go find a hotel?

JACK

I don't follow...

TYLER

We're on our third pitcher of beer. Just ask me.

JACK

Huh?

TYLER

You called me so you could have a place to stay.

JACK

No, I...

TYLER

Why don't you cut the shit and ask if you can stay at my place?

JACK

Would that be a problem?

TYLER

Is it a problem for you to ask?

JACK

Can I stay at your place?

TYLER

Yes, you can.

JACK

Thank you.

TYLER

You're welcome. But, I want you to do me one favor.

JACK

What's that?

TYLER

I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

JACK

What?

TYLER

I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

Freeze picture.

JACK (V.O.)

Let me tell you a little bit about Tyler Durden.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - FILM FRAME

-- And we see it's PORNOGRAPHY.

INT. PROJECTIONIST ROOM - THEATRE - NIGHT

Jack, in the foreground, **FACES CAMERA**. In the **BACKGROUND**, Tyler sits at a bench, looking at individual **FRAMES** cut from movies. Near him, a **PROJECTOR** rolls film.

JACK

Tyler was a night person. He sometimes worked as a projectionist. A movie doesn't come in one big reel, it's on a few. In old theaters, two projectors are used, so someone has to change projectors at the exact second when one reel ends and another reel begins. Sometimes you can see two dots on screen in the upper right hand corner...

Tyler points to the side of **OUR FRAME** and the **TWO DOTS** briefly **APPEAR ONSCREEN**.

TYLER

They're called "cigarette burns."

JACK

It's called a "changeover." The movie goes on, and nobody in the audience has any idea.

TYLER

Why would anyone want this shitty job?

JACK

It affords him other interesting opportunities.

TYLER

-- Like splicing single frames from adult movies into family films.

JACK

In reel three, right after the courageous dog and the snooty cag -- who have celebrity voices -- eat out of a garbage can, there's the flash of Tyler's contribution...

In the **AUDIENCE**, **CHILDREN** suddenly start squirming, confused, looking at each other.

A **WOMAN** abruptly stops sucking her soda straw, feeling

vaguely terrible. Her uncomfortable HUSBAND slowly leans back in his seat.

Jack and Tyler watch from the projection booth window.

TYLER

One-forty-eighth of a second. That's how long it's up there.

JACK

No one really knows that they've seen it. But they did.

TYLER

A nice, big cock.

JACK

Only a hummingbird could have caught Tyler at work.

INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Tyler moves around one of many tables, setting down SOUP BOWLS. Jack stands in the same position, FACING CAMERA.

JACK

Tyler also worked as a banquet waiter at the luxurious Pressman Hotel.

The GUESTS command the WAITERS with snaps of fingers.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack turns and WE PAN to Tyler, standing by a CART with a giant SOUP TUREEN. His hands are at his open fly and he's in position to piss into the soup.

JACK

He was the guerrilla terrorist of the food service industry.

TYLER

Don't watch. I can't if you watch.

Jack waits. The SOUND of a STREAM of LIQUID is HEARD.

TYLER

... Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

JACK

He farted on meringue; he sneezed on braised endive; and, with creme of

mushroom soup, well...

TYLER (O.S.)

Go ahead. Say it.

JACK

You get the idea.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAVERN - RESUMING

Tyler and Jack come out the back door.

JACK

I don't know about this.

TYLER

I don't know, either. I want to find out. I've never been hit, have you?

JACK

No. That's a good thing, isn't it?

TYLER

I don't want to die without any scars. How much can you really know about yourself if you've never been in a fight? Come on... you're the only person I've ever asked.

JACK

Me?

Jack stares at him.

TYLER

Why not you? I'm letting you go first. Do it.

JACK

This is crazy.

TYLER

Alright, go crazy. Let 'er rip.

JACK

Where do you want it? In the face?

TYLER

Surprise me.

Jack swings a wide, clumsy roundhouse -- hits Tyler's neck -- makes a dull, flat sound.

JACK

Shit. Sorry. That didn't count.

TYLER

Like hell. That counted.

Tyler shoots out a straight punch to Jack's chest. Jack falls back against a car. His eyes tear up.

TYLER

How do you feel?

JACK

Strange.

TYLER

But a good strange.

JACK

Is it?

TYLER

We've crossed the threshold. You want to call it off?

JACK

Call what off?

TYLER

The fight.

JACK

What fight?

TYLER

This fight, pussy.

Jack swings another roundhouse that slams right under Tyler's ear. Tyler punches Jack in the stomach. Tyler and Jack move clumsily, throwing punches. They breathe heavier, drooling saliva and blood, growing dizzier from every impact.

EXT. CURBSIDE - LATER

Jack and Tyler sit on the curb, watching sparse headlights on the nearby freeway. Their eyes are glazed with endorphin-induced serenity. They look at each other, laugh. Look away.

TYLER

If you could fight anyone... one on one, whoever you wanted, who would

you fight?

JACK

Anyone?

TYLER

Anyone.

Jack thinks.

JACK

My boss, probably.

(pause)

Who would you fight?

TYLER

My dad. No question.

A long pause as Jack studies Tyler's face.

JACK

Oh, yeah.

(nodding)

I didn't know my dad. Well, I knew him, till I was six. He went and married another woman, had more kids. Every six years or so he'd do it again -- new city, new family.

TYLER

He was setting up franchises. My father never went to college, so it was really important that I go.

JACK

I know that.

TYLER

After I graduated, I called him long distance and asked, "Now what?" He said, "Get a job." When I turned twenty-five, I called him and asked, "Now what?" He said, "I don't know. Get married."

JACK

Same here.

TYLER

A generation of men raised by women. I'm wondering if another woman is the answer we really need.

Another pause. Jack feels his bleeding lip, smiles.

JACK

We should do this again sometime.

Tyler cracks a smile, give a sidelong glance to Jack.

EXT. PAPER STREET - NIGHT

A street sign: "PAPER STREET." A PAPER MILL stis on one side, facing a lone HOUSE on the other. The rest of the land is grass and weeds. It's a grand, old three-story, long abandoned. Tyler leads Jack toward it.

JACK

Where's your car?

TYLER

What car?

JACK (V.O.)

I don't know how Tyler found the house, but he'd been there for half a year.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Tyler leads Jack through the FRONT DOOR...

JACK (V.O.)

It looked like it was waiting to be torn down. Most of the windows were boarded up.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Tyler and Jack climb CREAKY STAIRS to the 2ND FLOOR LANDING.

JACK (V.O.)

None of the doors locked. The stairs were ready to collapse. I didn't know if he owned it or he was squatting.

Tyler opens the door to a ROOM...

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters, stis on the creaky BED. Dust drifts upwards.

JACK (V.O.)

Neither would have surprised me.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Jack turns on the water. LOUD VIBRATIONS from the walls. Water spits in starts.

JACK (V.O.)

Nothing worked. The rusty plumbing leaked. Turning on a light meant another light in the house went out.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the tavern's lights are off. Tyler and Jack FIGHT. FIVE GUYS stand around watching.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack, his face showing NEW BRUISES AND CUTS, makes coffee with a wire-mesh strainer. Tyler shuffles in, wearing a flannel bathrobe. He spears pieces of bread on a fork, starts roasting them over a burner.

JACK (V.O.)

There were no neighbors. Just warehouses and the paper mill. The fart smell of steam, the hamster cage smell of wood chips.

EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack sits watching as Tyler SWINGS an old GOLF CLUB -- THWACK -- sends a golf ball soaring down the desolate street.

JACK (V.O.)

At night, Tyler and I were alone for half a mile in every direction.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the lights are off. TEN GUYS YELL, standing around Jack and Tyler, who FIGHT. THREE CARS are parked in the lot.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jack sits on basement stairs, watching as Tyler, knee-deep in water, works at an open FUSEBOX, flipping breakers in a certain order, showing Jack how it's done.

JACK (V.O.)

When it rained, we had to kill the

power. By the end of the first month, I didn't care about TV. I didn't mind the warm, stale refrigerator.

INT. READING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDLES BURN. Tyler and Jack are seated across from each other on the buckled floor, reading MAGAZINES. Rain DRIPS from the ceiling. No furniture. THOUSANDS of MAGAZINES.

JACK (V.O.)

The previous occupant had been a bit of a shut-in.

TYLER

(of magazine)

Hum.

JACK

What?

TYLER

Oh, a new riot control grenade...
(reading)

"...the successful combination of concussive, 3000 foot-candle flash-blasts and simultaneous high-velocity disbursement of...blah, blah, blah..."

Tyler begins RIPPING the ARTICLE from his magazine.

JACK

("Reader's Digest")

"I am Joe's Lungs." It's written in first person. "Without me, Joe could not take in oxygen to feed his red blood cells." There's a whole series -- "I am Joe's Prostate."

TYLER

"I get cancer, and I kill Joe."

Tyler tosses his article in a pile of other articles, chooses another magazine.

JACK

What are you reading?

TYLER

Soldier of Fortune. Business Week. New Republic.

JACK

Show-off.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the lights are off. Jack and Tyler stand amidst FIFTEEN GUYS around TWO GUYS FIGHTING. The crowd YELLS MORE WILDLY than before. In the background are EIGHT PARKED CARS.

JACK (V.O.)

I should have been haggling with my insurance company. I should have been looking for a new condo...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks along. He stops, looking at a CHURCH with SUPPORT-GROUP-PEOPLE milling around the entrance, drinking coffee and sodas. Marla's there, amongst them, smoking.

JACK (V.O.)

.... I should have been upset about my nice, neat, flaming little shit.

Jack's face shows no reaction. He continues to walk.

JACK (V.O.)

But I wasn't.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack, in work clothes, interlocks his fingers and POPS his knuckles, picks up a saucepan with coffee and sips. Tyler, in waiter's uniform, comes to have Jack straighten his tie.

JACK (V.O.)

Most of the week, we were Ozzie and Harriet.

Jack picks up his briefcase and walks out the door.

JACK (V.O.)

But, Wednesday night, ever Wednesday night...

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All the lights are off. No one around, but there are at least TWENTY-FIVE CARS parked in the full lot.

JACK (V.O.)

... we were finding something out: we were finding out, more and more, that we were not alone.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A SLIDE SHOW progresses, run by a chipper salesman, WALTER. Jack sits, deadpan, with a PUFFY LIP and a BRUISED cheek.

JACK (V.O.)

Thursday mornings, all I could do was think about next week.

Boss gives Jack a dubious look. Walter's next SLIDE: a **COMPUTER SCREEN**.

WALTER

The basic premise of cyber-netting your office is -- make things more efficient.

BOSS

Can I get the icon in cornflower blue?

WALTER

Absolutely.

Walter continues, his sales pitch drowned out by Jack's V.O.:

JACK (V.O.)

Walter, the Microsoft account exec. Walter, with his smooth, soft hands. Maybe he was thinking about the free-range potluck he'd been to last weekend, or his church-group car-wash fund-raiser. Or, probably not.

Walter moves to Jack and slaps him in the shoulder.

WALTER

I showed this already to my man here. You liked it, didn't you?

Jack smiles. His teeth are RED with BLOOD. They GLOW eerily in the dim light.

JACK (V.O.)

You can swallow a pint of blood before you get sick.

WALTER

Jesus, I'd hate to see what happened

to the other guy.

Jack keeps the smile frozen on his face.

JACK (V.O.)

Screw Walter. His candy-ass wouldn't last a second Wednesday night.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Out of silent darkness, HEADLIGHTS appear from all directions. CARS PULL UP and park in the already-packed lot. YOUNG MEN get out and march into the tavern...

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

The men, including Jack and Tyler, enter and stand against the back wall, waiting. The bartender, IRVINE, calls out:

IRVINE

Drink up people. We're closing.

Irvine flicks on the LIGHTS. Drunken customers squint and get the message. They plop down money, leaving.

JACK (V.O.)

It was right in everyone's face. Tyler and I just made it visible.

Irvine hits a button and the JUKEBOX loses power. Members of the waiting army begins to share secret looks. Finally, one buy locks the door. Two other guys close the blinds.

JACK (V.O.)

It was on the tip of everyone's tongue. Tyler and I just gave it a name.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - SAME

A BOMB-SHELTER. Concrete walls. One BARE BULB above, Tyler standing directly beneath it.

TYLER

Welcome to fight club.

The guys mill around, finding partners. Everyone brims with eagerness, but tries to act cool. CHATTER gets LOUDER. Everyone spreads out, forming a circle, Tyler at center.

JACK (V.O.)

Every week, Tyler gave the rules that

he and I decided.

PEAKING CHATTER, till Tyler raises his arms and the CHATTER
DIES. A couple of COUGHS, FEET SHUFFLING, then, SILENCE.

TYLER

The first rule of fight club is --
you don't talk about fight club. The
second rule of fight club is -- you
don't talk about fight club. The
third rule of fight club is -- when
someone says "stop" or goes limp, the
fight is over. Fourth rule is --
only two guys to a fight. Fifth
rule -- one fight at a time. Sixth
rule -- no shirts, no shoes. Seventh
rule -- fights go on as long as they
have to. And the eighth and final
rule -- if this is your first night
at fight club, you have to fight.

Tyler steps back. A short guy, RICKY, and a GOATEED MAN
take off shirts and shoes and step to the center.

JACK (V.O.)

This kid, Ricky -- supply clerk --
couldn't remember whether you ordered
pens with blue ink or black ink ...

The two fighters circle, then begin throwing PUNCHES...

JACK (V.O.)

But Ricky was a god for ten minutes
last week when he trounced an actuary
twice his size.

Harder, faster PUNCHES between the two. SWEAT flies.
SHOUTS become DEAFENING. Ricky's getting the best of
Goateed Man, POUNDING him...

JACK (V.O.)

Sometimes all you could hear were
flat, hard packing sounds over the
yelling, or the wet choke when
someone caught their breath and
sprayed...

GOATEED MAN

(spittle-lipped)
Ssssstop... !

INT. OFFICE PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack, eating lunch, watches the BROKEN-NOSED WAITER with a GOATEE -- from the above fight -- converse with a MAITRE D'.

JACK (V.O.)

Even if I could tell someone they had a good fight, I wouldn't be talking to the same man.

The Goateed Waiter approaches Jack and sets a refill soda down on the table. The two of them briefly make eye contact.

JACK (V.O.)

Who you were in fight club is not who you were in the rest of the world.

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - DAY

Jack stands over a copy machine, hit by flashes of light. He glances over his shoulder, watches Ricky, wearing an apron, push a supply cart. Ricks nods at Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

You weren't alive anywhere like you were there. But fight club only exists in the hours between when fight club starts and when fight club ends.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, playing SOLITAIRE on his computer, daubs blood from his mouth with a handkerchief. Boss, passing by the doorway, looks in at Jack, irritated.

BOSS

What are you getting yourself into every week?

Jack keeps playing Solitaire. Boss enters, folds his arms.

JACK (V.O.)

After fight club, everything else in your life gets the volume turned down. You can deal with anything.

BOSS

Have you finished those reports?

JACK

(handing him reports)
Yes.

JACK (V.O.)

The people who had power over you
have less and less.

Jack looks at Boss. Reflexively, Jack's tongue plays with
his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)

By this point, I could wiggle most of
the teeth in my jaw.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Tyler and Jack walk, both smoking cigarettes.

JACK (V.O.)

A guy came to fight club for the
first time, his ass was a wad of
cookie dough. After a few weeks, he
was carved out of wood.

JACK

If you could fight any celebrity?

TYLER

Alive or dead?

JACK

Doesn't matter.

TYLER

Hemingway. You?

JACK

Shatner. William Shatner.

They reach a BUS STOP as a BUS arrives, tossing their
cigarettes, getting on board...

INT. BUS - DUSK

The bus is crowded. As Tyler and Jack walk toward the back,
Jack studies the faces of OTHER PASSENGERS...

JACK (V.O.)

We all started seeing things
differently. Wherever we went.

They hold hand grips. Jack looks up at an ADVERTISEMENT; a
CALVIN KLEIN ad featuring a tan, bare-chested MUSCLE STUD.

JACK (V.O.)

I felt sorry for all the guys packing into gyms, trying to look like what Calvin Klein and Tommy Hilfiger said they should.

Tyler looks at Jack, looks at the C.K. advertisement.

TYLER

Self-improvement is masturbation.
Self-destruction is the answer.

A MAN in a suit KNOCKS Tyler's shoulder as he passes. The Man takes a handle, close by. Jack's pissed, staring at the man, who stares back.

JACK

(to Tyler, so the
Man can hear)
You could take him.

Tyler looks to Jack, glances over his shoulder at the Man. Tyler casually picks a small scab off Jack's nostril.

TYLER

The trick is not to care.

Tyler stares forward.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tyler HITS the floor, stomach first. HIS OPPONENT lands on top of him, grappling, trying for a CHOKE HOLD. The surrounding CROWD, Jack included, SCREAMS at them...

Tyler and the Opponent wrestle desperately, and Tyler flips his attacker, gets on top, sprawling to pin him. Tyler turns -- starts reining PUNCHES into the Opponent's GROIN...

CUT TO:

Jack lands a couple of BLOWS to HIS OPPONENT'S stomach -- brings up a left uppercut that smashes the Opponent's jaw. Tiny spatters of BLOOD adorn the walls, along with sweat.

Jack catches sight of a swollen-faced Tyler, watching appreciatively, a smile growing slowly on his face.

JACK (V.O.)

Fight club wasn't about winning or losing. It wasn't about words.

The Opponent recovers, throws a headlock on Jack. Jack snakes his arm into a counter headlock. They wrestle like wild animals. The crowd CHEERS maniacally.

JACK (V.O.)

They hysterical shouting was in tongues, like at a Pentecostal church.

Onlookers kneel to stay with the fight, cheering LOUDER. The Opponent SMASHES Jack's head to the floor, over and over.

JACK

... stop...

JACK (V.O.)

When the fight was over, nothing was solved, but nothing mattered.

Everyone moves in as the Opponent steps away. Tyler pushes through the crowd. Others lift Jack up. They turn their attention to the floor, to a BLOOD MASK of Jack's face -- similar to the TEAR MASK on BOB'S SHIRT.

TYLER

Cool.

Jack limply shakes his Opponent's hand.

OPPONENT

How about next week?

JACK

Look at me. How about next month?

Everyone helps Jack walk. He's sweating, bleeding, smiling.

JACK (V.O.)

Afterwards, we all felt saved.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE tends to Jack while Tyler watches.

TYLER

He fell down some stairs.

The Nurse doesn't look at Tyler, just keeps tending to Jack.

JACK

I fell down some stairs.

JACK (V.O.)

Sometimes Tyler spoke for me.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Tyler and Jack share the cracked MIRROR. Tyler's clipping at his hair with blunt, ill-suited SCISSORS. Jack's brushing his teeth, spitting out pink foam.

JACK (V.O.)

Fight club became the reason to cut your hair short and trim your fingernails.

TYLER

Any historical figure.

JACK

Okay... Ghandi.

TYLER

Good answer.

JACK

You?

TYLER

Abe Lincoln. Big reach. Skinny guys fight till they're burger.

Jack reaches in his mouth, exploring, pulls -- yanks a TOOTH. Jack looks at it. Tyler puts scissors down, done.

TYLER

Remember, even the Mona Lisa's falling apart.

Jack drops the tooth in the sink with Tyler's hair.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack enters, buttoning his shirt. The PHONE RINGS.

JACK

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MARLA'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - SAME

Marla's in the HALL, on the PAYPHONE, twisting the phone cord around her neck.

MARLA

Where have you been the last few weeks?

JACK

Marla?

Jack looks through the archway and sees Tyler, in his gummy flannel bathrobe, doing sit-ups. Jack leans, cups the phone.

JACK

(quietly)

How did you find me?

MARLA

The forwarding number. I haven't seen you at any support groups.

JACK

That's the idea -- we split them.

MARLA

You haven't been going to yours.

JACK

I found a new one.

MARLA

Really?

JACK

It's for men.

MARLA

Like testicular cancer?

JACK

Look, this is a bad time...

MARLA

I've been going to debtor's anonymous. You want to see some truly fucked up people?

JACK

I'm just on my way out...

MARLA

Me too. I got a stomach full of Xanax. I took what was left of a bottle. Might've been too much.

Jack looks exasperated, turns TO LOOK INTO THE CAMERA.

JACK (V.O.)

Picture yourself watching Marla Singer throw herself around her crummy apartment.

MARLA

This isn't a for-real suicide thing. This is probably one of those cry-for-help things.

JACK (V.O.)

This could go on for hours.

JACK

So you're staying in tonight?

MARLA

Do you want to wait to hear me describe death?

Jack puts the handset on top of the phone, still off the hook, walks out the back door.

MARLA'S VOICE

Do you want to listen and see if my spirit can use the telephone?

Thru the archway: Tyler leans to look in, curious.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

GRUNTS of PLEASURE and EXERTION. Glimpses of TORSOS, ASSES, LEGS, ARMS, BREASTS, and FEMALE HAIR, all DRENCHED in SWEAT. Sheets RIP. Bodies hit the FLOOR. Insane GRUNTING and LAUGHING. A flash of MARLA'S FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Jack sits up in bed, looks around the room.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING

Jack steps out of his room. The neighboring door is closed.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler's door was closed. I'd been living here two months, and Tyler's door was never closed.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Jack stares into the TOILER, looking at SIX USED CONDOMS.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits at the table, sips coffee, read Reader's Digest. He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

JACK

You're not going to believe what I dreamt last night.

Marla walks in, straightening her dress, looks like she's been raped by a hurricane. Jack's jaw drops.

MARLA

I can hardly believe anything about last night.

Marla goes to pour coffee. She takes a swig, GARGLES and SPITS it in the sink. She gives Jack a lascivious smile.

JACK

What are you doing here?

MARLA

What... ?

JACK

What the hell are you doing here?

Marla stares at him a beat, then drops the cup in the sink.

MARLA

Fuck you.

Marla shoves open the door to the backyard and walks out. Jack gets up, watches her stomp away.

Jack turns and -- Tyler is at his shoulder, staring after Marla. He's in his usual sweatpants. He grins at Jack, then moves away, pours himself coffee. Jack, smoldering, slumps at the table and picks up Reader's Digest. Tyler puts his foot on a countertop, does stretching exercises.

TYLER

She's a piece of work. Get this -- I come in here last night, the phone's off the hook...

Jack pretends to read, quickly glances at Tyler. TYLER'S VOICE FADES...

JACK (V.O.)

I already knew the story before he told it to me.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tyler enters, gently lifts the handset and listens.

MARLA'S VOICE

(from handset)

I'll tell you when I'm floating out of my body.

Tyler smiles.

JACK (V.O.)

How could Tyler, off all people, think it was a bad thing that Marla Singer was about to die?

INT. MARLA'S - 8TH FLOOR LANDING - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tyler, a wry smile on his face, ambles up the stairs, looking at the rotting walls. He reaches the top of the stairs and heads for Marla's room. Before he can knock, Marla's hand shoots out and grabs him...

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Marla pulls Tyler inside and shuts the door. Her drugged eyes look him over.

MARLA

You got here fast.

She staggers and sits on the bed. She slides off, along with the blanket and sheets, to the floor.

MARLA

The mattresses are all sealed in slippery plastic.

She tries to focus her eyes on Tyler.

MARLA

Did I call you?

Tyler studies her with cynical curiosity, looks at a DILDO lying atop a dresser. Marla follows his gaze.

MARLA

Don't worry. It's not a threat to you.

SIRENS and vehicles SCREECHING outside can be HEARD; doors opening and SLAMMING; running FOOTFALLS.

MARLA

Oh, no! Somebody called the cops...

She gets to her feet, grabs Tyler, pulls him out the door.

INT. HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)

Marla LOCKS her door, then pulls Tyler toward the STAIRCASE. COPS and PARAMEDICS charge up with oxygen and medical kits. Marla and Tyler flatten against the wall to let them pass.

COP

8-G! Where's 8-G?

MARLA

(pointing)

End of the hall.

The rescuers keep running.

MARLA

(calling after)

The girl who lives there used to be a charming, lovely girl, but she's lost faith in herself...

COP

Miss Singer, let us help you! You have every reason to live!

Marla yanks Tyler's arm, heading down the stairs.

MARLA

She's a monster! Infectious human waste! Good luck trying to save her!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tyler makes coffee. Marla slouches against the refrigerator.

MARLA

If I fall asleep, I'm done for. You're gonna have to keep me up all night.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (RESUMING)

Tyler chuckles, shakes his head.

TYLER

Unbelievable, huh?

JACK (V.O.)

He was obviously able to handle it.

Tyler stands across from Jack, gets a cigarette from a pack.

TYLER

I mean, this girl... uh, you're not into her or anything... ?

JACK

No. Not at all.

JACK (V.O.)

I am Jack's Raging Bile Duct.

Tyler lights his cigarette.

TYLER

You're sure?

JACK

Yeah, I'm sure.

TYLER

Good. This chick was up on the table with her legs in the stirrups before the doctor even walked in the room. The things that she said... I've never heard a woman talk like that...

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tyler smokes, post-coital. Marla puts her lips to his ear.

MARLA

(whispering)

I want to have your abortion.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (RESUMING)

Tyler laughs, shakes his head. Jack's gripping his Reader's Digest just a little too tight.

JACK (V.O.)

How could Tyler not go for that?

Night before last, he was splicing sex organs into "Little Mermaid."

Tyler sits, studies Jack's face.

TYLER

You're okay with this?

JACK

I'm fine.

JACK (V.O.)

Put a gun to my head and paint the wall with my brains.

Tyler smokes.

TYLER

She is a wild, twisted bitch. Stay away from that one.

JACK

Oh, and my pace is more librarians.

TYLER

Hey... don't knock librarians.

JACK

Marla doesn't need a lover. She needs a case worker.

TYLER

She needs an exorcist. This isn't love. This is sport-fucking.

JACK (V.O.)

She'd invaded my support groups, now she's invading my home.

TYLER

Listen... do me a favor... sit here a minute...

Tyler pulls out a closer chair, motions to it. Jack puts down his Reader's Digest and moves to that chair.

JACK

What?

TYLER

You've gotta understand something about me. I have a little rule,

okay? Don't ever talk to her about me. Ever. I can't stand that kind of shit.

Tyler fixes Jack with a friendly, but firm stare.

TYLER

If you ever say anything about me or about what happens here in this house, to her or anyone -- I will find out. And you'll never see me again. Promise me.

JACK

Okay.

TYLER

Promise you won't.

JACK

Yes, I promise.

TYLER

Promise?

JACK

I said I promise!

TYLER

That was three times you promised.

Tyler smiles, gets up and leaves. Jack sits smoldering.

JACK (V.O.)

If only I had wasted a couple of minutes and gone to watch Marla die, none of this would have happened.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack watches TV at HIGH VOLUME. SOUNDS of SEX from upstairs.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies calmly on his bed, staring at the ceiling. Sounds of THUMPS and CRASHES from beyond the wall.

MARLA'S VOICE

(muffled through wall)
Miserable fucking discharge!

JACK (V.O.)

I could've moved to another room, one on the third floor -- so I wouldn't have heard them. But I didn't.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SOUNDS of RAIN. Jack flips FUSES off, then walks upstairs.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - SAME

Jack walks, HEARS Marla SCREAM in orgasm. He reaches the landing. Tyler's door is ajar. Jack peeks in...

Marla's legs are sprawled on the bed. The door PUSHES OPEN WIDER -- Tyler, naked, stands CLOSE TO CAMERA.

TYLER

What are you doing?

Jack steps back.

JACK

I... uh... just going to bed.

Tyler scratches his head, wears a RUBBER GLOVE.

TYLER

You want to finish her off?

JACK

Uh... nah...

Jack continues toward his room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)

I became the calm, little center of the world. I was the Zen master.

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER MONITOR

Haiku is BEING TYPED in a trendy, italicized font.

"Worker bees can leave
Even drones can fly away
The queen is their slave"

JACK (V.O.)

I wrote little haiku poems.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack's clothes are PERMANENTLY STAINED with BLOOD. He sits in Zen pose, cigarette in mouth, finishes typing Haiku.

JACK (V.O.)

I faxed them around to everyone.

He hits "SEND," gets the "ERROR CHIME" SOUND. He presses this key over and over. Boss enters.

BOSS

Is that your blood?

JACK

Some of it, yes.

Boss stares at Jack like he's from Mars.

BOSS

Take the rest of the day off. Come back tomorrow with clean clothes. Get yourself together.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Jack's leaving, looks like a war casualty, passing COWORKERS who coldly stare at him. His face is totally passive.

JACK (V.O.)

I got right in everyone's hostile little face. Yes, these are bruises from fighting. I'm comfortable with them. I am enlightened.

EXT. PAPER STREET - SUNSET

Jack walks toward the HOUSE.

JACK (V.O.)

You give up the condo life, give up all your flaming worldly possessions, go live in a dilapidated house in the toxic waste part of town...

INT. TYLER'S KITCHEN - SUNSET

Jack walks in. SOUNDS of VIOLENT SEX and a POLAROID CAMERA from upstairs. Pieces of PLASTER fall from the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)

... and you come home to this.

TYLER'S VOICE

(laughing)
You fucking slut!!

MARLA'S VOICE

Thank you, sir, may I have another!
Thank you sir, may I have another... !

Jack rolls his eyes, takes off his pants. He runs water in the sink, finds a tiny bit of SOAP and scrubs at the blood stains. The PHONE RINGS. He answers it.

JACK

Yeah. Speaking.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

A cop, DETECTIVE STERN, refers to a file.

DETECTIVE STERN

This is Detective Stern with the arson unit. We have some new information about the "incident" at your condo.

JACK

Yes?

DETECTIVE STERN

I don't know if you're aware... your front door -- it seems someone sprayed freon into the lock, then tapped it with a chisel to shatter the cylinder.

JACK

No, I wasn't aware...

JACK (V.O.)

I am Jack's Cold Sweat.

DETECTIVE STERN

Does this sound strange to you?

JACK

Yes, sire, strange. Very strange.

Jack starts to sweat, scrubs his pants obsessively.

DETECTIVE STERN

The dynamite...

JACK

Dynamite?

DETECTIVE STERN

Yes. It left a residue of ammonium oxalate and potassium perchloride. Do you know what that means?

JACK

What does that mean?

DETECTIVE STERN

It means it was homemade.

JACK

This is... really a shock...

DETECTIVE STERN

Whoever set this homemade dynamite could've blown out the pilot light days before the explosion. The gas, it seems, was just a detonator.

JACK

Who do you think could've done this?

DETECTIVE STERN

I'll ask the questions, son.

TYLER

(whispering in Jack's ear)

Tell him...

Jack almost leaps out his skin, startled; looks to see Tyler standing right next to him.

JACK

Huh?

TYLER

(overlap w/below)

"The liberator who destroyed my property has re-aligned my paradigm of perception."

JACK

Shhhhhh!

(into phone,

overlap w/above)
I don't know what to make of this,
sir, I really don't...

DETECTIVE STERN

Do you know anyone who'd have the
expertise or motive to do something
like this?

TYLER

"I reject the basic assumptions of
civilization, including material
possession."

Jack pushes Tyler away, cups the receiving.

JACK

(into phone)

No. No, sir. I loved that condo.
I loved every stick of furniture.
The lamps, the chairs, the rugs, were
me. The dishes were me. The plants
were...

JACK (V.O.)

I'd like to thank the academy...

DETECTIVE STERN

Well, if any ideas come to you, give
me a call. In the meantime, don't
leave town. I may need to bring you
in for questioning.

END INTERCUT

Jack hangs up. Tyler shrugs.

TYLER

Could be worse. You could be cursed
with the three terrible Karmas. You
could be beautiful, rich and famous.

Jack turns away, continues to scrub his pants. Marla's
FOOTSTEPS can be HEARD coming downstairs...

Jack really grinds the soap against the pants, splashing
water. He turns, sees Marla enter. Tyler is GONE. Marla
lights a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)

Except for their humping, Tyler and
Marla were never in the same room.

MARLA

I got this dress at a thrift store
for one dollar.

JACK

(keeps scrubbing)
Worth every penny.

JACK (V.O.)

My parents pulled this exact act for
years -- one came in, the other
disappeared.

Marla begins a slow, exotic dance, moving very close to
Jack. She lifts her dress dangerously high, dancing close
to Jack's body, almost touching.

MARLA

(seductive)
It's a bridesmaid's dress. Someone
loved it intensely for one day, then
tossed it. Like a Christmas tree --
so special, then, bam -- it's
abandoned on the side of the road,
tinsel still clinging to it...

Jack becomes very aware of having no pants on, presses
against the counter. Marla pulls her hemline further up.

MARLA

Like sex crime victims, underwear
inside-out, bound with electrical
tape.

JACK

(coldly)
It suits you.

She leans in very close to Jack's ear, whispers hoarsely:

MARLA

You can borrow it sometime.

Jack takes a step away, keeps scrubbing. Marla blows smoke
in his face. Jack takes her cigarette and throws it in the
sink. Marla backs away, fed up, storms out, going UPSTAIRS.

TYLER (O.S.)

Get rid of her.

Jack turns to see Tyler in the doorway.

JACK

You get rid of her.

TYLER

(pointing at Jack)

Don't mention me.

Marla's FOOTSTEPS are coming DOWNSTAIRS. Jack looks to the archway, then back at -- Tyler's GONE. Marla enters, shoes and balled up clothing under one arm, looking for something on the junk strewn table.

JACK (V.O.)

I'm six years old again, passing messages between my parents.

JACK

I, uh... think you should go now.

Marla ignores, still searching the table, tossing things, pushing other things off to the floor.

JACK

It's time for you to leave.

MARLA

Don't worry, I'm leaving.

Marla finds what she wanted, a pack of cigarettes. She moves up into Jack's face.

MARLA

You're such a nutcase, I can't even begin to keep up.

JACK

Goodbye.

She laughs, spins on her heels. As she exits the back door, she sings "This Merry-Go-Round" from "Valley of the Dolls." Jack watches her through the kitchen window.

TYLER (O.S.)

Nice work.

Jack turns. Tyler's right behind him. Through the window, Marla can be seen walking away. Tyler picks up the remnant of SOAP Jack's been using, holds it up to Jack.

TYLER

To make soap, first we have to render

fat.

Jack looks at Tyler.

CLOSE UP - SIGN: "DANGER - BIOHAZARD."

EXT. FENCED-IN BIOHAZARD WASTE DUMP SITE - NIGHT

Tyler stands inside the fence. Jack's atop the fence, struggling to cross BARBED WIRE. He wobbles, gets over, snags his shirt. Jack falls, RIPPPPP. Tyler helps.

FOOTSTEPS. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM. Tyler pulls Jack behind a DUMPSTER, one of DOZENS. A silhouette of a SECURITY GUARD moves along the perimeter, flashlight first. He walks away.

MOVE BACK to Tyler and Jack, who emerge from hiding. Tyler eagerly grabs the lid of the closest dumpster.

TYLER

The best fat for making soap --
because the salt balance is just
right -- comes from human bodies...

Tyler lifts the lid -- it CREAKS.

JACK

What is this place?

TYLER

A liposuction clinic.

From the dumpster, Tyler pulls out an industrial-sized, thick plastic bag full of PINK GOO.

TYLER

Paydirt. From society's richest
asses and thighs.

TIME CUT: Tyler and Jack climb back over the fence, carrying BAGS of fat. One of Jack's bags RIPS, spilling the goo down the chain-link fence. Jack slips and slides. Tyler laughs. Tyler tries to scoop the running fat back into the bag.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler each stir a boiling pot.

TYLER

As the fat renders, the tallow floats
to the surface. Remember the crap
they taught you in Boy Scouts.

JACK

Hard to imagine you in Boy Scouts.

TYLER

This clear layer in glycerin. We'll mix it back in when we make the soap.

Tyler sticks a spoon into a pot, lifts up a scoop of the glycerin layer. Then, he crabs a can, opens it.

TYLER

Lye -- the crucial ingredient.

(adding lye to mix)

Ancient peoples found their clothes got cleaner if they washed them at a certain spot in the river. Why? Because, human sacrifices were once made on the hills above this river. Year after year, bodies burnt. Rain feel. Water seeped through the wood ashes to become lye. The lye combined with the melted fat of the bodies, till a thick white soapy discharge crept into the river.

Tyler licks his lips until they're gleaming wet. He takes Jack's hands and KISSES the back of it.

TYLER

The first soap was made from the ashes of heroes. Like the first monkeys shot into space.

The saliva shines in the shape of the kiss. Tyler pours a bit of the flaked lye onto Jack's hand.

TYLER

Without sacrifice, without death, we would have nothing.

Jack's whole body JERKS. Tyler holds tight to Jack's hand and arm. Tears well in Jack's eyes; his face tightens.

TYLER

This is a chemical burn. It will hurt more than you've ever been burned and you will have a scar.

Jack looks -- the burn is swollen, glossy, in the shape of Tyler's kiss. Jack's face spasms.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler's kiss was a bonfire on the
back of my hand.

TYLER

Look at your hand.

JACK (V.O.)

Guided meditation worked for cancer,
it could work for this.

SHOT OF A GREEN MAPLE LEAF, GLISTENING WITH DEW. RESUME:

Tyler looks at Jack's glazed and detached eyes.

TYLER

Come back to the pain. Don't shut
this out.

Jack, snapping back, tries to jerk his hand away. Tyler
keeps hold of it and their arms KNOCK UTENSILS off the table.

JACK (V.O.)

I tried not to think of the words
"searing" or "flesh." I imagined my
pain as a ball of healing white light.

SHOT OF A FOREST, IN GENTLE SPRING RAINFALL. RESUME:

Tyler JERKS Jack's hand, getting Jack's attention...

TYLER

Stop it. This is your pain -- your
burning hand. It's right here. Look
at it.

JACK (V.O.)

I was going to my cave to find my
power animal.

SHOT OF THE INSIDE OF JACK'S FROZEN ICE CAVE. RESUME:

Tyler JERKS Jack's hand again. Jack re-focuses on Tyler...

TYLER

Don't deal with this the way those
dead people do. Deal with it the way
a living person does.

**SHOT OF INSIDE THE ICE CAVE - ON MARLA, LYING NAKED UNDER A
FUR COAT, TURNING HER HEAD TO LOOK TOWARDS US. RESUME:**

Jack tries to pull his hand free. Tyler won't let go.
Jack's eyes glaze over again. Jack speaks, whiny from pain:

JACK

I... I think I understand. I think
I get it...

TYLER

No, what you're feeling is premature
enlightenment.

SHOT OF A GREEN FOREST WITHOUT RAIN. RESUME:

Tyler SLAPS Jack's face, regaining his attention...

TYLER

This is the greatest moment of your
life and you're off somewhere,
missing it.

JACK

No, I'm not...

SHOT OF TREES ENGULFED BY A FOREST FIRE. RESUME:

TYLER

Shut up. Our fathers were our models
for God. And, if our fathers bailed,
what does that tell us about God?

JACK

I don't know...

SHOT OF EMBERS POURING FROM THE HELLISH FOREST FIRE. RESUME:

Tyler SLAPS Jack's face again...

TYLER

Listen to me. You have to consider
the possibility that God doesn't like
you, he never wanted you. In all
probability, He hates you. This is
not the worst thing that can happen...

JACK

It isn't... ?

TYLER

We don't need him...

JACK

We don't... ?

SHOT OF INSIDE ICE CAVE - NAKED MARLA PULLS JACK DOWN ON TOP OF HER - JACK KISSES HER - CIGARETTE SMOKE COMES FROM HER MOUTH - JACK COUGHS. RESUME:

Jack is a wide-eyed zombie...

JACK

... Marla ... ?

TYLER

Fuck damnation. Fuck redemption. We are God's unwanted children, with no special place and no special attention, and so be it.

Jack looks at Tyler -- they lock eyes. Jack does his best to stifle his spasms of pain, his body a quivering, coiled knot. He bolts toward the sink, but Tyler holds on.

TYLER

You can go to the sink and run water over your hand. Look at me. Or you can use vinegar to neutralize the burn, but first you have to give up. First, you have to know that someday, you are going to die. Until you know that, you will be useless.

Jack spasms with a shiver of pain...

JACK

You ... you don't know what this feels like, Tyler.

Tyler shows Jack a LYE-BURNED KISS SCAR on his own hand. Tears begin to drip from Jack's eyes. Tyler grabs a bottle of VINEGAR -- pours it over Jack's wound.

Jack closes his eyes, holds his hand... slumps to the floor.

TYLER

Congratulations. You're a step closer to hitting bottom.

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Jack and Tyler, in trench coats, looking like death-warmed-over, wait as a BUYER fills out forms.

There are bars of "The Paper Street Soap Company" soap on the counter. Jack looks like he's half-expecting to get

arrested. His hand is BANDAGED.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler sold the soap to department stores at twenty bucks a Ear. God knows what they charged. How ironic. We were selling rich women their own fat asses back to them.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits at his desk, playing a game on his computer, smoking a cigarette. Boss enters.

JACK (V.O.)

He was wearing a yellow tie. It must be Thursday. I didn't even wear a tie to work anymore.

Boss slaps a piece of PAPER down on Jack's desk.

BOSS

"The first rule of fight club is you don't talk about fight club."

Jack snuffs his cigarette in an ashtray, stares up stoically.

JACK (V.O.)

I must've left the original in the copy machine.

BOSS

"The second rule of fight club... Is this yours?"

JACK

Hmm?

BOSS

You don't get paid to abuse the copy machine.

JACK

"Abuse" the copy machine. There's an image.

BOSS

Pretend you're me. You find this. What would you do?

Jack rises slowly, walks to his door, shuts it.

JACK

Me? I'd be very careful who I talked to about this. It sounds like someone dangerous wrote it... someone who might snap at any moment, stalking from office to office with an Armalite AR-10 Carbine-gas semiautomatic, bitterly pumping round after round into colleagues and co-workers.

Jack moves very close to Boss, picks up the PAPER and starts tearing it into pieces.

JACK

Might be someone you've known for years... somebody very close to you. Or, maybe you shouldn't be bringing me every little piece of trash you pick up.

Jack puts the PAPER in his trash. Bass stares with a tinge of outrage, a tinge of fear. PHONE RINGS. Jack answers it.

JACK

Compliance and Liability.

MARLA'S VOICE

My tit's going to rot off.

JACK

Just a second.
(to Boss; smiles)
Could you excuse me? I need to take this call.

Boss goes to the door, stares at Jack a beat, then leaves.

JACK

(into phone)
What are you talking about?

INTERCUT WITH - CLOSE UP OF MARLA...

MARLA

Would you do something for me? I need you to check and see if there's a lump in my breast. I can't afford to throw money away on a doctor.

JACK

I don't know ...

MARLA

Please.

JACK (V.O.)

She didn't call Tyler. I'm neutral
in her book.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack walks down the sidewalk, seeing Marla take two BOXES
from a VAN with the sign "MEALS ON WHEELS."

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marla leads Jack inside.

JACK

This is a sweet side of you. Picking
these up for ...

(reads the boxes:)

"Mrs. Haniver" and... "Mrs. Raines."
Where are they?

MARLA

Tragically, they're dead. I'm alive
and I'm in poverty. You want any?

JACK

No, thanks.

MARLA

Good.

He stares at her while she eats.

MARLA

What happened to your hand?

Jack awkwardly puts his bandaged hand behind his back.

JACK

Nothing.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marla stands facing a MIRROR with her shirt open. Jack
stands behind her with his hand on the bottom side of her
breast. Marla's hand guides his.

JACK

Where? Here?

MARLA

Here.

JACK

There?

MARLA

Here.

JACK

Here.

MARLA

Feel anything?

JACK

No.

Jack's head is behind Marla's. They speak softer, slower.

MARLA

Make sure.

JACK

Okay. Okay, I'm sure.

MARLA

You feel nothing?

JACK

Nothing.

Marla turns around and faces him, begins to button her shirt.

MARLA

Well, that's a relief. Thank you.

JACK

No... no problem.

MARLA

I wish I could return the favor.

Jack touches his own chest, shakes his head.

JACK

I think everything's okay here.

MARLA

I could check your prostate.

JACK

Uh ... nah.

MARLA

(pause)

Well... thanks, anyway.

Marla leans to kiss him -- lingers for a bit longer than just friendly. Jack pulls away.

JACK

So.... are we done?

Marla sighs.

MARLA

Yeah, we're done. See you around.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges from the lobby. He looks up at Marla's window, watches her silhouette. He walks away, right into -- Big BOB, the moose, eating a donut and drinking orange juice.

BOB

Cornelius! How are you?

JACK

Bob. I'm okay. How are you?

BOB

Better than I've ever been in my life.

JACK

Really? Great. Still "Remaining Men Together?"

An intense look of born-again fervor comes over Bob's face.

BOB

No. I found something new.

JACK

Really, what's that?

BOB

(quietly)

The first rule is... you aren't supposed to talk about it...

JACK

Oh.

BOB

And the second rule about it is...
you're not supposed to talk about it.
And the third rule...

JACK

Bob, Bob... I'm a member.

BOB

You are?!

JACK

Look at my face.

Bob roughly slaps Jack's shoulder.

BOB

That's a fucking great, man! Fucking
great! Congratulations.

JACK

Yeah, both of us.

BOB

You know about the guy who invented
it? I hear all kinds of things.
Supposedly, he was born in a mental
institution. They say he only sleeps
one hour a night. You know about
this guy? Tyler Durden?

INT. BASEMENT - ELECTRONICS WKREHOUSE - NIGHT

The CROWD SCREAMS insanely as Bob and Jack go at it in the
circle of light. Bob's eyes are wild with glee.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR - ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Everyone sneaks out of this new location - we've seen none
of these guys before - it's a new chapter. Jack and Bob
Stagger out last, Jack being in worse shape. They both grin
with religious serenity. Bob hugs Jack.

BOB

Thank you. Thank you.

Bob relaxes the hug and Jack drops to the ground like a
sack, completely enervated from the beating he took.

JACK

You're welcome.

JACK (V.O.)

Fight club -- this was mine and
Tyler's gift... our gift to the world.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Jack has his briefcase on the table, looks at PAPERWORK.
Tyler wanders in, carries a dirty pot to the sink. Jack
takes out a cigarette, lights up. He offers the pack...

TYLER

No thanks, I quit.

JACK

You quit?

TYLER

Yeah. Where you headed?

JACK

Work. Going to work.

Tyler scratches his chin absently.

JACK

What... ?

TYLER

Nothing. Do what you like.

Tyler walks out the way he came.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits staring at his SCREEN SAVER.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack steps into the open doorway, knocks on the doorframe.
Boss looks up from his large, expensive desk.

JACK

We need to talk.

BOSS

Okay. Where to begin? With your
constant absenteeism? With your
unpresentable appearance? You're up
for review...

JACK

I Am Jack's Complete Lack of Surprise.

Boss sits up in his seat, becoming enraged.

JACK

Let's pretend. You're the Department of Transportation, and you discover that our company intentionally did nothing about leather seats cured in third world countries with chemicals we know cause birth defects? Brake linings that fail after a thousand miles. Fuel injectors that burn people alive.

BOSS

Just who the fuck do you think you are?! Get out! You're fired!

JACK

What about this? Keep me on payroll as an outside consultant. In exchange for my salary, I'll keep my mouth shut. I won't need to come to the office. I can do this job from home.

Boss stands, moves around his desk, glaring with rage.

BOSS

You little fucker! I oughta...

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the nose. Blood starts to trickle. He punches himself in the jaw, throws himself back as if by the force of the punch, SLAMS against a framed picture and SHATTERS the glass. He falls to the floor.

JACK (V.O.)

I Am Jack's Smirking Revenge.

Jack gets back to his feet.

JACK

Please... don't hit me again, please. I'm your responsibility...

He PUNCHES himself in the stomach, then in the jaw again. He reels backwards, pulls down a hanging shelf, its contents flying. He hits the floor.

JACK (V.O.)

For some reason, I thought of my

first fight -- with Tyler.

Jack crawls toward Boss, dripping blood, grabs Boss's leg.

JACK

Please... give me the paychecks like
I asked for. I won't be any trouble.
You won't see me again.

Jack climbs up Boss's leg while Boss tries to shake him off.
Boss stumbles back into his desk, knocking off belongings.

JACK (V.O.)

Under and behind and inside
everything this man took for granted,
something horrible had been growing.

Jack crawls high enough to grab Boss's belt, hoisting
himself up. He dribbles blood on Boss's clothing, SMUDGES
blood from his face onto the knuckles of Boss's hand.

JACK

Please... please...

JACK (V.O.)

And right then, at our most excellent
moment together...

Two SECURITY GUARDS enter and gape at the sight. Behind
them stand CURIOUS WORKERS, looking in.

JACK

(gurgling blood)
Please don't hit me again.

INT. TYLER'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE FOYER - DAY

Jack holds a CHECK in front of Tyler's face.

JACK

Six months advance pay. Six months!

TYLER

Fucking sweet.

JACK

Okay, and... and...

Jack digs in his pocket, takes out a thick bundle of CARDS.

JACK

Forty-eight airline flight coupons.

Plus... hold on... just a minute...

Jack holds up a finger, going to open the front door. He drags an unwieldy SHOPPING CART in behind him; filled with his COMPUTER, PHONE, FAX and other office equipment.

JACK

I am now officially self-employed.

Jack looks at the cart, then back at Tyler, proud.

TYLER

Good for you.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

LOUD. An enormous CROWD of guys, including Jack and Bob, stands around Tyler, who's in the center of the circle, holding up his hands to quiet them...

TYLER

I look around... I look around and see a lot of new faces.

An enthusiastic RUMBLE from the crowd.

TYLER

Shut up! Which means a lot of you have been breaking the first two rules of fight club.

A glum silence falls. Guys look at each other.

TYLER

I see in fight club the strongest and smartest men who have ever lived -- an entire generation pumping gas and waiting tables; or they're slaves with white collars.

(more)

TYLER (cont)

Advertisements have them chasing cars and clothes, working jobs they hate so they can buy shit they don't need. We are the middle children of history, with no purpose or place. We have no great war, or great depression. The great war is a spiritual war. The great depression is our lives. We were raised by television to believe that we'd be

millionaires and movie gods and rock stars -- but we won't. And we're learning that fact. And we're very, very pissed-off.

The crowd erupts into a DEAFENING CHORUS of agreement. Jack looks at the blazing excitement in the eyes of the crowd.

TYLER

We are the quiet young men who listen until it's time to decide.

A fat, MIDDLE-AGED MAN stomps down the stairs, pushing into the crowd, followed by a TALL, HEFTY THUG who holds a GUM.

TYLER

Who are you?

FAT MAN (LOU)

Who am I?! There's a sign on the front that says "Lou's Tavern." I'm fucking Lou. Who the fuck are you?!

TYLER

Tyler Durden.

Tyler extends his hand for a shake, but Lou SLAPS it away.

LOU

Who told you motherfuckers you could use my place?

TYLER

We have a deal worked out with Irvine.

LOU

Irvine? Irvine's at home with a broken collarbone.

Everyone glances guiltily at each other.

LOU

He don't own this place, I do. How much money's he getting for this?

TYLER

There is no money.

LOU

Really?

TYLER

It's free to all.

LOU

Ain't that something?

TYLER

Yes, it is.

LOU

Look, stupid fuck, I want everyone
outta here now!

TYLER

You're welcome to join our club.

LOU

Did you hear what I just said?!

TYLER

You and your friend.

Lou SLUGS Tyler in the stomach, doubles him over.

LOU

You hear me now?

Tyler gains his breath, determined. He looks up, turns his
head, looking to Jack. Jack watches, wide-eyed.

Tyler straightens, facing Lou.

TYLER

No, I'm sorry, I didn't hear you.

Lou PUNCHES Tyler in the face. Some of the guys move
forward, but the Thug points his gun. Jack-runs forward
anyway -- Lou PUNCHES him in the face.

More guys move forward, but Tyler waves them off, facing Lou.

TYLER

We really need to use this place.

Lou proceeds to beat the shit out of Tyler, PUNCHING his
face, his stomach. Tyler collapses to the floor. Lou
starts KICKING his. Tyler bleeds from the mouth and face.

TYLER

That's it.... that's good. Get it
all out. You'll feel better.

Lou flushes red with exasperation, KICKS more. Finally,

sweating, bewildered, Lou stops. He looks to the Thug, who is just as bewildered.

Suddenly, Tyler SPRINGS UP, grabs onto Lou...

TYLER

Yes, I am shit and crazy, to you and this whole fucking world...

Tyler's blood spatters on Lou. Lou tries to shake Tyler off, but Tyler BITES Lou's NECKTIE. The Thug grabs Tyler and pulls, the necktie tightening and strangling Lou. Lou slaps at Tyler's face, but recoils from the blood. Tyler spits and shouts through clenched teeth...

TYLER

You don't know where I've been.

Tyler bear hugs Lou, pulls him to the floor. Tyler rubs his bloody face into Lou's face. The Thug lifts Tyler. Tyler clings to Lou's belt, dragging Lou as he is dragged...

TYLER

We need this place. We need it. Please let us keep it, please...

Blood dribbles out of Tyler's mouth, spattering Lou.

LOU

What are you doing?!

TYLER

Pleeeeeeease!

LOU

Okay! Okay, fuck it! Use the basement! Get off me!

TYLER

We need some towels, Lou. We need replacement light bulbs.

LOU

Alright, Christ! Fucking let me go!

TYLER

Thank you. Thank you, sir...

LOU

Let go of me!!

Tyler lets go of Lou's belt. Lou scrambles away. The Thug

drops Tyler, trying to keep clear of the blood. Lou gets to his feet, looks at Tyler, then at the rest of the guys. He and the Thug back away... slamming the door behind.

Fight club surrounds Tyler. They help him up, move him to a crate. Tyler sits slumped for a long moment, his breathing labored... then, he sits back, crossing his legs and looking to the group, his demeanor businesslike.

TYLER

This week, each of you has a homework assignment. You're going to go out and start a fight with a total stranger...

(pause, drooling blood)

You're going to start a fight... and you're going to lose.

Jack beams in appreciation.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ricky trips a passing YUPPIE. The Yuppie falls.

JACK (V.O.)

Not as easy as it sounds. People'll do just about anything to avoid a fight.

The Yuppies gets up, angry, and Ricky PUNCHES him...

YUPPIE

Hey! Wha... What the hell... what are you doing?! Who are you?!!

The Yuppie backs away. Ricky follows...

YUPPIE

Get away from me! Keep away!
NO... !

Ricky TACKLES the Yuppie. The Yuppie struggles spastically.

YUPPIE

Who are you!? Why are you attacking me... ?!

Having no recourse, the Yuppie begins trading blows.

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

A MECHANIC WITH A BATTERED FACE uses a hose to wash the

sidewalk. As MEN pass, he jerks the hose up and SPRAYS them.

FIRST MAN

Hey... hey...

SECOND MAN

Watch out, jackass!

These men continue on their way.

The Mechanic sprays a third man, a SEMINARY STUDENT, who looks down, stunned.

SEMINARIAN

You... you did that on purpose!

The Mechanic DOUSES the Seminarian. The Seminarian grabs the hose, wrestling the Mechanic for it. The Mechanic shoves the Seminarian, who responds with a half-assed PUNCH. The Mechanic purposely takes it. The Seminarian starts to run away. The Mechanic sprints after him, PUNCHING the Seminarian in the back of the neck. They fight.

INT. RECORD STORE STOCKROOM - NIGHT

A FIST smashes a JAW. Guys CHEER. An arm snakes around a neck and squeezes, blood and sweat dripping. It's the YUPPIE and the SEMINARIAN fighting. Tyler walks around the perimeter of the circle.

JACK (V.O.)

Now nobody was the center of fight club except the two men fighting. The leader walked around in the crowd, out in the darkness.

Tyler hands ENVELOPES out to the crowd.

JACK (V.O.)

Everyone took a homework assignment.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Ricky and another FIGHT CLUBBER paste up a BILLBOARD which reads: "DID YOU KNOW? YOU CAN USE YOUR OLD MOTOR OIL TO FERTILIZE YOUR LAWN! -- ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY."

INT. PAPER STREET HOUSE

HANDS use a MARKER, writing on a FILE: "Disinformation."

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack and Tyler, in work gloves, armed with TOOLS, work together to lift the entire METAL PLATE of EXIT SPIKES from the ground. They reverse it, then replace it.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Tyler walk away, each carrying a 4x4 plank of WOOD.

JACK

There's fight club in Delaware City.

TYLER

I heard. Local 15, Monday nights.

As they pass PARKED CARS, they SWING the planks against front bumpers -- activating ALARMS and INFLATING AIR BAGS...

JACK

Local 8 just started in Penns Grove.
And, Bob said he was at fight club in
Newcastle last week.

TYLER

Newcastle? Did you start that one?

JACK

I thought you did.

In the background, a CAR quickly EXITS the parking lot -- front tires EXPLODING, wheel rims throwing sparks.

INT. FAMILY HOUSEHOLD -- NIGHT

FATHER, MOTHER, YOUNG DAUGHTER and SON, eat dinner, watching TELEVISION. Suddenly, the TV IMAGE turns to SNOW and static.

Family members stop eating. Father picks up the REMOTE, points it -- all channels are SNOW.

Father turns the TV OFF. He and his family members look at each other, utensils in hand, uncomfortable.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The Yuppie SWINGS a BASEBALL BAT -- DESTROYS a digital SATELLITE DISH. The Yuppie and the Seminarian move on, climbing to a neighboring rooftop. They come upon another DISH. The Seminarian takes the bat, takes a SWING...

INT. PAPER STREET HOUSE

HANDS place NEWS CLIPPINGS into a FILE: "Mischief."

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - ON GROUND - DAY

Two AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE, MEN, with bruised faces, rip open a box from a PRINT SHOP. They dig up AIRPLANE SAFETY INSTRUCTION CARDS and begin inserting them into each seatback. We SEE a CARD - it shows passengers SCREAMING and FLAILING ABOUT IN TERROR.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT

Huge office. Rows and rows of desks. FIGHT CLUB MEMBERS work: one guy moving from COMPUTER MONITOR to COMPUTER MONITOR, using a DRILL to drill a hole into the top of each.

Other guys follow behind, with FUNNELS and CANS of GASOLINE, filling each monitor with gasoline.

INT. PAPER STREET HOUSE

Files and newspaper clippings are piled up. HANDS write on a new FILE FOLDER: "Arson."

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

The Yuppie crumbles a loaf of stale bread into a bucket, stirring it with a big spoon, mixing in a BOTTLE of EX-LAX.

Nearby, Rob throws handfuls of wet BREADCRUMBS to PIGEONS... HUNDREDS of PIGEONS -- a rooftop feeding-frenzy.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack cross the parking lot, towards the convenience store. Jack wears a BACKPACK.

TYLER

Let me have that a minute...

Tyler takes the BACKPACK, unzips it, searching the contents.

JACK

What are we doing?

TYLER

Homework assignment.

JACK

What is it?

Tyler takes out a HANDGUN, hands the backpack back.

TYLER

Human Sacrifice.

Jack turns white, staring at the gun.

EXT. BEHIND THE CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The BACK DOOR opens and Tyler brings the store's CLERK out at gunpoint, forces him to his knees. Jack follows, freaked. Tyler points the gun at the Clerk.

JACK (V.O.)

On a long enough time line, the survival rate for everyone drops to zero.

CLERK

Please... don't...

TYLER

Give me your wallet.

The Clerk fumbles his wallet out of his pocket and Tyler snatches it. Tyler pulls out the DRIVER'S LICENCE.

TYLER

Raymond K. Hessel. 1320 SE Benning, apartment A. A small, cramped basement apartment.

RAYMOND

How'd you know?

TYLER

They give basement apartments letters instead of numbers. Raymond, you're going to die.

Tyler rummages through the wallet.

TYLER

Is this a picture of Mom and Dad?

RAYMOND

Yesssss...

TYLER

Your mom and dad will have to call kindly doctor so-and-so to dig up your dental records, because there won't be much left of your face.

RAYMOND

Please, God, no...

Raymond begins to weep, shoulders heaving.

JACK

Tyler...

TYLER

An expired community college student ID card. What did you used to study, Raymond K. Hessel?

RAYMOND

S-S-Stuff.

TYLER

"Stuff." Were the mid-terms hard?

Tyler rams the gun barrel against Raymond's temple.

TYLER

I asked you what you studied.

JACK

Tell him!

RAYMOND

Biology, mostly.

TYLER

Why?

RAYMOND

I... I don't know...

TYLER

What did you want to be, Raymond K. Hessel?

Raymond weeps and says nothing. Tyler COCKS the gun. Raymond GASPS.

TYLER

The question, Raymond, was "what did you want to be?"

A beat.

JACK

Answer him!

RAYMOND

A veterinarian!

TYLER

Animals.

RAYMOND

Yeah ... animals and s-s-s ---

TYLER

Stuff. That means you have to get more schooling.

RAYMOND

Too much school.

Tyler shoves Raymond's wallet back into Raymond's pocket.

TYLER

Would you rather be dead?

RAYMOND

No, please, no, God, no!

Tyler moves the gun right between Raymond's eyes.

RAYMOND

NOOOOO!

Tyler UNCOCKS the gun, lowers it.

TYLER

I'm keeping your license. I know where you live. I'm going to check on you. If you aren't back in school and on your way to being a veterinarian in six weeks, you will be dead. Get the hell out of here.

Raymond staggers to his feet, heads down an alleyway. Jack and Tyler watch Raymond flee, then Tyler looks at Jack.

JACK

I feel sick.

TYLER

Imagine how he feels.

Tyler brings the gun to his own head, pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty.

JACK

I don't care, that was horrible.

Tyler walks away.

TYLER

Tomorrow will be the most beautiful
day of Raymond K. Hessell's life.

Jack watches Tyler go.

TYLER

His breakfast will taste better than
any meal he has ever eaten.

Jack turns to look the direction Raymond ran. He finally
turns back, following after Tyler.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: in the deserted office, gasoline filled
COMPUTER MONITORS begin to EXPLODE...BOOM...BOOM...BOOM... !

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MORNING

Luxury AUTOMOBILES are parked, splattered with BIRD SHIT.

EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

VIEWED OUT 3RD STORY WINDOW: Tyler uses a RAKE, dragging it
across rocks and dirt. He stops a moment, rake on his
shoulder, staring off. Then, back to work...

TYLER

(muttering quietly)
... You are not how much money you
have in the bank. You are not the
shoes you wear.

Tyler's marking a large SQUARE in the weeds and rubble of
the backyard, kicking rocks away, dragging the rake...

TYLER

You are not the contents of your
wallet...

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The DRIVER has a broken nose. The bus is empty, except for
Jack, in the very last seat, sleepy.

JACK (V.O.)

He had a plan. Maybe you just didn't see it till it hit you between the eyes.

(pause)

But, it started to make sense... in a Tyler sort of way. No fear. No distractions. The ability to let that which does not matter truly slide.

EXT. PAPER STREET - NIGHT

Jack gets off the bus. As the bus pulls away, we see it dropped Jack off right in front of the house.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters. Tyler, dressed in FATIGUES and splattered with PAINT, grabs BEERS from the refrigerator.

JACK

Hey.

TYLER

Hey.

Jack notices ROPE and RAPPELLING TOOLS on the table. Tyler comes to hand Jack a bunch of beers, nod to the living room.

TYLER

Go on in. We're celebrating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack, bewildered, enters carrying beers. Tyler does NOT follow. BOB, RICKY and several other fight club guys sit in front at the TV, chanting not too loudly, all also dressed in FATIGUES and splattered with PAINT.

RICKY

You are not your job.

OTHERS TOGETHER

You are not your job.

RICKY

You are not how much money you have in the bank.

BOB

Shhhh, wait... they're back to it...

Bob goes to turn up the TV. One guy, sixteen years old with an angelic face, ANGEL FACE, gets up to take beer from Jack.

ANGEL FACE

(to Jack)

Great, thanks.

Angel face starts distributing beer amongst his cohorts.

BOB

Shhhhh! Watch!

Jack looks to the TV -- it shows a LIVE shot of the "PARKER MORRIS BUILDING." The building has a GIANT, GRINNING FACE PAINTED on it -- two BROKEN WINDOWS for EYES, with flames pouring out... FIRETRUCKS spray water.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Police Commissioner Jacobs has just arrived... just a second... excuse me, Commissioner, could you tell us what you think has happened?

COMMISSIONER JACOBS, a wrinkled official, turns to camera.

COMMISSIONER JACOBS (V.O.)

We believe this is related to the recent acts of vandalism around the city. It's some kind of organized group, and we are coordinating a rigorous investigation.

Jack turns, sees Tyler in the archway, watching him. Tyler tips his beer to toast, pulls back, out of sight.

JACK

What did you guys do?

They all BURST INTO LAUGHTER. They look at Jack and shake their heads. Jack doesn't get it. Suddenly, the guys' faces turn to stone. Bob sits rigid.

BOB

The first rule of Project Mayhem is... you do not ask questions.

Jack stares at them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A luxurious BANQUET. Commissioner Jacobs guzzles champagne. He rises and starts out of the room. Jack, in a WAITER'S UNIFORM, looks apprehensively to OTHER WAITERS: BOB... RICKY... ANGEL FACE -- who all give each other a look.

INT. HALLWAY

Jacobs saunters down an empty hall. He stops to check his tie in a mirror. He pushes open the door of the MEN'S BATHROOM -- face to face with TYLER.

INT. BATHROOM

Tyler GRABS Commissioner Jacobs, pulling him into the bathroom. He slaps a piece of tape over Jacobs' mouth. The OTHER "WAITERS" rush in. Jack stays back to keep the door shut. Tyler and the others hold Jacobs, pulling down his pants. Bob snaps a rubber band -- reaches to Jacob s crotch.

TYLER

Wrap it around the top of his hackie-sack.

BOB

Man, his balls are ice cold.

Ricky produces a KNIFE, moves it down to Jacob's testicles. Jacobs is bug-eyed. Jack, red-faced, keeps his distance.

TYLER

You're not going to continue your "rigorous investigation." You will publicly state that there is no underground group. Or -- imagine, the rest of your life with your scrotum flapping empty.

JACOBS

(mouth taped)
... no... please, no...

TYLER

We'll send one to the New York Times and one to the Los Angeles Times. Press release style. Your nuts will be bicoastal. Understood? The people you're after are everyone you depend on.

(more)

TYLER (cont)

We do your laundry, cook your food

and serve you dinner. We guard you
while you sleep. We drive your
ambulances. Do not fuck with us.

Ricky makes a dramatic cut with the knife, causing Jacobs to
JUMP -- Ricky holds up the severed RUBBER BAND.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Jack, Tyler and the others file quickly out the back SERVICE
ENTRANCE. Tyler gives Angel Face a hearty slap on the back.
Angel Face smiles at Tyler, nods, grinning.

Jack sees this, his eyes narrowing, stops walking.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fight club in full swing. Jack battles Angel Face, BEATING
the shit out of him with unprecedented viciousness.

JACK (V.O.)

I felt like putting a bullet between
the eyes of every Panda that wouldn't
screw to save its species.

The crowd shouts maniacally, save Tyler, who watches with an
inscrutable stone face.

Angel Face tries to speak, but Jack POUNDS too hard. Blood
flies. The crowd begins to grow QUIETER.

JACK (V.O.)

I wanted to open the dump valves on
oil tankers and smother all the
French beaches I'd never see.

Finally, Angel Face lies still, unconscious. Jack stops,
stares down, numb. Jack walks away -- the crowd parts to
let him pass. Jack scans faces... finds Tyler.

TYLER

Where did you go, Psycho-Boy?

JACK

I felt like destroying something
beautiful.

EXT. STREET NEAR LOU'S TAVERN - LATER

RAINING. Tyler and Jack walk through pools of streetlight.
A idling car HONKS. Tyler leads Jack toward it. A bruised-
faced VALET PARKER thrown keys to Tyler, but Jack intercepts.

VALET

There you are, Mr. Durden. Airport parking, long term.

JACK

(motions to car)
After you, Mr. Durden...

TYLER

No... after you.

INT. STOLEN CAR

Tyler gets in the driver's seat. Jack gets into the front passenger seat. Ricky and the mechanic are in back.

EXT. STREET

Tyler pulls the stolen car away from the curb. It has two bumperstickers: "RECYCLE YOUR ANIMALS" and "MAKE MINE VEAL."

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOVING - LATER

RAIN GUSHES down. Jack stews, silent. The car moves down a HIGHWAY, intermittently illuminated by oncoming headlights.

TYLER

Something on your mind?

JACK

No.

Tyler shrugs; turns on the RADIO, ignores Jack.

JACK

Why wasn't I told about "Project Mayhem?"

TYLER

What should I have told you?

JACK

Why wasn't I involved from the beginning? You and I started fight club together.

TYLER

Fight club was the beginning. Now it's out of the basements and there's a name for it -- Project Mayhem.

RICKY AND MECHANIC

(together)

The first rule of Project Mayhem is
you do not ask questions.

JACK

This is as much mine as yours.

TYLER

Is this a needlepoint club? Is it
about you and me?

JACK

You know what I mean.

TYLER

What do you want? A statement of
purpose... ?

JACK

Look...

TYLER

Should I E-mail you? Should I put
this on your "action item list?"

JACK

I want to know --

TYLER

What do you want to know about
Project Mayhem?

RICKY AND MECHANIC

(together)

The first rule of Project Mayhem --

JACK

(to Ricky and Mechanic)

Shut up!!

(to Tyler)

I want to know what's going on.

Tyler steers the car into the opposite lane, accelerates...
Opposing HEADLIGHTS get closer fast...

TYLER

This does not belong to us. We are
not the leaders. We are not special.

JACK

What are you doing?!

TYLER

We are the all-singing, all-dancing
crap of the world. We are all part
of the same compost heap...

JACK

Tyler...

Tyler steers back into the proper lane. The other CAR flies
past, HORN SOUNDING...

JACK

What the hell ... ?!

TYLER

You choose your level of involvement.
I won't make decisions for you.

JACK

I'm not asking you to.

TYLER

You're asking questions that don't
have answers. You know just as much
about Project Mayhem as anybody else.

JACK

I don't think that's true.

Tyler again steers into the oncoming lane, speeding up.
Through the windshield: oncoming headlights -- a TRUCK.

JACK

Tyler... what is this... !

Jack fights to turn the wheel, but Tyler uses both hands.

TYLER

What will you wish you'd done before
you died?

RICKY

Paint a self-portrait.

MECHANIC

Build a house.

TYLER

(to Jack)
And you?

JACK

I don't know! Nothing!

TYLER

If you died right now, how would you feel about your life?

JACK

I would feel nothing about my life?
Is that what you want to hear?!

The oncoming truck HONKS and FLASHES its LIGHTS. It moves to the other side of the road. Tyler steers there, too.

TYLER

I want to hear the truth.

JACK

Fuck my life. Fuck fight club. Fuck you and fuck Marla. I'm sick of this. How's that?

TYLER

Why do you think I blew up your condo?

JACK

What?

TYLER

Hitting bottom isn't a weekend retreat! It's not a seminar! You have to forget everything you know, everything you think you know -- about life, about friendship, about you and me.

Nearing impact with the oncoming truck, Tyler takes his hands off the wheel -- Jack keeps his grip, turns the wheel... the car swerves...

The truck ROARS past, spraying water, HORN BLASTING.

Tyler looks at Jack, his hands in the air. Jack looks at Tyler with dead eyes.

JACK

Okay, okay... fine...

Jack takes his hands off the wheel, holds them in the air. Tyler studies Jack face, impressed. Tyler makes no move to take the wheel.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: a STALLED CAR ahead on the side of the road, surrounded by flares.

Jack and Tyler's eyes stay locked as the car drifts onto the shoulder... heading for the stalled car. Their faces are illuminated by the light of the flares. Tyler smiles.

They SMASH into the stalled car -- AIRBAGS INFLATE! The back of their car whips around and carries it into a ass-over-tea-kettle ROLL down a hill...

JACK (V.O.)

I'd never been in a car accident.
This must've been what all those
statistics felt like before I filed
them into my reports.

The car finally hits the bottom, lying on its roof.

EXT. OVERTURNED CAR

Tyler crawls from the passenger side. He walks around... opens the driver's side door and drags Jack out into the mud. Ricky and the Mechanic climb out the broken rear window. Tyler sits beside the stunned, wounded Jack.

TYLER

We just had a near-life experience.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, traumatized, eyes empty, staring at the ceiling. Tyler sits in a nearby chair.

TYLER

In the world I see -- you're stalking
elk through the damp canyon forests
around the ruins of Rockefeller
Center. You will wear leather
clothes that last you the rest of
your life. You will climb the wrist-
thick kudzu vines that wrap the Sears
Tower. You will see tiny figures
pounding corn and laying-strips of
venison on the empty car pool lane of
the ruins of a superhighway.

Tyler stands, gives Jack's head a pat.

TYLER

(leaving)
Feel better, champ.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits at the table, sips coffee. He's pale, dazed, seems broken. He hears the faint SOUND of SAWING and HAMMERING, unsure of where it's coming from.

Marla walks into the kitchen and goes straight to the counter. Her back is to Jack as he looks at her. She pours coffee and lights a cigarette. A beat of silence, then:

MARLA

I'll be out of your way in a sec.

She seems to be as weak as Jack.

JACK

You... don't have to... leave.

MARLA

Whatever.

JACK

Really... I mean it.

(pause)

Have you been going to your groups?

MARLA

Chloe's dead.

JACK

When?

MARLA

Do you care?

JACK

I don't know.

MARLA

It was the smart move on her part.

Marla turns to face Jack, a grim expression on her face. There's a BRUISE on her ARM. Jack gets up, moves closer.

JACK

Why are we both... caught up like this... with... ?

JACK (V.O.)

I came so close to saying Tyler's name, I could feel it vibrate inside

my mouth.

Marla looks at him, waiting.

JACK

I don't understand. Why does a weak person have to go out and find a strong person... to hang onto?

MARLA

What do you get out of it?

Faint SOUND of SAWING and HAMMERING. Jack can't quite figure where it's coming from.

JACK

You hear that?

MARLA

Hear what?

JACK

That... sawing and hammering.

MARLA

Have we been talking too long? Must we change the subject?

Jack turns -- through the crack of the open basement door, Tyler's staring at Jack from the bottom of the stairs.

TYLER

(harsh whisper)
You're not talking about me, are you?

Jack reacts, turns back to Marla.

JACK

(to Marla and Tyler)
No.

MARLA

That day you came over to my place to play doctor... what was going on there?

TYLER

(still a whisper)
What are you talking about?

JACK

(to Marla and Tyler)

Nothing.

MARLA

Nothing? I don't think so.

TYLER

(whisper)

This conversation...

JACK

This conversation...

TYLER

... is over.

JACK

... is over.

Marla comes to touch Jack's hair. Jack closes the basement door. Marla sees the kiss-scar on Jack's hand, grabs his hand. Jack tries to pull it back, but Marla keeps a grip.

MARLA

What is this? Who did this?

JACK

... A person.

MARLA

Guy or girl?

JACK

Why would you ask if it's a guy or a girl?!

MARLA

Why would you get bent if I asked?

JACK

Let go of me...

(pulls his hand free)

Leave me alone.

MARLA

You're afraid to say.

Marla backs away, closes her eyes, struggling with frustration. She leaves out the back door, not looking back.

Jack leans against the wall. After a moment, he opens the basement door, heads downstairs...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE

Tyler walks upstairs, passing as Jack continues down...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks around. TRIPLE-DECKER BUNKS clutter the basement, as many as can fit into the space.

JACK

(calling upstairs)

Tyler... ? What's this for?

From upstairs, the SOUND of the DOORBELL.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack opens the door. Ricky stands on the porch, staring ahead in subordinate military style. He's in black pants, black shirt, black shoes, holds a PAPER BAG, with an army surplus MATTRESS rolled-up at his feet.

JACK

Um... what can I do for you, Ricky?

Tyler steps up beside Jack, looks Ricky over.

TYLER

You're too young. Sorry.

JACK

Wait a minute...

Tyler comes back inside, shuts the door.

JACK

"Too young?"

TYLER

If the applicant is young, we tell him he's too young. Old, too old. Fat, too fat.

JACK

"Applicant?"

TYLER

If the applicant waits at the door for three days without food, shelter or encouragement, then he can enter and begin training.

JACK

"Training?" Tyler...

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Jack comes out, walks around Ricky, hands in his pockets, unsure. Tyler watches, nods for Jack to go ahead.

JACK

Uh, look. You're too... young to...
train here. You should probably be
on you way.

No response from Ricky, who remains at attention. Jack goes back inside. Tyler closes the door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky remains at attention. Jack bursts out with a BROOM, knocks the brown bag out of Ricky's hand, kicks it away.

JACK

Are you deaf?! I told you to leave!
You will never get inside this house!

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky's still there. Tyler comes out, friendly.

TYLER

Look, friend, I'm sorry for the
misunderstanding. It's not the end
of the world. Just go away. You're
trespassing and I will call the
police. Nothing personal.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky, same spot. Jack bursts outside with the broom again.

JACK

You're never getting through this
door, you stupid little weasel! Look
at me when I talk to you... !

He WHACKS Ricky in the shoulder with the broom.

JACK

What is your major malfunction!?

INT. JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the window, Tyler sips coffee, watches this scene on the PORCH below.

JACK (V.O.)

Sooner or later, we all became what
Tyler wanted us to be.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky's there. Bob is now next to him, in black, with a paper bag in hand, mattress at his feet. Tyler steps out. Jack stays in the doorway, locking eyes on Bob. To all the following questions, Ricky answers "Sir!" --

TYLER

You have two black shirts? Two pair
black trousers? One pair black
boots? Two pair black socks? One
black coat? Three hundred dollars
personal burial money? Go inside.

Ricky goes in. Tyler turns to Bob.

TYLER

You're too old. Sorry. And, you're
too fat. Nice seeing you.

Bob looks genuinely hurt. He picks up his mattress and starts away. Tyler looks at Jack and rolls his eyes. Jack follows Bob...

JACK

Bob... Bob, wait...
(leading Bob back)
Let me explain this to you...

EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRP. Bob stands at at rigid attention.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack stand in bathroom doorway, watching Ricky finish SHAVING off all of his HAIR. Tyler comes to give the top of Ricky's head a sharp SLAP.

TYLER

A monkey, ready to be shot into
space. A Space Monkey, ready to
sacrifice himself for Project Mayhem.

From here on, all those with shaved heads: "SPACE MONKEYS."

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Jack looks out the window. Bob stands motionless. There's another "applicant," a SHORT GUY, beside Bob. Ricky comes out the front door with the BROOM...

RICKY

(to Bob)

You're too fucking old, fatty! We don't want your kind here!

(to short guy)

You're too short. Go away, stumpy!
Go back to the circus!

Ricky HITS them with the broom, then goes in, SLAMS THE DOOR.

JACK (V.O.)

So it went...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Tyler works with a HALF DOZEN SPACE MONKEYS, preparing the square of backyard. They pull weeds, clear rocks; working with shovels, rakes, etc. They cart away WHEELBARROWS of rocks and carry in SACKS of FERTILIZER.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler built his army.

IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW, Jack watches...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack keeps watching out the window, eats toast.

JACK (V.O.)

To what purpose, might one ask?
Well, one might ask, if not for the
first rule of Project Mayhem.

Jack turns to look around the kitchen. THREE SPACE MONKEYS work -- one SCRUBBING the FLOOR, one WASHING DISHES, one SCRUBBING the walls. Jack walks out.

JACK (V.O.)

In Tyler We Trust.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Jack opens his eyes, awakening to sunlight thru the window.

JACK (V.O.)

And, then...

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Jack slowly pushes open the door to Tyler's room...

JACK

Tyler...

The room is empty. Jack stares.

JACK (V.O.)

He was gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack comes downstairs... finds DOZENS of SPACE MONKEYS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack enters. Space Monkeys render fat and make soap. They pinch HERBS, adding them to the mix. They add VODKA. Off to the side, a couple Monkeys stir a vat of RICE. On the wall is a big bulletin board with HUNDREDS of DRIVER's LICENSES; a sign above it: "HUMAN SACRIFICES."

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY

"You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake. You are the same decaying organic matter as everything else. We are all part of the same compost heap."

JACK (V.O.)

Planet Tyler.

Jack dips a spoon into the rice, chomps on it irritatingly.

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY

"We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world."

Jack picks up a BOTTLE of VODKA.

JACK (V.O.)

I had to hug the walls, trapped inside this clockwork of Space Monkeys, cooking and working and sleeping in teams.

INT. READING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters, vodka in hand. TEN SPACE MONKEYS here, reading.

JACK (V.O.)

The house became a living thing, wet
inside from so many people sweating
and breathing. So many people
moving, the house moved.

Jack walks out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jack enters. Angel Face reads a book, marks on a chart.
Space Monkeys shuffle PAPERS and NEWS CLIPPINGS. Walls are
lined with FILES, each labeled with a STREET ADDRESS, under
SIGNS: "Mischief," "Disinformation," "Arson."

Jack's eye lingers on "Arson." He starts flipping through
a file. Angel Face comes to take the file from him.

ANGEL FACE

That wouldn't interest you.

JACK

Where's Tyler?

ANGEL FACE

The first rule of Project --

JACK

Right, right.

As Angel Face replaces the file, Jack notices -- a LYE-
BURNED KISS-SCAR on the back of Angel Face's hand.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Jack takes a swig of vodka, smokes. In the BACKGROUND, a
Space Monkey WHACKS an APPLICANT with a BROOM. It's a
ritual; no words. Other Space Monkeys tend the garden.

JACK (V.O.)

I'm all alone. I Am Jack's Broken
Heart.

Jack drops his cigarette in the gravel, steps on it. A
Space Monkey immediately comes to clean it up.

JACK

Get away from me!

MARLA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who are all these people?

Jack turns, sees Marla with an overnight bag.

JACK

The Paper Street Soap Company.

MARLA

Can I come in?

JACK

He's not here.

MARLA

What?

JACK

He's not here! Tyler's not here anymore! He's gone away!

Marla stares at Jack, miserable. A tear runs down her cheek. She turns and walks away. Jack watches her go. There's a LOUD COMMOTION from the house, VOICES SHOUTING. Jack heads to the back door...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters. Ricky crawls, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the LEG. Space Monkeys begin a rudimentary job of treating the wound. Other Space Monkeys carry in a DEAD BODY in BLACK CLOTHES and SKI MASK, putting it on the table.

JACK

What's going on?

Space Monkeys stare at the body. The Mechanic, sweating, gets to his knees and pulls the ski mask off the corpse -- it's BOB, with a gunshot wound to the HEAD.

JACK

Bob... oh, Christ...

Jack pushes past a Space Monkey, stares down, stricken...

JACK

What... what happened... ?

MECHANIC

(out of breath)
We were on assignment...

EXT. SCULPTURE PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A SCULPTURE adorned with a giant GLOBE on top.

MECHANIC (V.O.)

We were supposed to kill two birds
with one stone:

A SERIES of EXPLOSIONS blasts the GLOBE free. It ROLLS...

MECHANIC (V.O.)

A piece of corporate art...

The GLOBE ROLLS downhill, to the street -- rolling over one
parked LUXURY CAR after another, crunching car roofs and
causing windows to explode...

MECHANIC (V.O.)

... and trash a trendy coffee bar.

Then, the GLOBE arrives at the lobby of a HOTEL...
BROADSIDES a limo, RICOCHETS... ROLLS directly into the
front of a closed ARROSTO coffee bar, SMASHING windows...
DECIMATING coffee push-pats...

EXT. PARK - AERIAL VIEW - (FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS)

Bob, the Mechanic and Ricky FLEE, LAUGHING at their
handiwork. They split up, running O.S.

MECHANIC (V.O.)

We had it all worked out, man. It
went smooth... until...

HARSH VOICE

Police! Freeze!

O.S. SOUNDS of GUNSHOTS and FLASHES of MUZZLE FIRE.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - (RESUMING)

The Mechanic looks up from Bob's corpse.

MECHANIC

They shot Bob... they shot him in the
head. Those fuckers...

Jack walks away from Bob's corpse, distraught, holds his
head, turns to look back, his eyes filling with tears.

ANOTHER SPACE MONKEY

We gotta do something.

RICKY

We got to get rid of the evidence.
We have to get rid of this body.

ANGEL FACE

Bury him...

Jack looks around in disbelief.

JACK

What... ?

ANGEL FACE

The garden. Take him there. Move,
people. Let's do this!

Several Space Monkeys gather around Bob's body.

JACK

No... !

Space Monkeys stop. Jack gets between them and Bob, SHOVES
a few Space Monkeys back...

JACK

Get your hands off him! Get off...!
What the hell do you think you're
doing... ? Evidence?! This is a
man... ! You killed him!

ANGEL FACE

He was killed in action.

JACK

No! Look at you! You're... you're
running around in ski masks,
exploding things...

ANGEL FACE

He was killed serving Project Mayhem.

RICKY

It's what he would have wanted, sir.

JACK

What he wanted? Look... look at him.
Look at him! What does he want?
(wipes tears,
points at Bob)
This is a person. This is not a cog
in your machine...

RICKY

But, this is Project Mayhem.

JACK

No, no. This is a man -- this man has a name...

RICKY

But, in Project Mayhem, we have no names.

JACK

No! Wrong! This man's name is Robert Paulson.

RICKY

Robert Paulson?

JACK

Robert Paulson is dead. He's dead, because of you...

MECHANIC

I understand.

Everyone just stares at Jack.

MECHANIC

In death, a member of Project Mayhem has a name.

JACK

No -- !

MECHANIC

His name is Robert Paulson.

RICKY

His name is Robert Paulson!

JACK

No!

ALL SPACE MONKEYS

His name is Robert Paulson!

JACK

Stop that -- !

ALL SPACE MONKEYS

(louder)

His name is Robert Paulson! His name
is Robert Paulson...

Jack backs away, surrounded, PUSHES his way out of the room.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack barges in, goes to the desk, rifling through drawers.
He finds FLIGHT COUPONS, used and unused. The used coupons.
have the flight information, including the destination
cities. The PHONE RINGS. Jack answers it...

JACK

Tyler?

DETECTIVE STERN'S VOICE

(from phone)

This is Detective Stern of the arson
unit. I'd like to see you in my
office tomorrow morning...

Jack, in a panic, HANGS UP.

INSERT - AN AIRPLANE TAKES OFF...

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack sits stiffly in a seat.

JACK (V.O.)

I went to the cities on Tyler's used
tickets stubs.

INSERT - A SIGN: "LA GUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT"

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack hurries from the terminal, runs to a TAXI ...

JACK (V.O.)

In every city, I branched out from
the airport to downtown, bar-
hopping...

INT. TAXI - IN MOTION, MID-CITY - NIGHT

Jack's looks out the window, intently watching buildings.

JACK (V.O.)

I didn't know how or why, but I could
look at fifty different bars, and
somehow I just knew...

JACK
(to driver, points)
Here. Let me out, right here...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack enters. He sees several MALE PATRONS with FIGHT BRUISES. Jack moves to the bar. The BARTENDER has a broken arm and swollen face.

JACK
I'm looking for Tyler Durden.

BARTENDER
Never heard of him.

JACK
This is an emergency. It's important
I find him.

BARTENDER
I wish I could help you... sir.

The bartender WINKS at Jack.

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - ATLANTA SKYLINE - NIGHT

JACK (V.O.)
Every city I went to...

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY

JACK (V.O.)
...as soon as I set foot off the
plane...

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - DALLAS SKYLINE - NIGHT

JACK (V.)
...I knew fight club was close.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Jack RUNS through the airport, lugging his suitcase.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler was setting up franchises, all
over the country.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

The PROPRIETOR, his head bandaged, is confronted by Jack.

JACK

I need to know where Tyler is. Can't you help me?

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR

Sir, you're disturbing the other patrons with your laudish behavior.

JACK

(pointing)

There's no one else here.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR

I'm sorry, I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

JACK

Look at my face. I'm a member. I just need to know if you've seen Tyler Durden.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR

I'm not disclosed to bespeak any such information to you, nor would I, even if I had said information you want, at this juncture be able.

Jack looks around, incredibly frustrated.

JACK

You are a moron.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR

I'm afraid I have to insist you leave.

Jack gives up, shoves his way out the door.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Jack sits on the bus, looking out the window. The bus stops.

JACK (V.O.)

Under and behind and inside everything I took for granted, something horrible had been growing.

OUT THE WINDOW, a CONSTRUCTION WORKER with a BROKEN NOSE works a jackhammer. He stops, wipes his brow.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

TVs show football. Jack is seated with TWO BRUISED PATRONS.

BRUISED PATRON #1

No one's ever seen him. No one knows what he looks like.

BRUISED PATRON #2

He has facial reconstructive surgery every three years.

JACK

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

BRUISED PATRON #1

Is it true about fight club in Miami?

BRUISED PATRON 12

Is Mr. Durden building an army?

JACK (V.O.)

Am I asleep... ?

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jack sits awake. Everyone around him is asleep.

JACK (V.O.)

Have I slept? I'm not sure if Tyler is my bad dream or if I'm Tyler's.

EXT. MID-TOWN STREETS - DAY

Jack steps off the sidewalk, hailing a TAXI...

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DAY

The alleyway's deserted. Jack hefts to rusty CELLAR DOORS. He opens the doors, looks around, heads down stairs...

JACK (V.O.)

I was living in a state of perpetual deja vu.

INT. DANK BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters this dark basement, walks ahead in the dim light. The place is damp and empty. Jack stops, looks down.

JACK (V.O.)

Everywhere I went, I felt I had

already been there.

At his feet -- DRIED BLOOD on the concrete floor.

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - PHOENIX SKYLINE - DAY

INT. ANOTHER BAR - DAY

Jack walks in. The place is empty. He walks to a KITCHEN DOOR, opens it and peers in at... a GROUP of KITCHEN WORKERS solemnly stand in a circle, chanting...

KITCHEN WORKERS

His name is Robert Paulson. His name
is Robert Paulson...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from behind Jack)

Welcome back, sir.

Jack whirls, startled -- facing the wounded BARTENDER, who wears a NECK BRACE, his nose a smashed eggplant.

WOUNDED BARTENDER

How have you been?

JACK

... You know me?

WOUNDED BARTENDER

Is this a test, sir?

JACK

Yes... it's a test.

WOUNDED BARTENDER

You were in here last Thursday night.

JACK

What?

WOUNDED BARTENDER

You were standing right where you are
now, asking how good our security is.
It's tight as a drum.

JACK

Who do you think I am?

WOUNDED BARTENDER

Is this part of the test?

Jack nods slowly. The Bartender holds up his hand, shows the KISS SCAR on the back of his hand...

WOUNDED BARTENDER

You're the one who did this to me.
You're Mr. Durden, sir. Tyler Durden.

JACK (V.O.)

Please return your seatbacks to their
full upright and locked position.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack bursts inside, out of breath, runs to grab the phone,
punches a number, doesn't bother to turn on the lamp.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

Marla answers.

MARLA

Yeah?

JACK

Marla, it's me. Have we... have we
ever had sex?

MARLA

What kind of stupid question is
that?!

JACK

Because the answer's "yes" or because
the answer's "no?"

MARLA

Is this a trick?

JACK

Will you just answer me, for
Christ's sake?!

MARLA

You mean, you want to know if I think
we were just having sex or making
love?

JACK

We did make love?

MARLA

Is that what you're calling it?

JACK

Answer the question!

MARLA

You fuck me, then snub me. You love me, you hate me. You show me your sensitive side, then you turn into a total asshole! Is that a pretty accurate description of our relationship, Tyler?

JACK (V.O.)

We've just lost cabin pressure.

JACK

What did you say... ?

MARLA

What is wrong with you?

JACK

Say my name.

MARLA

What... ?

JACK

Say my name! What's my name!?

MARLA

Tyler Durden! Tyler Durden, you fucking freak. What's going on? I'm coming over there...

JACK

Marla, no, wait...

As Marla HANGS UP. Jack stares at the receiver, dazed...

TYLER'S VOICE

We've got six fight clubs in Chicago now...

Jack spins, dropping the phone -- TYLER sits beside him.

TYLER

Four in Milwaukee.

JACK

What's this all about, Tyler?

TYLER

And, we're definitely filling a void
in the rural South.

JACK

Why do people think I'm you?

TYLER

You broke your promise. You talked
to her about me.

JACK

Why do people think I'm Tyler Durden?

TYLER

Why did you do that?

JACK

Answer me, Tyler.

TYLER

Why do people think anything?

JACK

I don't know! Tell me!

Tyler shakes his head in disgust, extremely irritated.

TYLER

People think that you're me, because
you and I happen to share the same
body.

JACK

What... ?

TYLER

Is this really news to you?

JACK

What are you talking about... ?

TYLER

Sometimes I control it, and you
imagine yourself watching me...

FLASHBACK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Commissioner Jacobs checks his tie in a mirror, goes to open
the door of the MEN'S BATHROOM -- face to face with JACK.

FLASHBACK - LOU'S BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK stands surrounded by eager fight club MEMBERS, under the bare bulb, talking and behaving like Tyler...

JACK

The first rule of fight club is --
you don't talk about fight club.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER

And, sometimes you control it...

FLASHBACK - EXT. PAPER STREET HOUSE - DAY

Jack stands in the yard, VODKA in hand, yells at Marla.

JACK

He's not here! Tyler's not here
anymore! He's gone away!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER

You can see me and hear me, but no
one else can...

FLASHBACK - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

JACK sits alone on the curb, watching the nearby freeway.
He talks to someone beside him, but nobody's there.

JACK

Anyone?
(thinks)
My boss, probably.
(pause)
Who would you fight?

Jack listens, looks at the empty space beside him.

JACK

Oh, yeah.
(nodding)
I didn't really know my Dad...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER

But, when you fall asleep, I do

things without you...

FLASHBACK - TYLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JACK is on top of Marla, sweating, making violent love...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

TYLER

I go places without you. Get things done...

FLASHBACK - BUILDING - NIGHT

The Parker Morris Building.

JACK, Bob, Ricky, Angel Face and another GUY rappel down the side, SPRAYING PAINT. JACK is "TYLER" in demeanor, mannerisms, speech...

JACK

(shouting)

You are not your job. You are not how much money you have in the bank.

TWO WINDOWS SHATTER OUTWARD -- TWO MEN look out and yell:

BRUISED MAN #1

I am not my job!

BRUISED MAN #2

I am not how much money I have in the bank!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack's having trouble catching his breath. Tyler stands.

TYLER

There! Happy? I asked for one thing from you... one simple promise. Now look what you've done!

JACK

This isn't possible...

TYLER

We're going to have to do something about Marla...

JACK

What... what are you saying?

TYLER

It's okay. We okay... a little codependent, sure, but...

Jack shakes his head in disbelief, in denial...

JACK

No! This isn't true. We... we were around other people, together, both of us...

TYLER

You never talked to me in front of anyone else.

JACK

Wrong, wrong -- what about the car crash... the two guys in the backseat?

TYLER

What about them? They're lunatics.

JACK

You took me to the house.

TYLER

The house is rented in your name.

JACK

You have jobs.

TYLER

Night jobs -- while you were sleeping.

JACK

What about Marla?

TYLER

What about Marla?

JACK

She's... you... you're fucking her.

TYLER

Um, well... technically, no.

Jack stands, trying to absorb, feeling ill, trying to find words, then -- he suddenly FAINTS to the floor, OUT COLD.

JACK (V.O.)

It's called a "changeover." The

movie goes on, and nobody in the audience has any idea.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Jack's eyes snap open. He sits up, alone. He remembers the previous night... looks at himself in the mirror... looks at the clock -- 4:35am.

INT. HALLWAY

The room door SLAMS OPEN as Jack bursts out of the room, carrying his suitcase, SPRINTING for the STAIRWELL...

INT. STAIRWELL

Jack races down, three steps at a time, dragging his suitcase - BOOM, BOOM, BOOM - behind him...

INT. LOBBY

Jack hurries to the front door, his suitcase half-broken open, passing the front desk. A DESK CLERK calls after him.

DESK CLERK

Sir... sir? Are you checking out?

JACK

Yes.

The clerk follows the length of the counter, waves a PAPER.

DESK CLERK

Please initial this list of phone calls.

JACK

Bill me!

Jack goes out the door, freezes. He rushes back in, going to the desk -- snatches the bill, studies it: many NUMBERS.

JACK

Wait...when were these made?

DESK CLERK

It says right there, sir... between two and three-thirty this morning.

Jack looks at the clerk, at the bill, at the clerk.

JACK

I need a copy of this.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Jack stares out the window, his face set hard.

JACK (V.O.)

Had I been going to bed earlier every night? Have I been sleeping later? Has Tyler been in charge longer and longer?

EXT. PAPER STREET - DAY

A TAXI halts. Jack leaps out, points to the GRUNGY CABBIE.

JACK

Wait here.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks in to find the place EMPTY and DESERTED. He continues on into the KITCHEN, gawks at BATHTUBS and CANISTERS holding vast amounts of liquid. There are HOSES, GAS MASKS, BEAKERS, TEST TUBES and PUMPS.

He picks up a BOTTLE labeled "NITRIC ACID."

INT. TYLER'S ROOM

Jack sits by the PHONE, pulls out the HOTEL BILL, runs his finger up and down the list of PHONE NUMBERS...

JACK (V.O.)

Deja vu, all over again...

Jack finger stops on a NUMBER. He dials, phone to his ear.

VOICE

(from phone)

Eighteen-eighty-eight.

Jack sees a file on the wall: "1888 CENTURY PARK EAST."

JACK

Who is this?

VOICE

Maintenance.

JACK

Listen, something is going to happen,

something terrible...

VOICE

Very good, Sir.

JACK

Excuse me?

VOICE

Don't worry about us, sir. We're solid.

JACK

Now wait, there's been a mix-up. Everything's changed...

VOICE

You told me you'd say that.

JACK

About the plan.

VOICE

You told me you'd say that, too.

JACK

Did I tell you I'd call you a fascist dickhead?!

VOICE

Well, sir, you said you might.

Jack HANGS UP, desperately dials the next number on the bill.

DIFFERENT VOICE

(front phone)

Twenty-one-sixty. Maintenance.

Jack sees a file: "2160 PICO BOULEVARD." He throws the phone, pocketing the bill. He grabs up all the FILES.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack's TAXI halts. Marla walks out of the lobby doors, sees Jack getting out of the cab, laden with files...

JACK

Marla!

Marla makes a sharp turn, walking away. Jack follows, hugging the files to his chest, catching up.

JACK

Marla...

MARLA

Your whacked-out, bald freaks hit me with a fucking broom. I thought they were going to break my arm.

JACK

I'm sorry, I...

MARLA

The were burning their fingertips with lye. The stink was unbelievable.

JACK

Marla... I need to talk to you. It's going to take a tremendous act of faith on your part for you to hear me out.

MARLA

Here comes an avalanche of bullshit.

Marla heads into a DINER. Jack follows...

JACK

-- A little more faith than that.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Marla sits in a BOOTH. Jack sits across from her.

MARLA

I don't want to hear anything you've got to say.

JACK

Give me a minute, Marla, alright... just sixty seconds.

MARLA

Sixty seconds, then I'm out of here.

JACK

Absolutely, you have every right. I need you to do me a favor.

MARLA

I've done you enough favors.

A WAITER with a BLACK EYE appears at the table.

WAITER

Sir! Anything you order is free of charge, sir.

MARLA

Why is it free of charge?

JACK

Because... I'm Tyler Durden.

MARLA

Then, I'll have the clam chowder... fried chicken and a baked potato with everything and a chocolate chiffon pie.

Jack look to the pass-through WINDOW into the kitchen where THREE COOKS look out with STITCHES in their faces.

JACK

Clean food, please.

WAITER

In that case, sir, may I advise against the lady eating the clam chowder?

JACK

Thanks, no clam chowder. That's it.

The waiter snaps to attention and leaves.

MARLA

You got about thirty seconds.

JACK

(takes a deep breath)
I know that I've been... unwell. I know it's been like there's two sides to me.

MARLA

Two sides? You're Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Jackass.

JACK

I deserve that. Anyway, I've... I've only just realized

MARLA

What?

JACK

I mean, the depth and breadth of our relationship has only recently been illuminated for me. I know this... I know us hasn't been such a great thing for you...

MARLA

Whatever.
(to waiter)
I'll take my food to go...

Marla's getting up to go, but Jack rises, fed up, takes her by the arm, putting her back in her seat.

JACK

Sit down! Sit down and give me my last fifteen seconds without opening your mouth!

Marla crosses her arms. Jack collects himself.

JACK

I'm trying to tell you -- and this is where you have to trust me -- but, I think your life might be in real danger.

MARLA

What?

JACK

You have to get out of here. Leave as soon as possible. Go to any rural town, away from any major city...

MARLA

You are an insane person.

JACK

Marla...

MARLA

No, no, shut up! I've had enough. I tried, Tyler... I have tried...

Marla's getting upset, tears coming to her eyes.

MARLA

There's a part of you I really like, but I can't do this anymore. I just

can't. This is killing me...

JACK

I'm sorry, but I...

MARLA

What?! You're sorry? I don't believe that for a minute.

Marla gets up. Jack grabs for her, but she's gone, heading for the door. Jack gathers his files, runs to follow...

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack pushes out the door, files under one arm, catching up...

JACK

I can't explain. You wouldn't believe me anyway. I'm trying to protect you...

Jack grabs her arm, tries to hail a TAXI, but the taxi races past. Marla pulls free, screaming at him...,

MARLA

Let go of me!

JACK

Do this for me, Marla. Do this for me, if you never do anything else...

Jack spots a BUS idling further up the street.

MARLA

Leave me alone! I don't ever want to see you again!

JACK

Okay, if that's what it takes, you'll never have to see me again.

(digs in his pocket)

Here... here...

He pulls MONEY from his pocket, holding it out.

JACK

Take this money, get on this bus...
(pointing to bus)

Get on, and I promise you, I'll never bother you again, if that's what you want. Please...

Marla looks at Jack, numb.

MARLA

Tyler...

JACK

I'm begging you. Get on the bus.
Get on the bus.

Marla takes the money from Tyler, walks towards the bus. As they approach it, Jack shields his eyes, afraid to look...

MARLA

Why are you doing this?

JACK

I can't let myself see where you're going. Go wherever it takes you, remember... keep away from major cities...

Marla stands at the doors of the bus, heartbroken, gives one last look at Jack.

MARLA

(holds up the money)
I'm not paying this back. I consider it "asshole tax."

JACK

Yes, fine. Just, get on. Stay away a couple of weeks, at least.

Jack's still covering his eyes. Marla gets on the bus.

MARLA

Tyler...

Jack finally looks to her.

MARLA

You are the worst thing that ever happened to me.

DOORS HISS SHUT. The BUS LEAVES, heading away. Jack seems relieved. Then, a SCREAM is HEARD from MARLA...

Jack turns, looks... THROUGH THE BUS WINDOWS: the bus is filled with BALD MEN IN BLACK: Space Monkeys.

Jack SPRINTS after the bus...

The bus speeds away. Onboard, Space Monkeys subdue Marla.

Jack falls to the asphalt, rolls, files-flying.

JACK

Son of a bitch!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jack RUNS to the front desk, crazed, dumps the armload of files on the desk in front of the DESK SERGEANT...

JACK

(loudly)

I want you to arrest me. I'm the leader of a terrorist organization responsible for acts of vandalism all over the city. Detective Stern in arson knows who I am...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Detective Stern and THREE DETECTIVES stand, staring at Jack, who's seated. On the table are the phone bill and files.

JACK

There are probably several hundred members in the metropolitan area. Chapters are sprouting in at least five other major cities. They're tightly-regimented, with many cells capable of operating without a central leader. Check this address: 1537 Paper Street. You'll find the body of Robert Paulson buried in the garden. You'll also find numerous tubs used to make gallons of nitroglycerin. The plan, I believe, is to blow up these credit card headquarters and the TRW building.

STERN

Why these buildings?

JACK

You are not your job. You are not how much money you have in the bank.

STERN

(to other detectives)

Keep him talking.

Stern leaves. A beat, then, the remaining Detectives smile at Jack with REVERENCE.

FLAT-TOP DETECTIVE

I really admire what you're doing.
You're a brave man to order this.

JACK

What?

REDHEAD DETECTIVE

You're a genius, sir.

They grab Jack and force him on his back on the table. Flat-Top has a rubber band; the Bald Detective has a knife.

BALD DETECTIVE

You know the drill. You said if anyone ever tries to interfere with Project Mayhem, even you, we got to get his balls.

Flat-Top PULLS Jack's pants completely off, tosses them aside. Jack SCREAMS. Flat-Top holds his legs.

FLAT-TOP

It's useless to fight.

REDHEAD

This is really a powerful gesture, Mr. Durden. It'll set quite an example.

JACK

No... you're making a mistake!

FLAT-TOP

You told us you'd say that.

JACK

I'm not Tyler Durden!

BALDY

You told us you'd say that, too.

JACK

Okay, I am Tyler Durden and I'm ordering you to abort the mission!

FLAT-TOP

You said you would definitely say that.

BALDY

What's our best time for a "cut and run?"

FLAT-TOP

Four minutes.

BALDY

Is somebody timing this?

REDHEAD

(looks at his watch)

Wait till the second hand gets to the twelve.

A KNOCK at the door. Flat-Top slaps a hand over Jack's mouth. He and Redhead block view of the table as Baldy opens the door a crack. Stern mutters:

STERN

Some of this info checks out. Let's go to the place on Paper Street.

Baldy glances back at the other Detectives, leaves, closing the door. The two remaining Detectives continue. Jack kicks and screams and writhes. The Detectives wrangle him, but with more difficulty, now that Baldy's gone.

REDHEAD

(checking his watch)

Mr. Durden, you're going to fuck up the time!

Jack gets one leg free, KICKS, knocks Flat-top backwards -- Flat-Top SLAMS the wall, falls. Redhead lets go of one of Jack's arms, jams his elbow into Jack's throat... cutting off the airway. Jack's face reddens... he's choking...

Jack's free hand reaches, searching.. pulls Redhead's GUN and points it at him. Redhead backs off. Jack gets up, gasping for air, PISTOL-WHIPS Flat-top as he rises.

Jack grabs one of the files off the table.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jack, without pants, in BOXER SHORTS, escapes out the BACK DOOR. He looks at the ADDRESS on the file folder.

EXT. STREET

Jack SPRINTS down the middle of the street, gun in hand, looking like a complete madman. Cars almost hit him.

EXT. BANK BUILDING - LATER

Jack, sweating and panting, stops, looks... then heads toward the BUILDING with the address "1888."

EXT. 1888 LOBBY

Jack tries the door. Locked. He lifts a cast iron bench, runs forward -- RAMS it into the glass. The bench immediately recoils from the glass, SLAMS Jack's groin! Jack falls to his knees, doubled over, holding his package. Then, he rises, SHOOTS the glass...

INT. 1888 LOBBY

Jack pushes through the broken glass. He sprints for the "PARKING" door...

INT. GROUND LEVEL - PARKING

Jack enters, looks -- NO CARS. He bolts to the STAIRS...

INT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING AREA - SEVENTH FLOOR

Jack enters, heaving. Again, NO CARS. He moves from one SUPPORT POST to another, searching. He finally spies, across the garage, NINE LARGE CANISTERS, heavily-WIRED.

Jack runs to the BOMB, frantic. He walks around it. There's a DIGITAL CLOCK, ticking down from "10:05"...

Jack moves to pull the lid off one CANISTER, looks inside..

TYLER

Could be worse...

Jack looks -- Tyler's seated, his back against one post.

TYLER

You could be standing under 37 stories of steel and concrete with a 150 gallons of nitroglycerin strapped to the support... oh, maybe it couldn't be...

JACK

(points at bomb)

You... you can't be serious about this.

TYLER

What a ridiculous thing to say.

JACK

I can't let you...

TYLER

...go through with this?
What are you going to do?

JACK

I'm going to...

TYLER

...stop me?

JACK

I'm not going...

TYLER

...to let this happen!

JACK

Stop finishing...

TYLER

...your sentences! They're
our sentences. Get your mind around
that.

Tyler gets up walks to Jack.

TYLER

What are you doing running through
the streets in your underpants? We
both use that body.

JACK

Since when is Project Mayhem about
murder?

TYLER

The buildings were evacuated thirty
minutes ago. Everything's proceeding
exactly as planned.

JACK

You don't know that. There could
still be people inside.

Tyler keeps walking around, crosses his arms.

TYLER

Maybe. Maybe a couple of guys with shaved heads couldn't synchronize their watches. Good riddance.

Jack looks back to the BOMB, goes to it, wipes sweat off his face. He starts finger the MANY WIRES, sorting them.

TYLER

I wouldn't be doing that. Unless you know which wires, in what order...

JACK

If you know, I know.

Jack holds his gun under one armpit, uses both hands to go through the tangle of colored wires.

TYLER

Or... maybe I knew you'd know, so I spent the whole day thinking about the wrong ones.

Jack chooses one wire, GREEN, holds it in his fingers.

JACK

If I'm wrong, we're both dead..

TYLER

This is not about martyrdom.

Jack twists the GREEN WIRE around his finger.

JACK

I'm pulling the green wire.

TYLER

Green? Did you say green?

Tyler comes a little closer, leaning to try to get a look, seems genuinely concerned.

JACK

Yes...

TYLER

Don't pull the green wire. Pull anything but the green wire.

JACK

Fuck you.

TYLER

I'm serious. That's the wrong one.

Jack's unsure, swallowing, pulling the wire taunt, fingers trembling. The SOUND of a VEHICLE is HEARD from below...

TYLER

Hear that? Marla's here. Just in the nick of time, eh?

Jack looks to Tyler. Tyler points towards the SOUND...

TYLER

See for yourself.

Jack releases the wire, walks to a RAILING, gun in hand, keeps an eye on Tyler. Jack looks over the railing...

BELOW, a BUS idles. The doors open and MARLA'S dragged out, kicking and screaming, carried by SIX SPACE MONKEYS...

MARLA

You motherfuckers...

They carry Marla into the BUILDING'S ENTRANCE.

Jack leans against the railing, exhausted.

TYLER

I've got everything. The bombs. The army. I've got Marla.

JACK

Bob is dead, Tyler. The police blew a hole in his head. Was that part of your plan?

Tyler thinks, shrugs.

TYLER

Bob was a grown man. In any great struggle, there will be casualties. Wouldn't that be implicit in the name? Project "Mayhem."

JACK

Fuck your struggle. I want out.

TYLER

You want out?

JACK

I quit.

TYLER

Not an option, for the most obvious of reasons. You need to get with the program.

(looks at his watch)

Seven minutes. Let's get out of here.

Tyler's walks away. Jack looks at the gun in his hand. He points the gun at Tyler...

JACK

Tyler...

TYLER

(still walking away)

What?

JACK

(COCKS the gun)

Defuse the bomb.

Tyler stops walking.

TYLER

Ask me nicely.

JACK

Defuse the bomb, please.

TYLER

Defuse the bomb?

JACK

Yes.

Tyler strides towards the BOMB. Jack trains the gun...

JACK

Please.

Tyler looks at the BOMB, reaches over to it. He grips the GREEN WIRE, yanks it out -- the CLOCK STOPS.

Jack lowers his gun.

TYLER

I did that for you. As a gesture. Now, how fast can you run? There are ten other bombs, in ten other

buildings in the immediate area. If you're going to get them all, you better get cracking.

(looks at watch)

Six minutes. Green wires, remember. I'll be upstairs.

Jack's stunned. Tyler walks across the parking garage, past Jack, heading for the STAIRS.

Jack aims the gun at Tyler's back, FIRES!

Tyler ducks to one side, impossibly quick, avoiding...

Tyler spins to face Jack.

TYLER

Whoa! What was that all about?

Jack aims... FIRES!

Tyler DODGES behind a post as the BULLET THROWS CONCRETE.

Jack edges forward, gun held in both hands, moves around the post... Tyler is NOT THERE. Jack turns, takes slow steps, moving the gun from side to side...

Suddenly, a FIST ENTERS FRAME -- SLUGS Jack's face.

Jack falls. The gun goes CLATTERING across the floor...

Jack turns, looking... Tyler's GONE. Jack looks to the gun, scrambles to his feet, running to pick up the gun...

Tyler KICKS Jack in the chest, sends Jack sprawling.

Jack rolls, holding his chest. He looks up, sees Tyler run into the STAIRWELL. Jack grabs the gun and follows...

INT. STAIRWELL

Jack smashes the door open. The stairwell's empty. Jack RUNS up a flight of stairs, kicks open ANOTHER DOOR...

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Jack steps forward, gun up... TWO INTERLOCKED HANDS SLAM down onto his head. Jack drops to the floor.

Tyler backs away, laughing. Jack gets to his feet, aims his gun...

TYLER

Fire at will.

Jack clenches his teeth, FIRING -- nothing happens to Tyler. Jack FIRES TWICE -- no effect. Tyler raises his arms.

TYLER

What did you expect?

Jack charges. Tyler dodges, PUNCHES, knocks the gun out of Jack's hand. They FIGHT, trading PUNCHES, grappling, taking each other to the floor...

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banks of SECURITY MONITORS sit unmanned.

ON ONE MONITOR: Jack is seen in the lobby, on the floor, alone, wrestling himself. He swings his left hand up, punching empty air, then swings his right hand -- PUNCHING himself in the side of the head...

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Tyler and Jack fight viciously, bloodied. Tyler manages to get his hands around Jack's throat, starts BANGING Jack's head against the floor...

SECURITY MONITOR P.O.V.

... Jack's got his hands around his own throat, BANGING his own head against the floor, over and over...

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Jack manages to break Tyler's grip, KICKS Tyler away. Tyler springs to his feet, RUNS, heading for a STAIRCASE.

Jack gets up, breathing hard, holding his head, follows...

ON THE STAIRS, Tyler reaches the LOFT LEVEL, above the lobby, disappears around a corner. Jack's right behind, turning the corner -- Tyler's NOT THERE.

Jack receives a SHARP SLAP on the back of the head. He wheels. Tyler isn't there. A TAP on his shoulder. Jack turns around -- WHAM! -- Tyler PUNCHES his face. Jack falls against the loft railing. Tyler comes forward, SWINGS...

SECURITY MONITOR P.O.V.

Jack PUNCHES himself square in the nose!

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Jack's dazed. Tyler grabs Jack's shirt, pulls him forward, SWINGS HIM -- THROWS him DOWN THE STAIRS...

Jack TUMBLES horribly down... HITS BOTTOM, striking his head on the floor. Jack PASSES OUT...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LARGE SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR

CLOSE ON: Jack's head jerks back as he SNAPS AWAKE. He looks around, trying to focus his eyes...

JACK'S P.O.V. -- TRACKS in the sawdust of the floor, from where his body was dragged across to where he is now.

CLOSE ON: Jack tries to comprehend. He turns his head -- TYLER'S HAND brings the GUN up, PUTS THE GUN IN JACK'S MOUTH. Jack freezes, looks around with his eyes...

PULL BACK TO:

Tyler is seated in Jack's lap. Tyler holds the gun in Jack's mouth, his arm around him. This huge room is being remodeled. Tyler and Jack are seated near floor-to-ceiling windows affording a spectacular view of the CITY.

Tyler looks at his watch.

TYLER

One minute.

JACK (V.O.)

I think this is about where we came in.

TYLER

(looking out window)

This is the beginning. We're at ground zero. Maybe you should say a few words, to mark the occasion.

JACK

i... ann....iinn.. ff....nnyin...

Jack tongues the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK

(still distorted)
I still can't think of anything.

Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER

It's getting exciting now.

Jack turns, so he can see down -- 31 STORIES.

TYLER

Look what we've accomplished.
(checks watch)
Thirty seconds.
(looks out windows)
Out these windows, we will view the
economic collapse. One step closer
to global equilibrium. I'm glad
you're here with me.

Tyler watches the skyline, WHISTLES at tune, waiting.

JACK

(distorted)
Can't you call it off... ?

TYLER

It's out of our hands.
(looks at watch)
This is it.

JACK

Please...

TYLER

Fifteen seconds now. Can you see
alright? 10... 9... 8....

Tyler looks out the windows, at SURROUNDING BUILDINGS,
excited. Jack closes his eyes, despairing.

TYLER

5... 4... 3... 2...

Out the window, the SKYLINE remains unchanged. Nothing. A
long beat. A very dark scowl comes over Tyler's face.

Jack opens his eyes. More waiting. Tyler looks genuinely
surprised, pissed-off.

TYLER

What the fuck -- ?

JACK

Paraffin.

TYLER

What?

JACK

(relieved)

Paraffin. Your merry band mixed the nitro with paraffin. I saw it floating in the bomb.

(more)

JACK (cont)

They must've run out of cotton and Epsom salt. Paraffin is iffy at best.

Tyler rises, taking the gun from Jack's mouth, starts pacing. Jack rubs his sore jowls, allows himself a smile.

TYLER

Damn it! God-damn it...

JACK

Not exactly according to plan.

TYLER

Do we have to do everything ourselves?!

Tyler stops walking, lets out a sigh of disgust. He reaches into his pocket, taking out a WALKIE TALKIE.

TYLER

(into WALKIE TALKIE)

... Codename Rooster. Passcode First Strike...

Jack's eyes go wide.

JACK

NO...

TYLER

(into WALKIE TALKIE)

Proceed with remote detonation.

Jack leaps -- TACKLES Tyler. The GUN is knocked away. Jack STRIKES Tyler's face repeatedly with his elbow, scrambles off...

Jack gets the gun, turns, pointing it. Tyler's getting to his feet, sees the gun, annoyed. Jack stands.

TYLER

Haven't we already done this?

Jack SHOTS TWICE. Bullets pass right thorough Tyler. Tyler just rolls his eyes, drops the walkie-talkie to the floor and STOMPS on it, CRUSHING it.

JACK

(pointing)

How'd you do that?! You're a fucking figment of my imagination... you're psychogenic fugue state...

TYLER

Fuck that, maybe you're my hallucination.

Jack falters, pointing at Tyler's feet. There's no walkie-talkie there. Jack looks down, sees the WALKIE-TALKIE CRUSHED under his own foot.

JACK

Oh... Christ...

Jack holds his head, walks around, at his wit's end.

JACK

Why... why... why... ?

TYLER

Why what?

JACK

Why can't I get rid of you? Why can't I just wish you away?

TYLER

You need me.

JACK

No, no, I don't.

(pause)

I thank you, I really do. Thank you, but I don't need you anymore.

TYLER

Look, I can be selfish, I know that.
(pause)

I'm not blind to my own failings...

JACK

Noooo, please...

Jack backs up against a window, numb and weary.

TYLER

From now on, we'll share Marla.
We've been spending too much time
apart...

JACK

... no, no, no...

TYLER

No more running off without you.
From here on out, we do it together.

JACK

Why are you doing this?!

TYLER

I'm doing this for us.

JACK

Please understand... I've gotten all
I can from this, Tyler.

TYLER

(sullen)

If I leave, you will be right back
where I found you...

JACK

I swear on my life, I won't...

TYLER

You will. You know you will.

Jack stares at Tyler, tears welling up, hangs his head. He
looks at the gun in his hand...

TYLER

Can you live with that?

Jack stares at the gun a long time... then...

Jack brings the gun up, PUTS THE GUN IN HIS MOUTH.

Tyler cocks his head.

TYLER

What are you doing?

JACK

What have you left for me?

TYLER

Why do you want to do that? Why do you want to put that gun in your mouth?

JACK

Not my mouth. Our mouth.

Tyler is calm.

TYLER

This is interesting.

Tyler smiles in appreciation, slowly walks forward, stands very close to Jack.

TYLER

Why are you going with this, Ikea-boy?

JACK

It's the only way to get rid of you...

Jack COCKS the hammer on the gun.

TYLER

I can see you feel very strongly. I feel strongly too.

(pause)

Hey, you and me.

(pause)

Friends again?

Their eyes are locked, unblinking. Long silence.

JACK

Do something for me.

TYLER

What?

JACK

Appreciate something.

TYLER

What?

JACK

Look at me...

TYLER

What?

JACK

My eyes are open.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION:

Jack's finger squeezes the trigger...

KABLAM! -- Jack's cheeks INFLATE with gas. His eyes bulge. BLOOD flies out from his head. The WINDOW behind him SHATTERS. SMOKE wafts out of his mouth and tear ducts.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as the GLASS FALLS behind Jack...

Tyler stands, in gunsmoke, eyes glazed, sniffs the air...

TYLER

What's that smell... ?

Jack slumps to the floor... Tyler falls...

Tyler hits the ground. The back of TYLER'S HEAD is BLOWN OPEN, revealing blood, skull and brain.

Suddenly, a GROUP of SPACE MONKEYS burst into the room, moving forward to Jack. TYLER'S BODY IS GONE.

TALL SPACE MONKEY

Are you all right, sir... ?!

Jack quakes, holding the side of his head; a ragged hole blown in his CHEEK. He's bleeding hard, but he's alive.

JACK

I'm okay...

Jack looks to the Space Monkeys, trying to get his eyes to see. TWO SPACE MONKEYS enter with Marla. One holds a gun to Marla as she struggles.

SHORT SPACE MONKEY

Are you sure? You look terrible, sir! What's happened?

JACK

Everything's fine.

ANOTHER SPACE MONKEY

Sir, you look really awful! Do you need medical assistance?

Jack sees Marla, tries to get to his feet, falls...

JACK

Bring the girl to me. The rest of you get out. Now!

The Monkeys bring Marla, releasing her, saluting.

MARLA

What happened... ?

JACK

Don't ask.

Marla crouches, takes out wadded TISSUES and tries to apply them to Jack's wound. Space Monkeys are leaving, hesitantly.

JACK

Get to the rendezvous point. Move it!

Jack and Marla are left alone.

MARLA

My God, you're shot...

JACK

Yes.

Jack tries to get up. Marla helps him.

MARLA

Who did this to you?

JACK

I did, I think. But, I'm okay... I'm fine...

MASSIVE EXPLOSION... the glass walls rattle...

Jack and Marla look -- OUT THE WINDOWS: a BUILDING EXPLODES; collapsing upon itself. Then, ANOTHER BUILDING IMPLODES into a massive cloud of dust. Jack and Marla are silhouetted against the SKYLINE. Jack looks to Marla, reaches to take her hand.

JACK

I'm sorry... you met me at a very

strange time in my life.

Marla looks at him. ANOTHER BUILDING IMPLODES and COLLAPSES inward... and ANOTHER BUILDING... and ANOTHER...

The FILM SLOWS, then ADVANCES ONE FRAME at a TIME -- SHOWING SPROCKET HOLES on the SIDES. EACH FRAME is an IMPLODING BUILDING -- then, ONE FRAME IS A PENIS. Then, the IMPLODING BUILDING again. SPEED UP the frames, LOSE the sprocket holes, RESUME NORMAL SPEED...

FADE TO BLACK:

end
