

# Anexo II. "Fight club by Jim Uhls"

2/16/98

FIGHT CLUB  
by  
Jim Uhls

based on a novel by  
Chuck Palahnuik

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 Christsake. 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 NAMETAG.

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 sits 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, sits 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 guy 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.

Tyler smokes.

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  
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  
deaf-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 bar. 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. Boss stares  
with a tinge  
of outrage, a tinge of fear. PHONE RINGS. Jack  
answers it.

JACK

Compliance and Liability.

MARLA'S VOICE

My tits 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  
Pleeeeeease!

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 Seminararian move on, climbing to a neighboring rooftop. They come upon another DISH. The Seminararian 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  
Shhhhhh! 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 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 loudish 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 a rusty CELLAR DOOR.  
He opens the door, looks around, heads down stairs...

JACK (V.O.)  
I was living in a state of perpetual déjà 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 Christsake?!

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

Abort 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  
They 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 looks 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 SHOOTS 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