

“FIGHT CLUB”

By David Fincher
Screenplay By Jim Uhls

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

TYLER' s hand holds a HANDGUN with barrel lodged in JACK'S MOUTH. Jack is sitting on a chair. They are both sweating and disheveled, both around 30; Tyler is blond, handsome (we can't see Tyler's face yet, only his body moving); and Jack, brunette, is appealing in a dry sort of way.

JACK (V.O.)

People are always asking me if I know Tyler Durden.

TYLER

Three minutes. This is it: Ground zero. Would you like to 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 speak only in vowels.

Tyler removes the gun from Jack's mouth.

JACK

I can't think of anything.

JACK (V.O.)

For a second I totally forgot about Tyler's whole controlled demolition thing and I wonder how clean that gun is.

Tyler approaches the window so that he can see down --31 stories.

TYLER

Getting exciting now.

JACK (V.O.)

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

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 a dozen buildings with blasting gelatin. In two minutes, primary charges will blow base charges, and a few square blocks will be reduced to smoldering rubble. I know this, because Tyler knows this.

Tyler looks at his watch.

TYLER

Two and a half. Think of everything we've accomplished.

JACK (V.O.)

And suddenly I realize that all of this: the gun the bombs, the revolution...has got something to do with a girl named 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. 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...that was Bob.

BOB
We're still men.

JACK
Yes, we're men. Men is what we are.

JACK (V.O.)
Eight 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. And that was where I fit--

BOB
They're gonna have to open my pecs again to drain the fluid.

Bob hugs tighter.

JACK (V.O.)
Between those huge sweating tits that hung enormous, the way you'd think of God's as big.

Bob looks with empathy into Jack's eyes.

BOB
Okay. You cry now.

JACK (V.O.)
No, 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 couldn't sleep.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Echo " I couldn't sleep...I couldn't sleep...I couldn't sleep..."
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's real. Everything is far away. Everything is a copy, of a copy, of a copy.

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

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Jack's P.O.V. : A bin full of newspapers, Starbucks cup 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 Microsoft Galaxy. Planet Starbucks.

Jack, sipping stares blankly as his BOSS enters, Starbucks cup in hand, and hands a stack of reports.

BOSS

Gonna 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

Make these your primary "action items". Here are your flight coupons. Call me from the road if there are any snags.

Jack's boss slides the stack of reports on Jack's desk and leaves.

JACK (V.O.)

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

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 so many others, I had become a slave to the IKEA nesting instinct.

JACK

(into phone)

Yes, I'd like to order the Erika Peccary dust ruffles...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please hold.

Jack drops the catalog on the floor.

MOVE IN ON CATALOG - ON PHOTO of COFFEE TABLE SET...

JACK (V.O.)

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

INT. LIVING ROOM / DINING AREA / KITCHEN

JACK (V.O.)

The Klipske personal office unit, the Hovortrekke home exer-bike. Or the Johannshamnh sofa with the Strinne green stripe pattern...

The office unit APPEARS. Then the exer-bike APPEARS.

JACK (V.O.)

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

THE LAMP APPEARS. PAN OVER to wall...

JACK (V.O.)

I would flip through catalogs and wonder "what kind of dining set defines me as a person?"

A dining room set APPEARS. Jack, the cordless phone still glued to his ear, walks INTO FRAME and continues. Jack opens a cabinet with plates in it.

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 people of...wherever.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please hold.

JACK

(into phone)

I was holding.

JACK (V.O.)

We used to read pornography. Now it was the Horchow Collection.

Jack closes the cabinet. 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 from insomnia.

JACK

What about narcolepsy? I nod off, I wake up in strange places, I have no idea how I got there.

INTERN

You need to lighten up.

JACK

Can't you, please, just give me something?

JACK (V.O.)

Red-and-blue Tuinal lipstick-red seconals.

INTERN

(overlapping with above)

No. You need healthy, natural sleep. Chew some valerian root and get some more exercise.

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

INT. HALLWAY

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

JACK
Hey, come on. I'm in pain.

INTERN
(facetious)
You wanna see pain? Swing by First Methodist Tuesday night. See 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 HALLWAY / STAIRS - NIGHT

Jack heads for the meeting room. We can hear music coming out of the room.

INT. FIRST METHODISTS CHURCH MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack stares a group of men, including Bob.

INT. FIRST METHODISTS CHURCH MEETING ROOM - LATER

Jack sitting on a chair, puts on a NAMETAG on his shirt. They 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 always wanted 3 kids. Two boys and a girl. Mindy wanted two girls and a boy. We never could agree on anything.

The speaker cracks a sad smile. Some men chuckle, happy to listen the mood.

SPEAKER
Well uh, she.. she had her first child last week, a...,a girl, with her uh...new husband...

MEMBER
(whispering)
Fuck...

SPEAKER
Hey, thank God. I'm glad for her, because, she deserves it....

The speaker breaks down, WEEPS UNCONTROLLABLY. Jack watches. The group leader go up to the speaker comforting him.

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

EVERYONE
(in unison)
Thank you, Thomas.

LEADER
I look around this room and I see a lot of courage. And that 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 all of us follow Thomas's example and really open ourselves. Can anyone find a partner?

Everyone gets out of their chairs and begins pairing-off. Jack remains in his seat, uncomfortable. Bob, his chin down on his chest, starts toward Jack, shuffling in his feet.

JACK (V.O.)

And this is how I met the big moosie, his eyes already shrink-wrapped in tears. Knees together, those awkward little steps.

Jack watches him, his mouth hangs open.

Bob extends his hand. Jack takes it.

BOB

My name is Bob.

JACK

Bob!

Bob takes Jack into an embrace.

JACK (V.O.)

Bob had been a champion body-builder. You know that chest expansion program you see on late night TV? That was his idea.

BOB

I was a juicer. You know Using steroids. Diabonol, then Wisterol, they use for racehorses for Christsakes. And now I'm bankrupt, I'm divorced, my two grown kids won't even return my calls...

JACK (V.O.)

Strangers with this kind of honesty make me do 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 crying, Bob raises up his head, looks at Jack's NAMETAG.

BOB

Go ahead, Cornelius. You can cry.

Jack doesn't know how to react. Bob pulls Jack's head back into his chest.

JACK (V.O.)

And then something happened. I let go. Lost in oblivion -- dark and silent and complete. I found freedom. Losing all hope was freedom.

Jack cries and tightens his arms around Bob.

BOB

That's good...

Jack pulls away from Bob. On Bob's chest there's a WET MASK OF JACK'S FACE from how he looks weeping.

BOB

It's ok.

Bob hugs Jack and smiles.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Jack lies asleep, snoring.

JACK (V.O.)
Babies don't sleep this well.

INT. SOCIAL HALLWAY - DAY

JACK (V.O.)
I became addicted.

Jack stares at a paper with SUPPORT GROUPS' s programs, which is stack on a board. He looks around and then he grabs the paper.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack moves into a "group hug" of sickly people, men and women.

LEADER
Come on.

JACK (V.O.)
If I didn't say anything, people always assumed the worst.

MAN
Welcome, Travis.

ANOTHER MAN
Welcome, Travis.

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: "Seize the day".

JACK (V.O.)
They cried harder. I cried harder.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Jack is sitting in his office and reads a newspaper. He notes other support groups.

INT. PUBLIC BUILDING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

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

LEADER
Now 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
Imagine your pain as a white ball of healing light. It moves over your body *healing* you.

Jack, eyes closed, is silent...

LEADER

Now keep this going, remember to breathe...and step forward through the back door of the room. Where does it lead?
To your cave...

INT. CAVE - JACK'S IMAGINATION

Jack walks along, moving through the ICE CAVERN.

LEADER'S VOICE

Step forward into your cave. 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. 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 METHODISTS 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, pressed against his tits, ready to cry --
this was my vacation.

We hear noise from a woman's high heels. MARLA SINGER enters, smoking. She has short hair matte black hair and big, dark eyes like a character from Japanese animation.

JACK (V.O.)

And she ruined everything.

Marla looks around.

MARLA

This is cancer, right?

Bob and Jack stare, dumbfounded.

INT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH MEETING ROOM - LATER

Everyone sits back in their seats. 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 "Free and Clear", my blood parasites group Thursdays.

INT. CHURCH CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

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

JACK (V.O.)

Then at Hope, my bimonthly sickle cell circle.

Jack leans out further than the others, scornful.

JACK (V.O.)

And again at "Seize the day", my tuberculosis Friday night.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack sits in his chair. He hears something behind his back. He turns--and it is MARLA who is lighting a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)

Marla--the big tourist. Her lie reflected my lie. And suddenly I felt nothing. I couldn't cry. So, once again, I couldn't sleep.

EXT. FIRST METHODISTS CHURCH - NIGHT

Marla walks out. The support group dispersing. Jack exits amongst them. He spots Marla walking away. Jack stares Marla for a long moment. He walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jack lies awake.

JACK (V.O.)

Next group, after guided meditation, after we open our heart chakras, when it's time to hug, I'm gonna grab that little bitch Marla Singer and scream...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - JACK'S IMAGINATION

CLOSE ON JACK as he GRABS Marla's arm. Everybody watches them.

JACK

Marla, you liar! You big tourist! I need this! Now get out!

INT. BEDROOM - RESUMING

JACK (V.O.)

I hadn't slept in four days...

Jack stands up and leaves the room.

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.

INT. SMALL PROTESTANT CHURCH - NIGHT

Everyone sits in chairs.

LEADER

To begin 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 bones. She wears a head bondage. She clears her throat.

JACK (V.O.)

Oh, yeah, Chloe. Chloe looked the way Meryl Streep's skeleton would look if you made it smile and walk around a party being extra nice to everybody.

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.

(leaning very close to the microphone)

I have pornographic movies in my apartment, and lubricants and amyl nitrate...--

The LEADER gingerly takes control of the microphone.

LEADER

Chloe. Everyone, let's thank Chloe.

EVERYONE

Thank you, Chloe.

LEADER

Now, let's ready our self for guided meditation.

Jack catches sight of Marla.

LEADER

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

Jack's face, eyes closed, motionless.

JACK (V.O.)

If I had a tumor, I'd named 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

...deeper into your cave as you walk. You feel the healing energy of this place all around you. Now, find your power animal.

INT. CAVE - JACK'S IMAGINATION

Jack finds Marla smoking a cigarette. Marla cocks her head, indicating when 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.

LEADER
Okay, let's partner up.

Everyone stands and mills about, pairing-off.

LEADER
Pick someone special to you tonight.

JACK sees Marla, off by herself. Someone heads for her. Jack darts toward Marla. STAY ON JACK AND MARLA as Jack CLAMPS his arms around her. He whispers into her ear.

JACK
Hey. We need to talk.

MARLA
Sure.

JACK
I'm on to you.

MARLA
What?

Yeah. You're a faker. You're not dying.

MARLA
Sorry?

JACK
In the Tibetan philosophy, Sylvia Plath sense of the word. I know we're all dying. But you're not dying the way Chloe back there is dying.

MARLA
So?

JACK
So, you're a tourist. Ok? I've seen you? I saw you at melanoma, I saw you at tuberculosis and I saw you at testicular cancer!

MARLA
I saw you practicing this.

JACK
Practicing what?

MARLA
Telling me off. Is it going as well as you hoped...?
(reads his nametag)
"...Rupert"?

JACK
I'll expose you.

MARLA
Go ahead. I'll expose you.

LEADER
All right come together. Let yourselves cry.

Marla puts her head down on Jack's shoulder as if she were crying. Jack feels uncomfortable.

JACK
Oh, God, why are you doing this?

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

JACK
No, look. This is important ok? These are my groups, I've been coming here for over a year.

MARLA
Why do you do it?

JACK
I don't know. When people think you are dying, they really listen, instead--

MARLA
--instead of just waiting for their turn to speak.

JACK
Yeah. Yeah...

LEADER
Share yourself...completely.

JACK
(warning)
Ok, you don't want to get into this. It becomes an addiction.

MARLA
Really?

Jack pulls her away.

JACK
I'm not kidding! I can't cry if there's another faker person and I need this. So you got to find somewhere else to go.

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

Marla starts out of the room. Jack follows her.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marla gets to the sidewalk, moving quickly along.

JACK

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

MARLA

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

JACK

Ok, good, fine. Testicular cancer should be no contest, I think.

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

No, no!

Jack follows Marla into...

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

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

JACK

What do you want?

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 the blood parasites and organic brain dementia--

MARLA

I want that.

JACK

You can't have the whole brain!

MARLA

So far you have four, I only have two!

JACK

Ok, take blood parasites. They're 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 your half 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

What, 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

(to the clerk)

Thank you.

(to Jack)

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

JACK

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

MARLA

Deal.

They shake hands. 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 runs to catch up to her. Marla walks into the street, causing SCREECHING and HONKING.

JACK

Marla! Hey Marla! Maybe we should exchange numbers.

MARLA

Should we?

JACK

In case we want to switch nights.

MARLA

Ok.

Marla turns back to Jack. 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 the number in his palm.

JACK (V.O.)

This is how I met Marla Singer.

She walks into the street again, causing more SCREECHING and HONKING.

JACK (V.O.)

Marla's philosophy was that she might die at any moment. The tragedy was, she said, that she didn't.

Marla turns, holds up the card.

MARLA

It doesn't have your name. Who are you? Cornelius? Rupert? Travis? 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. A BUS moves into view, obscuring her.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

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

JACK (V.O.)

You wake up at SeaTac.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Jack snaps awake again, looking around, disoriented.

JACK (V.O.)
S.F.O.

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.

JACK (V.O.)
You wake up at Logan. L.A.X., B.W.I.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack runs to a gate counter. An ATTENDANT smiles at him.

JACK (V.O.)
Pacific, Mountain, Central. Lose an hour, gain an hour.

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

Jack looks at his watch and then at the AIRPORT ELECTRONIC CLOCK

JACK (V.O.)
This is your life and it's ending one minute at a time.

INT. AIRPLANE 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.

HANDS place a dinner tray down.

JACK (V.O.)
Microwave Cordon Bleu hobby kit.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack brushes his teeth in the MIRROR.

JACK (V.O.)
Shampoo / conditioner combo. Sample of mouthwash, tiny bar of soap.

Jack picks up an individual, wrapped Q-TIP, looks at it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits on the bed. He turns on TV.

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

The TV is tuned to "Sheraton channel", shows WAITERS saying...

WAITERS
Welcome!

Jack feels something on the bed, lifts it -- a small DINNER MINT. He opens it and eats it.

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 CLIP BOARDED 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 crushes and burns with everyone trapped inside. Now: do we initiate a recall?

TECHNICIAN #1

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

JACK (V.O.)

Take the number of vehicles in the field (A), 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 - NIGHT

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.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Are there a lot of these kinds of accident?

JACK

You wouldn't believe.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Which car company do you work for?

JACK

A major one.

Turgid silence. Jack is about to eat his desert. He 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. The side of 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...

TYLER

"If you are seated in an emergency exit row...", yeah..." and you feel you would be unable or unwilling to perform duties listed on safety card, please ask a flight attendant to reseat you."

Jack turns to see TYLER. Tyler is reading a safety INSTRUCTION CARD.

JACK

It's a lot of responsibility.

Tyler turns to Jack.

TYLER

Wanna switch seats?

JACK

No, I'm not sure I'm the man for that particular job.

TYLER

An exit-door procedure at 30,000 feet. Mm-hmm. The illusion of safety.

JACK

Yeah, I guess so.

TYLER

You know why they put oxygen masks on planes?

JACK

So you can breathe.

TYLER

Oxygen, gets you high. In a catastrophic emergency, we're taking giant, panicked breaths...Suddenly you become euphoric, docile, you accept your fate.

Tyler points to passive faces on the drawn figures, from the INSTRUCTION CARD.

TYLER

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

Jack laughs.

JACK

That's um...that's an interesting theory. What do you do?

TYLER

What do you mean?

JACK

What do you do for a living?

TYLER

Why? So you pretend you're interested?

Jack laughs.

JACK

Okay...

TYLER

You have a kind of sick desperation in your laugh.

Tyler reaches under the seat in front of him and lifts a BRIEFCASE. Jack points to his own briefcase.

JACK

We have the exact same briefcase.

Tyler opens his briefcase. He pops the latches and raises the lid to reveal quaintly-wrapped bars of SOAP.

TYLER

Soap.

JACK

Sorry?

TYLER

I make and I sell soap. The yardstick of civilization.

Tyler reaches the briefcase and takes out his card. He hands it to Jack. "THE PAPER STREET SOAP COMPANY".

JACK (V.O.)

And this is how I met--

JACK
Tyler Durden.

TYLER
Did you know if you mixed equal parts of gasoline and frozen orange juice concentrate, you could make napalm?

JACK
No, I didn't know that, is that true?

TYLER
That's right. One can make all kinds of explosives using simple household items.

JACK
Really?

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

JACK
See, obviously everything on a plane is single-serving, even--

TYLER
Oh, I get it. It's very clever.

JACK
Thank you.

TYLER
How's that working out for you?

JACK
What?

TYLER
Being clever.

JACK
(thrown)
Great.

TYLER
Keep it up then. Right up.

Tyler stands, looks toward the aisle.

TYLER
Now a question of etiquette: As I pass, do I give you the ass or the crotch?

Tyler moves to the aisle, his ass toward Jack, walks away... In his way there's an ATTENDANT. He moves, his "crotch" toward the ATTENDANT'S butt. 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 FORCE MAN. The Security TFM, smirking, holds a receiver to his ear from an official phone on the wall.

JACK

Was--was it ticking?

SECURITY MAN

(to Jack)

Actually, throwers don't worry about ticking 'cause modern bombs don't tick.

JACK

Sorry? Throwers?

SECURITY MAN

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

JACK

My suitcase was vibrating?

SECURITY MAN

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

(whispers)

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

JACK

I don't own a --

The security man nods, and listens to the phone. Jack turns and sees through a window, TYLER, at the curb, throwing his briefcase into the back of a shiny, red CONVERTIBLE. Tyler laps 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 (V.O.)

I had everything in that suitcase. My C.K. shirts, my D.K.N.Y. shoes, my A.X ties. Never mind...

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

Along a residential street. Jack looks ahead, sees a tall, gray, 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 gonad has to watch games show 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. FIRE TRUCKS, POLICE CARS and a MOB are all crowded around the lobby area.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUILDING

Jack gets out of the taxi and gaps at the sight above him. Jack starts toward the building.

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. I suppose these things happen...

He pushes through the fray of people, into the...

INT. LOBBY

The DOORMAN sees Jack enter, gives a sad smile, shakes his head.

DOORMAN

There's nothing up there. You can't go into the unit. Police orders.

Jack heads out the lobby doors. The Doorman follows.

INT. CONDO BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

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

DOORMAN

Do you have somebody to call?

JACK (V.O.)

How embarrassing. A house full of condiments and no food.

Jack comes to his REFRIGERATOR lying on its side. He reaches down and takes a not: "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. Jack picks up the receiver, puts in a quarter. He signals Marla's number.

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.

INSERT - CLOSE ON THE BACK OF JACK'S REFRIGERATOR

JACK (V.O.)

Then the refrigerator's compressor could've clicked on.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

On the other end it rings.

MARLA'S VOICE
Yeah?

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

Click. KABOOM! SCREEN GOES WHITE.

EXT. PAYPHONE - RESUMING

Jack doesn't answer.

MARLA'S VOICE
I can hear your breathing, you --

Jack hangs up. He takes out of his pocket Tyler's card.

JACK (V.O.)
If you ask 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
Who's this?

JACK
Um... We met on the plane. We had the same briefcase. I'm...the clever guy.

TYLER'S VOICE
Oh, yeah. Right, okay?

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. So, what's up, man?

JACK
Uhm, well...you're not going to believe this...

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.

TYLER

You know man, could be worse. A woman could cut off your penis while you're sleeping and toss it out the window of a moving car.

JACK

There's always that. I don't know, it's just...when you buy furniture, you tell yourself: that's it, that's the last sofa I'm gonna need. No matter what else happens, I've got that sofa problem handled. I had it all. I had a stereo that was very decent, a wardrobe that was getting very respectable. I was so close to being complete.

TYLER

Shit, man, now it's all gone.

JACK

All gone.

TYLER

Do you know what a duvet it?

JACK

Comforter.

TYLER

It's a blanket, just a blanket. Now why guys like you and I know what a duvet is? Is this essential to our survival? In the hunter-gathered sense of the word? No. What are we then?

JACK

You know, consumers.

TYLER

Right. We're consumers. We're by-products of a lifestyle obsession. Murder, crime, poverty -- these things don't concern me. What concerns me is celebrity magazines, television with five hundred channels, some guy's name on my underwear. Rogaine, Viagra, Olestra.

JACK

Martha Stewart.

TYLER

Fuck Martha Stewart. Martha's polishes on the brass of the *Titanic*. It's all going down, man! So fuck off, with your sofa units and your green stripe patterns. I say never be complete. I say stop being perfect. I say let's evolve and let the chips fall where they may. But that's me, I could be wrong, maybe it's a terrible tragedy.

JACK

No, it's just stuff.

TYLER

Well, you did lose a lot of versatile solutions for a modern life.

JACK

Fuck, you're right.

Tyler offers Jack a cigarette.

JACK
No, I don't smoke. My insurance will probably cover it, so...

Tyler stares at him

JACK
What?

TYLER
The things you own, end up owing you. But do what you like, man.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAVERN

Tyler and Jack come out.

JACK
(looks at his watch)
Oh, God, it's late. Hey, thanks for the beer.

TYLER
Yeah, man.

JACK
I should find a hotel...

TYLER
What?

JACK
What?

TYLER
A hotel?

JACK
Yeah.

TYLER
Just ask it, man.

JACK
What are you talking about?

TYLER
Three pitchers of beer and you still can't ask.

JACK
What?

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

JACK
Hey, no, no, no--

TYLER
Yes you did. Just ask. Cut the foreplay and just ask, man.

JACK
Wou--Would that be a problem?

TYLER
Is it a problem for you to ask?

JACK
Can I stay at your place?

TYLER
(indifferently)
Yeah.

JACK
...Thanks.

TYLER
But I want you to do me one favor.

JACK
Yeah, sure.

TYLER
(talking very fast)
I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

JACK
What?

TYLER
(talking very slow)
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 (V.O.)
Tyler was a night person. While the rest of us were sleeping, he worked. He had one part time job as a projectionist. A movie doesn't come in one big reel, comes on a few. So someone has to change projectors at the exact moment one reel ends and the next one begins. If you look for it you can see little dots coming in the upper right hand corner on screen

Tyler points to the side of OUR FRAME and TWO DOTS briefly APPEAR ON SCREEN.

Tyler
In the industry we call them "cigarette burns".

JACK

That's a cue for a change over. The movie goes on, and nobody in the audience has any idea.

TYLER

Why would anyone want this shit job?

JACK

Because it affords him other interesting opportunities.

TYLER

--Like splicing single frames of pornography into family films.

JACK

So when the snooty cat and the courageous dog, with the celebrity voices, meet for the first time in reel three, that's when you'll catch the flash of Tyler's contribution in the film.

FROM THE AUDIENCE we hear the cartoon voices, and then for a moment the voice of a WOMAN MOANING. The film continues. 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.

JACK

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

TYLER

A nice, big cock.

JACK

Even a hummingbird couldn't caught Tyler at work.

INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Tyler moves around one of many tables, setting down food. Jack sits in one chair of the same table. He turns back and FACES CAMERA.

JACK

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

Tyler throws the food in a woman's plate.

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 soap.

JACK

He was the guerrilla terrorist of the food service industry.

TYLER

Do not watch. I cannot if you watch.

Tyler takes a glass of water and pours it.

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

JACK

He farted on meringue; he sneezed on braised endive; and with creme of mushroom soup, well...

TYLER (O.S.)
Go ahead, tell them.

JACK
You get the idea.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAVERN - RESUMING

JACK
Well, what do you want me to do? You want me to hit you?

TYLER
C'mon, do me this one favor.

JACK
Why?

TYLER
Why? I don't know why. I don't know. Never been in a fight, you?

JACK
No, but that's a good thing.

TYLER
No, it is not! How much can you know about yourself if you've never been in a fight? I don't want to die without any scars.

Tyler takes out of his pockets TWO BOTTLES OF BEER and places them on the road.

TYLER
Come on, hit me, before I lose my nerve.

JACK
This is crazy.

TYLER
So go crazy. Let 'er rip.

JACK
I don't know about this.

TYLER
I don't either. Who gives a shit? No one's watching. What do you care?

JACK
This is crazy, you want me to hit you?

TYLER
That's right.

JACK
What, like in the face?

TYLER
Surprise me!

JACK
This is so fucking stupid!

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

TYLER
Oh! Motherfucker! You hit me in the ear!

JACK
Well, Jesus, I'm sorry!

JACK
Ouch! Why the ear, man?

JACK
Aw, I fucked it up!

TYLER
No, that was perfect!

Tyler shoots out a straight punch to Jack's stomach. Jack falls back against a car. His eyes tear up. Tyler moves closer to him to see if he's ok.

JACK
Nah, it's alright. That really hurts.

TYLER
Right.

JACK
Hit me again.

TYLER
No, you hit me! Come on!

Tyler punches Jack in the stomach again. Tyler and Jack move clumsily, throwing punches. They breathe heavier, drooling saliva and blood, growing dizzier from every impact.

EXT. CUB SIDE - LATER

Jack and Tyler sit on the curb. Their eyes are glazed with endorphin-induced serenity. Tyler is smoking a cigarette and Jack is drinking a beer. Jack hands the beer to Tyler.

JACK
We should do this again sometime.

Tyler smiles and drinks the beer.

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. Tyler throws in the sky his beer.

JACK
Where's your car?

TYLER
What car?

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Tyler leads Jack through the FRONT DOOR...

JACK (V.O.)
I don't know how Tyler found the house, but he said he'd been there for a year. 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.)
There was no lock in the front door from the police or whoever kicked it in. The stairs were ready to collapse. I don't know if he owned it or it was squatting. Neither would have surprised me.

Tyler opens the door to a ROOM...

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters, Tyler is in the hallway.

TYLER
Yeap, that's you,
(indicating another room)
That's me,
(indicating another room)
That's toilet. Good?

JACK
Yeah, thanks.

Jack sits on the creaky BED. Dust drifts upwards.

JACK (V.O.)
What a shithole.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

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

JACK (V.O.)
Nothing worked. Turning out on a light meant another light in the house went out.

Part 2

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Tyler is warming something and Jack sits on the table.

JACK (V.O.)

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

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack FIGHT. TWO GUYS come out of the tavern. They see them fighting.

MAN

What we have here?

They move toward them. Tyler sees them and stops punching Jack.

TYLER

Hey, guys.

MAN

Hey.

Tyler PUNCHES Jack right in the eye.

INT. OFFICE - TOILET

Jack and his BOSS are side by side pissing. Jack whistles. Boss turns to Jack and sees his BLACK eye.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

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

JACK (V.O.)

Every time it rained we had to kill the power. By the end of the first month I didn't miss TV. I didn't even mind the warm, stale refrigerator.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

TEN GUYS YELL, standing around Tyler and a man, who FIGHT. Tyler PUNCHES the man and he falls down. ANOTHER MAN in a suit, comes one step closer to Tyler and raises his hand.

MAN

Can I be next?

Jack and Tyler, both look at each other.

TYLER

All right, man. Lose the tie.

EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler SWING an old GOLF CLUB -- THWACK -- they send golf ball soaring down the desolate street.

JACK (V.O.)

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

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - NIGHT

It's raining.

JACK (V.O.)

Rain trickled down through the plaster and the light fixtures .Every wooden swelled and shrunk. Everywhere were rusted nails to snug your elbow on .The previous occupant had been a bit of a shut-in.

INT. READING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDLES BURN. Jack is reading MAGAZINES. Rain DRIPS from the ceiling. No furniture. THOUSANDS OF MAGAZINES. Tyler passes by Jack, on a bicycle.

TYLER

Hey, man, what are you reading?

JACK

Listen to this. It's an article written in first person. "I am Jack's medulla oblongata, without me Jack could not regulate his heart rate, blood pressure or breathing!" There's a whole series of these! "I am Jill's nipples". "I am Jack's Colon."

Tyler is still on the bicycle.

TYLER

Yeah, I get cancer, I kill Jack.

Tyler hits something and falls down.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack daubs blood from his mouth with a handkerchief. Boss enters and complains.

JACK (V.O.)

After fighting, everything else in your life gets the volume turned down.

JACK

What?

JACK (V.O.)

You can deal with anything.

BOSS

Have you finished those reports?

Jack hands him the reports.

JACK (V.O.)

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

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Tyler is in the tub and Jack is taking care an injury.

TYLER

If you could fight anyone, who would you fight?

JACK

I'd fight my boss, probably.

TYLER

Really?

JACK

Yeah, why, who would you fight?

TYLER

I'd fight my dad.

JACK

I don't know my dad. I mean, I know him, but he left when I was like six year old. Married this woman, had more kids. He did this like every six years. Goes to a new city and starts a new family.

TYLER

He was setting franchises. My dad never went to college, so it was really important that I'd go.

JACK

Sounds familiar.

TYLER

So I graduate, I called him a long distance and asked: "Dad, now what?", he says "Get a job".

JACK

Same here.

TYLER

When I turned twenty five, my yearly call again "Dad, now what?", he says "I don't know, get married!"

JACK

I can't get married, I'm a thirty-year-old boy!

TYLER

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jack, in work clothes, 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 every Saturday night, we were finding something out...

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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.)

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

LIGHTS GO OUT all over the parking.

MAN

Who turned the light off?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks along.

JACK (V.O.)

It used to be that when I came home angry and depressed. I'd just clean my condo. Polish my Scandinavian furniture. I should've been looking for a new condo.

Jack stops, looking at a CHURCH with SUPPORT GROUP-PEOPLE milling around the entrance, drinking coffee and sodas. MARLA is there, amongst them, smoking. Jack's face shows no reaction. He continues to walk.

JACK (V.O.)

I should've been haggling with my insurance company. I should've been upset about my nice neat flaming little shit. But I wasn't.

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. Boss and other associates are there too.

WALTER

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

JACK (V.O.)

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

BOSS

Can I get the icon is corn-flower blue?

WALTER

Absolutely. Efficiency is priority number one, people. Because waste is a thief.

(indicating Jack)

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. Everybody stares at him.

JACK (V.O.)

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

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...

JACK (V.O.)

It was right in everyone's face. Tyler and I made it visible. It was on the tip of everyone's tongue. Tyler and I just gave it a name.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

The men, including Jack and Tyler, enter and stand against the back wall, waiting. LOUD ROCK MUSIC is playing in the background. The bartender, IRVINE, calls out:

IRVINE

Come on people, you gotta go home!

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

IRVINE
(to someone)
Turn off the jukebox. Lock the back.

Irvine leads Tyler, Jack and the other members to...

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - SAME

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

JACK (V.O.)
Every week, Tyler gave the rules that he and I decided.

TYLER
Gentlemen! Welcome to fight club.

CHATTER DIES. A couple of COUGHS, FEET SHUFFLING, then SILENCE. During the following, we see men taking off their shirts, other taking off their shoes. A MAN takes off his wedding ring and puts it in his pocket.

TYLER
The first rule of fight club is -- you do not talk about fight club. The second rule of fight club is -- you do not talk about fight club. The third rule of fight club -- someone yells stop, goes limp, taps out, the fight is over. Fourth rule -- only two guys to a fight. Fifth rule - one fight at a time fellows.
(laughter)
Sixth rule -- no shirts, no shoes. Seventh rule -- fights will 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.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - LATER

We're in the middle of a fight, between a short guy, RICKY, and another guy, the WAITER of a restaurant.

JACK (V.O.)
This kid from work, Ricky, couldn't remember whether you ordered pens with blue ink or black. But Ricky was a god for ten minutes, when he trounced the MAITRE D' of the local food court.

HARDER, FASTER PUNCHES between the two fighters. SWEAT flies. SHOUTS become DEAFENING. Ricky's getting the best of his opponent, 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...

RICKY'S OPPONENT
(spittle-lipped)
Sssstop!!!...

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. Ricky 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 fight club ends.

INT. OFFICE PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack, eating lunch, watches the BROKEN-NOSED WAITER -- from the above fight --

JACK (V.O.)

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

The waiter approaches Jack, sets a refill soda down on the table. The two of them briefly make an eye contact.

JACK (V.O.)

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

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Tyler and Jack walk, both smoking cigarettes.

JACK

If you could fight any celebrity, who would you fight?

TYLER

Alive or dead?

JACK

Doesn't matter, who'd be tough?

TYLER

Hemingway. You?

JACK

Shatner. I'd fight 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. Everywhere we went, we were sizing things up.

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

JACK (V.O.)

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

JACK

(indicating the ad)

Is that how a man looks like?

Tyler looks at the C.K. advertisement and laughs.

TYLER

Ahh, self-improvement is masturbation. And self-destruction...

A MAN in a suit KNOCKS Tyler's shoulder as he passes. Tyler makes a grin.

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

MAN
Kick his ass!

SECOND MAN
Hit him again, man!

Tyler and the opponent wrestle desperately, and Tyler flips his attacker, gets on top, sprawling to pin him. Tyler turns -- starts raining PUNCHES into the opponents 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 the sight of a swollen-faced Tyler, watching appreciatively drinking a beer and smoking.

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.)
The 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.

OPPONET
IS that is?

JACK
Stop! Stop!

JACK (V.O.)
When the fight was over, nothing solved but nothing mattered.

Everyone moves in as the opponent steps away. Tyler pushes through the crowd. 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
Hey, cool.

JACK (V.O.)
Afterwards, we all felt saved.

Jack limply shakes his opponent's hand.

OPPONENT
Hey, how about next week?

JACK
How about next month?

OPPONENT

I hear you.

TYLER

Irvine you're in the middle.

(talking to another guy)

New guy, you too.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE tends to Jack while Tyler watches.

JACK (V.O.)

Sometimes Tyler spoke for me.

TYLER

He fell down some stairs.

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

JACK

I fell down some stairs.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Jack brushes his teeth and Tyler trims his fingernails.

JACK (V.O.)

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

TYLER

Okay, any historical figure.

JACK

I'd fight Gandhi.

TYLER

Good answer.

JACK

How about you?

TYLER

Lincoln.

JACK

Lincoln?

TYLER

Mm. Big guy, big reach. Skinny guys fight till they're burger.

Jack reaches his mouth pulls -- yanks a TOOTH. Jack looks at it.

JACK

Fuck.

TYLER
Hey, even the Mona Lisa's falling apart.

Jack drops the tooth in the sink.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The phone RINGS. Jack enters, buttoning his shirt. Tyler is in the background exercising with cudgels and making strange noises. Jack picks up the phone

JACK
Hello?

MARLA'S VOICE
Where have you been the last eight weeks?

JACK
Marla?

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MARLA'S APARTMENT - SAME

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF Marla, who is on the bed and the phone cord is around her neck.

TYLER
Aach!

Jack looks through the archway and sees Tyler exercising. Jack leans, cups the phone.

JACK
(quietly)
How'd you find me?

MARLA
You left that forwarding number. I haven't seen you at any support groups.

JACK
We split them up, that was the idea, remember?

MARLA
Yeah, but you haven't been going to yours.

JACK
How do you know?

MARLA
(smiling)
I cheated.

JACK
I found a new one.

Marla gets up from the bed.

MARLA
Really?

JACK
It's for men, only.

MARLA
Like the testicle thing?

TYLER
Wahhh!

JACK
This is a bad time...

MARLA
I've been going to Debtor's Anonymous. You want to see some really 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 in the bottle. It might've been too much.

Jack looks exasperated, turns to LOOK INTO THE CAMERA.

JACK (V.O.)
Just picture watching Marla Singer throwing herself around her crummy apartment.

Marla lies on the bed again.

MARLA
This isn't a for-real-suicide things. 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 then?

MARLA
Do you wanna wait, and hear me describe death? Do you wanna listen and see if my spirit can use a phone?

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

MARLA'S VOICE
Have you ever heard a death rattle before?

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 for two months and Tyler's door was never closed.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

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

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits on the table, eating breakfast, reading Reader's Digest. He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

JACK

You won't believe this dream I had last night.

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

MARLA

Yeah, 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--what are you doing here?

MARLA

What...?

JACK

This is my house, what are you doing in my house?

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. Before she can actually leave, she returns gets into the house again, grabs her satchel and then leaves.

TYLER'S VOICE

Ha, ha! Ohh!

Jack turns and -- Tyler gets in the kitchen, staring after Marla. He's in his gummy flannel bathrobe. He grins at Jack and pours himself coffee.

TYLER

You've got some fucked up friends, I'm telling you! Limber though...silly coos. So, I come in last night, phone's off the hook. Guess who's on the other end.

JACK (V.O.)

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

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

MARLA'S VOICE
Have you ever heard a death rattle before?

Thru the archway: Tyler leans to look in, curious. Tyler enters, gently lifts the handset and listens.

MARLA'S VOICE
(from handset)
Do you think it'll live up to its name? Or it would just be a death...hairball?
(she coughs)
Prepare to evacuate soul...

Tyler smiles.

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

Tyler, a wry smile on his face, ambles up the stairs, smoking a cigarette and looking at the rotting walls. He reaches at the top of the stairs and heads for Marla's room.

MARLA'S VOICE (CONTINUOUS)
Ten, nine, eight...

JACK (V.O.)
Now how could Tyler, off all people, think it was a bad think that Marla Singer was about to die?

MARLA'S VOICE (CONTINUOUS)
Five, four, three--

Tyler puts out his cigarette and knocks Marla's door.

MARLA'S VOICE (CONTINUOUS)
--oh, hung on.

Marla goes out, looks around. 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 all over him.

MARLA
You got here fast. Did I call you? Huh? Hey.

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

MARLA
The mattresses are all sealed in slippery plastic.

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

MARLA
Oh, 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, fuck! Somebody called the cops!...

She gets to her feet.

INT. HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)

Tyler and Marla go out of her room. Marla tries to LOCK her door, but Tyler GRABS her toward the STAIRCASE. COPS and PARAMEDICS charge up with oxygen and medical kits. Marla and Tyler flatten against the wall to let them past. Tyler, playing the indifferent, dances.

COP
Hey -- Where's 513?

MARLA
(with a gentle voice, pointing)
End of the hall.

Tyler grabs her and they descend the stairs. The rescuers keep running.

MARLA
(calling after)
The girl who lived there used to be a charming, lovely girl. She's lost faith in herself.

COP
Miss Singer! Let us help!

MARLA
She's a monster!

COP
You have every reason to live!

MARLA
She's 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 keep me up... all night.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (RESUMING)

Tyler chuckles, shakes his head.

TYLER
Uh, fucking unbelievable!

JACK (V.O.)
He was obviously able to handle it.

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

TYLER
You know what I mean, you fucked her.

JACK
No, I didn't.

TYLER
Never?

JACK
No.

TYLER
You're not into her, are you?

JACK
No, God, not at all.

JACK (V.O.)
I am Jack's Raging Bile Duct.

TYLER
You're sure? You can tell me.

JACK
Believe me, I'm sure.

JACK (V.O.)
Put a gun to my head and paint the walls with my brains.

TYLER
That's good, because she's a predator posing as the house pet. Stay away from that one.
(laughing)
And the shit that came out from this woman's mouth, I ain't never heard!

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tyler smokes, post-coital. Marla lays down.

MARLA
My God! I haven't been fucked like that since grade school!

Tyler stares at her.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (RESUMING)

TYLER
Uhh!

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

JACK (V.O.)
How could Tyler not go for that? The night before last he was splicing sex organs into "Cinderella."

JACK
Marla doesn't need a lover, she needs a fucking case worker.

TYLER
She needs a wash. And she's in love with sport-fucking.

JACK (V.O.)
She'd invaded my support groups, now she's invaded my home.

TYLER

Hey, hey, sit down... Now listen, I can't have you talking her about me--

JACK

Why would I ta--

TYLER

If you say anything about me, or what goes in this house to her or to anybody, we're done. Now promise me.

JACK

Ok.

TYLER

You promise?

JACK

Yeah, I promise.

TYLER

Promise.

JACK

I just said I promise! Wh--

TYLER

That was three times you promised.

Tyler gets up and leaves. Jack sits smoldering.

JACK (V.O.)

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

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies calmly on his bed, reading his Reader's Digest. SOUNDS of SEX, THUMBS and CRASHES from beyond the wall.

MARLA'S VOICE

(muffles through wall)

Yeah! Ahh! Ohh! Harder! Harder! Harder!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

JACK (V.O.)

I could've moved to another room, on the third floor -- where I might not have heard them. But I didn't.

MARLA'S VOICE

Oh, baby!

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
Just...going to bed.

Tyler scratches his head, wears A RUBBER GLOVE.

TYLER
You want to finish her off?

JACK
Nah... No thanks you.

MARLA
I found the cigarettes.

Jack continues toward his room and Tyler closes the door.

MARLA
Who are you talking to?

TYLER
Shut up!

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 a 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 e-mailed them to everyone.

He hits "SEND". Boss enters.

BOSS
Is that your blood?

JACK
Some of it, yeah.

Boss stares at Jack like he's from Mars.

BOSS
You can't smoke in here. Take the rest of the day off. Come back Monday with some 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 my bruises from fighting. Yes, I'm comfortable with that. 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. PAPER ST. HOUSE ENTRANCE - SAME

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 have to come home to this.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack is without pants. He runs water in the sink, and scrubs at the blood stains with a tooth-brush. The PHONE RINGS. Marla and Tyler's voices are still HEARD. Jack answers it.

JACK
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

A cop, DETECTIVE STERN, refers to a file.

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

Marla and Tyler cannot be heard now.

JACK
Yes?

DETECTIVE STERN

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

JACK

No, I wasn't aware of that at all.

JACK (V.O.)

I am Jack's Cold Sweat.

DETECTIVE STERN

Does this sound strange to you?

JACK

Uh, yes sir, strange, very strange.

Jack starts to sweat.

DETECTIVE STERN

The dynamite...

JACK

Dynamite?

DETECTIVE STERN

...left a residue of ammonium oxalate and potassium perchlorate. Do you know what this means?

JACK

No, what does it mean?

DETECTIVE STERN

It means it was homemade.

JACK

I'm sorry...this is just coming as quite a shock to me, sir...

DETECTIVE STERN

See, whoever set this homemade dynamic could've blown out the pilot light days before the actual explosion. The gas was just a detonator.

JACK

Who could've done such a thing?

DETECTIVE STERN

I'll ask the questions.

TYLER

(whispering in Jack's ear)

Tell him...

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

TYLER

(overlap w/below)

"Tell him the liberator who destroyed my property has re-aligned my paradigm of perception".

DETECTIVE STERN

Excuse me, are you there?

JACK

I am listening, but it's a little hard to know what to make of all this.

DETECTIVE STERN

Have you recently made enemies with anyone who might have access to homemade dynamite?

JACK

Enemies?

TYLER

"I reject the basic assumptions of civilization, especially the importance of material possession!"

Jack cups the receiving.

DETECTIVE STERN

Son, this is serious.

JACK

I know it's serious.

DETECTIVE STERN

I mean that.

JACK

Yes, it's very serious. Look, nobody takes this more seriously than me, the condo was my life! Okay? I loved every stick of furniture in that place. That was not just a bunch of stuff that got destroyed, it was me!

JACK (V.O.)

I'd like to thank the Academy...

DETECTIVE STERN

Isn't this a not good time for you?

TYLER

Tell him you fuckin' did it!

JACK

(to Tyler)

Shhh!

TYLER

Tell him you blew it off! That's what he wants to hear.

Tyler goes upstairs

DETECTIVE STERN

Are you still there?

JACK

Wait. Are you saying that I'm a suspect?!

DETECTIVE STERN

No, no. I may have to talk to you a little further, how about let me know if you leave town, okay?

JACK

Okay.

Jacks hangs up. 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. Marla lights a cigarette.

JACK (V.O.)

Except for their humping, Tyler and Marla were never in the same room. My parents pulled this exact act for years.

MARLA

The condom is the glass slipper of our generation. You slip it on when you meet a stranger. You...dance all night...and then you throw it away! The condom, I mean. Not the stranger.

Marla chuckles.

JACK

What?

MARLA

I got this dress at a thrift store for \$1.

JACK

It was worth every penny.

MARLA

(seductive)

It's a bridesmaid's dress. Someone loved it intensely for one day, then tossed it.

Marla moves very close to Jack.

MARLA

Like a Christmas tree -- so special, then....

Jack becomes very aware of having no pants on, presses against the counter. Marla pulls her hemline further up. She leans in very close to Jack's ear, whispers hoarsely:

MARLA

(CONTINUED)

...bam -- it's on the side of the road, tinsel still clinging to it...Like sex crime victims, underwear inside-out, bound with electrical tape.

JACK

(coldly)

Well, then it suits you.

MARLA

You can borrow it sometime.

Marla backs away going UPSTAIRS.

TYLER (O.S.)

Get rid of her.

Jack turns to see Tyler going UPSTAIRS.

JACK

Why can't you get rid of her?

TYLER

Don't mention me.

Marla's FOOTSTEPS are coming DOWNSTAIRS. Jack looks to the archway, then back at -- Tyler's GONE. Marla enters looking for something on the junk strewn table.

JACK (V.O.)

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

JACK

I really think it's time you got out of here.

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

MARLA

Don't worry I'm leaving.

JACK

Not like we don't love your little visit.

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

MARLA

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

As she exits the door, she sings "This Merry-Go-Round" from "Valley of the Dolls." Jack watches her trough the kitchen window.

JACK

Thanks, bye.

Jack turns. Tyler is behind him, chuckling.

TYLER

You kids...

JACK

Wh--Why do you still waste time with her?

TYLER

I'll say this about Marla: At least she's trying to hit bottom.

JACK

What, and I'm not?

TYLER

Sticking feathers up your butt does not make you a chicken.

JACK

What are we doing tonight?

TYLER

Tonight we make soap.

JACK

Really?

TYLER

To make soap, first we render fat.

EXT. FENCED - IN BIOHAZARD WASTE DUMP SITE - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack jump off the fence. Tyler pulls Jack behind a DUMPSTER, one of DOZENS. FOOTSTEPS. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM. 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

The salt balance has to be just right, so the best fat for making soap, comes from humans...

JACK

Wait, what is this place?

TYLER

A liposuction clinic.

Tyler eagerly grabs the lid of the closest dumpster. From the dumpster, Tyler pulls out an industrial sized thick plastic bag full of ORANGE THICK LIQUID.

TYLER

Aha! Pay dirt! The richest creamiest fat in the world! Fat of the land!

TIME CUT: Tyler and Jack are back over the fence. Tyler is outside the fence and Jack's inside, throwing BAGS of fat to Tyler. One bag RIPS over the fence, spilling the goo down the chain-link fence. Jack slips and slides. Tyler tries to save it. Jack is wounded by the fence.

JACK

Oh, God! Oh!

TYLER

Get another one.

As Tyler tries to take the ripped bag, he falls down.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler each stir a boiling pot.

TYLER

As the fat renders, the tallow floats to the surface. Like in Boy Scouts.

JACK

I can imagine you as a Boy Scout.

TYLER

Keep stirring. Once the tallow hardens, we skim off a layer of glycerin. If you were to add nitric acid, you got nitroglycerin. If you were to add sodium nitrate and a dash of sawdust, you got dynamite. Yeah, with enough soap we could blow just about anything.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler was full of useful information.

TYLER

Now, ancient people found their clothes got cleaner if they washed them at a certain spot in the river. You know why?

JACK
Why?

TYLER
Human sacrifices were once made on the hills above this river. Bodies burnt. Water speeded through the wood ashes to create lye.

Tyler grabs a can.

TYLER
This is lye -- the crucial ingredient. The lye combined with the melted fat of the bodies, till a thick white soapy discharge crept into the river. May I see your hand, please?

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

JACK
What is this?

Tyler pours a bit of the flaked lye onto Jack's hand.

TYLER
This is chemical burn.

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

TYLER
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.)
If guided meditation worked for cancer, it could work for this.

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

Tyler looks as Jack's glazed and detached eyes.

TYLER
Stay with the the pain, don't shove to center.

JACK
No!

TYLER
The first soap was made from the ashes of heroes. Like the first monkeys shot into space. Without pain, without sacrifice we would have nothing.

JACK (V.O.)
I tried not to think of the words "searing" or "flesh".

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

Jack, snapping back, tries to jerk his hand away. Tyler keeps holding of it and their arms KNOCK UTENSILS off the table. Tyler JERKS Jack's hands, getting Jack's attention.

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

JACK

I'm going to my cave. I'm 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

No, don't deal with this the way those dead people do. Come on!

JACK

I get the point, ok, please!

TYLER

No, what you're feeling is premature enlightenment.

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

Jack tries to pull his hand free. Tyler won't let go. Jack's eyes glaze over again. Tyler SLAPS Jack's face, regaining his attention.

TYLER

This is the greatest moment of your life, man, and you're off somewhere--

Jack tries to speak, whiny from pain.

TYLER

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

SHOT OF INSIDE THE ICE CAVE - NAKED MARLA PULLS JACK DOWN ON TOP OF HER - JACK IS ABOUT TO KISS HER BUT CIGARETTE SMOKE COMES FROM MARLA'S MOUTH - JACK COUGHS. 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, we don't, I agree.

TYLER

Fuck damnation, man. Fuck redemption. We are God's unwanted children. So be it!

Jack looks 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 it.

TYLER

Listen ,you can run water over your hand and make it worse, or -- look at me -- or you can use vinegar to neutralize the burn.

JACK

Please let me have some, please.

But first you have to give up. First, you have to know, with no fear, know that someday you are going to die. Until you know that, you are useless.

Jack spasms with a shiver of pain...

JACK

You don't know how this feels!

Tyler shows Jack a LYE-BURNED KISS SCAR on his own hand. Tears begin to drip from Jack's eyes.

TYLER

It's only after we lost everything that we are free to do anything.

JACK

Okay...

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 one step closer to hitting bottom.

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Jack and Tyler, wait as a BUYER, Suzie, 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 dollars a bar. God knows what they charged.

SUZY

This is the best soap.

TYLER

Why, thank you, Suzie.

Tyler smiles and turns to Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

It was beautiful. We were selling rich women their own fat asses back to them.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits at his desk. Boss enters.

JACK (V.O.)

He was wearing his yellow tie. I didn't even wear a tie to work anymore.

Boss holds a piece of PAPER and starts reading it.

BOSS

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

Jack stares stoically.

JACK (V.O.)

I'm half asleep again. I must've left the original in the copy machine.

BOSS

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

JACK

Huh?

BOSS

Pretend you're me. Make a managerial decision. You find this. What would you do?

JACK

Well, I got to tell ya...I'd be very, very careful who I talked to about this. Because the person who wrote that...is dangerous.

Jack rises slowly.

JACK

And this button-down oxford cloth psycho, might just snap at any moment, stalking from office to office with an Armatile AR-10 Carbine-Gas semiautomatic weapon, bitterly pumping round after round into colleagues and co-workers.

Jack moves very close to Boss.

JACK

Might be someone you've known for years...someone very, very close to you.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler's words coming out of my mouth. And I used to be such a nice guy.

Jack GRABS the paper, takes a look, and creases it.

JACK

Or maybe, you shouldn't be bringing me every little piece of trash you happen to 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.

INTERCUT WITH...

MARLA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Marla is sitting on her bed.

MARLA

My tit's gonna rot off.

JACK

(to Boss)

Could you excuse me? I need to take this.

Boss goes to door, stares at Jack a beat, then leaves. Jack sits in his chair.

JACK
(into phone)
What are you talking about?

MARLA
I need you to check and see if there's a lump in my breast.

JACK
Go to hospital.

MARLA
I can't afford to throw money away on a doctor...

JACK
I don't know about this, Marla.

MARLA
Please?

Jack LOOKS INTO CAMERA.

JACK (V.O.)
She didn't call Tyler. I'm neutral in her book.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack walks down the side walk, seeing Marla take TWO BOXES from a VAN with the sign "MEALS ON WHEELS".

JACK
That's nice. Taking food to...
(reads the boxes:)
"Mrs. Haniver" and..."Mrs. Raines." Who are they exactly?

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

JACK
No, thanks.

MARLA
I got one for you.

JACK
Thanks for the thought.

MARLA
What happened to your hand?

Jack awkwardly puts his bandaged hand behind his hand.

JACK
Uh,...nothing.

Part 3

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 it.

JACK
Right there?

MARLA
Huh...Feel anything?

JACK
No.

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

MARLA
Well, make sure.

JACK
Okay, I'm pretty sure.

MARLA
Feel nothing?

JACK
No, nothing.

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

MARLA
Well, that's a relief. Thank you.

JACK
Umm...no problem.

MARLA
I wish I could return the favor.

JACK
Well, there's not a lot breast cancer in the men of my family.

MARLA
I could check your prostate.

JACK
I think I'm ok.

MARLA
Well...thanks anyway.

Marla leans closer and kisses him.

JACK
Are we done?

Marla sighs.

MARLA
Yeah, we're done. See you...around.

Jack takes his jacket and leaves.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges from the lobby. He looks up at Marla's window. He is about to walk away when he listens a familiar voice
--

BOB
Cornelius?

Jack turns and sees -- Big Bob, the moose, eating a donut and drinking orange juice.

BOB
Cornelius! It's me! Bob!

JACK
Bob!

Jack gives him his hand, but Bob hugs him.

BOB
We all thought you were dead.

JACK
(chuckles)
No, no. Still here. How are you, Bob?

BOB
Better than I've ever been in my whole life.

JACK
Really? Still "Remaining Men Together?"

BOB
No, no, I got something much better now.

JACK
Really? What is it?

BOB
(quietly)
Well, the first rule is...I'm not supposed to talk about it. And the second rule is...I'm not supposed to talk about it. And the third rule is--

JACK
Bob, Bob, I'm a member. Look at my face, Bob.

Bob laughs.

BOB
That's fuckin--
(quietly)
That's fucking great!

JACK

I have never seen you there.

BOB

I go Tuesdays and Thursdays.

JACK

I go Saturday.

BOB

Congratulations!

JACK

Yeah, hey, to both of us, right?

BOB

Do you know about the guy who invented this thing?

JACK

Well, yeah, actually--

BOB

I hear all kinds of things.

JACK

Yeah?

BOB

Supposedly, he was born in a mental institution. And he sleeps only one hour at night. He's a great man.

JACK

Oh,....--

BOB

Do you know about Tyler Durden?

Jack stares at him.

INT. BASEMENT - ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - 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

I didn't hurt you, did I?

JACK

Actually, you did.

BOB

Thank you for this. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

JACK
Bob, Bob, Bob!

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club -- this was mine and Tyler's gift...our gift to the world.

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

An enormous CROWD of guys, including Jack and Bob, stands around Tyler, who's in the center of the circle.

TYLER
Look around, look around...and I 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
Man, I see in fight club the strongest and smartest men who have ever lived. I see all this potential -- God damn it, an entire generation pumping gas and waiting tables; they're slaves with white collars. Advertisements have them chasing cars and clothes, working jobs we hate so we can buy shit they don't need. We are the middle children of history, man. No purpose or place. We have no great war, or great depression. Our great war is a spiritual war. Our great depression is our lives. We've all been raised by television to believe that one day we'll all be millionaires and movie gods and rock stars -- but we won't. And we're learning slowly that fact. And we're very, very pissed off.

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

TYLER
The first rule of fight club is, you do not about--

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

TYLER
Who are you?

FAT MAN (LOU)
Who am I?!

TYLER
Yeah.

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

TYLER
Tyler Durden.

LOU
Who told you motherfuckers that you could use my place?

TYLER
We have a deal worked out with Irvin.

LOU
Irvin? Irvin'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 getting for this?

TYLER
There is no money.

LOU
Really?

TYLER
Free to all.

LOU
Ain't that something?

TYLER
It is actually.

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

TYLER
Hey. You should 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.

TYLER
No, I didn't quite catch it, Lou..

Lou PUNCHES him again in the face.

TYLER
Oh!! Still not getting it.

Lou PUNCHES him again in the face.

TYLER
Ahh!! Ok, ok, I got, I got it. Shit I lost it.

Lou proceeds to beat the shit out of Tyler, PUNCHING his face, his stomach. Tyler collapses to the floor. Lou starts KICKING his stomach. Tyler bleeds from the mouth and face. Some of the guys move forward, but the Thug points the gun. Tyler waves them off. Tyler starts laughing hysterically.

THUG

Get back, all of you! Everybody back!

TYLER

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Aw, Lou...,come on man, we really like this place.

Lou flushes red with exasperation, KICKS more. Tyler continues laughing hysterically. Lou PUNCHES him repeatedly in the face.

TYLER

That's it, Lou, get it out.

LOU

Shut the fuck up!

TYLER

Oh, yeah! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

LOU

Do you think this is fucking funny?

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

LOU

Fuckin' guys are loony, I'm telling ya. Unbelievable.

Suddenly Tyler SPRINGS UP, grabs onto Lou...Tyler's blood spatters on Lou. Lou tries to shake Tyler off, but he can't. The Thug grabs Tyler and pulls. Tyler spits and shouts through clenched teeth.

TYLER

You don't know we're I've been, Lou!

LOU

Oh, my God!

TYLER

You don't know where I've been! Ha, ha, ha!

Tyler rubs his bloody face into Lou's face. The Thug lifts Tyler. Tyler clings to Lou's necktie, dragging Lou as he is dragged...

TYLER

Please let us keep this place, Lou. Please!

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

LOU

Fucking, use the basement, Christ!

TYLER

I want your word, Lou! I want your word!

LOU
On my mother's honor.

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. He and the Thug back away...slamming the door behind.

TYLER
Thanks, Lou.
(to the Thug)
You too big guy. See you next week.

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 one 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 start a fight...and you're gonna lose.

Jack beams in appreciation.

EXT. CAR SELLING COMPANY - DAY

RICKY looks at a car--the seller is standing behind him.

SELLER
Excellent choice, sir.

EXT. STREET - DAY

BOB tries to trip a passing BUSINESSMAN.

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, watch out, jackass! Come on!

These men continue on their way.

JACK (V.O.)
Now this is not as easy as it sounds.

EXT. CAR SELLING COMPANY - DAY

Ricky throws the seller over.

SELLER
Son of a bitch!

JACK (V.O.)
Most people, normal people, do just about anything to avoid a fight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bob watches a yuppie on a bicycle passing by.

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

The mechanic continues to wash the sidewalk. As a PRIEST passes, he jerks the hose up and SPRAYS him. When the priest turns to him, he washes the sidewalk.

PRIEST

Excuse me, you sprayed me with your hose.

The mechanic jerks the hose up and SPRAYS him again.

MECHANIC

Like that?

PRIEST

That's not necessary.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bob chases the yuppie on his bicycle.

YUPPIE

Hey, leave me alone!

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

Ricky beats the seller.

SELLER

(to his mate)

Dave, go call 911!

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

Ricky takes the BIBLE from the priest's hands and SPRAYS it.

PRIEST

Stop it!

The priest PUNCHES the mechanic in the stomach. The mechanic punches him in the face. The priest runs away.

PRIEST

Sorry!

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

The seller's mate goes out and Ricky punches him too.

SELLER'S MATE

What are you did--? Come here--

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

The Priest goes back and fight with the mechanic.

PRIEST
Bastard!

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.

Jack closes the door and sits on a chair.

BOSS
Okay. Where to begin? With your constant absenteeism? With your un-presentable appearance? You're up for a review.

JACK
I Am Jack's Complete Lack of Surprise.

BOSS
What?

JACK
Let's pretend. You're the Department of Transportation, okay? Someone informs you that this company installs front seats that never pass collision tests, brake lines that fail over a thousand miles and fuel injectors that explode and burn people alive. What then?

BOSS
Are you threatening me?

JACK
No,...--

Boss sits up in his seat, becoming enraged.

BOSS
Get the fuck outta here! You're fired.

JACK
I have a better solution: You keep me on the payroll as an outside consultant and in exchange for my salary my job will be never to tell people these things that I know. I don't even have to come to office, I can do this job from home.

BOSS
Who--who the fuck do you think you are, you crazy little shit?

Boss stands up, picks up the phone.

BOSS
(into phone)
Security?

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Jack's Smirking Revenge.

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the nose. He falls to the floor. Blood starts to trickle. Boss drops the phone on the floor.

JACK
What the hell are you doing?

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the jaw. He hits on a table made of glass and SMASHES it.

JACK
Oh! That hurt.

Jack stands up again.

JACK
Why would you do that? Oh, my God! No! No! Please stop!

Jack GRABS HIMSELF from his shirt. Boss stares. Jack looks behind him -- A HANGING GLASS SHELF.

JACK
What are you doing? Oh, God, no please, no!

JACK (V.O.)
For some reason, I thought of my first fight -- with Tyler.

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the face and he reels backwards to the shelf, pulling it down. He hits the floor. He PUNCHES HIMSELF again in the face. Jack crawls toward Boss, dripping blood, grabs Boss's legs. Jack climbs up Boss's legs 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 at Boss's clothing, SMUDGES blood from his face onto the knuckles of Boss's hands.

JACK
Now look! Give me the paychecks like I asked. And you won't ever see me again.

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
(crying)
Oh, thank God, please don't hit me again, please...

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, whistling, drags an unwieldy SHOPPING CART filled with his COMPUTER, PHONE, FAX and other office equipment. The two SECURITY GUARDS are behind him, keeping workers away from Jack, who hasn't stop bleeding.

JACK (V.O.)
Telephone, computer, fax machine, eighty-two weekly pay-checks, forty-eight flight coupons...We now have corporate sponsorship. This is how Tyler and I were able to have fight club every night of the week.

INT. RECORD STORE STOCKROOM - NIGHT

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

JACK (V.O.)
No nobody was the center of fight club except the two men fighting. The leader walked around in the crowd, out in the

darkness. Tyler was now involved in a class-action lawsuit with the Pressman Hotel over the urine content of their soup.
I am Jack's Wasted Life.

INT. RECORD STORE STOCKROOM - LATER

Tyler hands ENVELOPES out to the crowd. Jack is next to him.

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler dreamed up new homework assignments. He handed them out in sealed envelopes.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS - LATE NIGHT

Two FIGHT CLUBBERS SWING a BASEBALL BAT -- DESTROYS a digital SATELLITE DISH and other ANTENNAS.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

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

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

JACK and TYLER, in work gloves, armed with TOOLS, work together to lift the entire METAL PLATE 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. As they pass PARKED CARS, they SWING the planks against the front bumpers -- activating ALARMS and INFLATING AIR BAGS...

JACK

Did you know there's a fight club up in Delaware City?

TYLER

Yeah, I heard.

JACK

There's one in Penn's Grove, too.

TYLER

(indicating a parked car)

Leave this.

JACK

Bob, even found one in Newcastle.

TYLER

Yeah, did you start that one?

JACK

No, I thought you did.

TYLER

Nah...

They come upon a VOLKSWAGEN, they both look at each other.

TYLER AND JACK
Pfft!

They SWING it.

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

EXT. CAR COMPANY - ROOFTOP - LATE NIGHT

FIGHT CLUBBERS handfuls of wet BREADCRUMBS to PIGEONS...HUNDRED OF PIGEONS -- a rooftop feeding-frenzy.

EXT. CAR COMPANY - DAY

Luxury AUTOMOBILES are parked, splattered with BIRD SHIT.

EXT. AIRLINE CABIN - ON GROUND - DAY

One AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE MAN, rip open a box from a PRINT SHOP. He digs 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. COMPUTER SHOP

THREE FIGHT CLUB MEMBERS, using a DRILL to drill a hole into the top of each computer. One of them, with FUNNELS and CANS of GASOLINE fills each monitor with gasoline.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

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

TYLER
Stop for a second.

JACK
Hey, what are we doing?

TYLER
Turn around.

JACK
What are we doing?

Tyler takes the BACKPACK, unzips it, searching contents.

TYLER
Homework assignment.

JACK
What kind of homework assignment?

Tyler takes out a HANDGUN, hands the backpack back.

TYLER
Human sacrifice.

JACK
Hey, is that a gun? Please, please tell me that's not a gun!

TYLER
It's a gun.

JACK
What are you doing?

TYLER
Meet me in the back.

JACK
No, no, don't fuck around.

TYLER
Meet me in the back.

Tyler goes inside the store and Jack runs back.

JACK
Fuck.

JACK (V.O.)
On a long enough time line, the survival rate for everyone drops to zero.

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 is already there, freaked. Tyler points the gun at the Clerk's head.

JACK
What are you doing? Come on...

TYLER
(to the clerk)
Hands behind the back.

JACK
God!

TYLER
(to the clerk)
Give me your wallet.

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

TYLER
Raymond K. Hessel. 1320 SE Benning, apartment A. Small, cramped basement apartment, Raymond?

RAYMOND
How'd you know?

TYLER
Because they give shitty basement apartments letters instead of numbers. Raymond, you are going to die.

RAYMOND

No,...

Tyler rummages through the wallet.

TYLER

Is that your mom and dad? Mom and dad will have to call kindly dr. so-and-so to dig up your dental records, do you wanna know why? Because there won't be nothing left of your face.

RAYMOND

Oh...

JACK

Aw, come on!

Raymond begins to weep, shoulders heaving.

TYLER

An expired community student ID! What did you study, Raymond?

RAYMOND

S-s-s-stuff...

TYLER

Stuff? Where the mid-terms hard?

Tyler rams the gun barrel against Raymond's temple.

TYLER

I asked you what you studied.

RAYMOND

Biology, mostly.

TYLER

Why?

RAYMOND

I don't know...

TYLER

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

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

TYLER

The question, Raymond, is what did you want to be?

JACK

Answer, Raymond! Jesus!

RAYMOND

Veterinarian! Veterinarian!

TYLER

Animals.

RAYMOND
Yeah, animals and s-s-s....

TYLER
--Stuff, yeah I got that. That means you have to get more schooling.

RAYMOND
Too much school.

TYLER
Would you rather be dead? Would you rather die? Here? On your knees? In the back of a convenient shop?

RAYMOND
Nooo!

Tyler UNLOCKS the gun, lowers it.

TYLER
I'm keeping your license. I'm going to check on you. I know where you live. If you aren't back in school and on your way to being a veterinarian in six weeks, you will be dead. Now run on home.

Tyler throws him his wallet. Raymond takes it, staggers to his feet and heads down an alleyway, running.

TYLER
Run, Forrest, run!

JACK
I feel ill.

TYLER
Imagine how he feels.

JACK
Come on, this isn't funny! That wasn't funny! What the fuck was the point of that?

TYLER
Tomorrow will be the most beautiful day in Raymond K. Hessel's life. His breakfast will taste better than any meal you and I have ever tasted.

Tyler throws the gun back to Jack and walks away.

JACK (V.O.)
You had to give it to him.

TYLER
Come on.

JACK (V.O.)
He had a plan. And it started to make sense in Tyler sort of way. No fear. No distractions.

Jack pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty.

JACK (V.O.)
The ability to let that which does not matter truly slide.

EXT. COMPUTERS SHOP - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION, gasoline filled COMPUTER MONITORS begin to EXPLODE...BOOM...BOOM...BOOM!

EXT. PAPER STREET HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

Tyler uses a RAKE, dragging it across rocks and dirt. He stops for a moment, rake on his shoulder, starring off.

TYLER

(muttering quietly)

You are not your job...you are not how much money you have in the bank...not the car you drive...not the contents of your wallet. You are not your fucking khakis. We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits at the table, sips coffee. He's pale, dazed, seems broken. MARLA walks into the kitchen and goes straight to the counter. Her back is to Jack as he looks at her. She pours coffee.

MARLA

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

JACK

You...you don't have to go.

Marla turns to face him.

MARLA

Whatever.

JACK

No,...I mean it. It's ok.

(pause)

You still going to groups?

MARLA

Yeah. Chloe's dead.

JACK

Ah, Chloe. When did that happen?

MARLA

Do you care?

JACK

I don't know, I haven't thought about that in a while.

MARLA

Yeah... it was the smart move of her part.

JACK

Hey, listen...wh-- what are you getting out of this?

MARLA

What?

JACK

I mean...all this...why do you keep...is this making you happy?

MARLA
Yeah, sometimes.

JACK
Well,...--I don't know -- I don't understand, why does a weaker person need to latch on a strong person? What is that?

MARLA
What do you get out of it?

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

JACK
No...it's not the same thing at all...it's totally different with us, we're --

MARLA
"Us"? What do you mean by "us"?

JACK
I'm sorry--do you hear this?

MARLA
Hear what?

JACK
You're not hearing all that noise? -- hold on.

MARLA
No, wait. What were you saying? Don't change the subject, I wanna talk about this.

Jack stands up -- 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
(To Tyler)
No.
(to Marla)
What?

Marla moves closer to him.

MARLA
That day you came over my house to play doctor...what was going on there?

TYLER
(still a whisper)
What are you talking about?

JACK
(to Tyler)
Nothing.
(to Marla)
Nothing.

MARLA
I don't think so.

JACK
Come on, what do you want?

MARLA
Look at me.

JACK
No...what?

MARLA
Look at me.

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 that?

JACK
It's nothing, don't worry about it.

MARLA
Oh my God -- who did this?

JACK
A person.

MARLA
Guy or girl?

JACK
Why do you care if it's a guy or a girl?

MARLA
Why do you care if I ask?

JACK
This is none of your business. Leave me alone.

MARLA
You're afraid to say.

JACK
I'm not afraid to say. Let me go!

MARLA
No! Talk to me!

JACK
Let go of me!

MARLA
No!

JACK
(pulls his hand free)
Leave me alone.

TYLER
(whisper)
This conversation...

JACK
This conversation...

TYLER
...is over.

JACK
...is over.

Jack closes the basement door.

MARLA
I just can't win with you, can I?

Marla leaves out the back door, not looking back. Jack opens the basement door, heads downstairs.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE

Jack looks around. TRIPLE-DECKER BUNKS clutter the basement, as many as can fit into space. Tyler's no there.

JACK
This is getting a little old.

From upstairs, the SOUND of the DOORBELL.

Tyler comes out of the next-room and walks upstairs, passing as Jack continues down.

JACK
Wh--what is all this?

TYLER
What do you think?

JACK
Bunk-beds? Why do we need bunk-beds? Hey!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler opens the door. A FIGHT CLUBBER, STEPH 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. Tyler looks the man over.

TYLER
Too young. Sorry.

Tyler comes back inside, shuts the door.

JACK
What's all that?

TYLER

Right, if the applicant is young, tell him is 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 may enter and begin his training.

JACK

Training for what?

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

JACK comes out, walks around Steph, hands his pockets. Tyler stands at the doorway, lights a cigarette.

JACK

Do you think this is a game? You're too young to train here, end of the story. Quit wasting our time. Get the fuck outta here.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Steph remains in attention. Tyler comes out, friendly.

TYLER

Bad news friend. It's not going to happen. I'm sorry if there was a misunderstanding. It's not the end of the world. Just go away. Go! You're trespassing and I will have to call the police.

EXT. PORCH - LATER

Steph's still there. Jack is out with a BROOM.

JACK

Don't you look at me! You think you're ever going to get on this house? You'll never gonna get in this fucking house. Never!

Jack hits Steph with the BROOM.

JACK

Now, get off the porch! Get of the porch!

JACK (V.O.)

Sooner or later, we all became what Tyler wanted us to be.

JACK

I'm gonna go in and I'm gonna fetch a shovel.

FROM THE WINDOW, Tyler sips coffee, watches the scene on the PORCH below.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Steph is still there. BOB is next to him, in black, with a PAPER BAG in hand, mattress at his feet. Tyler steps out. Jack stands in the doorway, locking eyes on Bob. To all the following questions, Steph answers "Sir!"

TYLER

You have two black shirts? Two pair black pants? One pair black boots? Two pair black socks? One black jacket?
Three hundred dollars personal burial money? Alright.

Steph goes in. Tyler turns to Bob.

TYLER

You're too old, fat man. And your tits are too big. Get the fuck of my porch.

Bob looks genuinely hurt. He picks up his mattress and starts away. Tyler goes inside, but Jack follows Bob.

JACK

Bob...Bob.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRP. Bob stands at a rigid attention.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack stand in the bathroom doorway, watching Steph finish SHAVING off all of his HAIR. Tyler comes to give the top of Steph's head a sharp SLAP.

TYLER

Like a monkey, ready to be shot into space. Space monkey! Ready to sacrifice himself for the greater good.

From now on, all those with shaved heads: "SPACE MONKEYS".

EXT. PORCH - DAY

BOB stands motionless. There's another "applicant", ANGEL FACE, beside Bob. Steph comes out the front door.

STEPH

(to Bob)

You're too fucking old fatty!

(to Angel Face)

And you! You're too fucking...blond! Get the outta here, both of you.

Jack has been watching the scene from the window. He looks out.

JACK (V.O.)

And so it went...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

HALF A DOZEN SPACE MONKEYS work, 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. Tyler watches them.

TYLER

Listen up, maggots. You are not special. You are not a beautiful or unique snowflake. We are the same decaying organic matter organic as everyone else.

IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW Jack watches...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack keeps watching out the window, eats toast.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler built himself an army.

TYLER (O.S.)
We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world. We are all part from the same compost heap.

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.

JACK (V.O.)
Why was Tyler Durden building an army? To what purpose? For what greater good? In Tyler we trusted.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack passes by the living room and sees SPACE MONKEYS. He heads to...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters. Tyler, dressed in FATIGUES and splattered with GREEN PAINT, grabs BEERS from the refrigerator. He sees Jack and gives him a hug.

JACK
Hey, what's all this?

TYLER
Hey!

JACK
Ok.

Jack notices ROPE and RAPPELLING TOOLS on table.

JACK
What's going on?

Tyler hands Jack a bunch of beers, nod to the living room.

TYLER
Go in, we're celebrating.

JACK
What are we celebrating?

TYLER
Go in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack, bewildered, enters carrying beers. BOB, STEPH, ANGEL FACE and several other space monkeys sit in front of the TV, chanting not too loudly, all also dressed in FATIGUES and splattered with GREEN PAINT. ANGEL FACE stands up, and takes the beers from Jack's hands.

ANGEL FACE
Let me get that for you.

Angel Face starts distributing beers amongst his cohorts. Jack looks to the TV -- it shows LIVE shot of the "PARKER MORRIS BUILDING". A REPORTER is there covering the story.

REPORTER

Police Commissioner Jacobs has just arrived, Commissioner could you please tell us what you think has happened here?

COMMISSIONER JACOBS, a wrinkled official, turns to camera.

COMMISSIONER JACOBS

We believe this is one related to the recent acts of vandalism around the city, somehow related to underground boxing clubs. We are coordinating a rigorous investigation.

REPORTER

That was Police Commissioner Jacobs who just arrived on the scene here...

ANGEL FACE

She's hot.

NOW WE SEE THE BUILDING: A GIANT, GRINNING FACE PAINTED on it -- TWO BROKEN WINDOWS for EYES, with flames pouring out...FIRE TRUCKS spray water.

They all BURST INTO LAUGHTER.

JACK

Holy shit! What the fuck did you guys do?

Silence. Then, they continue laughing.

BOB

Sir, the first rule of Project Mayhem is you do not ask questions, sir.

Jack turns, sees Tyler in the archway, watching him. Tyler pulls back out of sight.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A LUXURIOUS BANQUET. Commissioner Jacobs is also there. There's also a SPEAKER near him. Commissioner Jacobs is talking to another official.

COMMISSIONER JACOBS

(whispering)

I got to take a piss.

He rises and starts out of the room. Jack, in WAITER'S UNIFORM, looks apprehensively to OTHER WAITERS: BOB...STEPH...ANGEL FACE -- who all give each other a look. They start out of the room. Jack follows them.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jacobs saunters down an empty hall. The "WAITERS" follow him. Jacobs stops to check his tie in a mirror. He pushes the door of the MEN'S BATHROOM -- FACE TO FACE WITH TYLER.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tyler GRABS Commissioner Jacobs, pulling him into the bathroom. The OTHER "WAITERS" rush in. Jack stays back to keep the door shut. THE "WAITERS" slaps a piece of tape over Jacob's mouth. They 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.

BOB

Yeah, his balls are ice cold.

TYLER

Hi. You're going to call off your "rigorous investigation", you're gonna publicly state that there is no underground group. Or -- there guys gonna take your balls.

A "WAITER" produces a knife, moves it down to Jacob's testicles. Jacobs is bug-eyed. Jack, red-faced, keeps his distance.

JACOBS

(mouth tapped)

No...

TYLER

We'll send one to the New York Times and one to the Los Angeles Times. Press release style. Look. The people you're after are the people you depend on. We cook your meals, we haul your trash, we connect your calls, we drive your ambulances. We guard you while you sleep. Do not fuck with us.

The "waiter" with the knife, makes a dramatic cut with the knife, causing Jacob to SCREAM with his mouth tapped. The "waiter" holds up the severed RUBBER BAND and he throws it to Jacob's face.

"WAITER"

Fooled ya!

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Tyler, Jack 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. Tyler talks with the other Space Monkeys but we can't hear what they're saying. Angel Face and half of them leave. The other half, including Tyler, Jack and Bob head to the other direction.

JACK (V.O.)

I Am Jack's Inflamed Sense of Rejection.

TYLER

(to Bob)

Bob, you're on this one.

(to Jack)

Hey!

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fight Club in full swing. Jack battles Angel Face, BEATING the shit out of him with unprecedented viciousness. The crowd shouts maniacally, save Tyler, who watches with an inscrutable stone face. Angel Face tries to speak but Jack POUNDS him too hard. Blood flies. The crowd begins to grow QUIETER.

JACK (V.O.)

I felt like putting a bullet between in the eyes of every panda that wouldn't screw to save its species. I wanted to open the dump valves on oil tankers and smother all those French beaches I'd never see. I wanted to breathe smoke.

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'd you go Psycho Boy?

JACK
I felt like destroying something beautiful.

TYLER
(to the fight club members)
Get him to a fucking hospital.

Jack, Tyler and two fight clubbers go up.

EXT. LOU'S TAVERN - LATER

RAINING. Tyler and Jack and the other two guys, go out. A idling car HONKS. A bruised-faced VALET PARKER gets out of the car.

VALET
Don't worry Mr. Durden. Airport parking, long term.

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

TYLER
After you...

INT. STOLEN CAR - SAME

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

EXT. STREET

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

Part 4

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, dear?

JACK
--No...Ok, why I wasn't told about Project Mayhem?

STEPH AND MECHANIC
(together)
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you do not ask questions.

TYLER

What are you talking about?

JACK

Why you didn't include me in the beginning?

TYLER

Fight Club was the beginning, now it's out of the basements and it's called Project Mayhem.

JACK

You and I started fight club together, do you remember that? It's much mine as it is yours, you know.

TYLER

Is this about you and me?

JACK

Yeah, I thought we were doing this together.

TYLER

You're missing the point. This does not belong to us. We are not special.

JACK

Fuck that, you should've told me.

Opposing HEADLIGHTS get closer fast...

JACK

Hey Tyler!!

Tyler turns the wheel and the car gets into the proper lane. The other car flies PAST, HORNING SOUNDING...

JACK

Goddamnit Tyler!

TYLER

What do you want? A statement of purpose? Should I e-mail you? Should I put this in your "action item list"?

JACK

I want to know--

TYLER

You decide your level of involvement!

JACK

I will! I want to know certain things first!

STEPH AND MECHANIC

(together)

First rule of project mayhem is--

JACK

(to Steph and Mechanic)

Shut up!

(to Tyler)

I want to know what you're thinking.

TYLER

Fuck what you know. You need to forget about what you know, that's your problem. Forget about you think you know -- about life, about friendship, and especially about you and me.

JACK

Wh--What is that supposed to mean? Wh--?

Tyler steers the car into the opposite lane, accelerates...

JACK

What are you doing?

TYLER

(to Steph and Mechanic)

Guys, what would you wish you'd done before you died?

STEPH

Paint a self-portrait.

MECHANIC

Build a house.

TYLER

(to Jack)

And you?

JACK

I don't know. Turn the wheel now, come on!

TYLER

You have to know the answer to this question. If you died right now, how would you feel about your life?

JACK

I don't know, I wouldn't feel anything good about my life, is that what you want to hear me say? Fine. Come on!

TYLER

Not good enough.

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

JACK

Come on! Stop fucking around! Tyler!

The oncoming truck HONKS and FLASHES its LIGHTS. It moves to the other side of the road. Nearing impact with the oncoming truck, the truck ROARS past, spraying water, HORN BLASTING. Jack looks at Tyler with dead eyes.

JACK

Goddamnit! Goddamnit! Fuck you! Fuck fight club! Fuck Marla! I'm sick of all your shit!

TYLER

Ok, man. Ok.

Tyler steers the car into the opposite lane again. Jack keeps the grip, turns the wheel...the car swerves...

JACK

Quit screwing around, take the wheel.

TYLER

Look at you...look at you! You're a fucking pathetic.

JACK

Why? Why? What are you talking about?

TYLER

Why do you think I blew up your condo?

JACK

What?

TYLER

Hitting bottom is not a weekend-retreat, it's not a goddamn seminar. Stop trying controlling everything and just let go.

Let go!

Jack takes his hands off the wheel.

JACK

Alright, fine! Fine.

Tyler accelerates. 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 lights of the flares.

They SMASH into the stalled car -- AIRBAGS INFLATE! The back of the car whips around and carries it into a ass-over-tea-kettle ROLL down a hill. 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. Steph and the mechanic climb out the broken rear window.

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.

Tyler sits beside the stunned, wounded Jack.

TYLER

Goddamn! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! We just have a near-life experience!

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack lies in the bed, traumatized, and Tyler sits nearby.

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 up, takes his briefcase and gives Jack's head a pat.

TYLER

(leaving)

Feel better, champ.

Jack makes a move with his hand, but the door closes behind Tyler.

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 closes the door -- on the door there are hundred of DRIVER'S LICENSES; a sign above them: "HUMAN SACRIFICES".

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack comes downstairs...finds DOZENS OF SPACE MONKEYS.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler was gone. Was I asleep? Had I slept?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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.

JACK (V.O.)
The house became a living thing, wet inside from so many people sweating and breathing.

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY
"We are all part from the same compost. We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world..."

JACK (V.O.)
So many people moving, the house moved. Planet Tyler. I had to hug the walls, trapped inside this clockwork of Space Monkeys...

Jack moves to the landing.

FOOD COURT MAITRE D'
(to a space monkey)
Don't smoke in here. Do you know how much ether we have in this house?

JACK (V.O.)
...cooking and working and sleeping in teams.

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Jack enters. 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 a file with a street address. He starts flipping through the file. ANGEL FACE, with his face injured from the last fight with Jack, comes to take the file from him.

ANGEL FACE
It's under control, sir.

JACK
Where's Tyler?

ANGEL FACE
Sir, the first rule of project mayhem --

JACK
Right, right.

As Angel Face replaces the file, Jack notices -- A LYE-BURNED KISS-SCAR on the back of Angel Face's hand.

INT. LANDING

Jack comes up the stairs.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm all alone. My dad dumped me. Tyler dumped me. I Am Jack's Broken Heart.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack picks up a BOTTLE of VODKA and goes out.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jack takes a swig of vodka, smokes. In the background a Space Monkey WHACKS an APPLICANT with a BROOM. Other space monkeys tend the garden.

JACK (V.O.)
What comes next in Project Mayhem, only Tyler knows. The second rule is you do not ask questions.

Jack drops his cigarette in the gravel, steps on it. A Space Monkey immediately comes to clean it up.

JACK
Get the fuck away from me! Get the fuck away from me!

MARLA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who are all these people?

Jack turns, sees Marla with an overnight bag.

JACK
Paper Street Soap Company.

MARLA
Can I come in?

JACK
He's not here.

MARLA
What?

JACK

Tyler isn't here. Tyler's went away. Tyler's gone.

Marla stares at Jack, miserable. 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. The Mechanic crawls, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the LEG. Space Monkeys begin a rudimentary job of treating the wound. Other Space Monkeys carry in the DEAD BODY in BLACK CLOTHES and SKI MASK, putting it on the table.

MECHANIC

Gunshot wounds coming through! Clear some fucking room!

JACK

What happened?! What happened?!

Space Monkeys stare at the body.

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.

One space monkey talks to his walkie-talkie.

SPACE MONKEY

Operation Latte Thunder, go!

A SERIES of EXPLOSIONS blasts the GLOBE free. It ROLLS...

MECHANIC (V.O.)

Destroy a piece of corporate art...

THE GLOBE ROLLS downhill...

MECHANIC (V.O.)

...and trash a franchise coffee bar.

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-parts.

EXT. PARK - AERIAL VIEW (FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS)

Bob, Steph and the Mechanic split up, running O.S.

MECHANIC (V.O.)

We had it all worked out, sir. It went smooth until...

HARSH VOICE
Police! Freeze!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (RESUMING)

JACK
What?

MECHANIC
They shot Bob...they shot him in the head...those fucking pigs!

Jack pulls the ski mask off the corpse -- it's BOB, with a gunshot wound to the HEAD.

STEPH
Those motherfuckers!

JACK
You morons! You're running around with ski masks, try to explode things up, what did you think would happen?!

Jack walks away from the corpse, distraught, holds his head, turns to look back, his eyes filling with tears.

MECHANIC
Ok, quick. 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
Take him to the garden and bury him. Come on people, move!

Several Space Monkeys gather around Bob's body.

JACK
No...! Get away!

Space Monkeys stop. Jack gets between them and Bob, **SHOVES** a few Space Monkeys back...

JACK
What are you talking about? This is not a fucking piece of evidence! This is a person! He's a friend of mine and you're not going to bury him in the fucking garden.

ANGEL FACE
He was killed serving Project Mayhem, sir.

JACK
This is Bob.

STEPH
But in Project Mayhem, we have no names.

JACK

No, listen to me. This is a man and he has a name, and it's Robert Paulson, ok?

MECHANIC
Robert Paulson.

JACK

He is dead now, because of us, alright? You understand that?

Everyone stares at Jack.

MECHANIC
I understand. In death, a member of Project Mayhem has a name. His name is Robert Paulson.

STEPH
His name is Robert Paulson.

JACK
Stop it! Shut up!

ALL SPACE MONKEYS
His name is Robert Paulsen!
(louder)
His name is Robert Paulsen! His name is Robert Paulsen!

JACK
This is all over with!

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 flight information, including the destination cities. The PHONE RINGS. Jack answers it.

JACK
Tyler?

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE STERN'S OFFICE

DETECTIVE STERN
No, this is Detective Stern from the arson unit, I need to see you in my office--

Jack in panic, HANGS UP.

INSERT - AN AIRPLANE TAKES OFF

Jack sits stiffly in a seat.

JACK (V.O.)
I went to all the cities on Tyler's used tickets stubs, bar-hopping.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack hurries from the terminal, runs to a TAXI...

JACK (V.O.)

I didn't know how or why but I could look at fifty different bars and I just knew.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jack enters. He moves to the bar. The BARTENDER talks with two other guys, all with FIGHT BRUISES.

JACK

I'm looking for Tyler Durden. It's very important to talk to 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.O.)

...I knew a fight club was close.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

The PROPRIETOR, his head bandaged, is confronted by Jack.

JACK

Look at my face, I'm a member! I just need to know if you've seen Tyler.

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

You're a moron.

BANDAGED PROPRIETOR

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

Jack gives up, shoves his way out the door.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

JACK (V.O.)

Tyler has been busy. Setting up franchises all over the country.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Jack sits in the back seat. As the taxi moves, Jack sees in different corners men FIGHTING.

JACK (V.O.)

Am I asleep? Had I slept? Is Tyler my bad dream or am I Tyler's?

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

TVs shows football. Jack is seated with TWO BRUISED PATRONS.

BRUISED PATRON #1
We just heard the stories.

JACK
What kind of stories?

BRUISED PATRON #1
Like, no one knows what he looks like.

BRUISED PATRON #2
He has facial reconstructive 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 #2
Is Mr. Durden building an army?

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jack sits awake. Everyone around him is asleep.

JACK (V.O.)

I was living in a state of perpetual déjà vu.

EXT. MID-TOWN STREETS - DAY

Jack steps off the sidewalk...

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DAY

The alley's deserted. Jack hafts to rusty CELLAR DOORS. He opens the doors, looks around, heads downstairs....

INT. DANK BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters this dark basement, walks ahead in 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. It was like following an invisible man. The smell of dry blood.

Dirty bare-foot prints circling each other. That aroma of old sweat like fried chicken. The feel of the floor still warm from the fight the night before.

At his feet -- DRIED BLOOD on the concrete floor.

INSERT - AERIAL VIEW - PHOENIX SKYLINE - DAY

JACK (V.O.)

I was always one step behind Tyler.

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. His--

They see Jack and they stop chanting.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from behind Jack)

Welcome back, sir. How have you been?

JACK

Do you know me?

WOUNDED BARTENDER

Is this a test, sir?

JACK

No, this is not a test.

WOUNDED BARTENDER

You were in here last Thursday.

JACK

Thursday?

WOUNDED BARTENDER

You were standing exactly where you are now, asking how good our security is. It's tight as a drum, sir.

JACK

Who do you think I am?

WOUNDED BARTENDER

Are you sure this isn't a test?

JACK

No, this is not a test.

WOUNDED BARTENDER

You're Mr. Durden. You're the one who gave me this.

The Bartender holds up his hand, shows the KISS SCAR on the back of his hand.

JACK (V.O.)

Please return your seatbacks to their full and upright and locked position.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack bursts inside, out of breath, runs to grab the phone, punches a number.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

Marla answers.

MARLA

Yeah?

JACK

Marla, it's me. Have we ever done it?

MARLA

Done what?

JACK

Have we ever had sex?

MARLA

What kind of stupid question is that?!

JACK

Is it stupid because the answer's "yes" or because the answer's "no"?

MARLA

Is this a trick?

JACK

No, Marla, I need to know--

MARLA

--You mean, you want to know if we were just having sex or making love?

JACK

We did make love.

MARLA

Is that what you're calling it?

JACK

Just answer the question, Marla, please. Did we do it or not?

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 have just lost cabin pressure.

JACK
What did you just say?

MARLA
What is wrong with you?

JACK
What did you just called me? Say my name!

MARLA
Tyler Durden, Tyler Durden, you fucking freak, what's going on? I'm coming over.

JACK
No, wait Marla, I'm not there!

As Marla HANGS UP, Jack stares the receiver, dazed...

TYLER'S VOICE
You broke your promise.

Jack spins, dropping the phone -- Tyler's sitting on an armchair opposite him.

JACK
Jesus, Tyler!

TYLER
You fuckin' talked to her about me!

JACK
What the fuck is going on here?

TYLER
I asked you for one thing, one simple thing.

JACK
Why do people think that I'm you?

Tyler shakes his head, extremely irritated.

JACK
Answer me!

TYLER
Sit.

Jack sits on the side of the bed, face to face with Tyler.

JACK
Now answer me, why do people think that I'm you?

TYLER
I think you know.

JACK
No, I don't.

TYLER

Yes, you do. Why would anyone possibly confuse you with me?

JACK

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

FLASHBACK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

COMMISSIONER JACOBS checks his tie in the mirror, goes to open the door of the MEN'S BATHROOM -- FACE TO FACE with JACK.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

TYLER

You got it!

JACK

No...

FLASHBACK - MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON JACK, who's standing above Commissioner Jacobs.

JACK

Do not fuck with us!

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

TYLER

Say it!

JACK

Because...

FLASHBACK - INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

JACK is sitting alone, BURNING the BACK OF HIS HAND WITH LYE.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

TYLER

Say it!

JACK

Because we're the same person.

TYLER

That's right.

FLASHBACK - EXT. PAPER STREET HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

JACK

We are the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

JACK
I don't understand this...

TYLER
You were looking for a way to change your life. You could not do this on your own. All the ways you wished you could be...that's me! I look like you wanna look, I fuck like you wanna fuck, I'm smart, capable and most importantly, I'm free in all the ways that you are not.

JACK
No...

FLASHBACK - EXT. PAPER ST. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jack stands in the yard, vodka in hand, yells at Marla.

JACK
Tyler's not here. Tyler's went away. Tyler's gone.

MARLA
What?

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

JACK
This is impossible. This is crazy.

TYLER
People do it every day. They talk to themselves. They see themselves as they like to be. They don't have the courage you have, to just run with it.

FLASHBACK - EXT. LOU'S TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two guys are getting out of the back door. They see JACK PUNCHING HIMSELF.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

TYLER
Naturally you still wrestling with it...Sometimes you're still you...

FLASHBACK - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

JACK sits ALONE on the curb, talking to someone beside him, but nobody's there. He hands the beer to "someone" and the beer crushes to the ground.

JACK
We should do this again sometime.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

TYLER
Other times you imagine yourself watching me.

FLASHBACK - INT. LOU'S BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK stands surrounded by eager fight club members, under the bare bulb, talking and behaving like Tyler...

JACK

If this is your first night at fight club -- you have to fight.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

Jack listens Tyler, his mouth hangs open.

TYLER

Little by little. You're just letting yourself become...Tyler Durden!

FLASHBACK - BUILDING - NIGHT

THE PARKER MORRIS BUILDING. JACK, Angel Face, Steph, Bob and another GUY rappel down the side, SPRAYING GREEN PAINT. JACK is "Tyler" in demeanor, mannerisms, speech...

JACK

(shouting)

You are not your job! Or how much money you have in the bank!

TWO WINDOWS SHATTER OUTWARD.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

JACK

But you have a house--

TYLER

--Rented in your name.

JACK

You have jobs, you have a whole life--

TYLER

--You have night jobs, because you can't sleep -- or stay up and make soap.

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

JACK

Marla...You're fucking Marla, Tyler.

TYLER

Uhm...actually you're fucking Marla, but it's all the same to her.

FLASHBACK - TYLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JACK is on top of Marla, sweating, making violent love...

INT. HOTEL - RESUMING

JACK

Oh, my God!

TYLER

Now you see our dilemma. She knows too much. We have to talk about how this might compromise our goals.

Jack stands up.

JACK

Wh--What are you saying? This is-- this is bullshit! This is bullshit, I'm not listening to this. You are insane.

TYLER

No, you're insane, and we definitely do not have time for this crap!

Jack stands, trying to absorb, feeling ill -- he suddenly FAINTS to the bed, 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. The telephone is next to him on the bed and the phone's off the hook. Jack remembers the previous night...and runs to the door.

INT. HALLWAY

The room door SLAMS OPEN as Jack bursts out of the room, carrying his suitcase, SPRINTING for the STAIRWELL...

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack hurries to the front door, his suitcase half-broken open, passing the front desk. A DESK CLERK calls after him.

DESK CLERK

Sir, are you checking out?

JACK

Yeah, bill me.

The clerk follows the length of the counter, waves a PAPER.

DESK CLERK

I need to initial this list of phone calls, please.

Jack goes to desk -- snatches the bill, studies it: many NUMBERS.

JACK

When were these made?

DESK CLERK

It says right here, sir...between two and three this morning.

Jack looks at the clerk.

JACK

No, I w--

Jack freezes.

EXT. AIRLINE 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 sleeping later? Have I been Tyler longer and longer?

INT. PAPER ST. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY

Jack walks 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.

JACK

Is anybody here?

He sees a BOTTLE labeled "NITRIC ACID."

JACK (V.O.)

Déjà vu. All over again.

FLASHBACK - INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TYLER

Yeah, with enough soap we could blow just about anything.

INT. KITCHEN - RESUMING

JACK

Oh, my God.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - LATER

Jack sits by the phone, pulls out the HOTEL BILL, runs his finger up and down the list of PHONE NUMBERS... Jack's finger stops to a NUMBER. He dials, phone to his ear.

VOICE

(from phone)

Eighteen-eighty-eight.

JACK

Who am I calling?

VOICE

Eighteen-eighty-eight Franklin. This is maintenance.

Jack sees a file on the wall: "1888 FRANKLIN STREET.."

VOICE

(from phone)

Hello? Hello?

JACK

(into phone)

1888 Franklin street?

VOICE
(from phone)
Yes. Can I help you? Hello?

Jack looks all the files on the wall...

VOICE
(from phone)
Hello?

JACK
(into phone)
Yeah, yeah. I need to talk to your supervisor, right away.

VOICE
(from phone)
Speaking.

JACK
(into phone)
Okay, listen to me. I think something really horrible is about to happen in your building, you have got--

VOICE
(from phone)
It's under control, sir.

JACK
(into phone)
Excuse me?

VOICE
(from phone)
Don't worry about us, sir. We're solid.

Jack HANGS UP, and dials the next number on the bill.

DIFFERENT VOICE
(from phone)
Twenty-one-sixty.

Jack sees a file: "2160 PICO BOULEVARD." He throws the phone, pocketing the bill. He grabs ALL THE FILES.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Marla walks out the lobby doors, lighting a cigarette. Jack's TAXI halts and Jack's getting out of the cab, laden with files.

JACK
Hey Marla! Marla! Fuck! Wait!

Marla makes a sharp turn, walking away. Jack follows, hugging the files to his chest, catching up. He grabs her arm, but Marla pulls away.

JACK
I got to talk to you! Marla!

MARLA

Your whacked-out bald freaks hit me with a fucking broom, they almost broke my arm!

JACK

Marla--

MARLA

They were burning their fingertips with lye, the stink was unbelievable.

JACK

Look,...listen. It'll take a tremendous act of faith on your part for you have got to hear me out.

MARLA

Oh, 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 on a BOOTH. Jack sits across from her.

MARLA

No, listen I don't want to hear anything you have to say.

JACK

You have every right to be--

Jack sees A WAITER with a BLACK EYE next to him.

JACK

I'll just have a coffee, thanks.

WAITER

Sir, anything you order is free of charge, sir.

MARLA

Why is it free of charge?

JACK

Don't...Don't ask...

MARLA

Whatever. I'll have the clam chowder, the fried chicken and a baked potato with everything and a chocolate chiffon pie.

JACK

Clean food, please.

WAITER

In that case, sir, may I advice against the lady eating the clam chowder.

JACK

No clam chowder, thank you.

The waiter snaps to attention and leaves. Jack looks to the pass-through WINDOW into the kitchen where THREE COOKS with STITCHES in their faces.

MARLA
You have about thirty seconds.

JACK
I know I've been acting very, very strange and that it's been like there's two sides of me--

MARLA
Two sides? You're Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Jackass.

JACK
I deserve that, but I've come to realize something very, very important.

MARLA
What?

JACK
The full extend of our relationship wasn't really clear to me up until now, for reasons I'm not going to go into, but the important is that I know I haven't been treating you so well--

Marla's getting up to go, but Jack rises, fed up, takes her by the arm, putting her back to her seat.

MARLA
--Yeah, whatever...

JACK
Fifteen seconds! Fifteen seconds, please, don't open your mouth!

Marla crosses her arms. Jack collects himself.

JACK
I'm trying to tell you that I'm sorry, because I've come to realize that I really like you Marla.

MARLA
You do?

JACK
I really do. I care about you and I don't want anything bad to happen to you because of me. Marla...your life is in danger.

MARLA
What?

JACK
You need to leave town for a while, get out of any major city, and go camping and--

MARLA
--You're an insane person.

JACK
No, I've involved you at something terrible that's about to happen...you are not safe--

MARLA
No, no. Shut up. Shut up!

Everyone looks at them. Marla's getting upset, tears coming to her eyes.

MARLA
Listen, I tried Tyler. I really tried.

JACK
I know you have.

MARLA
There are things about you that I like. You're smart, you're funny, you're...spectacular in bed....But you're intolerable!
You have very serious emotional problems. Deep seated problems for which you should seek professional help.

JACK
I know, and I'm sorry--

MARLA
Yeah, you're sorry, I'm sorry, everybody's sorry, but...I can't do this anymore. I can't. And I won't. I'm gone.

Marla gets up. Jack tries to grab her, but she's gone, heading to the door.

JACK
You can't leave, Marla, you're not safe!

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack pushes out the door, files under one arm, catching up...

JACK
Marla, I --

MARLA
No, leave me alone!

JACK
Marla, I'm trying to protect you.

MARLA
Let go of me! I don't ever want to see you again!

Jack spots a BUS idling further up the street.

JACK
That's fine, if that's what it takes--Hold on, wait right here.

Jack stops in front of the bus. The bus stops. The BUS DRIVER opens the door. SOUNDS of HORNING from other cars behind the bus can be heard.

JACK
(to the bus driver)
Hold it right there.
(to a driver, horning)
Shut up! Shut up!

He pulls MONEY from his pocket holding out to Marla.

JACK

Take this money and get on this bus, and I promise you I will never bother you again, if that's what you want. Please get on the bus. Please get on the bus!

Marla hesitates, but finally takes the money from Jack's hands and walks toward the bus. Jack turns away, not to see the bus.

MARLA

Why are you doing this?

JACK

They think you are some kind of a threat, I...I can't explain right now, but trust me If I see where you're going, you won't be safe.

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

That's fine, and remember stay out of major cities, for at least a couple of days, ok?

Marla gets on the bus.

MARLA

Tyler...

Jack finally turns to look at her.

MARLA

You're the worst thing that ever happened to me.

DOORS HISS SHUT. The BUS LEAVES, heading away. Jack seems relieved. THROUGH THE BUSS WINDOWS: the bus is filled with BALD MEN IN BLACK: SPACE MONKEYS. Jack doesn't see them. The bus speeds away. Onboard, Space Monkeys, subdue Marla.

Jack leaves running.

INT. POLICE STATION - SUNSET

Jack runs to the front desk, crazed, dumps the armload of files on the desk in front of the DESK SERGEANT...

JACK

(takes a deep breath)

Hello. I need you to arrest me. I'm the leader of a terrorist organization responsible for numerous acts of vandalism and assault all over the city.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Detective Stern and THREE DETECTIVES stand, staring at Jack, who's seated. On the table are the phone bill and the files.

JACK

...in the metropolitan area, with probably a couple hundred members. Chapters are sprouting in at least five or six other major cities already. This is tightly-regimented organization, with many cells capable of operating completely independent central leadership. Look, go to that house, ok? 1537 Paper Street. That's our headquarters. In the back,

buried in the garden, you'll find the body of Robert Paulson. In the basement, you gonna find some bath tubs used very recently to make large quantities of nitroglycerin. I believe the plan is to blow up the headquarters of these credit card companies and the TRW building.

STERN

Why these buildings? why credit card companies?

JACK

If you erase the debt record, we all go back to zero. It'll create total chaos.

STERN

(to other detectives)

Keep him talking. I need to make a phone call.

Stern leaves. A beat, then, the remaining detectives smile at Jack with REVERENCE.

DETECTIVE ANDREW

I really admire what you're doing.

JACK

What?

DETECTIVE ANDREW

You're a brave man to order this.

DETECTIVE KEVIN

You're a genius, sir.

DETECTIVE WALKER

You said if anyone ever interferes Project Mayhem, even you, we gotta get his balls.

Jack stands up.

DETECTIVE ANDREW

It's useless to fight.

DETECTIVE KEVIN

It's really a powerful gesture, Mr. Durden. It'll set quite an example.

JACK

You're making a big mistake, fellas!

DETECTIVE KEVIN

You said you'd say that.

JACK

I'm not Tyler Durden!

DETECTIVE WALKER

You told us you'd say that too.

JACK

Okay, I'm Tyler Durden...listen to me. I'm giving you a direct order. We are aborting the mission right now.

DETECTIVE ANDREW

You said you would definitely say that.

They GRAB Jack and force him on his back on the table. They pull Jack's PANTS completely off, tosses them aside. Jack SCREAMS. Detective Walker holds Jack's legs.

JACK

Are you fucking out of your minds? You're police officers!

A KNOCK at the door.

DETECTIVE ANDREW
Somebody timing this?

DETECTIVE WALKER
(to Jack)
Keep your mouth shut! Shit!

Detectives Andrew and Kevin block view of the table as Detective Walker opens the door with a crack.

DETECTIVE WALKER
Yeah?

STERN
Some of the info checks out. Let's go over to that house on Paper Street.

DETECTIVE WALKER
Be right there.

Detective Walker glances back at the other Detectives, leaves, closing the door.

JACK
Hey wait!

Detective Andrew has a knife and Detective Kevin has a rubber band. Jack kicks and screams and writhes. The Detectives wrangle him, but with more difficulty now that Walker's gone.

DETECTIVE KEVIN
Sir, we have to do this.

DETECTIVE ANDREW
Mr. Durden, stop fighting.

DETECTIVE KEVIN
You're gonna to fuck up this time.

DETECTIVE ANDREW
Where's the rubber band?

As Detective Kevin is almost above Jack, Jack's free hand PULLS Kevin's GUN and points at him. Kevin backs off. Jack gets up, gasping for air.

JACK
(to Kevin)
Stay away from me!
(to Andrew)
Drop the fucking knife! Drop it!

Andrew drops the knife. Jack takes the files from the table.

JACK

Face down on the floor, both of you, right now.

The Detectives get down on the floor.

JACK

Get down on the floor. The first who comes out of this fucking door gets...gets a lead salad, you understand?

Jack heads to the door, opens it and leaves the room.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack, without pants, comes out of the door. He runs to the stairs and gets away from the back door.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack SPRINTS down the middle of the street, gun in hand, looking like a complete madman. Cars almost hit me. Jack points the gun to a car.

JACK

Get away! Get away!

Some of the files fall, Jack takes them and runs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack's still running, gun in one hand, files in the other. IN SLOW MOTION...

JACK (V.O.)

I ran. I ran until my muscles burned and my veins hit acid. Then I ran some more.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED...

EXT. BANK BUILDING - LATER

Jack, sweating and panting, stops, looks...then heads toward the building with the address "1888 Franklin Street.". He throws the files in a trash-can. A police car turns...Jack turns away. He heads to the lobby.

EXT. 1888 LOBBY - LATER

Jack tries the door -- locked.

TYLER'S VOICE

What the fuck are you doing? Running around in your underpants? Man, you look like a crazy person!

Jack turns and sees TYLER nearby.

JACK

No, I'm onto you. I know what's going on here.

TYLER

Well, come on then, I have a great place to view. It'll be like paper-view!

Jack lifts a cast iron bench, runs forward -- RAMS it into the glass. The bench immediately recoils from the glass, SLAMS Jack's groin! Tyler APPEARS behind the DOOR, laughing. Jack falls to his knees, doubled over. Then, he rises, SHOOTS the glass...Tyler DISAPPEARS.

INT. 1888 LOBBY

Jack pushes through the broken glass. He sees a sign "GARAGE ESCALATORS." He sprints to it...

INT. GROUND LEVEL - PARKING

Jack enters, looks -- no cars. He bolts to the STAIRS...

INT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING AREA - 7TH FLOOR

Jack enters, heaving. Again NO CARS, except for A TRUCK. Jack heads toward it. He looks inside the front seats. He heads to the back of the car. He opens the back door of the truck sees: NINE LARGE CANISTERS, heavily-WIRED.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUED

Jack gets inside to find the BOMB. There's a DIGITAL CLOCK, ticking down from "25:55"...TYLER appears in the back of the car.

JACK
Oh, Christ!

TYLER
Now what are you doing?

JACK
I'm stopping this.

TYLER
Why? Greatest thing you've ever done, man.

JACK
No, I can't let this happen.

TYLER
You know there are ten other bombs in ten other buildings.

JACK
Goddamn it, since when is Project Mayhem about murder?

TYLER
The buildings are empty. Security and maintenance and all our people. We're not killing anyone, man, we're setting them free!

JACK
Bob is dead! The shot him in the head!

TYLER
If you wanna make an omelet you've gotta break some eggs.

JACK
No, I'm not listening to you, you're not even there.

Jack looks back to the BOMB, wipes sweat from his face. Jack moves to pull the lid off one CANISTER, looks inside...

TYLER

Wouldn't do that. Unless you know which wire is what.

Jack starts finger the MANY WIRES, sorting them.

JACK

If you know, then I know.

Tyler APPEARS in the front passenger seat.

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.

TYLER

You think?

Jack twists the GREEN WIRE around his finger.

TYLER

Oh, heavens, no, not the green one. Pull anyone but the green one.

Jack PULLS the GREEN WIRE and the digital clock STOPS. Jack chuckles.

TYLER

I asked you not to do that!

Tyler PUNCHES Jack in the face. Jack falls down, out of the truck.

INT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING AREA - 7TH FLOOR

Tyler comes out of the truck, closes the doors, locks and throws away the keys. Jack points the GUN to him.

JACK

Tyler get away from the van! Tyler I'm not kidding! Get away from the van! Goddamn it!

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banks of SECURITY MONITORS sit unmanned.

ON ONE MONITOR: Jack aims the truck--nobody else is there.

INT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING AREA - 7TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack aims...FIRES! One bullet BREAKS the back window of the truck.

TYLER

Whoa! Whoa! Ok! You are now firing with a gun at your imaginary friend, near four hundred gallons of nitroglycerin!!!

Tyler approaches Jack, Jack backs off, always aiming Tyler with the gun.

JACK
Look, Tyler! Tyler!

He FIRES again. Tyler gets pissed off.

TYLER
What?!

Tyler PUNCHES, knocks the gun out of Jack's hand. Tyler PUNCHES Jack in the face. Jack falls down. Jack scrambles to his feet, running backwards.

TYLER
Oh, come on! Don't go!

Jack turns to a corner, Tyler's there: He PUNCHES him again in the face.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banks of SECURITY MONITORS sit unmanned.

ON ONE MONITOR: Jack is seen 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. TOP-LEVEL PARKING AREA - 7TH FLOOR

Jack stands, runs, tries to go under the truck. Tyler grabs his foot, taking off his SHOE. He hits Jack's head with the shoe. Jack goes behind the truck. Tyler follows him. Jack falls down again, and Tyler KICKS Jack's leg. Jack SCREAMS in pain.

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Tyler throws Jack, smashing the glass of the lobby door. They FIGHT viciously, bloodied. Tyler grabs Jack's hair, heading toward the stairwell.

SECURITY MONITOR P.O.V.: Jack's got his hands behind his head, pulling himself.

INT. STAIRWELL

The stairwell is empty. Tyler GRABS Jack from his shirt and THROWS him in the stairwell. Jack's in the bottom of the stairwell, unconscious. Tyler leaves.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LARGE SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Jack as he SNAPS AWAKE. Tyler is standing in front of him, holding the GUN in Jack's MOUTH. Jack looks around with his eyes...

PULL BACK TO: This huge room is being remodeled.

TYLER
Three minutes. This is it. The beginning. Ground zero.

JACK (V.O.)
I think this is about were we came in.

TYLER

Would you like to say a few words to mark the occasion?

JACK

(still distorted)

i.....ann.....inn....ff....nnyin...

Tyler removes the gun from Jack's mouth.

TYLER

I'm sorry?

JACK

I still can't think of anything.

TYLER

Ah, flashback humor.

Tyler approaches the window.

TYLER

It's getting exciting now.

(checks his watch)

Two and a half. Think of everything we've accomplished, man.

(looks out windows)

Out these windows, we will view the collapse of financial history. One step closer to economic equilibrium.

Tyler heads toward Jack. He PUSHES the chair on which Jack is seated, and it SLAMS to the window. Jack sees through the window, below a BUS idles. The doors open and MARLA's dragged out, kicking and screaming carries by SIX SPACE MONKEYS...

JACK

Why is she here?

TYLER

Tying up loose ends.

MARLA (O.S.)

Put me down, you bald-freaks!

They carry Marla into the BUILDING ENTRANCE.

JACK

I'm begging you, don't do this.

TYLER

I'm not doing this. We are doing this. This is what we want.

JACK

No, I don't want this.

TYLER

Right, except "you", is meaningless now. We have to forget about you.

JACK

Jesus, you're a voice in my head.

TYLER
You're a voice in mine!

JACK
You're a fucking hallucination, why I can't get rid of you?

TYLER
You need me.

JACK
No, I don't. I really don't anymore--

TYLER
--Hey, you created me. I didn't create some loser alter-ego to make my self feel better. Take some responsibility.

JACK
I do. I am responsible for all of it and I accept that. So, please, I'm begging you, please call this off.

TYLER
Have I ever let us down? How far you come because of me?...I will bring us through this. As always, I will carry you kicking and screaming and in the end, you'll thank me.

JACK
Tyler, I'm grateful to you, for everything you've done for me. But this is too much. I don't want this.

TYLER
What do you want?! Wanna go back to the shit job, fucking condo world, watching sitcoms? Fuck you! I don't do it.

JACK
This can't be happening.

TYLER
It's already done, so shut up. Sixty seconds, can you see alright?

JACK
I can figure this out. I can figure this out. This is not for real. The gun is not even in your hand. The gun's in my hand.

The gun DISAPPEARS from Tyler's hand and APPEARS in Jack's.

TYLER
Hey, good for you, it doesn't change a thing.

Jack stares at the gun a long time...Jack brings the gun up, PUTS THE GUN ON HIS LOWER JAW. Tyler cocks his head.

TYLER
Why do you want to put a gun in your head?

JACK
Not my head, Tyler. Our head.

TYLER
Interesting. What are you going to do with this IKEA-boy? Hey, it's you and me...
(pause)
Friends?

JACK

Tyler, I want you to really listen to me.

TYLER

Okay...

JACK

My eyes are open.

Their eyes are locked, unblinking. Long silence.

Jack PUTS THE GUN IN HIS MOUTH. EXTREME SLOW MOTION: Jack's fingers squeezes the trigger...KABLAM! -- Jack's cheek 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 gun smoke, eyes glazed, sniffs the air.

TYLER

What's that smell...?

Jack slumps to his chair. Tyler falls...Tyler hits the ground. The back of Tyler's head is BLOWN OPEN, revealing blood, skull and brain. TYLER'S BODY IS GONE. Suddenly a group of Space Monkeys burst into the room, moving forward Jack.

STEPH

Where is everybody?

TALL SPACE MONKEY

I don't know, what's going on?

STEPH

Mr. Durden!

Steph DROPS the beers on the floor. Jack quakes, holding the side of his head; a ragged hole blown in his CHEEK. He's bleeding hard, but he's alive.

STEPH

Sir, are you alright?

JACK

Oh, yeah, I'm ok.

MECHANIC

You look terrible. What happened?

JACK

Oh, nothing. It's no problem.

TALL SPACE MONKEY

No, no, sir, he's not kidding, you look really awful. You need medical assistance.

JACK

Look, I'm fine. Everything's fine.

Jack looks to the Space Monkeys, trying to get his eyes to see. TWO SPACE MONKEYS enter with MARLA. One hold a gun to Marla as she struggles.

JACK
Let her go.

MARLA
Christ Almighty! You!

JACK
Hi Marla.
(to the space monkeys)
Leave her with me, get your stuff, I'll meet you downstairs.

MECHANIC
Are you sure, sir?

JACK
Yes, I'm sure.

The monkeys release Marla. Only the short Space Monkey is left with Marla and Jack, while the others are leaving, hesitantly.

MARLA
You fucker! What kind of sick fucking game are you playing now, put me in the fucking bu--
(sees Jack's bleeding face)
Oh, my God!-- You're face!

JACK
Yeah, I know.

MARLA
What happened?

JACK
Don't ask.

MARLA
You're shot!

JACK
Yes, I'm shot.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The SPACE MONKEYS stare at Marla and Jack.

ONE SPACE MONKEY
I can't believe he's standing.

SECOND SPACE MONKEY
One tough motherfucker.

INT. LARGE SOCIAL ROOM - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

MARLA
Who did this?

Marla crouches, takes out wadded TISSUES and tries to apply them to Jack's wound.

JACK
I did, actually.
(to the tall space monkey)
Find some gauze.

The space monkey rushes to find some gauze.

MARLA
You shot yourself?

INSERT: "Where is my mind?" by the Pixies.

JACK
Yes, but it's ok. Marla look at me. I'm really ok. Trust me. Everything's gonna be 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 Marla, reaches to take her hand.

JACK
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 frames, LOSE THE SPROCKET HOLES, RESUME NORMAL SPEED...

FADE TO BLACK:

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