

Fight Club

INT. LOU'S TAVERN - SAME

>

> Jack and Tyler sit at a table in the very back of the room. A
> half-empty pitcher of beer shows dried foam scum from the previous
> refill.

>

> Five DRUNKEN GUYS at a table at the opposite side of the bar keep
> glancing over and chuckling in a potentially hostile manner.

>

> TYLER

> You buy furniture. You tell yourself, this is the last sofa you'll
> ever need in your life; no matter what else goes wrong, you've got the
> sofa issue handled. Then the right set of dishes. Then the right bed.
> The drapes. The rug. This is how you're good to yourself. This is
> how you fill up your life.

>

> JACK

> I ... guess so.

>

> TYLER

> And now your condo blows up and you have nothing.

>

> JACK

> I ... guess so.

>

> TYLER

> And now you find yourself, sitting here, feeling like it's the best
> thing that ever happened to you.

>

> JACK

> ... yeah.

>

> TYLER

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

>

> JACK

> ... no.

>

> PG 34

>

> TYLER
> I mean, you lost a lot of nice, perfect, neat little shit.
>
> JACK
> Fuck it all.
>
> TYLER
> Wow. That's pretty strong.
>
> JACK
> ... yeah.
>
> TYLER
> Do you have family you can call?
>
> JACK
> My mother would just go into hysterics. My Dad ... Don't know where
> he is. Only knew him for six years. Then, he ran off to a new city
> and married another woman and had more kids. Every six years -- new
> city, new family. He was setting up franchises.
>
> Tyler smiles, snorts, shakes his head.
>
> TYLER
> A generation of men raised by women. Look what it's done to you.
>
> JACK
> To me?
>
> TYLER
> We're on our third pitcher of beer and you still can't ask me.
>
> JACK
> Huh?
>
> TYLER
> Why don't you cut the shit and ask me if you can stay at my place?
>
> JACK
> Well ... uh ...
>
> TYLER
> Why don't you cut the shit and ask me if you can stay at my place?
>

> JACK
> Would that be a problem?
>
> PG 35
>
> TYLER
> Is it a problem for you to ask me?
>
> JACK
> Can I stay at your place?
>
> TYLER
> Yeah.
>
> JACK
> Thanks.
>
> TYLER
> -- If you do me one favor.
>
> JACK
> What's that?
>
> TYLER
> I want you to hit me as hard as you can.
>
> *FREEZE PICTURE*
>
> JACK (V.O.)
> Let me tell you a little bit about Tyler Durden.
>
> EXTREME CLOSE-UP - FILM FRAME
>
> --And we can see it's a PENIS.
>
> INT. PROJECTIONIST ROOM - THEATRE - NIGHT
>
> Jack, in the foreground, FACES CAMERA. In the BACKGROUND, Tyler sits
> at a bench, looking at individual FRAMES that have been cut out of
> movies. Near him, the PROJECTOR rolls a film.
>
> JACK
> Tyler works some nights as a projectionist. A film doesn't come in one
> big reel ...

>
> Tyler speaks to Jack normally, not to the camera.
>
> TYLER
> In an old theatre, two projectors are used. I have to change
> projectors at the exact second so the audience never sees the break
> when one reel starts and one reel runs out. You can see two dots on
> screen at the end of a reel -- this is the warning.
>
> PG 36
>
> JACK
> He splices single frames of genitalia from porno movies into family
> films.
>
> TYLER
> One-twenty-fourth of a second. That's how long the penis flashes up
> there. Towering, slippery, red and terrible, and no one knows they've
> seen it.
>
> Jack and Tyler watch the audience of PARENTS and CHILDREN as an ANIMAL
> adventure MOVIE plays. Suddenly, children start becoming uncomfortable
> and squirming. Some start CRYING. Some THROW UP.
>
> JACK
> Tyler also worked as a ...
>
> INT. LARGE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT
>
> Tyler moves the cart around one of many tables, ladling out soup.
>
> Jack stands in the same position. FACING CAMERA.
>
> JACK
> ... banquet waiter at the luxurious Pressman Hotel.
>
> The GUESTS are dressed in resplendent clothes, reeking of wealth and
> privilege. They command the WAITERS with snaps of the finger.
> Complaints pop like gunshots. The stiff-necked CATERING MANAGER
> contemptuously hawk-eyes the waiters. It's hellish.
>
> INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT
>
> Jack turns and WE PAN to Tyler, standing by a CART with a giant SOUP

> TUREEN and bowls. His hands are at his open fly and he's in position
> to piss into the soup.
>
> TYLER
> Don't watch. I can't if you watch me.
>
> CAMERA PANS to original position as Jack continues TO CAMERA.
>
> JACK
> He was a guerrilla terrorist of the food service industry.
>
> TYLER (O.S.)
> Shit. I can't go.
>
> PG 37
>
> After a beat, the sound of WATER SPLASHING the floor. Jack peeks and
> sees Tyler pouring out a water glass with one hand, the other hand at
> his crotch.
>
> TYLER
> ... Oh, yeah. *Oh*, yeah.
>
> Jack turns back TO CAMERA.
>
> JACK
> He farted on creme brulee; he sneezed on braised endive; and, with
> creme of mushroom soup, he ... he ...
>
> TYLER (O.S.)
> Go ahead. Say it.
>
> JACK
> Well, you get the idea.
>
> EXT. PARKING LOT OF TAVERN - RESUMING
>
> Tyler and Jack come out of the bar; Jack shakes his head.
>
> JACK
> What?
>
> TYLER
> Hit me as hard as you can.

>
> Tyler leads Jack into an open area, lit by a streetlamp.
>
> JACK
> I don't know about this, Tyler.
>
> TYLER
> I don't know either. I want to find out. We're virgins. Neither one
> of us has ever been hit.
>
> JACK
> You've never been in a fight?
>
> TYLER
> I didn't say that. I said I've never been hit.
>
> JACK
> That's good, isn't it?
>
> TYLER
> Listen to me -- hit me. You're the only one I ever asked.
>
> PG 38
>
> JACK
> Me?
>
> Jack stares at him. The five drunken GUYS -- the same ones who stared
> at them earlier -- have formed a distant perimeter, sensing a fight.
> Jack glances at them, then back at Tyler.
>
> JACK
> I've ... never hit anyone in my life.
>
> TYLER
> Go crazy. Let it rip.
>
> JACK
> Where do you want it? In the face or the stomach?
>
> TYLER
> Surprise me.
>
> Jack swings a wide, clumsy roundhouse that connects with Tyler's neck.

> It makes a dull, soft flat sound. Tyler's neck turns red.
>
> JACK
> ShitSorry. That didn't count. Let me try again.
>
> TYLER
> Like hell. That counted.
>
> Tyler shoots out a straight punch to Jack's chest. The impact makes a
> dull, barely-audible sound and Jack falls back against a car. The Guys
> whoop and clap, moving closer. Jack's eyes involuntarily well up with
> tears. He and Tyler breathe HEAVILY and sprout BEADS of SWEAT on their
> faces.
>
> TYLER
> How do you feel?
>
> JACK
> Strange.
>
> TYLER
> But a *good* strange.
>
> JACK
> Is it?
>
> TYLER
> We've crossed the threshold.
>
> PG 39
>
> JACK
> ... I guess so.
>
> TYLER
> You want to call it off?
>
> JACK
> Call what off?
>
> TYLER
> The fight.
>
> JACK

> *What* fight?

>

> TYLER

> I'm tired of watching only professionals. I don't want to die without

> any scars. How much can you really know about yourself if you never go

> at it, one-on-one?

>

> JACK

> Tyler ...

>

> TYLER

> Are you a pussy?

>

> Jack swings another roundhouse that slams right under Tyler's ear. The

> sound, soft and flat. Tyler punches Jack in the stomach. The Guys

> move closer, cheering the fight. Tyler and Jack move clumsily,

> throwing punches. They breathe heavier, their eyes red and bright.

> They drool saliva and blood. They each hurt badly and become dizzier

> from every impact.

>

> JACK (V.O.)

> If you've never been in a fight, you wonder about getting hurt, about

> what you're capable of doing against another man.

>

> Tyler and Jack keep fighting. The guys mix laughter with their cheers,

> looking at each other in wondrous amusement.

>