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
Shit. Sorry. 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.