

FIGHT QUB-1

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

VOICE

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

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

TYLER

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

JACK

Pardon me?

Tyler turns to Jack.

TYLER

Tyler Durden.

Tyler offers his hand. Jack takes it.

TYLER

You know why they have oxygen masks
on planes?

JACK

No, supply oxygen?

TYLER

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

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

TYLER

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

Tyler points to passive faces on the drawn figures.

TYLER

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

Jack laughs.

JACK
What do you do, Tyler?

TYLER
What do you want me to do?

JACK
I mean -- for a living.

TYLER
Why? So you can say, "Oh, that's
what you do." -- And be a smug little
shit about it?

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

TYLER
You have a kind of sick desperation
in your laugh.

Jack points to his own briefcase.

JACK
We have the same briefcase.

Tyler turns the top of his briefcase toward Jack.

TYLER
Open it.

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

TYLER
Soap -- the yardstick of civilization.
I make and sell soap...

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

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

Tyler SNAPS the briefcase shut. Jack stares.

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

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

JACK

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

TYLER

I get it. You're very clever.

JACK

Thank you.

TYLER

How's that working out for you?

JACK

What?

TYLER

Being clever.

JACK

(thrown)

Well, uh... great.

TYLER

Keep it up, then.

Tyler stands, looks towards the aisle.

TYLER

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

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