

VOICE

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

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

TYLER

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

JACK

Pardon me?

Tyler turns to Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

This is how I met --

TYLER

Tyler Durden.

Tyler offers his hand. Jack takes it.

TYLER

You know why they have oxygen masks
on planes?

JACK

No, supply oxygen?

TYLER

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

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

TYLER

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

Tyler points to passive faces on the drawn figures.

TYLER

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

Jack laughs.

JACK

What do you do, Tyler?

TYLER

What do you want me to do?

JACK

I mean -- for a living.

TYLER

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

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

TYLER

You have a kind of sick desperation
in your laugh.

Jack points to his own briefcase.

JACK

We have the same briefcase.

Tyler turns the top of his briefcase toward Jack.

TYLER

Open it.

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

TYLER

Soap -- the yardstick of civilization.
(reaches in his pocket)
I make and sell soap...

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

TYLER

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

Tyler SNAPS the briefcase shut. Jack stares.

JACK

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

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

JACK

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

TYLER

The spork. I get it. You're very clever.

JACK

Thank you.

TYLER

How's that working out for you?

JACK

What?

TYLER

Being clever.

JACK

(thrown)

Well, uh... great.

TYLER

Keep it up, then. Keep it right up.

Tyler stands, looks towards the aisle.

TYLER

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

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

TYLER

We are defined by the choices we make.

Tyler goes to the curtain dividing First Class, slaps the
curtain aside and sits in an empty seat. Jack watches.