六十个人里的那一个

《当幸福来敲门》里最让我佩服的，不是克里斯最后成功了，而是他在成功之前那段没人看见的日子。

证券公司给了一个实习机会，没有工资，六个月后六十个实习生里只留一个。克里斯带着儿子正住在收容所，晚上排队领床位，白天穿着西装打电话拉客户。他给自己定了规矩：比所有人早到，把桌子擦干净等人来；最后一个走，把当天的客户名单再理一遍。为了省下排队去洗手间的时间，他一天喝的水少得可怜。

电影里有个细节我反复想过。主管让他帮忙跑腿，他一边跑一边把要打的电话在心里背下来。别人眼里这些是杂活，他当成练习。他的电话常被挂断，有时连一句完整的话都说不完。可他第二天照样拨出去，声音还是热的。

有人会说，这是电影，现实里努力不一定有用。我也想过这个问题。后来我想明白了：努力不是保证成功的门票，它是一个人唯一能自己决定的东西。天赋、运气、出身，克里斯一样都占不到，他能调的只有每天打出的电话数。六十个人争一个名额，他要做的不是骂规则，是把自己变成那一个。

电影里儿子说想打篮球，克里斯先是不许，后来陪他在球场上一边拍球一边说，别让任何人说你成不了才，哪怕那个人是我。他把说不出口的难，翻译成了孩子听得懂的光。这样的父亲，名额留给他不奇怪。

地铁站那一夜他也崩溃过，门外的撞击声里他捂着儿子的耳朵流泪。可崩溃只有一夜，天亮他照常出发。这说明坚强不是不哭，是哭完了还站起来。

结局里，经理留下他，说希望他穿公司的衬衫。他走在人群里，为自己鼓掌。我合上笔记本，想起自己背单词总坚持不过两周。从明天起，我也要像他理客户名单那样，把错题本每天过一遍。六十比一的比例我算不清，但我算得清今天该做的那几道题。

The One Among Sixty

What I admire most in The Pursuit of Happyness is not that Chris made it in the end, but the days before it when nobody was watching.

The stock company offered one internship, unpaid, and only one of sixty interns would be kept after six months. Chris and his son were living in a shelter then, standing in line at night for a bed and wearing a suit by day to call clients. He set his own rules: arrive earlier than everyone and wipe the desk clean before others come; leave last and go over the client list of the day once more. To save the time of waiting for the restroom, he drank almost no water all day.

There is a detail I have turned over many times. His boss asked him to run errands, and while running he memorized the phone numbers he needed to call. Others

saw chores; he saw practice. His calls were hung up on him, and sometimes he could not finish a sentence. Yet he dialed again the next day, and his voice was still warm.

Some say this is only a film, and effort does not always pay in real life. I thought about that too. Then I understood: effort is not a ticket that guarantees success; it is the one thing a person can decide alone. Chris had no talent for connections, no luck, no good family. The only number he could move was the count of calls he made each day. With sixty people fighting for one place, his job was not to curse the rule but to become that one.

In one scene his son wants to play basketball. Chris at first says no, then joins him on the court, bouncing the ball, and tells him never to let anybody say he cannot do something, even if that somebody is himself. He turns the hardship he cannot say out loud into a light a child can understand. It is no surprise that the place was kept for such a father.

He broke down that night in the subway station, crying with his hand over the ears of his son as someone banged the door. But the breakdown lasted one night only. At dawn he set out as usual. Strength, it shows, is not not crying; it is standing up after the crying.

In the ending, the manager keeps him and says he hopes to see him in the shirts of the company. He walks through the crowd, clapping for himself. I closed my notebook and thought of how my word memorizing never lasts two weeks. Starting tomorrow, I want to go over my mistake book every day the way he went over his client list. I cannot work out the odds of one in sixty, but I can count the few problems I should finish today.