地铁站里的那一夜

周末，语文老师推荐我们看《当幸福来敲门》。看完以后，我久久忘不了地铁站里的那个夜晚。

主人公克里斯卖掉全部家当，投资了一台骨质密度扫描仪，结果卖不出去。妻子离家，房租交不起，他带着五岁的儿子流落旧金山。那天夜里无处可去，他领着儿子走进地铁站的公共休息室，锁上门，把儿子哄睡。门外有人撞门，他用脚抵住门，眼泪掉下来，另一只手始终捂着儿子的耳朵。那一刻我在屏幕前屏住了呼吸：一个被生活逼到墙角的人，还在拼命替孩子守住一个完整的夜晚。

我原本以为电影会让他一直苦下去，可第二天太阳升起，他照样把扫描仪背在肩上，照样穿上那身唯一的西装，挤上公交车去证券公司实习。实习没有工资，六十个实习生只留一个。他比所有人早到，最后一个走，电话打得比别人多一倍，连水都少喝，为的是少排一次队。别人觉得他傻，他把每一天的努力都攒成一条看不见的线。

电影的名字很有意思，幸福不是来敲门的，是人一遍一遍去敲幸福的门。克里斯被拒绝过多少次，电影没有数，我也数不清。他只是在每一次被拒绝之后，多打一个电话。

最后半年结束，经理把他叫进办公室，只说了一句，希望你以后穿我们的衬衫。他走在街上，为自己鼓掌。那掌声不大，却是一个人对另一个人一整年坚持的全部回应。

初一下学期我数学考砸过，连续两次不及格，一度想放弃竞赛。现在我想，克里斯在地铁站抵住门的那只脚，抵住的不是门，是生活的体面。人在低谷里能做的，不是喊苦，而是像他那样，把第二天照常过好。幸福会不会敲门我不知道，但我知道门在哪里，就得去敲。

That Night in the Subway Station

At the weekend, our Chinese teacher recommended the film The Pursuit of Happyness. After watching it, I could not forget that night in the subway station for a long time.

The hero Chris spent everything on a bone density scanner, and nobody would buy it. His wife left home, the rent went unpaid, and he wandered in San Francisco with his five-year-old son. That night, with nowhere to go, he took his boy into a public restroom in the subway station, locked the door, and rocked his son to sleep. Someone pushed against the door from outside. He braced it with his foot, tears fell, and his other hand stayed over the ears of his son. I held my breath in front of the screen. A man cornered by life was still fighting to keep one whole night safe for his child.

I thought the film would keep him suffering. But when the sun rose the next day, he carried the scanner on his shoulder again, put on his only suit again, and took

the bus to his internship at the stock company. The internship paid nothing. Only one of sixty interns would be kept. He arrived earlier than everyone and left last, made twice as many calls as the others, and drank less water to save the line at the restroom. People thought he was foolish. He was turning each day of effort into an invisible line no one else could see.

The title of the film is interesting. Happyness does not come to knock. A person knocks on the door of happyness again and again. The film never counts how many times Chris was refused, and neither can I. He simply made one more call after every refusal.

At the end of the six months, the manager called him into the office and said only one sentence, that he hoped to see him in their shirts from now on. Walking down the street, Chris clapped for himself. The applause was small, yet it was the full answer of one person to a whole year of persistence in another.

In the second term of my first year at middle school, my math failed twice in a row, and I almost gave up the contest team. Now I think the foot Chris used against that door was not bracing a door but the dignity of life. When a person is at the bottom, what he can do is not cry out but live the next day well, the way Chris did. I do not know whether happyness will knock. I know where the door is, and I will go knock on it.

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.

为自己鼓掌的那一刻

电影散场时，同学说最爽的是克里斯成功那一刻。我想了很久，觉得最打动我的，是他走在街上为自己鼓掌的那双手。

那天，经理把他叫进办公室，告诉他被录用了，希望以后每天都见到他穿公司的衬衫。克里斯走出大楼，人群来来往往，没有人知道刚才发生了什么。他举起手，拍了几下，眼眶红了。没有奖杯，没有音乐，掌声是他自己给自己的。

导演没有把这个镜头拍得轰轰烈烈，因为观众都替他记得这一路：他背着卖不出去的扫描仪追出租车，在收容所的走廊里借着灯光给客户打电话，在地铁站的地上铺一张报纸哄儿子睡觉，天亮前把报纸收进垃圾桶。成功那一刻之所以重，是因为它下面压着无数个这样的清晨和深夜。

我特别喜欢电影对幸福的处理。它没有让克里斯一夜翻身，而是让他在漫长的没有回应的日子里，一天一天把电话打下去。幸福来敲门之前，他先敲了上千次门。所谓坚持，不是每天热血沸腾，而是在看不见结果的时候，照常做该做的事。

这对我触动很大。上学期期中考试我退步了三十多名，那段时间我做题总想着结果，越做越慌。克里斯让我看到另一种活法：把眼睛从结果上挪开，放回今天的手上。他不知道哪通电话能成，他只知道今天必须打。

还有一处细节：有人抢走了他的扫描仪，他一路追过好几条街，在车流里死死抱住那台机器。那是他全部的家当，也是他敲门的资格。生活没收了他的体面，没收不了他抱着机器不撒手的那股劲。人可以被拿走很多条件，拿不走他还在追这件事。

现在离中考还有一年。我不敢保证考上重点，但我知道，像他那样把每一天过结实的人，运气总会多看他两眼。就算结果那天没有人为我鼓掌，我也要像他一样，在人群里为自己拍几下。

The Moment He Clapped for Himself

When the film ended, a classmate said the most satisfying part was the moment Chris made it. I thought for a long time, and I decided what moved me most was the pair of hands that clapped for him on the street.

That day, the manager called him in and told him he was hired, hoping to see him in the shirts of the company every day from now on. Chris walked out of the building. The crowd flowed past, and nobody knew what had just happened. He raised his hands and clapped a few times, his eyes red. There was no trophy and no music. The applause came from himself to himself.

The director did not shoot that moment as a big scene, because the audience already remembered the road behind it: chasing a taxi with the unsellable scanner on his back, calling clients by the hallway light of the shelter, laying a newspaper on the floor of the subway station to put his son to sleep, and folding it into the trash before dawn. The moment of success weighs so much because under it lie countless mornings and nights like those.

I love how the film treats happyness. It did not let Chris turn his life around in one night. It let him keep making calls, day after day, through long stretches with no answer. Before happyness came to knock, he had knocked on its door a thousand times. Persistence, it turns out, is not burning with passion each day; it is doing what must be done as usual when no result is in sight.

This struck me hard. On the midterm last term I fell back more than thirty places, and for a while I kept staring at results while solving problems, and the more I stared the more afraid I became. Chris showed me another way to live: move your eyes off the result and put them back on your hands today. He did not know which call would work. He only knew he had to make the calls today.

One more detail stays with me. Someone grabbed his scanner and ran, and he chased the thief across several streets, holding the machine tight in the middle of traffic. That machine was all his property and his ticket to knock on doors. Life took away his dignity but not that grip on the machine. A person can have many conditions taken away and still keep on chasing.

One year is left before the senior high entrance exam. I cannot promise I will pass into the key school, but I know that luck always looks twice at a person who lives each day solidly, the way he did. And even if nobody claps for me on the day of results, I will clap a few times for myself in the crowd, the way he did.