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Hector and the Search for Happiness

By Maria von Heland

1

(MUSIC PLAYING)

(AIRPLANE HUMMING)

(DRUMBEATS)

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

(SLAPPING HAND, PANTING)

Clara!

Hector.

- Morning, sweetheart.

- Morning.

Time to rise, time to shine.

HECTOR:

NARRATOR:

there was a young psychiatrist
called Hector,
who had a very satisfactory life.
His world was tidy,
uncomplicated...
And he liked it that way.

(SLUSHING)

He took great comfort
in its predictable patterns.
Patterns his girlfriend Clara
was happy to maintain.

Thank you.

Bye.

Oh!

NARRATOR:

was swiftly rectified.

(WINGS FLAPPING)

(BELLS TOLLING)

Hector had a great deal
of patience
for his patients,
if you see what I mean.
Every day, I ask myself,
"How could my marriage
just explode the way it did?"

NARRATOR:

all the best psychiatrists,

he knew how to answer
a question with a question.
Jane, what does exploding
mean to you?

ANJALI:

I have lost my psychic mojo.
Oh, I just can't see
a way out.
All my clients will leave me.
Hector, look at me,
I want the truth.
Do you see my light?
Here.
Please, don't lie to me.
I see your point.
(DOOR BUZZER HUMMING)

NARRATOR:

crossed paths with each other.
They couldn't.
Once in a while,
Hector prescribed pills
with funny sounding names.
Roger, have you taken your meds?
I am fucking Ferrari.
What?

NARRATOR:

until he landed upon
- the one most suitable.
- Roger...
Two fat ladies!
Eighty-eight.

NARRATOR:

His clients always returned.
They gave his name
to their friends
who gave his name
to their friends.
(CAR HONKING)
After all, Hector's rates
were very fair.

They hadn't changed in years.

Okay-

Come to think of it,
neither had Hector.

CLARA'S BOSS:

And if that wasn't enough...
within six days,
our Clara discovers the name
for a companion drug,
which had eluded the marketing
department for six months.

(CHEERING)

Now, that's a talent for words.

But what I love most
about her

is that in the 10 years
that she's been with us,
she has yet to discover
the words "maternity" or "leave."

(LAUGHING, GROANING)

- Clara.

- (CLAPPING)

Thank you, all, so much.

What's in a name?

A glimmer of hope.

A chance for change.

That's right.

A way to alleviate suffering.

It's been five years
since we launched Tranquiline.

Correction. No, it's been
a lifetime for those

- who benefited from it.

- Yeah.

I'm getting emotional.

To Marketing.

- (CHEERING)

- I love you guys!

(CHEERING)

- (PERSIAN MUSIC PLAYING)

- C'est magnifique!

Hit that key.

(CAT-CALLING, JINGLING)

(PERSIAN MUSIC PLAYING)

- (GIGGLING)

- No. No..

Not me. Not me. Oh!

- (CHEERING)

- Come on!

Give them money.

(PERSIAN MUSIC)

(JINGLING, CHEERING)

(SLURRING) Oh, it's...

Yay!

(INAUDIBLE)

"What am I doing?"

(FRENCH ACCENT)

You are intriguing me.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

You are not working
with these people?

Oh, no, I'm Hector.

I'm a psychiatrist.

Psychiatrist.

Hello.

You can help me.

Oh, I think not.

But I want a penis.

- A penis.

- You mean happiness.

Everybody want 'appiness
but you cannot own 'appiness.

Yes, sorry.

It's, uh, elusive, yeah.

- You can't touch happiness.

- You cannot touch 'appiness.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

- (LAUGHING)

- **FRENCH LADY:**

Listen to me, I want
a penis in my bottom.

(LAUGHING GROGGILY)

No, no, you want happiness
from the bottom of your heart.

That is what I said,

a penis... in my bottom.

(LAUGHING)

Stop it.

HECTOR:

- Ahh!

- CLARA:

(PANTING)

I love my Hector.

I love my Clara.

No, really, I love
my weird-ass-eccentric-
nobody-else-is-like-him Hector.
Promise me you'll never change.

(PANTING)

Thank you for humoring
all my friends.

You know I'd do
the same for you.

- I don't have any friends.

- Of course you do, Hector.

(BUZZING SOUNDS)

Back off, Malcolm.

That's not funny.

Give me your hand.

Oh, no, see?

Nothing. Nope.

I can still, you know, talk
the talk like you do, Hector.

Like the way you answer
a question with a question.

What do you mean?

Yeah, that's it.

"Who's this to?"

- You're so transparent, Hector.

- Am I?

You have your
non-committal nonsense,
I have my new age wealth lie
I can serve up to any client.

"Your mother has had
a hard life."

Tell me what mother
hasn't had a hard life.

Or "You're going
on a journey."
I feel like a fraud.
Don't tell me you don't know
what I'm talking about.
Everyday, you're just going
through the motions,
never being authentic.
Authentic.
You know what, Anjali, I think this
represents some sort of growth.
You know, just be careful that
when you have these visions...
Hallucination.
That the ego might just be
shaping them to its own needs.
Let's try the medication
for another week, shall we?
But the tumor was benign.
Yeah.
No, no, yeah. No.
Yes or no?
Yes.
So, this isn't even
a cancer story.

BEN:

You seem a little blue.
Not your usual self.
Is it Roger?
No. No.
Um, actually, Ben,
it's my other patients.
You know, they all like
to think they're hopeless.
That's hopeless.

HECTOR:

You're breaking up with me,
aren't you?
No! No.
You can't just come out
with a question like that.
You have to build up to it.

You know you have
to have a preamble.

Alright, alright.

I'm sorry.

Do you consider yourself
to be happy?

Alright, look.

Okay.

(STAMMERING)

I've got it, I've got it,
I've got it.

Far be it from me,
and I...

Forgive me for asking,
and I don't mean to pry.

But... do you consider yourself
as a happy person?

Is this because I'm not ready
to be a mother?

- Other hand, please.

- Absolutely not.

- But I've only done the left one.

- Sorry.

This has nothing... nothing to do
with you not being a mother.

I know what you're saying, Hector.

No one wants to live with a person
knowing they'll never be happy.

- So, you're, uh...

- Back in business.

- Yes.

- And you can...

Channel what's to come.

See the future. Yes.

- Mm-hmm.

- Give me your hand.

- Oh, not again.

- Please. Come on.

Wait, are we off the clock?

- Call it even.

- Cool.

But you are getting a bargain.

I charge more than you.

I keep telling you,

you should put up your fees.

You're going on a journey.

Am I?

Be serious.

I am. You are.

To distant lands.

- (THUNDERCLAP, CLUCKING)

- (CRUNCHING)

(RETCHING)

Well, is there anything else?

I see you're at peace.

I see you're happy.

Really?

I see you loving like
you've never loved before.

Wow!

(SIGHING) Yeah, well.

- Maybe in my next life.

- Hector, this is your next life.

- I see you with a dead dog.

- What?

You're a little boy.

You're crying.

Oh, my God!

You were an only child.

- A lonely child, you poor thing.

- Oh, come on.

It makes sense, your life.

How exhausting.

- I see a girl on a beach.

- What do you mean a girl on a...

- Why have you never called her?

- What do you mean call her?

- Are you sterile?

- No, I am not sterile.

No, no, no, wait.

That's not it.

It's your life.

Why am I getting sterility?

Someone is hurting you,
making you angry.

- Time's up.

- It's you.

- Come on.

- It's you. You're making you angry.
Just stop, okay! Stop.
Stop projecting.
I'm not the patient here,
Anjali, come on.
- So exhausting.
- Yes, so exhausting.
I know, I know. Thank you.
See you next week. Thank you.
- (SIGHS IN RELIEF)

- ANJALI:

I can't sell the house,
the cracks are back.
They'd taken it off the menu.
The evening was ruined.
The only reason to go there
was the white pie.
I'm thinking of taking in
other people's laundry.
To get some extra cash
to help pay for the nanny.
(SPEAKING IN MAN'S VOICE)
Otherwise, we're going under.
(SPEAKING IN WOMAN'S VOICE)
I was doing the exercises, but I fell asleep.
And now the sergeant says
I'm not standing straight.
(SPEAKING IN WOMAN'S VOICE)
Nobody brought me a birthday...
(SPEAKING IN MAN'S VOICE)
- Present I actually wanted.
- About the matter of weight...
But his feet
really are a problem.
Nipples just aren't
an erogenous zone for men.
I'm gonna have to cut the nanny
down to five days a week.
- It's an uphill battle.
- I'm at the end of my rope.
The end of your rope.
- The end of your rope!
- Yeah.

I'll give you a rope.

Okay, a child witnessing
his parents gunned down
in a drive-by shooting,
there's a rope!

A midwife in Africa,
trying to deliver babies
with no running water,
that is a rope!

Tintin.

Literally at the end
of his rope.

Does he cut the rope
to save his own life
or does he hold on to stop his friend
from falling to a certain death?

Cut the rope, Tintin!

Cut the rope!

Jane, Jane!

Jane! Jane!

I'm sorry.

I am very, very sorry.

I don't know...

I don't know what came over me.

Same time next week?

Um, I have to take my daughter
sailing for a couple of days.

Yes. Yes, I do remember
you mentioning that.

So, the following week?

I still won't be back.

You said a couple of days.

Yeah.

One, two, three, four, five,
six, seven, eight... nine.

This is not

a couple of days, okay?

This is ten days holiday.

Jane, fucking own it!

(DOOR SLAMMING)

(PLANES HUMMING)

Malcolm...

Malcolm, you stupid bastard!

Give me that.

Give me that!
(PLUMMETING)
Oh! Ridiculous!
Euforalan.
Solatun.
As in a ton of sun.
Um, Apollonax.
Oh, no, that's the wrong list.
Oh, that's funny,
that's for August.
Uh, erectile dysfunction.
What do you think, by the way?
Apollonax?
Apollo and his axe?
Hoo!
I need to get away.
Take a trip.
I'm not making my patients
any happier and I just...
I need to do some research.
On what?
Happiness, you know,
so I can help.
Look at my life, Clara,
I just...
I feel like such a fraud.
You know, like
an armchair traveler
dishing out worldly advice.
When?
Soon.
Very soon. Now.
There's no way I can get
the time off, I mean not now.
Not at this time of the year.
I know.
I'm sorry.
Okay, I'm sorry.
I really, really am.
(EXHALING LOUDLY)
Will you be here
when I get back?
How long will you be gone?
(SIGHING) I don't know.

Then I can't answer
the question, can I?
I think you're right, I think
I just went totally off the map
with that whole Tintin reference.
Now, don't get me wrong.
There's real value
to your inner Tintin.
- My what?
- Your inner Tintin.
The Boy Scout in you.
Don't ever lose it.
It's just that...
Well, how can I put this.
Just so long as Tintin
isn't driving the bus.
Where were you thinking of going
on this journey of yours?
I was thinking China.
Oh, China!
(GONG CRASHING)
(CLANGING)
Brilliant.
Sleeves...
- Removable.
- Obviously.
- Trousers, convertible.
- Obviously.
Hat, reversible.
Obviously.
Oh, and in case
of emergencies...
- (BLOWING WHISTLE)
- Oh, God forbid.
Passport, lmodium,
antihistamine, nose strips.
- And remember, avoid dairy.
- Yes.
Got enough socks?
Uh... yes, I think so.
I don't want to over-pack it,
and, you know, it all fits.
Neat and tidy, like us.
- What's like us?

- Tidy.
It's like who we are.
Tidy.
It's like that's our...
agreement, isn't it?
Hector...
I get it.
If you're gonna do this,
do it totally.
Make it worthwhile.
Okay, you have
my permission, alright?
- Really?
- Really. I mean it.
Totally.
Can I help you, sir?
Arms up, please, sir.
(IMITATING AIRPLANE SOUNDS)
- Hey, you sit in my seat.
- Pardon?
I make an Internet booking
weeks ago.
No, no, what are you, 39-D?
Expects you that you
travel on my lap?
Look, there's obviously been
some sort of mix-up.
- I'll do whatever you want.
- Let me go and check.
This way, sir.
- Your seat.
- Okay.
Great.
Sorry, could you move your bag?
Sorry.
Champagne, sir.
- Is the Pope circumcised?
- Uh-hmm.
(CHUCKLING)
Don't you mean...
- Mm.
- Ahh!
Can I please get the champagne
from first class at least?

- A decent one.
- Ah, I doubt it.
This isn't decent?
- Down or memory foam?
- What?
The pillow.
Did you order memory foam?
I forget. Did I?
That's my little joke.
I'm sorry, sir, I'm going
to need to stow your bag.

HECTOR:

Please do.
(CLINKING)
- Oh.
- Sorry. I'll get it.
Oh! It's like Twister.
Oh, you've won.
Ah.
Thank you.
Ohh.
Isn't that sweet?
Oh, look at that.
It's a gift from my other half.
She must have snuck it
into my bag and I didn't know.
"Fill these pages."
I will.
(AIRPLANE HUMMING)
(ENGINE ROARING)
- Anything from Duty-Free, sir?
- Oh, yes, please.
Actually, I'd like the keep-it
handy travel candy, please.
- Immigration form?
- Oh, yes, please. Thank you.
(VELCRO RIPPING)
Give it back.
- It costs more than your car.
- Thank you.
(GLASS CLINKING)
- Sorry.
- Don't worry, sir.

- The glass is unbreakable.

- Ah. Very clever.

Unbreakable.

(CLINKING)

Unbreakable.

Hmm.

- (SHATTERING)

- Oi.

Uh, sorry, um...

Are you sure there's no room
in first class?

I'm sorry, sir.

- Wife?

- Old flame, university.

We all got one of those.

First time in China?

- Yeah.

- Business or pleasure?

Research, actually.

I'm a psychiatrist.

I want to know

what makes people happy.

(CHUCKLING)

(AIRPLANE ENGINE ROARING)

Hector.

Edward.

Watch yourself.

Okay-

(HORNS HONKING)

EDWARD:

Oh.

That fucker's got my fucking pen.

Edward!

I still got your pen.

- (SHOUTING)

- (SPEAKING IN CHINESE)

Yes, I'm fine, I'm fine.

Alright.

Wait.

(CALLING)

I can't thank you enough.

So, where are you staying?

At the Marriott.

The Marriott for happy?

Well, it's central.

Why, have you got
any other suggestions?

Let me show you happy.

(CHINESE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC)

(CHUCKLING)

Whoever said
money can't buy happiness.

Fuck you.

(CHUCKLING)

This is incredible.

This is incredible.

Just incredible, the whole thing.

The meal, my room.

Edward, I'm just...

I'm curious, okay?

Far be it from me,
and forgive me for asking.

- And I don't mean to pry.

- Time is money. Spit it out.

- Right. Are you happy?

- When you work as much as I do,
you don't have time to ask
yourself that question.

That's why

I'm thinking of quitting.

What, now?

God, no.

In another \$20 million.

(CHUCKLING)

Mind you, I've been saying that
for the last \$100 million.

Oh, you bust a gut, you earn
enough money, you retire,
you do something you like.

Or nothing at all.

And then you're happy?

Yeah, we're addicted.

Divorced or dead.

What the hell?

Oh.

You pick a goal,
you work towards it.

Makes you feel better.
Just keep moving,
that's my motto.
Maybe there's only one way
to retire and be happy.
And what's that?
Don't retire.
It's time for some real China.
Come on.
Real? Okay.
Let me just grab a bit of this.
It's not what you know, Hector.
It's not who you know.
It's how much you pay
who you know.
(CHUCKLING)
(RAVE MUSIC PLAYING)
- Hey, how are you?
- How have you been? Hello.
- Hey, Jim.
- Hey, Edward.
- Back from Berlin.
- You're back in town.
By the way,
this is Mr. Perry.
What are you doing?
- Uh, I'm...
- Are you a writer?
No, um... No, I'm just
taking some notes.
- Do you believe that?
- Well, I wouldn't know.
I'm not rich
and I'm not important, so...
What a coincidence.
Neither am I.
Oh.
"The search for happiness."
Is it in here?
No.
Perhaps over there.
Uh, no, no.
That is torture for me.
I don't dance.

Why not? I mean, you don't like
to move around...
- No, I really...
- ...and move your body a little?
- No.
- Come on, it's fun.
I... You know what, it's...
Or is it right here...
in your smile?
My name is Ying Li.
I'm a student.
Hector.
- Nice to meet you.
- Nice to meet you, too.
Oops, sorry.
Too long.
- So, what do you study, Ying Li?
- Tourism.
I'm a tourist.
What a coincidence.
(giggling)
(LAUGHING LOUDLY)
Oh, oh, oh.
Hm-mm.
- Edward!
- Having a good time?
(CHUCKLING)
Yeah.
Oh, that was mine?
I wasn't aware I was drinking.
You go next.
Listen to this.
(ALL REACTING)
Well, I will drink to that.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
Hey, I have an idea.
I have an idea.
Who is available tomorrow night?
Let's mark the bottle.
- Hey, you're cheating.
- I'm not cheating.
- You are cheating.
- No, no, no.

- I'm not cheating.
- You are cheating.
- You're cheating.
- Lighten up, lighten up.
Alright, alright, alright.
(CARS HONKING)
Will I see you again?
What hotel are you staying at?
Hyatt on the Bund.
What a coincidence.
(SPEAKING IN CHINESE)
Welcome back
to Hyatt on the Bund.
(EXHALING)
Well, I'm, uh...
I'm not sure what the custom is
for escorting a young lady
to her room.
I'll be right back.
I'm not sure
what the custom is...
for undressing in front of...
- Hector?
- (SNORING LIGHTLY)
Hector?
Hector.
(SNORING LIGHTLY)
(THUNDERCLAPS)
(BOAT HORN)
(YANG LI SINGING IN CHINESE)
(PHONE RINGING)
This is Hector.

EDWARD:

a good time last night?
- Yeah, you know happy.
- (EDWARD LAUGHING)
Hey, I gotta go-
Um, I'd really like
to take you to lunch.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Um, you pick.
Just text me when and where.

(GONG CRASHING)

- (SPEAKING IN CHINESE)

- Yeah.

Yeah, it's nice.

I like it.

- What are you doing?

- Nothing.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

- Hi.

- Hi.

Listen, this is China.

You're Chinese.

I'm clueless.

I need to get

to the mountains.

Why don't you come with me?

- Too soon?

- Hmm.

It's preamble, Hector.

Preamble.

No.

It's just... you're different.

You're kind.

I'm not used to it.

(SPEAKING IN CHINESE)

- They look very happy.

- (CHATTING, LAUGHTER)

YING LI:

They're with their friends.

HECTOR:

in the middle of the street?

They have nowhere else to go.

It's their day off.

They have no money

to stay in cafes.

They send their income

to their families,

so they meet here

on the street.

They come from

the countryside like I do.

My sisters and mother

are still there.
Look at them, they're like
a happy little island
in a sea
of grim businessmen.
Makes you wonder.
Hey, listen.
Your mother and your sisters,
we could pay them a visit,
you know on our trip.
Oh, Hector.
The difference between
those three ladies and me...
is that there's no shame
in how they make their money.
They can show
their faces back home.
I can't.
Oh.
Oh, why is that then?
- Ying Li!
- (MOTORCYCLE REVVING)
(GASPING)
Hey, wait.
- (SHOUTING IN CHINESE)
- Sorry. Sorry.
- (SPEAKING IN CHINESE)
- Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!
Your friend paid
for last night.
Who's paying for today?
(SHOUTING IN CHINESE)
But you seemed so real.
You tricked me.
You tricked me.
(GROANING)
What are you doing?
What are you...
(SHOUTING)
(YING LI CRYING)
(MOTORCYCLE REVVING)
Ying Li!
Ying Li!
(MELANCHOLIC SONG PLAYING)

(TRAIN CHUGGING)

(CHIMES JINGLING)

(MELANCHOLIC SONG PLAYING)

It's Monday, we are closed.

Oh, yeah, but I've come
a very long way.

I'm a psychiatrist. I'm trying to
discover what makes people happy.

- It's Monday, we are closed.

- Okay, okay, okay.

Look, far be it from me,
and forgive me for asking,
and I don't mean to pry,
but would you consider yourself
to be a happy person?

What part of Monday
don't you understand?

(MAN SHOUTING)

A trainee.

He has a lot to learn.

- Would you like to come in?

- Uh, yes, please.

'Cause I might not
be around next week.

The moment of death
is indeed uncertain.

Now, come in.

- **MONK:**

- Okay.

HECTOR:

you've been imprisoned
for your beliefs,
you've lost family
and loved ones.

I mean, you've just been
through so much.

- How is it you're so happy?

- Because I've been through so much.

Alright, searching for happiness
is one thing,
but making it a goal, that just
doesn't work, does it?

Higher than that, Hector.
More important than
what we are searching for
is what we are avoiding.
Like unhappiness.
So, don't make unhappiness
not the goal.
Higher than that.
Avoiding unhappiness
is not the road to happiness.
You hold all the cards, Hector.
(LAUGHING)
(ENGINE RATTLING)
It's very noble this book
you're writing.
When you reach the end of it,
come back to me.
I would like to see
what you've learned.
Right, you mean when I'm
passing through this area again.

MONK:

"Sky-pee."

HECTOR:

(RINGING)

- Hi.

- Hector?

- Hi!

- Hi!

Hi.

How is it going?

How's work?

It's great.

Can you believe it,

they're going with Apollonax?

Whoo-hoo! Market research says

it's the biggest erection

they've had to...

I mean, sorry, sorry.

Reaction they've had

to a survey in 10 years.

Clara, look where I am,

I'm in a monastery.

Where you belong.

- (SMIRKING)

- How is Shanghai?

Yeah, I've made friends
with a rich banker,
and he took me around town
and we...

Now, you know every kind
of happiness money could buy.
It's weird seeing you like this,
you look really small.

(CREAKING)

(THUDDING)

(DOOR OPENING)

Hector, come, come.

You have to see.

The wind. Come!

(MONKS LAUGHING)

Hector! Look.

Do you see?

All of them.

(MONKS LAUGHING)

Looks like we lost
the scent, eh?

Best keep moving, shall we?

Poor bastard.

I'm sorry.

Where to next?

- Africa.

- For happy?

Or unhappy-

Have to wait and see.

You're a very, very
strange person, Hector.

The kind of person I normally
would avoid like the plague.

Glad I didn't, buddy.

Thank you, Edward.

I mean it.

(CARS HONKING)

Sir, you do realize that
this is four flights.

- That is two days.

- Absolutely.

And the last flight is not so...

- Well, it is not exactly...

- Absolutely.

Let me put it this way.

First class.

Business class.

Economy.

You.

Bring it.

- Oh! Oh!

- (THUNDER CRACKING)

Oh, my God!

(PANTING)

If you look at this plane,
you'll notice it's quite old.

That means it's never
crashed before.

Should be quite reassuring.

Thank you... I think.

From this point forward,

I swear,

I will be nicer to my patients
who are afraid to fly.

- Oh, are you a doctor?

- I'm a psychiatrist, yeah.

So, I assume you've read this.

HECTOR:

Coreman from my UCLA days.

Just making a name for himself.

Oh, quite a name.

I saw him on CNN.

What do they call him?

The Einstein of happiness.

I've read it twice.

You can keep it.

I like it

but I don't think I need it
as much as the country
it was written for.

- Thanks.

- (THUNDER CRACKING)

Oh, my God!

Is this really safe?

Oh, God!

Do you have children?

Are you married?

- Um, no.

- Why not?

Why do I get the feeling
there's a woman out there
in the world asking herself
the very same question?

(LAUGHING NERVOUSLY)

You know, there's really
only one question.

- (THUNDER)

- Whoa!

(CLUCKING)

(APPLAUSE, CHEERING)

Side effects

may include happiness.

So, what about you?

What makes for your happiness?

Home, family.

The idea that my children
can live a normal life
without bodyguards
taking them to school.

Have you ever had
sweet potato stew?

Real sweet potato stew?

Oh, you have to.

Here's the deal.

If we land safely,
one night this week,
my mother's house,
my whole family,
sweet potato stew.

There will be a tomorrow,
my friend.

HECTOR:

I'll be right back.

- Why don't you let me do this?

- That's very kind.

(GRUNTING)

(LAUGHING)

Get the button, get the button,
there's a button.

Hector!

- Michael, Jesus!

- (LAUGHTER)

Help.

HECTOR:

I've got a Swiss army knife.

- Oh, dear.

- This is Marcel.

- He's your bodyguard.

- Hi.

Hector. Welcome.

Cars are scarce here,
so better to take precautions.

Okay, let's go.

(AFRICAN MUSIC PLAYING)

See, you haven't changed.

(CHUCKLING)

Neither have you.

I mean, look at you.

Hector goes to Africa.

You and Aggie,

you seemed so solid,

what happened with that?

Uh...

Hey, Agnes and I always knew

you'd wind up here

when the dust settled.

Yup, all this.

This was my calling,

wasn't it?

Well, the dust, as you put it

never really settled.

HECTOR:

though, right?

I mean, foreign aid. Every time

I blink there's another fundraiser.

There's a big difference

between being here

and being here

to be photographed being here.
The money doesn't always make it
to where it's needed most.
It never leaves the city.
It's useless.
It's useless.
Still a ways to go, Hector.
But, hey, that's why
we're here, right?
(AFRICAN SONG PLAYING)
Okay-
You have a good night's rest, okay?
- Okay, I'll see you tomorrow.
- (CHILDREN SCREAMING)
- Whoa! Hey!
- Don't give them anything.
They'll never leave you alone.
Hector, we'll pick you up

at 6:

Go straight to the clinic, okay?
See you tomorrow.
(CHILDREN CHATTERING)
(TV BLARING)
(CLEARING THROAT)
Good evening.
Um... hmm.
What sort of beers you have?
Thank you.
I think you might need
a bigger sign outside.
Some people seem to be missing it.
Hey, guys. He wants to know
how is the peacekeeping going?
You're here to save the planet?
Plant some trees?
Um, no, actually
I'm here to help out
at the Edulu Clinic
for a week or two.
What's in it for you?
- Nothing.
- Hmm.
Your English is very good.

Where are you from?

Want to see my passport?

Here you go.

I prefer your hair
the way it is now.

(CHUCKLING)

That's good.

I like that.

So, uh, what brings you here?

- Farming.

- Farming, oh.

What kind, and uh, would that be
what makes you happy?

What are you, the fucking
New York Times?

No, I'm just researching
what makes people happy.

(SHOUTING)

If you're wearing a wire,
you're dead.

- And you know what?

- Yes? Yes, yes?

No one will care.

Okay.

No wire.

Sorry for the shirt.

Oh.

My name is Hector.

I'm a psychiatrist.

Very well, Hector.

I'll bet what I farm
makes more people happy
than the crap you dish out.

I see. A farmer.

I get it.

Drugs.

Forgive me,

but if your happiness
causes other people's unhappiness,
then how can that be happiness?

Doesn't that bother you?

- (CRASHING)

- I don't cause unhappiness.

I respond to it.

Same as you, we both fill a need.
But the demand we don't create.
Self-righteous fuckers.
What's your solution?
Another Bible?
So, the country gets more poor.
People starve, babies die,
and the leaders couldn't care less.
If you want to be happy,
take care of your own.
So, you're happy'?
No.
Because my wife isn't happy,
which makes my kids unhappy.
And if my family
is not happy,
how can I be happy?
She sees a shrink.
He gave her something new,
but it just makes her worse.
Would you mind if I ask
what she's taking?
I don't know.
Maybe if you were to show me
the prescription, I could help.
- Why?
- I'd like to.
Bullshit.
You're in it for yourself
like everyone else.
Why would either of us
wish to prolong anyone else's misery?
Fuck you.
(COMMOTION OUTSIDE)
- (GUNFIRE)
- Holy grief, what is that?

MAN:

With patience and perseverance,
you can climb the mountain.
(MAN CHANTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Well, I don't know these dosages.
And, uh, these two clash.
Let me, um...

I'm sorry, me and pens...
Thank you.
Um, this woman is great.
She's based in Bogota.
She's an old colleague of mine.
Tell her that I referred your wife.
I think she's been over-medicated.
Could be the source
of her immediate problem.
This is my phone number.
Give me a call.
Let me know how she goes.
Thank you.
Hector, it's past 6:00.
We gotta go.
What were you doing
even talking to him?
That's Diego Baresco.
That's the kind of guy that
drags this country into shit.
(TRAIN HORN BLOWING)
So, wait, you know that guy?
Everybody knows Diego Baresco.
Hector. Really?
(AFRICAN SONG PLAYING)
Mujari.
- This is Hector.
- Hi.
So, let's see.
- How are you feeling?

- WOMAN:

Can you feel the baby move?
So move on to Buruthi.
Feel okay, hmm?
This is my friend, Hector.
He's gonna help us, too.
We'll just take a look.
I don't hurt anymore.
Can I go home?
You're not leaving here
until I say so.
But my sister, she needs me.
Buruthi lost his mother

last month.

Listen, if you're not well,
you're no help to your sister.

Good. Good boy.

Stay with him.

Just talk to him.

That I can do.

So, Buruthi...

how old is your sister?

(LAUGHING)

- What?

- Your face, it's funny.

It's like this.

(LAUGHING)

Yeah, yeah.

That's my listening face.

How about this?

(LAUGHING)

You, you're funny.

Oh, am I?

Thank you very much.

- **MICHAEL:**

- (BABIES CRYING)

- (SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

- This is gonna be nothing.

- He's gonna be fine.

- (SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Gonna be fine.

Mama. Mama!

- Shh, shh.

- (GROWLING)

Is that a...

There's a lion over here.

Michael, there's two lions,
just quite close.

- Excuse me. Excuse me.

- (WOMAN CRYING)

Take off your iPod,
there's a lion really close by.

Is this normal,
to have a lion?

See you, buddy.

(SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

You know you could always
stay awhile.
We sure could use
another medical doctor.
It's tempting.
I mean, watching you all week.
You are a necessity.
Me, I'm just...
I'm a luxury.
I sometimes feel like psychiatry
comes with affluence.
You know, the richer the city,
the more psychiatrists there are
per square mile.
What does that tell you?
It tells me you're being
too hard on yourself.
Come on, Hector, it's not
some kind of a competition.
The mind can hurt
as much as the body.
And maybe if I seem happy,
it's because I know
I'm loved for who I am.
(LAUGHING)
Okay-
(RINGING)

- **CLARA:**

- Hello.
- Hey, I'm in Africa.
- Wow!
Great. I'm with Michael,
and he hasn't changed.
He looks exactly like he did
in the photo I showed you.
You never showed me
a photo of Michael.
- Didn't I?
- You just think you did.
Mm. I thought I had.
Hey, listen, Clara, about
that last conversation we had...
Hi, boys.

- (SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

- Hey, guys!

Hey-

It's a private conversation.

- Seriously, Clara...

- Hector, you know, I got it.

It's fine.

Let's not make this harder
than it already is.

- Where are you going?

- Out.

- What, like that?

- No, in this.

- Oh.

- It's a work event.

I've never seen that dress.

That dress is new.

- I know.

- (DOORBELL RINGING)

- I've got to go. Bye, Hector.

- What do you mean, bye?

We've only...

Out? Huh.

Okay-

Out.

- Hector.

- Hey.

They told me you'll come.

You're early.

You can get class another time.

So, you are ready

for sweet potato soup?

I've never been readier

in my life.

Well, cowboy.

Clear the way, you amateurs!

Chef coming through.

Chef with a severe case

of the saw bits.

Tit-for-tat, only difference is

I don't need a sexy black dress.

(CHEERING)

Alright, alright, alright.

Yeah, everyday.

Mm-mm. More wine.
More wine, more wine.
More wine, more wine!
(CHEERING)
Aha! Whoa!
Have I said how much
I love this music?
I can almost dance.
Almost.
I see you,
extremely pretty cousin.
Beware, okay?
I have permission.
(CHEERING)
Cheers. Whoo!
- I'm gonna miss you.
- Bye-bye.
Oh, I'm gonna miss you, too.
You're so beautiful.
Thank you.
- Well, thank you, my friend.
- Thank you so very, very much.
Thank you.
Hey, who's available
tomorrow night?

ALL:

Oh, oh, oh,
bless you, my son.
(LAUGHING)
Bye.

ALL:

(DRIVER SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
- Oh, okay.
- (SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
(EXHALING)
- Oh, okay.

- GUARD 2:

(sums COCKING)
- Keys...
- In the cab, man!
Hurry!

Hurry, hurry, hurry!
I want you to go outside.
- Move, move, move.
- Stay there!
Keep-it-handy travel candy?
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
(TIRES SCREECHING)
(SHOUTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Why are you different?
Why are you both different?
What is this place?
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
No, you've got to understand.
I'm a psychiatrist.
I'm neutral, I'm Switzerland.
(HECTOR CRYING)
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Look, can we just see this
is one of those
sort of random events that's just
deeply inconvenient for both of us.
Get this piece of shit
out of my sight.
(GROANING)
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
No, wait, come back!
Please don't go.
(BLOWING WHISTLE)
- (SQUEAKING)
- (SHOUTING)

MAN:

that I will never be.
Soldier go, soldier come.
Barrack remain.
How much do you think
we can get for him?
Forget it.
He's already seen us, dickhead.
So, so, what do we do, boss?
Let him rot.
Keep-it-handy travel candy.
Nice.
Once upon a time,

there was a psychiatrist
called Hector,
who was scared to death of dying
before he ever really lived.
I'm sorry, I've never
really been...
See, the thing is...
Would you mind giving me
some privacy?
If you're going to do it, Hector,
do it totally.
She has yet to discover
the words "maternity" or "leave."
You're in it for yourself
like everyone else.
You tricked me.
You hold all the cards,
Hector.
Clara.
Clara!
(SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Wait, wait,
where are you taking me?
Please, please...
Ow!
(LAUGHING)
This shit's funny, man.
"Happiness is being loved
for who you are."
- Hmm?
- I know. That's true, boss.
(CHUCKLING)
Clara, Ying Li, Clara, Ying Li,
Clara, Ying Li...
What's this one,
it's been crossed out?
It says that the evil
you do in this life
could cost you your happiness
in the next.
No, it doesn't.
I'm sorry, I made that up.
It says happiness
could be the freedom

to love two women
at the same time.

(LAUGHING)

Look, look, look.

I know the police
aren't gonna track me down.
But the thing is I'm really
trying to help a friend of mine
whose wife is very ill.

He's really counting on me.
If I just suddenly disappear,
then he's gonna come
looking for me,
and you do not want this man
as an enemy.

Even if you're friends
with the president himself,
it won't make a difference.
Well, it's not the president,
it's Diego Baresco.

Prove it.

- I can't.

- (CHATTER)

Wait, no, no.

I promise you I know him.

I know him.

- He's a friend of mine...

- Come. Come.

I promise you...

- Shut up!

- (HECTOR SCREAMING)

- Please.

- Why are you here?

I'm researching
the state of happiness.

- Bullshit!

- (GUN COCKS)

Oh, God!

(LAUGHING)

(HECTOR SCREAMING)

(STAMMERING) I'm...

trying to find the means
by which to make my patients happy.

- Bullshit!

- (GUN COCKS)

God! Stop it!

Please, stop it.

(LAUGHING)

No, no!

Oh, God!

I want to know
if I can be happy.

(SOBBING)

(SHOUTING)

(SOBBING)

This probably
isn't the right moment, but I...

I just wondered what your
personal idea of happiness is.

You know, personally.

If you want it,
you take it.

That's very insightful.

I just want to...

Would you mind if I just
wrote that down,
just for posterity?

Give him the notebook.

Oh, God!

I don't have a pen.

I just never have a pen.

One last thing.

Um, one final,
final request, I promise.

Would one of you gentleman
mind just making sure
this gold pen finds its way
back to my dear friend,

Diego Baresco?

(GROANING)

(GRUNTING)

HENCHMAN:

MAN:

With patience and perseverance,
you can climb the mountain.

(LAUGHING WILDLY)

- (UPBEAT AFRICAN SONG PLAYING)

- Whoo-hoo-hoo!

I'm alive!

I'm alive!

I'm alive!

I'm alive!

(CHEERING)

Hello, Hector.

I'm alive, too.

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Wait a minute.

Oh, look,

you're very beautiful.

Very beautiful but, uh...

Let's just, uh, dance.

Okay-

(UPBEAT AFRICAN SONG PLAYING)

Happiness is knowing

how to celebrate.

(RINGING)

- Hector.

- Clara, hi.

Clara, I got kidnapped.

Really.

- Is that a cut? Are you okay?

- Yeah, I'm fine... now.

I nearly died.

I thought about you so much.

- And?

- So very much.

Hector, why are you

telling me this?

I just... What am I

supposed to think?

I don't hear from you for...

Are you coming home?

Not yet.

Look, I've got to go.

- Oh, no!

- What is it? What?

Dropped the cup on the floor.

You see, that's what you do?

- I didn't do...

- Tell me what you want.

I'm not part of your project.
You just have to decide, Hector.
Yes or no.
Yes or no.
I've got to go.
Do you know where
you're going next?
- No.
- (SLAMMING)
- You know where you're going next?
- Yes, Los Angeles.
Agnes.
It's a work-related matter.
Unfinished business.
So... finish it.
Champagne, sir?
Would you like the vintage?
Why not?
Madame, the vintage?
Why not.
Why else do we travel
first class?
(AIRPLANE REVVING)
(INDISTINCT)

PILOT:

ladies and gentlemen,
but if there's a doctor
on board this plane,
can you please contact the cabin
crew? Thank you very much.
Once again, if there
is a doctor on board...
(GROANING)
Please!
Please don't let them
turn the plane around.
I have to see my sister
one last time.
Look, uh, on a scale
of 1 to 10,
ten being the most pain
you can imagine,
where would you place yourself?

Nine.

I need to see the pilot.

HECTOR:

removed from her brain
about three months ago
and the swelling is acute.

- Should we turn around?

- No, no, no.

But, uh, if you can lower
the altitude of the plane,
it would make a big difference
to the pressure on her brain.

- Be a tremendous help to her.

- I'll check air traffic control.

(GROANING)

And I've lived in six countries.

Can you believe that?

PILOT:

please don't be concerned.

We will be flying
at a lower altitude
for the remainder

of our journey, thank you.

Okay, that is going to make
a huge difference, alright?

Let's try and get that nine
down to a five.

Mmm.

Okay-

Madame, do you mind?

(GROANING)

If you must.

(SIGHING)

Okay. May I?

Oh.

Do you have
any children, Doctor?

No.

My husband and I,
it was our only regret.

We couldn't.

But, you know what?

It was bloody good fun trying.

(LAUGHING)

- (GROANING)

- Oh, you okay?

- There you go. Let it pass.

- (BREATHING DEEPLY)

You know,

after my last surgery,

I was in and out

of consciousness for days.

They said I wouldn't make it,

and I remember the moment.

I remember it so clearly.

I was in a sandstorm

walking with all these people,

our heads covered and walking

in the same direction.

And I kept thinking

to myself, why?

Why am I in this group?

I wasn't scared.

I was...

I don't know, puzzled?

And then, I heard my name

being called,

"Jamilla, over here."

And I looked to my right.

And in the middle

of an open space was this...

Oh, it was this beautiful...

What do you call it,

the happy-go-round?

Merry-go-round.

That's a carousel.

And all the people

that I know and love...

are riding on this carousel.

They're laughing and waving.

Waving for me to join them.

It took everything I had

to run to them...

but I did it.

It was my last ride,

wasn't it?

Yes.

It was your last ride.

(INHALING DEEPLY)

All those faces,
all those hearts.

I'm such a lucky woman.

PILOT:

thank you once again
for your cooperation.

It made a big difference,
believe me.

(APPLAUSE, CHEERING)

Don't take her to the hospital.
Take her straight to this address.

Are you going to be okay?

I'm not afraid, Hector.

People who are afraid of death
are afraid of life.

You have a real talent,
you know.

Oh!

Not really my field.

No, you misunderstand.

Listening is loving.

(MELANCHOLY MUSIC PLAYING)

(GULLS CRYING)

Of all the places
you could have chosen.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

This beach, you know,
this whole area,
it's just...

it's changed so much.

Well, nostalgia is not what
it used to be, Hector.

You've been busy.

Lilly!

Hey, baby!

Jack.

Okay-

Okay, you've been really busy.

Kids, this is Mommy's...

Mommy's Hector.

(GRUNTING)

Not too bad.

(LAUGHING)

- Hello!

- Hello!

Oh.

Oh, God!

I got you seeing

Professor Coreman tomorrow.

You owe me. That guy is on

a fast track to the Nobel.

His happiness book

is going through the roof.

I know, I read it.

Somebody gave it to me.

- I liked it.

- Yeah, me too.

Hate him.

- We hate him.

- We hate him.

(LAUGHING) Hate him.

- Hey, I saw Michael.

- Oh, in Africa?

- Is he happy?

- He's gay-

- Are you?

- Gay?

No, happy.

I mean is there someone?

Uh, yes.

- Clara.

- Great.

I may have fucked up.

It's... They can't hear.

Ah! The Indiana Jones

of happiness.

Alan, very nice to meet you.

You, too!

Hector wants to know the secret

to a happy marriage.

From a mathematician?

- **ALAN:**

- HECTOR:

Jack.

(LAUGHING)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Hi!

Hey, I'm in L.A.

I knew it.

You're with sock drawer.

- Sock drawer?

- That skank in the sock drawer.

In the photo, the one you've kept hidden from me.

That's what this whole trip's been all about, am I right?

Jesus, Clara,

she's not a skank, okay?

She's a psychologist.

Not to mention the pregnant mother

- of two beautiful children.

- Ouch!

That really hurt, Hector.

You know it did.

Look, she is my oldest friend, alright?

What were you doing

in my sock drawer anyway?

(SHOUTING) Putting away your socks!

Before taking care of every other aspect of your life.

HECTOR:

didn't assume I needed

so much taking care of I could

get on taking care of myself.

You know what

smothering is, Clara?

It's mothering with an S.

Oh, that is the lamest

fucking thing I've ever heard.

You have paid for this.

Well, at least I don't make

a living making up

meaningless, manipulative names

of seriously dodgy drugs.

Is this call as bad
as I think it is?

Yes.

Yes, I think it is.

Fine!

At last a decision.

I can get on
with my meaningless life.

Oh, shut...

(MUTTERING)

(PHONE RINGING)

Darling, sweetheart.

Where is my fucking pen?

Oh, Diego.

Um, it's... it's here.

Actually I've got it.

It's, um, here.

Saved my life.

How are you anyway?

- How's things? How is she?

- Very good.

I feel like I got
my wife back, and a lot more.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

What's the name
of your friend's clinic?

The one who hates me?

Uh, the Edulu Clinic, why?

I want to make a donation.

Anonymous, of course.

What's in it for you?

Nothing.

Good man.

Go fuck yourself.

- (HANGING UP)

- (CHUCKLING)

Are you okay?

Yes, I'm okay.

How did the, uh,
call go with Clara?

Oh, so horrendous.

Terminal.

I'm sorry.

- You want to talk about it?

- Have we met?

Oh, right, you're Hector,
of course, you don't.

What was I thinking?

- Right, Agnes...

- Uh, yeah.

I knew you were going to
ask me about this

- and I thought about it last night.

- Uh-huh.

I have never felt so happy, really.

Or exhausted. I mean, the chaos,
sometimes it's out of control.

But, you know,

I have a job I love

and a husband I love

and two beautiful kids I love.

A home I love.

The only real shadow

on my happiness

is when I tell myself

it's too good to last.

And, Hector, the marriage,

whatever the marriage is,

the marriage itself

is never in question.

And that makes me happy.

What?

I don't know, it's just...

You know...

Thinking about

what might have been.

What?

Agnes.

- What?

- Never mind, forget it.

It's not even worth discussing.

Oh, come on, what?

What might have been?

God!

How about what is right now?

It just suits you, doesn't it,

holding on to a fantasy?

You know when you put someone

on a pedestal or on hold
or to the side or whatever
you want to call it.
Do you think
that's a compliment?
Because it's not.
It's the opposite.
And you know why?
Because I am not that fantasy.
I'm better than that fantasy.
I am real.
I got married.
I had a baby,
and then another one,
and I'm having another one.
And do you think I wanted
it to be Hector there
cutting the umbilical cord?
No, because Hector
would throw up and then faint
because you're squeamish.
You're emotionally squeamish.
You really are some kind
of weird psychiatrist,
- you know that, right?
- I... Where's...
Oh, I'm trying so hard here to
avoid the words "move" and "on",
but, for crying out loud,
I am just,
"Oh, flag that woman for,
I don't know, 12 years.
Yeah, get back to that one
when the time's right."
So, nothing, nothing,
nothing, nothing,
then, "Hi! I'm in Africa.
See you Monday."
I mean, I'm just some kind of
box you had to check, aren't I?
No...
I did love you, Hector.
But I love Alan now.
Guess what?

Whatever it is you think
you're in love with...
it's not me.
I know what you're thinking,
how much do researchers make?
(LAUGHTER)
Everything in this world
is going up...
(CHUCKLING)
yet happiness is going down.
Oh, dear, oh, dear,
oh, dear, oh, dear.
How many of us, I wonder,
can recall
a childhood moment
when we experienced happiness
as a state of being?
That single moment
of untarnished joy.
That moment when everything
in our world inside and out...
was alright.
Everything was alright.
But, now, we become
a colony of adults
and everything is all wrong
all the time.
(CHUCKLING)
It's as if we were on a quest
to get it back,
and yet the more we focus
on our own personal happiness,
the more it eludes us.
In fact, it's only when
we are otherwise engaged,
you know, focused, absorbed,
inspired, communicating,
discovering, learning,
dancing, for heaven's sake,
that we experience happiness
as a by-product, a side effect.
Oh, no.
We should concern ourselves
not so much with the pursuit

of happiness,
but with the happiness
of pursuit.
But how do we
measure happiness?
Emotions are like colors, you know.
Difficult to explain once
but not now, not anymore.
All those who read auras,
step aside,
- this is science.
- (LAUGHTER)

A new frontier in its infancy,
but not for long.
Functional electrical impedance
tomography by evoked response.
Or as I call it,
"Peeping Tom."
(LAUGHTER)

My portal into the mysterious
minutiae of human emotions.
Emotions that
for the very first time,
we can separate, specify
and quantify in actual units.
Now, this male subject
is Japanese.

Look at the abundance
of bright orange
around the happiness area,
verging on ecstasy.
It's as if the brain
was smiling.
Cause, half a liter
of warm sake.
(LAUGHTER)

And here we go again,
same Japanese gentleman,
eleven hours later,
the color of grim despondency,
verging on suicide,
otherwise known
as an excruciating hangover.
Ask yourselves,

is this worth that?

(APPLAUSE)

Oh, thank you!

You first, Agnes.

- Oh, no, no, no.

- Oh, yes, we made a deal.

Off you go into
the isolation booth.

Helmet on.

I want you to imagine yourself
in three situations.

One that makes you
very happy, one very sad,
and one very scared.

Recent memories can be useful.

Do not tell me the order,
I will guess it myself.

They say I'm a mind reader.

It's a bloody lie, I'm not.

I'm just a good diagnostician
with an awesome toy.

COREMAN:

Out you come.

As I thought,
you're an open book.

Sad, scared, happy
in that order.

- Final answer.

- Wow, yeah!

- You're good.

- Your turn, Hector.

Um, you know what,
I think I'm gonna...

- Your turn, Hector.

- Okay.

Get over yourself.

You weren't in any of mine.

Oh, right.

Sit, my dear.

By way of identifying
the emotions,
I've assigned a color to each
corresponding part of the brain.

It's pretty obvious, really.
Sunny yellow, happy,
ice blue, sad,
battery-acid green, fear.
It corrodes you, you know.
PROFESSOR COREMAN: Right.
Sad, scared, happy,
don't tell me the order,
and be specific.
It's all about specificity.
(SHOUTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
- Shut up!
- Stop, please!
That's odd.
It's as if he's filtering,
moderating his feelings.
Something's holding him back,
some kind of barrier.
No, no, no, these are not
the emotions of a grown man.
Tell me about it.
He's going to have
to dig a lot deeper.
There is no deeper.
PROFESSOR COREMAN: I must admit,
I'm a little baffled.
Hi, this is Hector.
I think I can go deeper.
Oh, fuck,
we left the mic on.
Oh, well.
I think I know where to go.
Courage, Hector,
we're right there with you.
(PHONE RINGING)
This is Hector,
who the hell is this?
(CLARA SOBBING)
I wanted to be a mother.
Just...
Just not yours.
Clara, um, listen,
don't go anywhere, okay?
Just... just stay there, okay?

Hang on.

Professor, can we stop?

I need to take this call.

Alright.

Please, please.

Uh, Clara, Clara,

are you still there?

- Yes, I'm here, yeah.

- HECTOR:

Clara, listen.

I'm sorry I didn't give you
any explanation

for this insane journey,

but the truth is,

I didn't really have

any reasons of my own.

I didn't explain it to myself.

(STAMMERING) I have

learned a lot, you know.

I've learned a lot about happiness.

And I've learned about unhappiness.

And the thing

that makes me most unhappy

is the thought that

I might lose you.

And the thing that makes me

happiest is the thought

that I could become the man

that you would want to spend

the rest of your life with.

Oh!

I miss my Hector.

I miss my Clara.

(SOBBING)

Hector, keep going.

AGNES:

it out of the park.

Who was that?

Uh, it's sock drawer,

but don't worry,

I'm locked inside

a metal booth.

Oh, good!

Skanky bitch.

(LAUGHING)

Listen, I was
way out of line, you know,
saying that your job
was meaningless, you know.
Believe me, nobody does
meaningless like I do, you know.
I mean, that really
was the kettle
calling the pot black there,
you know.

Oh, wait, which way is it,
the pot or the kettle
- that calls the other one black?

- And why black?

What's that all about?

I know, right?

Does it even matter?

We matter, Clara.

We, you and me, we matter.

Yeah!

(LAUGHING)

Is this call as good
as I think it is?

Yeah, I think it is.

Um, scary, but...

Yeah!

That's something else.

Which is it?

Which one is it?

It's all of them.

It's all of them.

It's the Aurora Borealis.

It's the Northern Lights.

It's all of them.

And isn't that the point?

Okay. I love you.

HECTOR:

Oh! Hector.

You're a warrior.

Whew!

Would you take me
to the airport, please?

Warrior.

(Agnes laughing) Oh!

Oh, Jesus!

- Oh, I love you.

- I love you.

- Bye, bye, bye.

- I'll ship your bags.

Go, go. Passport!

(BLEEPING)

Oh, Hector!

(LAUGHING)

How was your journey?

What did you learn?

(STAMMERING) It was amazing.

Amazing!

I am so ready to go home,
to get back to my girl,
my work.

I can't wait to tell
my patients.

Tell them what?

That we all, all of us
have the capacity to be happy.

Higher than that, Hector.

That we all have a right
to be happy?

Oh.

I see.

We all have an obligation
to be happy.

NARRATOR:

there was a young psychiatrist
called Hector
who was very satisfied
with his life.

And far be it from me,
and forgive me for asking,
and I don't mean to pry,
but can this plane
go any faster?

(SCREAMING)

- it's me, it's me, it's me!

- Oh!

(LAUGHING)

Oh. Oh.

NARRATOR:

His world was complex,
sometimes even chaotic.

- Oh-ho-ho!

- Ooh!

Ah!

NARRATOR:

And he liked it that way.
He took comfort in the rich,
random patterns of his life.

- Sorry, sorry, sorry.

- Oh, mate.

NARRATOR:

patients with real patience.

(LAUGHING)

NARRATOR:

Sometimes with surprising results.

It looks...

it looks acceptable.

Now then, Anjali,

beware the ego's need

for shaping hallucinations.

Huh, looks like somebody's ego shaped

a beautiful naked Chinese girl.

What?!

Mm-hmm.

- I... I won't pretend...

- That's right!

No more pretending.

Right!

(EXCLAIMING)

Gotcha!

(LAUGHING)

I'll get you back for that.

My girlfriend is coming.

NARRATOR:

was up for change...

including Hector.

And he learned to love

like he'd never loved before.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)