Pump Up the Volume

By Allan Moyle
You ever get the feeling
that everything in America...
is completely fucked up?
You know that feeling?
The whole country is one inch
away from saying...
"That's it! Forget it!"
Think about it.
Everything's polluted--
the environment, the government,
the schools-- you name it.
Speaking of schools...
I was walking the hallowed halls
the other day...
and I asked myself...
"Is there life
after high school...
"because I can't face
tomorrow...
"let alone a whole year
of this shit."
Yeah, you got it, folks.
It's me again
with a little attitude...
for all you out here
in white-bread land...
all you nice people...
livin' in the middle
of America the beautiful.
Let's see, we're on 92 FM...
and it feels like a nice,
clean little band so far.
No one else is using it
and the price is right.
And, yes, folks, you guessed it.
Tonight, I'm as horny
as a ten-peckered owl...
so stay tuned
because this is Hard Harry...
reminding you to eat
your cereal with a fork...
and do your homework
in the dark.
Hey! Gimme that.
Hey, man, let me see that.
Give it on over here.
He played Ice-T on this tape.
Great. Plays Ice- and talks about his dick.
Nah, man.
Ice-T shreds on this.
I heard it last night.
Mr. Chavez? Luis Chavez?
Yes, just for a second.
All right, so I'll pick you up
after yearbook?
OK, Dad.
And no big dates tonight.
Be well-rested
for your history exam tomorrow.
- OK.
- Yo, Paige!
Any time, anywhere, beautiful.
Mr. Paige.
Miss Paige Woodward arriveth.
So rich, so smart...
So perfect.
Cheryl, good to see you.
Gonna see the principal
this morning, huh?
Mr. Murdock, can you tell me
what this is about?
We'll see.
Excuse me, Mrs. Creswood.
Check this out.
What is it?
It's this guy.
He's got a pirate
radio station on the air.
His name is
"Happy Harry Hard-on."
He's a total sex maniac.
Of course.
He comes on every night

at 10:
Down to business.
I got my Wild Cherry
Diet Pepsi...
and I got my Blackjack gum here.
And I got that feeling.
Yeah, that familiar feeling...
that something rank
is going down out there.
Yeah, I can smell it.
I can almost taste it--
the rankness in the air.
It's everywhere.
It's running through
that old pipeline out there...
trickling along
that dumb concrete river...
and coming up
through the drains...
of those lovely tract homes
we all live in.
So who is he?
He goes to Humphrey.
I mean, I don't know.
Everywhere I look,
it seems everything is sold-out.
They say this is where
the reception is the coolest.
Then he probably lives
right around here.
Fuckin' yuppies.
My dad sold out...
and my mom sold out years ago
when she had me.
And then they sold me out...
when they brought me
to this hole in the world.
Hey, they made me
everything I am today...
so, naturally,
I hate the bastards.
Speaking of which...
I'm running a contest...
on the best way to put them
out of their miseries.
Tonight,
we have number twelve...
of one hundred things
to do with your body...
when you're all alone.
Now, are you ready
for the incredible sound...
of Hard Harry
coming on his own face?
Oh, my God.
It's very possible, you know?
Are you listening to this?
Yeah, of course I'm listening.
Guy's gotta have hair
coming out of his palms.
This is a champion one.
Oh. There. Yeah.
Are you listening?
- Yeah, I'm going blind.
- He's doing it.
So unreal.
Oh, my God.
This...
Yes, Hard Harry
will go to any length to keep...
his three listeners glued
with ooey blooey to the radios.
But the question is,
how far will you go?
I mean, how far can you go...
to amaze and disgust
the insatiable Hard Harry, huh?
I mean, how serious are you?
Hi, beautiful.
You know
what I can't figure out?
How you manage
to get such great grades...
and you listen to that radio
all night, you know?
Tomorrow, don't forget--
Yale interview.
And I don't want you
to look too sleepy, you know?
Good night, sweetie.
Got a lot of letters
here, guys.
Here. "Dear Hard Harry..."
"my boyfriend
won't talk to me anymore.
"How do I show him
that I really love him?"
Look, I don't know anything... about these letters
asking for love advice.
If I knew anything about love...
I would be out there
making it...
instead of sitting in here
talking to you guys.
No. Just send me stuff
at Box 2710...
U.S.A. Mail, Paradise Hills, Arizona, 84012.
Reply is guaranteed.
"Dear Harry...
"I think you're boring
and obnoxious...
"and have a high opinion
of yourself."
Of course, some of you
are probably thinking...
I sent this from myself.
"I think school is OK
if you just look at it right.
"I mean, I like your music...
"but I really
just don't see why...
"you can't be cheerful
for one second."
I'll tell you, since you asked.
I just arrived
in this stupid suburb.
I have no friends...
no money...
no car...
no license.
And even if I did
have a license...
all I could do is drive out
to some stupid mall.
Maybe if I'm lucky...
play some fuckin' video games,
smoke a joint, and get stupid.
You see,
there's nothing to do anymore.
Everything decent's been done.
All the great themes
have been used up...
turned into theme parks.
So I don't really find it
exactly cheerful...
to be living in the middle of
a totally exhausted decade...
where's there's nothing
to look forward to...
and no one to look up to.
That was deep.
Oh, no. Not again.
The creature stirs.
Oh, God, I think
it's gonna be a gusher.
This is the sixth time
in an hour.
Oh, God.
He sounds like
a chronic masturbator.
He prides himself on it.
See? I have to take care of it.
Or else I'm going to explode.
Just excuse me while I...
Oh, my God, this is the biggest.
Whoa, Nellie! Whoa!
God! I'm gonna explode!
Oh, take cover, Arizona!
Here l--
Any time now, man.
Oh, God.
Oh, God, it's the best.
Oh, God, yeah.
Free at last.
I'm beat. I'm whipped.
Quittin' time.
Gotta recuperate.
There he goes.
Sometimes he's on for five minutes... sometimes he's on for five hours. That's my man.
God, I feel so out of touch here. Honey, we didn't move out here to stay in touch. Then why did we move out here? Because it's a nice place to live. I'm making good money... and I'm the youngest school commissioner... in the history of Arizona.
Brian, you know what? The man I married loved his work, not power and money. That's all right. I still love my work. And I love power and money. When you were young radical Brian... you were always fighting against the system... and now you are the system. Now I am the system, yeah. Is that a beer? Sure.
Have you noticed his behavior lately? What about him? He's just so unhappy here. I'll go talk to him. What's up? I was just looking for some stamps. Oh, fine. I got some right here. Going to send a letter to one of your friends back east? No. I thought I might send away for an inflatable date. You know, one of these days...
you're gonna outsmart yourself,
young man.
I love it when you
call me "young man."
You know, when I was your age...
I was on all the teams
and a bunch of clubs.
Look, all I'm saying is...
that school must have some
really terrific programs.
It's very highly rated.
Just save it for the masses, OK?
Mark, they've got twelve hundred
students at that school.
Certainly,
some of them got to be cool.
Look, the deal is,
I get decent grades...
you guys leave me alone, right?
OK, who is this guy?
I don't know.
Nobody knows who he is, but he
really hates this school...
so I guess he goes here.
Yeah, but all the guys
that go here are geeks.
Maybe not, my dear.
Later.
Later.
"And so then
the Logicars questioned...
"the few remaining Despars
more and more.
"They began to fade away...
"until there was nothing
left of them...
"and they disappeared
from the face of the Earth."
Pretty good, huh?
Leading with your heart,
not your mind.
Mark, I wondered
if you'd tell us...
what you were thinking
about when you wrote this.
I just wrote it late last night.
That's obvious.
It's practically illegible.
I was hoping that you'd share
your feelings about it.
Saved by the bell.
Don't think if I didn't
read your composition...
it won't be read.
They're looking for new writers
at the Clarion.
Don't be embarrassed
of your talent.
- Hey, Paige.
- Hiya, Paige.
Hey, I finally got my new Miata.
You should hear the cd player.
It's unbelievable.
Tennis team's throwing
a party tonight.
Later, Paige.
See you there.
See ya.
Hey, that's my box.
How's about asking, huh?
Good morning, Mr. Murdock.
Good morning, sir.
I'm not stupid, you know.
School is judged
on one category only.
Academic schools.
The lesson
of modern education is...
nothing good comes easily--
no pain, no gain.
Excuse me, everyone.
Miss Creswood,
you want to listen to this?
It's the third tape this week.
I can't believe it.
Oh, Nellie!
Oh, yeah, I'm gonna explode.
Oh, take cover, Arizona!
Here I come!
Jan, this is no laughing matter.
Enjoy.
You're in my writing class, right?
Right.
Yeah, I like Emerson.
She's pretty funky.
Now you're in trouble.
You owe twenty-five cents.
"How to Talk Dirty and Influence People"...
by Lenny Bruce.
Who's he?
Any good?
He's all right.
Talk a lot?
Not too much, no.
Cute, but no way.
Guess who?

It's 10:
where your parents are?
Because after all, it is a jungle out there.
I don't know.
I mean, everywhere I look... it seems like someone's getting butt-surfed by the system.
My parents are always talking about the system... and the Sixties and how cool it was.
Well, look at where the Sixties got them, huh?
Come on, people, now Smile on your brother Everybody get together Try to love one another right now Tune in, turn it up! Now that was the Sixties. This is a song for the Nineties...
from my buddies The Descendants!
Welcome to Der Wienerschnitzel.
may I take your order, please?
Yeah. I want...
Want whale sperm with that?
Why don't we listen
to that one again, huh?
Welcome to Der Wienerschnitzel.
May I take your order, please?
Yeah. I want...
You want whale sperm with that?
I hate the Sixties,
I hate school...
I hate principals.
I hate vice principals...
but my true, pure,
refined hatred...
is reserved
for guidance counselors.
Happy Harry just happens
to have in his very hands...
a copy of a memo written
by one Mr. David Deaver...
guidance counselor
extraordinaire...
to one Miss Loretta Creswood,
high school principal.
"I find Cheryl unremorseful...
"about her unfortunate
condition."
Bastard can't even say
she's knocked up.
What channel?
"And she's unwilling
to minimize its effect...
"on the morale
of the student population."
Guidance counselors.
If they knew anything
about career moves...
would they have ended up
as guidance counselors?
What do you say
we call Deaver up, huh?
Hard Harry
just happens to have...
the home phone numbers
of every employee...
of the Paradise Hills
school commission.
Here we go.
There you are, Mr. Deavski.
Deaver residence.
David Deaver speaking.
Hey, this is WKPS.
You're live.
We're doing a piece
on high schools.
We understand that you're
a guidance counselor.
I'm head of guidance...
here at Hubert Humphrey High
in Paradise Hills, Arizona.
I've been here seven years.
Could you tell us a bit
about what you do?
I run a comprehensive
American values program.
In which we discuss...
ethical situations...
sex education,
drug awareness...
What do you say to young people
who look around at the world...
and see that it's become,
you know, like, a...
a sleazy country, you know?
A place you just can't trust.
Like your school, for example.
How come it wins
all of these awards...
and yet students
are dropping out like flies?
Why is that?
Now, my listeners are curious
about your participation...
in the decision
to expel Cheryl Biggs.
I'm not aware of anything like that. I don't know what you're talking about. Well, that's not true, sir. "Cheryl refuses to accept suggestions... "of a more positive mental attitude... "towards her health and her future. "I find no alternative but to suggest suspension."

Who is this? How did you get this number? Do you admit it, sir? Admit what? That you're slime. Now, wait just a minute. You interview a student, and then you rat on her. You betrayed her trust. Isn't that right, sir? Well, as you can see, these guys are played out. Society is mutating so rapidly... that anyone over the age of twenty really has no idea. All right. Back down to business. "I share a room with my older brother. "Nearly every night after he turns off his light... "he comes over to my bed... "and gives me a few arm noogies and stuff. "And then he makes me scratch his back... "and other refinements." Well, it's about time we had some refinements on this show.
"Then sooner or later,
he gets worked up...
"and without further ado...
"he rubs his thing
and makes me watch."
Signed yourself "Screwed Up."
Well, first of all,
you're not screwed up.
You're an unscrewed-up reaction
to a screwed-up situation.
Feeling screwed up
in a screwed-up place...
in a screwed-up time does not
mean that you are screwed up.
If you catch my drift.
Now, as you know,
dear listeners...
if you enclose your number...
a reply is guaranteed.
This is Happy Harry Hard-on.
You're live.
Is this Miss Screwed Up?
I have a couple of questions.
How big is this thing
you described?
Is it bigger than a baby's arm?
You don't remember
or you don't want to tell me?
Or maybe you made
this whole thing up, huh?
Remember, my dear...
I can smell a lie
like a fart in a car.
it's too bad
about that one, actually.
You see, to me...
the real truth
is always a bigger turn-on...
and it doesn't have
to be a big deal.
It could be anything.
Malcolm, have you finished
your homework yet?
Your father and l
are downstairs watching TV. 
Why don't you come down 
and join us for once? 
All right, Malcolm. 
Have it your way. 
Thanks. 
So, I don't know. 
Send me your most pathetic 
moment, your most anything. 
As long as it's real. 
I want the size, the shape, 
the feel, the smell. 
I mean I want blood, sweat, 
and tears on these letters. 
I want brains and ectocasm 
and come spilled all over 'em! 
Hallelujah! 
And now, 
all my horny listeners... 
get one hand free, because... 
Yes, the "eat me, 
beat me" lady is back. 
"Come in. 
"Every night, you enter me 
like a criminal. 
"You break into my brain... 
"but you're 
no ordinary criminal. 
"You put your feet up 
and you pop a Pepsi... 
"you start to party, 
you turn up my stereo... 
"songs I've never heard, 
but I move anyway. 
"You get me crazy. I say do it. 
"I don't care what. Just do it. 
"Jam me, jack me, 
push me, pull me, talk hard." 
I like that. 
Talk hard. 
I like the idea that a voice 
can just go somewhere... 
uninvited... 
just kind of hang out...
like a dirty thought
in a nice, clean mind.
Maybe a thought
is like a virus, you know?
It can kill
all the healthy thoughts...
and just take over.
That would be serious.
That would be totally serious.
Yeah. I know that
all of my horny listeners...
would love it if I would call up
the "eat me, beat me" lady...
but no!
Because she never
encloses her number.
Tough luck, creepoid.
Always the same red paper...
the same beautiful
black writing.
Now, she's probably
a lot like me--
a legend in her own mind.
But you know what?
I bet in real life,
she's probably not that wild.
I bet she's kind of shy...
like so many of us,
briskly walking the halls...
pretending to be late
for some class...
pretending to be distracted.
Hey, poetry lady,
are you really this cool?
Are you out there?
Are you listening?
I'm always out here.
I feel like I know you,
and yet we'll never meet.
So be it.
Here's a song from my close
personal buddies back east--
The Beastie Boys.
This is a song
that was so controversial... they couldn't put it on their first album. Add a little night light. Well Chillin' at the corner this one time Cool at the party, you're runnin' a line Smokin' my crack, sayin' my rhyme Countin' my pack just to pass the time Many young girls do some base Her boyfriend Pete, he was on my case Took him to the place Threw the mattress in his face Got homeboy in his fuckin' face I just love being the rap king of Arizona I don't know. Drugs are out. Sex is out. Politics are out. Everything is on hold. We definitely need something new. I just keep waiting for some new voice... to come out of somewhere and just say, "Hey!" "Wait a second. What is wrong with this picture? "Just take a look around." Maybe this is the answer to everything. Wouldn't that be nice, huh? "Dear Hard Harry... "do you think I should kill myself?" Great. Signed "I'm Serious." And, of course, there is a number here.
Now, look...
Hello. Serious?
Are you OK?
I guess what I'm asking is,
how serious are you?
Or how you gonna do it?
I'm gonna blow
my fuckin' head off.
Well, do you have a gun?
No, I'm gonna use my finger,
-genius.
All right, so, where's this
gonna take place, huh?
Right here.
Where is this alleged gun?
Do you have it with you?
Did you at least write a note?
You have a reason, don't you?
You're not gonna be
one of those people...
who kills themselves,
and nobody has any idea...
why they did it, huh?
That's why we need a note, pal.
I'm all alone.
Hey, look, maybe it's OK
to be alone sometimes.
I mean, I...
Everybody's alone.
You're not.
I didn't talk
to one person today...
not counting teachers.
I sit alone every day, you know?
Sit in the stairwell,
eating my lunch, reading a book.
What about you?
I hate that.
Now I'm depressed.
Now I feel
like killing myself...
but luckily,
I'm too depressed to bother.
Great. He's got the phone
off the hook now.
Rejected again.
That's OK, I'm used to it.
Terminal loneliness.
People always think
they know who a person is...
but they're always wrong.
Eats lunch on stairs.
Parents have no idea.
Mine had me tested
because I sit...
alone in my room all day,
naked, wearing only a cock ring.
It really bugs me.
Everyone thinks they know
how a person should be.
Who cares how I should be,
you know?
In real life, I could be
that anonymous nerd...
sitting across from you
in chem lab...
staring at you so hard, and...
Then when you turn around,
he tries to smile...
but the smile
just comes out all wrong.
You just think, "How pathetic."
Then he just looks away.
He never looks
back at you again.
Ah, hey.
Who cares? That's my motto.
Well, sleep tight, Cheryl.
Sleep tight, Miss Refinements.
Sleep tight, poetry lady.
Sleep tight, Mr. Serious.
Maybe you'll
feel better tomorrow.
Hey, what's a cock ring?
It sounds cool.
How should I know?
Maybe it's a ring
with a cock on it.
But he said he was wearing it.
How much you want for it?
Five bucks each.
Like your school, for example.
How come it wins
all of these awards...
and yet students
are dropping out like flies?
Why is that, Mr. Deaver?
My listeners are wondering
about your participation...
What is this?
I don't know, sir.
Is that your tape?
Whose tape is this?
I don't know, sir.
I looked around, and someone
had slipped that on.
You know, people,
this dancing is a privilege...
and it'll be taken away
if it's abused.
You understand that?
What? What are you lookin' at?
You got a stick of gum?
"Blackjack."
You really as horny
as a ten-peckered owl?
Hi. My name's Nora.
What's yours?
Mark.
Well, hi, Mark.
Listen, I was gonna
cut fourth period.
You want to join me for a smoke
in the art supply room?
No, I can't. I gotta go. Sorry.
Sorry.
Boy, these damn tapes keep
popping up all over the place.
They were playing this
out in the alcove.
Who is this guy, anyway?
Every day there's more graffiti.
I don't know, but he's sure turning the school upside-down.
Has anyone seen Luis Chavez?
He wasn't in my class today.
Mine, either.
Listen to this.
...a memo, written
by one Mr. David Deaver...
guidance counselor
extraordinaire...
to one Miss Loretta Creswood,
high school principal.
"I find Cheryl..."
Turn that off.
I have an announcement to make.
I have some
very upsetting news.
Last night...
one of our students...
Malcolm Kaiser...
took his own life.
For those of you who knew him...
there will be a memorial service
at Dempsey Hall on Friday.
I know it hurts.
It's painful to lose someone.
Six, seven, eight
We've got spirit
Yes, we do
We've got spirit
How 'bout you?
We've got spirit
Yes, we do
We've got spirit
How 'bout you?
You're the voice crying out
in the wilderness.
You're the voice
that makes my brain burn...
and my guts go gooey.
Yeah, you gut me.
My insides spill on your altar
and tell the future.
My steaming, gleaming guts
spell out your nature.
I know you--
not your name, but your game.
I know the true you.
Come to me,
or I'll come to you.
So, you are him.
Don't worry. I'm not going
to bust you or anything.
Aren't you going to ask
who I am?
No, I don't think so. No.
I'm the "eat me, beat me" lady.
You don't believe me?
I know you--
not your name, but your game.
I know the true you.
Come to me, or I'll come to you.
Hey, relax. I'm not really
like that except when I am.
Look, I really can't
handle this right now, OK?
It's not your fault.
I was listening last night.
I didn't think
he'd go through with it.
We heard about Malcolm Kaiser.
We're just wondering
if you knew him.
No, not really.
I'm going to ask you something.
Your mother and I
have been talking...
and I guess we realized that--
Mark, basically, we thought...
that you might benefit
from seeing a psychiatrist.
Is it that obvious?
No, honey, of course not.
We think you're perfect.
It just seems that here you're
so sad and lonely all the time.
And we want you to feel
good about yourself.
You have friends
in New York, hon.
Are you trying to meet people
here at all?
It was never--
I know this sounds stupid...
but have you ever just walked
up to a girl here and said hi?
Look, the girls here,
they're different.
I can't talk to them.
How are they different?
I was talking to
your English teacher today--
Come on, Dad, please.
It's creepy enough there
without you snooping around.
She says that you've got
a great promise as a writer...
but that you're having
trouble concentrating.
So, when is Johnny
going to concentrate, huh?
Get happy, get a girlfriend...
and then write
a best seller, huh?
Fine! You don't listen.
You don't talk to me.
You hate everything.
I can't talk to you people.
I'm certainly not going
to a shrink.
Everybody's got problems,
not just you...
but you won't solve them
if you don't communicate!
You've got to talk to somebody!
OK, he's gone.
He's gone back downstairs.
And so, family and friends
of Malcolm Kaiser...
sadly come and go
into the night...
even as phantom DJ Hard Harry...
prepares to broadcast
anonymously from somewhere...
in this formerly peaceful
community.
Shep Sheppard reporting live
from Paradise Hills, Arizona.
Back to you, Bill.
Thank you, Shep, for that--
Yeah, back to you.
If it be your will
That I speak no more
And my voice be still
As it was before
I will speak no more
I shall abide
Until
I am spoken for
If it be your will
You see,
I never planned it like this.
My dumb dad got me
this shortwave radio set...
so I could just speak
to my friends back east.
But I couldn't reach anybody...
so I just thought
I was talking to nobody.
But I imagine nobody listening.
Maybe I imagine
that one person out there.
Anyway, one day I woke up...
and I realized I was never
going to be normal...
so I said, "Fuck it."
I said, "So be it..."
and Happy Harry Hard-on
was born.
But I never meant
to hurt anyone.
Honestly...
I never meant to hurt anyone.
I'm sorry, Malcolm.
I never said...
don't do it.
I'm sorry.
Anyway...that's it.
The show's over.
I'm done.
Stick a fork in me.
It's been grand.
This is Hard Harry
saying sayonara.
Over and out.
Come on, you can't do this.
This is a joke, right?
Come on, Harry, baby,
don't stiff.
What am I doing?
Fuck it.
You hear about some kid,
did something stupid--
something desperate.
What possessed him?
How could he do
such a terrible thing?
Well, come here.
It's really quite simple,
actually.
Consider the life
of a teenager, huh?
You have parents and teachers
telling you what to do.
You have movies, magazines,
and TV telling you what to do...
but you know
what you have to do.
Your job, your purpose...
is to get accepted,
get a cute girlfriend...
think up something great to do
for the rest of your life.
What if you're confused
and can't imagine a career?
What if you're funny-looking
and can't get a girlfriend?
You see,
no one wants to hear it.
But the terrible secret...
is that being young...
is sometimes less fun
than being dead.
This is great.
He's making it worse.
Suicide is wrong, but the
interesting thing about it...
is how uncomplicated it seems.
You know?
There you are,
you got all these problems...
swarming around in your brain,
and here is one simple--
one incredibly simple solution.
I'm just surprised it doesn't
happen every day around here.
Now, they're going to say I said
offing yourself was simple...
but no, no, no, it's not simple.
Like everything else,
you have to read the fine print.
For instance, assuming that
there is a Heaven...
who would ever want to go there?
You know?
I mean, think about it.
It's cool. You're sitting there
up on this cloud.
It's nice, you know, it's quiet.
There's no teachers...
there's no parents,
but guess what?
There's nothing to do.
It's fucking boring.
Another thing to remember
about suicide...
is that it is not
a pretty picture.
First of all,
you shit your shorts.
You know?
So, there you are, dead.
People are weeping
over you, crying.
Girls you never spoke to
are saying, "Why? Why? Why?"
And you have a load
in your shorts.
That's the way I see it.
Sue me.
Now, they're saying I shouldn't
think stuff like this.
They're saying that something
is wrong with me...
that I should be ashamed.
Well...
I'm sick of being ashamed.
I mean, aren't you?
Sick to death.
I don't mind being
depressed and rejected...
but I'm not going
to be ashamed about it.
Hallelujah.
At least pain is real.
You look around,
and you see nothing is real...
but at least pain is real.
Even this show isn't real.
This isn't me.
I'm using a voice disguiser.
I'm a phony fuck
just like my dad.
Just like anybody.
The real me is just as worried
as the rest of you.
They say I'm disturbed.
Of course I'm disturbed!
We're all disturbed,
and if we're not, why not?
Doesn't this blend of
blindness and blandness...
want to make you
do something crazy?
Then why not do something crazy?
It makes a hell
of a lot more sense...
than blowing
your fucking brains out!
Go nuts! Go crazy!
Get creative!
You got problems?
You just chuck 'em.
Nuke 'em!
They think you're moody?
Make them think you're crazy.
Make them think you might snap!
They think you've got attitude?
You show them
some real attitude.
I mean, go nuts!
Get crazy!
No more Mr. Nice Guy!
Oh, God!
God! Yeah!
Happy Harry Hard-on!
Time out.
This is good.
This is very, very interesting.
Hi, it's me.
You're on the air.
Are you willing
to tell my listeners...
what you told me here
in this letter?
I think they're ready
to handle it.
I'm not ashamed.
So, tell us what happened.
This guy I knew, he invited me
up to the ridge...
and, well,
I wasn't really sure why...
but I was really happy,
because he's pretty cool.
He's an athlete and everything.
First of all, when was this,
and how old are you?
Just before school.
I'm sixteen.
Go ahead.
So, we get up there,
we take off our shirts...
and we start fooling around.
And then, I sort of told him
how much I liked him.
He just smiled
and said he knew it.
Then he says...
"Why don't we take our pants off
and get a tan?"
So I did it.
But he stalled.
Go ahead.
And then two of his friends
showed up...
and they were drinking beer
and laughing.
And they took my clothes
and threw them up in the trees.
I didn't know what to do.
I started to cry, but...
they just laughed at me,
so I stopped.
Then they started
calling me things...
but I don't even care
about that.
I know I'm into guys, but...
this was different.
So, what did you do?
Everything.
Everything they told me.
I'm calling the police.
Fraud, pornography--
he is just using
those poor kids.
That's the thirteenth call
tonight.
Sounds like kids
bullshitting to me.
I don't know.
Things like that happen
when you're a kid.
You swallow it, Donny?
I think you're forgetting what
it's like when you're young.

Come on, Shep.

He got some kid to call in with
some story they've concocted.
It isn't real.

Who cares if it's real
if the people are riveted?
Let's go.

No. People are rebroadcasting
this thing over state lines.
I think it's time
to bring in the feds.

This is FCC jurisdiction.

I feel bad that
I didn't even do anything.
I didn't even say anything.

Now he won't even talk to me.
He won't even look at me.

I'm pretty confused.

Confused?

You're not the one
who's confused.

You sound like you know
exactly what's going on.
If anyone's confused,
it's those guys out there.

I know,
but I think about him a lot.

Sometimes I wonder why
one person is born one way...
and another person
is born another way.

Are you there?

So, I guess you think
I'm a faggot wimp, right?

I'm just thinking
how strong people can be...
and how everyone is alike
in some way...
and how everyone needs
the same things.

So, what are we going to do
about all this?
I don't know.
That's the big question, isn't it, huh?
I guess nobody knows, huh?
Well, that's tough. I got to go.
See you.
I guess we all got to go now.
Good night, pal.
Good night, friends.
"Believe it or not, I care"?
"Eight-thirty to three-thirty."
What's that?
It's some new hotline
Deaver's setting up.
Hey, it's eight-thirty in the morning...
so I guess it's OK to kill myself.
Oh, my God, it's after three-thirty...
so I guess I'm totally fucked.
What are you doing?
Tramp.
Bitch.
How's he getting this information?
I want all the locks in the school changed.
I want a list of every student with relatives on the staff.
Just found the graffiti on the roof of the cafeteria.
They're taking it down now.
What's it say?
"Creswood's a maggot pus wad."
Hey, are you the guy selling tapes of that guy?
- Yeah.
- How much?
Five bucks each.
All right, let me have it.
- There you go.
- Thanks, man.
Selling pretzels, Donald?
Nobody knows who he is.
We don't believe you, Donald.
I swear to God.
Nobody has any idea.
Then you've got until the end of the day to get an idea.
And don't forget--
your file is under review.
You better bring all your enrollment files to my office.
What did they do to you?
- You Donald?
- Yeah.
I'm Joey.
Can you get me into the P.A.?
Stay hard!
All right! Yeah!
The truth is a virus!
That's it for music
in the alcove.
And from now on...
anyone caught defacing school property is expelled.
David Deaver speaking
Who is this
Who-- who-- who is this
You just hold on a minute there
David Deaver speaking
David Deaver speaking
What's happening?
What's going on?
It's Mr. Deaver.
David Deaver speaking
Admit what
It won't stop.
Turn the speaker system.
Shut off the whole system.
We can't!
Shut down the whole school.
You just-- you just
- All right, Randy.
- Check this out.
You're the TV guy, right?
Want to interview me?
Because I was listening
the first night it was on...
and I'm amazing.
Here. Plug it in.
I used to go here, you know?
But they kicked me out
for no reason.
Know what I'm saying?
Check it out.
School colors, you know?
It's instant pep rally.
The smog's getting worse
and worse in this town.
Go down on him.
Come here, you little--
Mr. Murdock.
Can you direct me to the office?
Come on!
This is Shep Sheppard
reporting live...
from deep in the smoke
at Hubert Humphrey High.
Sit down.
Anybody mind if I smoke?
You do understand
you're expelled.
That's cool.
I can quite legally expel you.
Loretta, I'm already expelled.
Don't you remember?
You booted me out
the first week for dress code.
You're trespassing.
How'd you like to be arrested?
That's cool, too, you know?
Because I told them cameras
to wait.
I got lots to tell them.
Who's going to believe
anything you say?
Who's going to believe you?
Maybe Harry might.
What are you doing?
It's cool.
We're safe in here.
Guess what I heard?
What?
That smug Paige Woodward...
she burned up
all her shit last night...
right after you suggested it.
In her kitchen!
Her precious pearls
were flying like bullets.
Her dad was unthrilled.
What?
This is out of control.
Yes!
Students are requested
to inform their parents...
of an emergency meeting
tonight...
with the PTA
and the school commissioner.
That's it.
It's over.
I just hope it isn't too late.
Just leave me alone, OK?
Please.
Oh, yes.
D- D-David Deaver
And I really, really
don't give a damn
I really don't know anything
Because I haven't got it
Have you guys listened
to the Hard Harry show?
We would never, ever
listen to trash like that.
He's obscene, dude.
Yo, Mom.
Yo, I'm D-D-David Deaver
Is that box
registered to a name?
Yes, of course that box
is registered to a name...
but I can't give it out to you.
But you can to me.
Yes, sir, I can do it for you.
I will give it to you instantly.
That box is rented
to Mr. Charles U. Farley...
One-one-two-two Crescent.
But that's the address
of the school.
Chuck U. Farley.
In a follow up
to Monday's tragic suicide...
we have a story
on Paige Woodward...
who was a senior
at the same high school...
who, apparently at
the urging of the pirate DJ...
set off an explosion
in her family's home.
Are you OK, Mark?
Don't worry. I'm not gonna
blow up the kitchen.
Very funny, darling.
Listen to this.
...still anonymous
radio operator.
He's been charged with
criminal solicitation...
in the suicide death
of Malcolm Kaiser.
Elsewhere--
Mark, have you ever listened
to this character?
No, not exactly listened.
He's knocking the best school
in the district...
and apparently, he goes there.
Well, it's not exactly
the best school in the district.
There are some problems with it.
I figure
you don't rock the boat...
especially if
you're sitting in it.
We should get going.
I don't want to be late.
Come on, Mark.
It's your father's big meeting.
Good evening.
On behalf of myself...
and the staff
of Hubert Humphrey High...
I would like to thank you
for turning out in such numbers.
I congratulate you
on your concerns.
Now, before we begin...
I would like to introduce
our new school commissioner...
fresh from several
educational triumphs...
on the East Coast--
Brian Hunter.
Before I introduce
the rest of our speakers--
Excuse me, Mrs. Creswood.
Can we just skip
the preliminaries...
and find out what you're
doing about all this?
Well,
when I introduce Mr. Deaver...
he'll talk about
our new 24-hour hotline--
Wait a minute. The kids
who need the most help...
the ones with drug problems...
they don't go in
for stuff like that.
I know kids.
They just want to be happy.
Would you please sit down?
This radio person
is the whole problem.
Are we gonna allow this guy
to be heard...
by anyone who can turn a dial?
Please, one at a time.
I work with teenage gangs
in the city.
I say we go after this guy.
Remove him physically.
Same old rhetoric!
What are you doing--
Please! We can't have
this kind of meeting.
This is not the way--
You'll all be heard.
I promise.
Brian, this is my meeting.
That's the girl who blew up
her kitchen last night.
My name is Paige Woodward...
and I have something
to say to you people.
People are saying Harry
is introducing bad things...
and encouraging bad things.
It seems to me these things
were already here.
Please go and sit.
My God,
why don't you people listen?
He's trying to tell you
there's something wrong...
with this school.
Paige--
Half the people here
are on probation of some kind.
We're all really scared
to be who we really are.
I am not perfect.
I've just been going through
the motions of being perfect...
and inside, I am screaming!
Paige, you were a model student.
Why won't you listen?
Let's hear what she has to say!
Paige, I want to hear
what you have to say.
Do you know who he is?
Are you prepared to do
anything he says?
Can you hear me?
Don't listen to them!
Don't listen to any of them!
Stay on!
Has this affected your school work?
Stand hard!
What do your parents think about this?
Are you on drugs?
Talk hard!
I got a lot of homework.
I'm gonna take off, all right?
I know why you're really going home.
'Cause you want to listen to that show tonight, don't you?
Let's go.
What are you doing?
those your letters?
You having fun?
Here. I took some of these off the wall for you.
I mistakenly thought you might want them.
Thanks.
So I guess you're not going on tonight.
Brilliant.
Is this all just a game to you?
You can't just shout "fire" in a theater and walk out.
You have a responsibility to the people who believe in you.
What is this?
Come on, say something.
Say anything!
Open your mouth and say...
"Get the hell out of here, bitch."
I can't.
You can't what?
I can't talk.
Sure you can talk.
I can't talk to you!
I got a letter from
this guy who has a problem.
He can't talk.
I mean, he can talk,
but never when he wants to--
not to girls, not to people.
What did they say, around FM 92?
I can't believe
it's as bad as they say.
He just opened up his mouth,
and nothing came out.
Then this jerk finds somebody
that he likes...
which is probably the worst
thing that can happen...
to a person that can't talk.
I don't know
what to tell this guy...
because lately,
every time I give advice...
the fit hits the shan.
So...
I don't know. Maybe the...
best thing to do is just...
turn around...
face the music...
and try to talk.
Fuck.
Damn it. Coming!
It's just us.
We want to come in for a minute.
Just give me a second here!
Two seconds!
Mark, unlock the door.
Mark, can you hear us?
We want to come in for a minute.
Open the goddamn door!
On my way!
Your mother and I have been
out there for five minutes.
What the hell are you doing
in here?
I was just reading.
Oh, come on, Mark.
We heard you.
We heard you talking, all right?
Yeah. I was reading aloud.
Oh, come on. You really expect us to believe that?
OK, I'll tell you the truth.
He was talking to me.
Hi. I'm Nora Diniro.
Nice to meet you.
How do you do?
I was afraid you'd be mad
I interrupted Mark's homework.
Oh, no. Not at all.
You don't know how happy we are to meet you.
Yeah. Really.
Well, listen, I gotta go...
but it was really nice
to have met you.
Bye, Mark.
You don't have to go.
It's all right.
Mark, she doesn't have to go.
I'll see you tomorrow.
You've been a bad dog,
haven't you?
You know, for a second there...
we actually thought you were that crazy DJ character.
Maybe he's not that crazy, Dad.
Right. Very funny.
Go get her. Come on.
That's my idea of homework.
Sorry about that, folks.
Technical difficulties.
Happens all the time
in professional radio.
Who do we have out there tonight?
The usual band of teenage malcontents?
I certainly hope so...
'cause Hard Harry's feeling kind of rude tonight.
And she's so pretty, too.
She sure is.
That little lech.
Well, like father, like son.
I feel good!
Damn!
Well, well, the big news.
Emergency PTA meeting
to discuss yours truly!
Yes, all of the professionals
have come out...
to talk about little old me...
and now they've all
run home to tune in...
and listen to what they've
all been talking about.
They say I am deluded...
demented...deranged!
Well, guess what I say!
So be it!
Rise up in the cafeteria...
and stab them
with your plastic forks!
I say flogging and flagellation
for Miss Creswood!
She gets a hundred lashes
for every single kid...
that she has hounded
out of that fucking place!
I say down with
all guidance counselors!
Make them work for a living!
I can't stay away from this man!
I gotta give him another call!
Here I come, Deav.
Hotline.
Believe it or not, we care.
Hi, Believe It or Not,
this is Hard Harry...
and I would like the pleasure
of speaking with Mr. Deaver.
Just a moment.
I'll see if he's available.
I love it.
They just put me on hold.
I'm waiting for you.
You can run,
but you cannot hide, Mr. Deaver.
Waitin' for the Deav.
Hello, my young friend.
You're in on it,
right, Mr. Deaver?
It's all over, son.
This phone call
has been traced...
and whoever you are,
you're history.
Well...
So be it.
Hallelujah.
Shit.
Don't just sit there, man. Run!
Don't worry about me.
I'm all right.
See, I'll bet
what's happening out there...
is that the police are busting
some poor little old couple...
unknowingly supplying me
with my phone feed.
There's a phone line
coming into the shed here.
There's the transmitter...
which means the receiver
could be in any house...
within a thousand yards
of here.
I am everywhere.
I am inside each and every
single one of you.
Just look in,
and I will be there...
waving out at you...
 naked...
wearing only a cock ring.
Time flies
when you're on the run.
I'm gonna cut out now
with this unusual song...
I'm dedicating to...
an unusual person...
who makes me feel kind of...
unusual.
So many people
Come walking by
Looking so happy
When all I do is cry
I just wanna be
With somebody, too
What I'd give for a kiss
What am I gonna do
Why can't I fall in love
It's OK.
You don't have to talk.
You don't have
to say anything...
and you don't
have to do anything...
unless you want to.
You're so different.
I meant...
you're so fearless.
I wish I could be like you.
You are.
I wish...
I could say things to you.
You do.
Everything's so strange.
Maybe we're just crazy.
So be it.
And change where I'm at
But the same old questions
Keep flowing back
Why can't I fall in love
I know she's out there waiting
It's time to fall in love
And I know
Just how I feel
Give it up or give it all
Something tells me
This can be real
It's the cops.
It's OK. I think they're just dropping off my neighbor. So...
are you really wearing a cock ring?
I've never even seen one.
I read about 'em in a magazine.
Maybe I don't believe you.
What are you doing?
I have neighbors.
Stop!
So you can talk when you want to.
Yes, I can.
I know she's out there waiting
It's time, it's time
Why can't I fall in love
Maybe we should pause for station identification.
I gotta go.
Why can't I fall in love again
I know she's out there waiting
It's three days since the death of Malcolm Kaiser...
and state and local officials still have little idea...
of the identity of this so-called Hard Harry...
although many are convinced he is a student at this school.
You OK?
You?
This is deep.
Your message is out there.
"The truth is a virus."
Oh, God.
Jesus, this whole thing is making me ill.
Mark, what is with you?
Look, Nora, last night was a mistake.
I'm not going on anymore.
It's over.
- But you're so close.
- Close to what?
To getting your message out.
This is my life you're
screwing around with here.
Not anymore, it isn't.
This is everyone's life.
You can't leave it like this.
People are confused.
Well, so am I.
The thing's fucked up!
It's crazy!
No. The world is fucked up,
just like you said.
Don't you see
that you're the voice?
You're the voice
you were waiting for.
You're completely nuts.
Yeah, well, you make me nuts.
Excuse me.
Young lady,
would you come along with us?
Donald, come along.
Miss Diniro.
Come along with us, please.
What are we being busted for?
We check your files, we'll see.
Come along.
No, Brian,
everything is under control.
I've just ordered
psychiatric evaluations...
on a couple of the key
troublemakers, and I--
I can do whatever I like.
It's my school, Commissioner.
No, you're not coming over here.
It would only upset me more.
Good-bye.
Well...
shall we have a look
at these files?
Or shall we discuss
the identity of our DJ friend?
No more Mr. Nice Guy!
Oh, God!
Kick out the jams,
motherfuckers!
Don't push me, people.
You understand that?
They got forced to take me back.
Where you going?
Yo, I'm putting this up.
Get off the campus.
Put it on my desk.
You're not supposed to be here.
What's the matter, Murdock?
You're getting so tense.
You're not supposed to be here.
I'm a big fan of yours.
Can I get an autograph?
Stop! That's enough!
What's wrong with you?
He was beating up students.
- What's wrong with this school?
- Control yourself.
I will not!
I want an answer!
Or suffer the consequences.
What are you talking about?
I'm talking about
your dismissal.
I've been looking
all over for you.
I just wanted to apologize
for saying that you were nuts.
Forget it.
Look...
FCC. You know what that means?
Yeah, it means Federal
Communications Commission.
They can drive around
and triangulate...
wherever the hell the radio
signal's coming from.
Yes, I know exactly
what it means.
So fuck it, right?
I mean it's over.
Frankly, I don't even
give a shit anymore.
What the hell's wrong?
I just got expelled.
What the hell
are you talking about?
I'm failing math.
They can't kick you
out for that.
I've been cutting classes,
and I'm way over the limit.
They didn't tell me till now.
So that just deserves
a suspension, right?
Well, then I said "fuck you"
to Creswood.
You should have seen her face.
She was so happy,
she said thank you.
This school sucks!
Jesus Christ.
I don't even care--
No, just leave it alone!
There's nothing
you can do about it.
Hunter, wait a minute!
I just wanted to say good-bye...
and good luck.
Why?
I was fired. I made a mistake.
I thought I could change things.
I forgot
you don't rock the boat.
Especially when you're in it.
Come on, chin up.
Loretta, what in the hell's
happening here?
It's the troublemakers.
You can't run a top school
with troublemakers in the mix.
OK, so what exactly
is a troublemaker?
Someone who has
no interest in education.
Come on, that includes
every teenager I know.
Can't you understand...
that nothing is more important
than a good education?
Except the basic right to it.
The point is...
I have the highest average
S.A.T. scores in the state.
Yeah, but how?
I stand by my record.
There he is. Mr. Watts.
Shep Sheppard,
Channel Six news here.
Good evening.
How does Washington intend
to deal with this situation?
We at the FCC feel
that democracy is all about...
protecting the rights
of the ordinary citizen.
Unregulated radio
would result in programming...
of the lowest
common denominator...
the rule of the mob.
This is vandalism,
not free expression.
Hey, NBC's here,
and if he goes on...
you're gonna rebroadcast him
t nationally.
There's no way he can go on.
It's too risky.
Oh, God, come on.
OK, everybody, ten seconds
till Happy Harry Hard-on.
Eight, seven...
six, five, four...
three, two, one.
Come on. We're right here
waiting for you right now.
You OK?
Yeah, fine, great.
Never been better.
We started something here.
We?
All right, I started it, but...
now I need your help
to finish it.
Nora, I need you.
Well, it's about time.
I've got something to show you.
Is it bigger than a baby's arm?
No. It's outside.
It's my mom's Jeep.
She kind of loaned it to me.
Who did all this?
Me and Radio Shack.
You have driven
a Jeep before, right?
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
That's the way the story goes
Got him.
You know, personally,
I had hoped that we'd get...
to hear him a little bit
before they nab him.
Be interesting to see
how hard he is then.
Hi, Dad, happy birthday
I'm in jail
Jail
Hello, Dad
I'm in jail
Hello, Dad
I'm in jail
Hi, Dad
I'm calling you from jail
Hi, Dad
Happy birthday
I'm in jail
Jail, jail
Hello, Dad.
We're going to jail.
Say hi to Mom!
I like it here
It's nice, I like it
Hi, folks. Seems we have
a new listener tonight--
Mr. Watts of the FCC.
My favorite person
and yours, too, I know.
Hi, Arthur,
thanks for coming out.
Well, thank you for coming out.
Imagine,
a fucking political hack...
being in charge
of free speech in America.
I'll bet Watts was the guy
who took names in high school...
when the teacher was absent.
This is the problem
with free speech.
Would you cut that thing, please?
He's the kind of phony
in politics who wears a wig.
Would you just turn
the damn thing off?
Christ.
He's obviously moving.
Just pull over
everything on wheels.
Welcome to Radio Free America.
America's ready, I'm ready.
I want a million voices
crying out in the wilderness.
Jesus, let's get serious.
Hello. Hello, anyone.
This is Arthur Watts.
I am under siege.
Maybe Mr. Watts
can shed some light...
on the mysterious disappearances
of some of our students.
Luis Chavez, age fifteen...
legally kicked out
on September 26.
Arthur Washington, age sixteen, expelled on September 27.
Hector Garcia...
So what does this prove?
Not everyone goes to college.
Right.
I think you should be aware of something.
After the school received the money from the government...
for every enrolled student...
Mrs. Creswood would then proceed...
to weed out those she felt were undesirable.
Nonsense. She doesn't know what she's talking about.
In the first week of school...
you flagged all the names with low S.A.T. scores...
and started files on them. Why?
What are you doing with school property?
She asked you why.
For extra tutoring?
You expelled over twenty students...
in the first thirty days of school.
And how many others did you harass into dropping out?
And you kept the expelled students' names on the rolls.
That's illegal.
The money went to the school.
It's all for the good of the school.
Those kids had rights.
They were losers.
- Troublemakers.
- They're just kids.
I don't regret my policy.
It's criminal, and I'm suspending you.
You can't do that.
I think I just did.
Please get some help.
Just drive over them.
Oh, jeez, my harmonizer.
Forget it.
Hold on.
I gotta get us out of here.
I needed that
to disguise my voice.
Give me a minute.
Maybe we can fix it.
Jesus.
Look at this.
Fuck it.
I'm going on without that thing.
No. I think I've got it.
OK.
This is really me now.
No more hiding.
Listen.
We're all worried.
We're all in pain.
That just comes with
having eyes, with having ears.
But just remember one thing.
It can't get any worse.
It can only get better.
I mean,
high school is the bottom.
Being a teenager sucks,
but that's the point.
Surviving it is the whole point.
Quitting is not
going to make you strong.
Living will, so just hang on
and hang in there.
I know all about
the hating and the sneering.
I'm a member of the
"Why bother?" generation myself.
But why did I bother
to come out here tonight?
And why did you?
I mean, it's time.
It begins with us--
not with politicians...
the experts, or the teachers,
but with us--
with you and with me--
the ones who need it most.
I believe with everything
that's in me...
that the whole world
is longing for a healing.
Even the trees...
and the Earth itself
are crying out for it.
You can hear it everywhere.
It's the same kind of healing
I desperately needed, and...
finally feel has begun...
with you.
Everyone listen up!
It's not over yet.
This is just the beginning...
but it's up to you.
I'm calling for every kid
to seize the air.
Steal it. It belongs to you.
Speak out.
They can't stop you.
Find your voice and use it.
Keep this thing going.
Pick a name.
Go on the air.
It's your life.
Take charge of it. Do it.
Try it, try anything.
Spill your guts out.
Say shit and fuck
a million times...
if you want to, but you decide.
Fill the air.
Steal it.
Keep the air alive!
We're behind you all the way,
Harry.
You talked to me, man.
You really talked to me.
You're the one, man.
We believe in you, Harry.
Stay tough, man.
You did great.
Forget it, man.
We believe in you, Harry.
We're with you, man.
We're with you all the way.
Talk hard!
Hi, everybody, this is Amy
at 97 FM in Springfield...
and my show is Radioactive.
Can anyone out there hear me?
This is Ethan from L.A.,
and I'm here...
Are you running in the streets?
Call the real runaway hotline...
K.C.A.T.,
Los Gatos, California...
This is "I am, are you?"
Hi, you're on the air...
Turn on the truth.