The Last American Virgin (1982)

July 21, 2011 By Shawn Decker

So I was browsing Netflix, and thought of an old movie I saw as a kid, *The Last American Virgin*. Even though my parents weren't too tight with enforcing the R-rating, I doubt I saw this one in the theater in 1982 since I was 7 when it came out. I'm thinking I watched it on HBO a couple of years later, around the same time I was hooked on *Fraggle Rock*.

Either way, the only scene I could remember is how the teens in the movie spent an afternoon soaking their genitals in a public pool in a misguided attempt to drown the crabs they'd picked up from an encounter with a prostitute the night before. ("$30..." "Oh cool, that's $10 each..." "No! $30 a person!") Ah, 80's movies, nothing like a scene that features three high school kids on a street corner negotiating with a prostitute.

When I first saw Virgin, those three characters seemed so much older and wiser than me. I knew there was more to life than just the Fraggles, and at the time high school was mystery to me that could have easily included random visits to the neighborhood prostitute. I was just clueless. The plan to revisit the movie was sealed when Gwenn had no idea what the hell it was; I figured a goofy 1980's, pre-AIDS sexually charged comedy would be fun.

And it was. This time around, the teenagers seemed young and reckless to me. The movie was entertaining and ultra-enjoyable, but I couldn't believe the big guy in the group let scrawny Gary drive himself home after a rager in which Gary found himself shit-faced. "Drive safe!" was his buddy David's words of advice. Incredible, Gary made it home without incident, though later in the movie he would find himself driving a convertible into the ocean.

The theme of the movie isn't a riddle- Gary is looking to get laid. Husky David is there for most of the big laughs, as is their handsome friend, the cock-blocking Rick. After a few good runs of fortune, the trio hit their first stumbling block in class, when they can't stop scratching their pubic regions. This leads to a great scene in which Gary awkwardly tries to ask a pharmacist for a remedy. It's a cool scene that lets you see how someone who could negotiate with a prostitute twice his age the night before cannot say that he has crabs in the harshness of daylight. I figured once the crabs were gone, it would be back to the hijinks. I didn't remember that ol' cockblocking Rick ends up impregnating Gary's object of affection, Karen.

After that, Gary becomes the hero when he cobbles together enough money to spring for her abortion. The movie is set to a wonderful soundtrack of 80's classics, it must have been way cheaper in 1982 to get that many awesome songs into one film. Anyway, the ending is one of the most depressing things I've ever seen. As the credits rolled, Gwenn and I sat in stunned silence. I'm not sure who broke it with a

“….. REALLY?”

I’d highly recommend this movie, and love the ending because it’s just a realistic portrayal of teen life and love. After it’s over, just go to Scene Selection and chase the end with one of the lighter moments, like when David gets slapped by Gary’s mom, or when he’s pounding away on the prostitute, or when he’s getting pushed into the pool, or chased down the street by the sailor.

Positively Yours,
Shawn

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