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Scorpio  
p. Winner, Michael

# LANCASTER! BLOOD! SCORPIO!

Orig.  
under  
Horowitz

## In Front of The Pineapple

Location shooting on "Scorpio," a United Artists spy film, is in its second week here.

By **ELINOR HOROWITZ**  
Special to The Star

A sunny afternoon in Georgetown. Crossing O Street, I glance incuriously toward a crowd gathered half a block away, and an elderly lady suddenly grabs me by the upper arm. "Burt Lancaster is going to be shot dead right in front of The Pineapple!" she shrieks. I tear up the street alongside her.

A man with a British accent and a megaphone is crying out to the voyeuristic group of hips, squares, mommas, poppas, infants in prams, and a man in a wheelchair attended by a nurse. "Please. We have to work here. Just move down beyond this tree. You're in the line of the cameras."

Salesladies and stock girls shamelessly shove each other in the front window of Dorothy Stead. The manikin totters. Two "director's" chairs have been set down on the brick sidewalk. One says BURT LANCASTER, the other MICHAEL WINNER. The film crew moves about, adjusting huge silvery reflectors, cameras, tape recorders, lights and an awesome amount of important looking, totally unidentifiable equipment.

AND — egad! — there's Lancaster! (Jim Thorp! The Rain-Maker! Elmer Gantry! The Birdman of Alcatraz! Dressed in a tweed jacket, red tie and snap brim hat with small red feather in the band, he is craggly handsome and militarily trim. Also, possibly corsetted and somewhat grayer of hair and complexion than one remembered. He is lowering a gun equipped with a silencer into a large paper bag.

Director Michael Winner, cherubic and ringletted, crouches by the right front door of the car. He looks sunward through a small something-or-other. "Action, sir," he calls out. Lancaster, carrying the brown paper bag, strides up to the car. He flings

open the right rear door, flips the bag from a vertical to a horizontal position. There is a tense, immobile instant. "Shoot," hisses Winner. Lancaster shoots into the car through the bag. Then he turns, slams the door, and walks off into the alley by The Pineapple, still carrying his gun concealed in the shopping bag. Finish.

"COOL," says a young lad standing near me.

"They've done that scene five or six times already in the past hour," another fellow informs us both, sounding bored.

"When does Burt get shot?" I ask excitedly.

"He doesn't. The guy he's shooting is John Colicus." He points toward an impeccably groomed, villainous-looking man who is having a smoke by the front steps of The Sheep Shop.

"Back beyond the tree, folks," pleads the man with the megaphone.

LANCASTER says to Winner: "If you put some oil on the barrel you'll get more smoke." Someone arrives with oil. The bottom has been

blown out of the bag and a fresh one is provided. Winner crouches by the car. "Action, sir." Lancaster walks to the car, flings open the door, raises the bag. His eyes glint blue in the sun. "Shoot." Bang. The gun smokes. He slams the door and walks toward the alley.

"Later they're going to slurp blood around, and Colicus will fall out of the car," says the know-it-all.

"Gross," says the boy, joyously.

"The reason he's shooting him is he shot his wife," says a plump woman. "They're both C.I.A. men, or maybe just Burt. And the reason it's called 'Scorpio'..."

WINNER crouches. "Action, sir." The car door is opened. Lancaster's jaw juts firmly. Bang. Smoke. Slam.

Two D.C. Fire Department ambulance attendants stand nearby. They look uneasy. "What we're supposed to do is pick up some guy who's supposed to be dead or something and put him in the ambulance," one says. "The ambulance is parked around the corner. I guess they'll tell us which one. We've never been in a movie." They both laugh.

"It's him," says the authority, pointing at Colicus.

"They're going to put blood all over the curb," the boy adds.



—Photos by Josh Horwitz

Oiling gun.



Approaching car.



Denouement.