



ARE YOU CRAZY? IF I LET YOU RISK YOUR NECK, THE STUDIO WOULD HAVE MY HEAD ON A PLATE!



HERE HE IS, J.B. CLAIMS HE GOT HELD UP IN THE TRAFFIC.

OKAY, OKAY! GO GET CHANGED, DELANEY! YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES!



BOY, DOES JOEY LOOK ROUGH!

SHIRLEY - THE WAY THAT GUY MESSES AROUND, I'M SURPRISED HE EVER KEEPS A JOB AS A STUNT-MAN.

MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE DAVID, JOEY DELANEY EVENTUALLY GETS CRACKING...



RIGHT YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO BRING THE CAR DOWN TOWARDS US SWING OFF AND THROUGH THE WALL ON THE RIGHT.

YEAH, YEAH, QUIT SHOUTING AT ME, WILL YOU?

A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, THE CAR STOPS AND TURNS THE ENGINE REVS AND THE CAMERAS BEGIN TO ROLL...



VROOM VROOM



UHHHH! MY HEAD'S SPLITTING APART! I THINK I'M GONNA BLACK OUT!



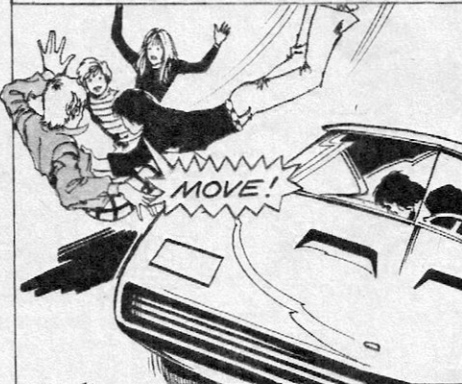
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S COLLAPSED OVER THE WHEEL!

THE CAR COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL, SWINGS WILDLY...



AHHHHH! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

DESPERATELY, DAVID HURLS HIMSELF AT HIS TERROR-PARALYSED FRIENDS...

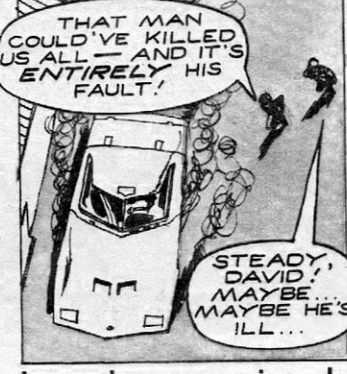


MOVE!



JUST... MISSED!

INCREDIBLY, DELANEY COMES ROUND AND BRINGS THE CAR TO A SKIDDING HALT JUST IN TIME...



THAT MAN COULD'VE KILLED US ALL - AND IT'S ENTIRELY HIS FAULT!

STEADY, DAVID, MAYBE HE'S ILL...



SURE HE IS, BECAUSE HE WAS ENJOYING HIMSELF ALL NIGHT IN A CLUB! I SAW HIM!

WHY, YOU SNEAKING LITTLE RAT CASSIDY! I'M GONNA TAKE YOU APART FOR THIS!

Next week: Joey plots a cunning plan!