

Whisky Time

Writer : Orélye

Rating : PG

Avertissement / Disclaimer

« Boston Legal » et ses personnages sont la propriété de David E. Kelley et de ABC Television. L'histoire qui suit est purement imaginaire et n'a été écrite que dans le but de distraire l'écrivain et les lecteurs. Aucun profit n'est réalisé avec ce texte.
[only in French because I'm far too lazy to translate!]

Denny Crane swallowed in an effort to stay calm. He was on his balcony – as usual at the end of the episode – and planned on drinking a good scotch. Already upset because of Alan's earlier phone call, to tell that he would be one hour late, he got really angry when he saw a shadow on the ground. Someone was sitting in his arm-chair. Not Alan's. No. His. Denny suddenly wished he could take one of his beloved guns in his drawer, but something changed his mind. An arm, to be precise. An arm that was holding a glass. Denny had a little idea about the thief's identity for he recognized the suit that was dressing the arm. He walked and found himself next to the arm-chair. A glance and he knew that he was right. Paul Lewiston was comfortably sitting, his eyes closed, his face showing his contentment.

“Paul?”

Denny tried to keep his voice low even if he was surprised.

“Oh, I just wanted to see how it felt to end an episode.”

“Is that scotch?” Asked Denny when he saw the amber liquor in his colleague's glass.

“No. Whisky. 18 years old.”

“Then I'm relieved. You're not going to end this episode. »

And Denny walked back in his office, a happy smile on his face.