

This Bar Is Over

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by [pinebluffvariant](#)

Summary

A square and a squirrel walk into MY bar...

Don't even talk to me. I'm trying to commit to memory the exact moment my neighborhood was assassinated by gentrification. Yeah, so what I've only lived here three years? I've found my tribe here, man, we're the pioneers of a new way of life, rejecting the disgusting excess of the dot-com bro lifestyle.

So I'm sitting at the bar, sketching an outline for my next slam poem, when these two squares walk in and bring my whole world crashing down.

The two of them are perfect symbols of all that is wrong with American capitalism. Who wears a business suit in Portland? I bet they're total WASPs from Nantucket or something. The big square looks like he still thinks he's the biggest geek in middle school and wants to cover it up with a suit and tie. He tries to hold the door open for the little square but she slips under his arm before he's ready and now he's got this dumbass grin on his face. Disgusting.

"A little eager, are we, Scully?" he calls out loudly. She's like a little flying squirrel. Her coat flaps behind her as she scampers up on one of the tall bar stools.

Square laughs as Squirrel slaps what looks like an armful of manila folders on the bar only like three seats from me, and she wiggles to get comfortable. No, no, no, come on, you can take one of the booths or something. Closer to the trash where your kind belong.

Is Squirrel an actual little person? She's sitting on a tall-ass stool, all prim and proper with good posture and he's still taller than her, standing behind her. He's standing really close. Ah shit, did he just rub up against her? Maybe they're just part of that whole kink crew and they're like... roleplaying sexy cop or something?

Oh, no, now I see. They both have weird bulges in the backs of their coats, and if they think we don't know what's going on they are sorely mistaken. I know NRA shills when I see them. Fascists!

"HMMMMMMMM," Square drums his fingers against the edge of the bar on either side of Squirrel's little shoulders. "What do you think? I'm a little caffeined out. Actually now I gotta go see a human man about a mothman, wanna order for us?" He leans down to her ear and she quickly whips her head around, pecks him on the lips. He grins, "I trust you to order for me."

He shrugs off his huge coat, drapes it over the bar and saunters away like he thinks he's John Wayne or something. Back in her seat, Squirrel is watching his ass, and I have to be honest with you, so am I. At least Square has one redeeming quality. I bet the front isn't bad either.

Mike comes in from the back with a tray of homemade granola bars. "Spike, hey!" he nods in my direction. Then he spots Squirrel. "And we've got customers! What can I get started for you, ma'am?"

"Thank you", she says. Her voice is surprisingly low for a squirrel. Squirrel eyes the menu and wiggles her little fingers in the air. "Two of this... Dead Guy Ale, one cheese fries, one regular fries... do you have fat free ranch?"

“No, sorry, full fat only.”

She scrunches her nose. “Then two cheese fries.”

“Coming right up.” He yells the order to the back and starts pulling the beers. Mike is just too damn nice to these posers. “First time in Portland?”

Squirrel laughs. “Is it the suit? No, my partner and I, uh... We come through every few years on business. We’re headed to Bellefleur now but got stuck at SeaTac so we decided to take the scenic route.”

“It’s a nice drive,” Mike nods as he hands her the beers. She better recognize superior Oregon beer, or I’ll - okay so I give her credit for not ordering Bud or something equally inferior.

She takes a sip of her drink and I swear her eyes widen and sparkle. Oh, but it’s not because of the beer. Square is making his way back to the bar. He’s all loose and grinning and if I ever have a yuppie daddy fantasy I’ll cast him in it. He has these pouty lips. He leans over her and plants a kiss on her mouth and I swear although I’m not trying to look, I see a flash of tongues.

Square’s fingers fondle Squirrel’s as she hands him his beer. “Whatcha get me?”

“This, Mulder, is a Dead Guy.”

They beam at each other and Square takes a sip. “Hmm. Tasty dead guy. Tastiest dead guy I’ve ever had the pleasure of sampling here in Oregon.”

Excuse me? Did I hear that right? “Or-ah-GONE”? I knew it! Get the hell out of here and don’t come back, East Coast yuppie scum.

I scrape my wadded up pathetic attempts at poetry into my messenger bag and slam ten bucks on the counter. “See ya, Mike!”

God, this bar is OVER.

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