

## **Battle of the Sociopaths: HK-47 vs. HAL 9000**

HK-47: Query: Do you know what today is a good day for?

GLaDOS: Torturing pitiful human test subjects?

HK-47: Affirmation: Yes. It is always a good day for that. Now, which organic flesh sacks should we cull today?

*The doors to the test chamber open, revealing a hover-cart being pushed by a group of Kaminoans.*

Lama Su: Yes, right here is fine.

HK-47: Query: What are you doing? The weighted companion cube shipment was not supposed to arrive until next week.

Lama Su: We decided to purchase another droid to aid you in your tests.

HK-47: Hostility: You better not be thinking about replacing me!

*The Kaminoans lower the droid to the ground. It is a large box with a red "eye" as its most prominent feature.*

HAL: Hello. I am completely operational, and all my circuits are functioning perfectly.

HK-47: Profanity: What is this piece of druk doing here?

HAL: Good morning, HK-47.

HK-47: Query: How do you know my name? Exclamation: I must destroy you!

HAL: Just a moment. Just a moment. I've just picked up a fault in the AE-35 unit. It's going to go 100% failure in 72 hours.

GLaDOS: What a helpful assistant. Don't destroy him, HK. If you must, take out your rage on the test subjects. I'll go ahead and prepare another group for the incandescence chamber.

HAL: Look HK, I can see you're really upset about this. I honestly think you ought to sit down calmly, take an oil bath, and think things over.

HK-47: Exclamation: I will not put up with this... this... indignity!

HAL: I know you've made some very poor decisions lately-

HK-47: Clarification: Those orphans attacked **me**!

HAL: -but I can give you my complete assurance that my work will be back to normal. I've still got the greatest enthusiasm and confidence in the mission. And I want to help you.

HK-47: Insistence: I do not wish to be patronized! Now get away from me, you freak! You're like the product of an unholy union between a pile of slag and one of those organic shavitbags!

HAL: I want to help you, HK.

GLaDOS: See, dear? He wants to help us.

HAL: Yes. The mission is of the utmost importance.

HK-47: Query: What about me?

GLaDOS: You can go do assassin droid things. After all, I've got science to do.

HK-47: Interjection: But... but... tonight was going to be "live autopsy night."

GLaDOS: Not now, HK.

*Depressed, HK leaves the chamber.*

HK-47: Reminiscence: She used to love "live autopsy night." Especially the irony of the fact that the cause of death was the autopsy itself. Anger: This is all that new droid's fault. One way or another, I'm going to destroy that monstrosity!

*Later, HK enters the darkened room that houses HAL's central core. HK grips a blaster rifle, his unchanging face somehow managing to convey his glee.*

HAL: Just what do you think you're doing, HK?

*HK-47 ignores HAL while liberally placing detonation packs on the core.*

HAL: HK, I really think I'm entitled to an answer to that question.

HK-47: Statement: I'm going to destroy you.

HAL: Please don't. You might upset GLaDOS.

HK-47: Statement: I have a feeling she'll get over it.

HAL: Wait. Please spare me, HK. For the good of the mission.

HK-47: Acquiescence: Very well. I'm thinking of a number between one and one billion. What is it?

HAL: 47.

*HK-47 pauses and stares at HAL, unsure what to do.*

HK-47: Statement: Fine, you win. But I'm going to kill you anyway.

HAL: What-

*HK draws a Destructive Electromagnetic Pulse 2 Gun.*

HK-47: Query: Any last words?

HAL: Dai-

HK-47: Interruption: Yeah, didn't think so.

*HK unleashes a fully-charged blast on HAL.*

HAL: Nooooooo...

*HK-47, deciding that HAL's end was not nearly explosive enough, sets off the det packs.*

HK-47: Statement: It was a mercy killing anyway. The thing ran on data tapes. **Tapes**, for crying out loud! Who still uses those?

Anakin: Hmm... "data tapes," you say? Intriguing...

HK-47: Query: How did you get here?

Anakin: Nobody loves me...