Where Are My FEET!? | The Stanley Parable | Part 5

The Stanley Parable
https://youtube.com/watch?v=2e5nA2jbb_w
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/2e5nA2jbb_w

Hello, and welcome to Games with Hank, I'm playing The Stanley Parable again. Uhm, last time we had some confusion, now I think I've started a new cycle over, so I'm just gonna head right back in from where I left off with these two open doors.

Sticking my headphones on, we're going in to the world of the parable.

[BRANG! BRANG!]

Hank: So, Stanley Parable, very Inception. Uh, let's go this way. Are you talking to me anymore? Hello? I went through the right door, so you're not talking to me. Okay, I've been here before.

Narrator: Yet, there was not a single person here.

Hank: Tips for not getting fired!

Narrator: Feeling a wave of disbelief, Stanley decided to go up to his boss's office, thinking he might find an answer there.

Hank: Hello, broom closet. It's so good to see you. It's so good to see you again.

Narrator: Stanley stepped into the broom closet, but there was nothing here, so he turned around and got back on track.

Hank: Yeah, I know. Yeah, I did. What about now? I went back in! Do you like it? Okay, fine, fine. Fine, Jeff, you get your way, I'm not going.

Narrator: Coming to a staircase, Stanley walked upstairs to his boss's office.

Hank: I didn't -- I didn't do that. I just didn't do it. You said I did, but I didn't. Oh, a car! Get in the car! Why is the lights on?

Narrator: But Stanley just didn't do it. He considered the possibility of facing his boss, admitting he had left his post during work hours. He might be fired for that.

Hank: It made me nervous. It made me nervous. It made me nervous.

Narrator: And in such a competitive economy, why had he taken that risk?

Hank: Right.

Narrator: All because he believed everyone had vanished?

Hank: And is apparently dead.

Narrator: His boss would think he was crazy.

Hank: Uhh. That looks gross.

Narrator: And then something occurred to Stanley. "Maybe", he thought to himself, "maybe I am crazy. All of my co-workers blinking mysteriously out of existence in a single moment for no reason at all?"

Hank: I probably am crazy. What does that say? Coffee nut!

Narrator: None of it made any logical sense. And as Stanley pondered it, he began to make other strange observations.

Hank: Oh yeah? Uh!

Narrator: For example, why couldn't he see his feet when he looked down? Why did doors close automatically behind him wherever he went? And for that matter, these rooms were starting to look pretty familiar. Were they simply repeating? "No," Stanley said to himself, "this is all too strange. This can't be real." And at last he came to the conclusion that had been on the tip of his tongue.

Hank: I'm a crazy! I'm a crazy.

Narrator: He just hadn't found the words for it. "I'm dreaming!" he yelled.

Hank: Oh.

Narrator: "This is all a dream"

Hank: It's all a dream! That makes so much sense.

Narrator: "Uhh, what a relief," Stanley felt to have finally found an answer. An explanation. His co-workers weren't actually gone. He wasn't due to lose his job. He wasn't crazy after all.

Hank: (looks at wall) Ab! It's just a bad dream. Ehh, ehh. Yeah!

Narrator: He thought to himself, "I suppose I'll wake up soon. I'll have to go back to my boring real life job pushing buttons. I may as well as enjoy this while I'm still lucid."

Hank: I had a dream last night that I was playing Five Nights at Freddy's underwater.

Narrator: So, he imagined himself flying and he began to gently float above the ground.

Hank: Aw, sweet! I'm flying!

Narrator: Then he imagined himself soaring through space on a magical star field. And it too appeared.

Hank: Ah. Why is there a car?

Narrator: It was so much fun and Stanley marveled that he had still not woken up. How was he remaining so lucid?

Hank: Mmmm. Where are the ladies?

Narrator: And then perhaps the strangest question of them all entered Stanley's head. One he was amazed he hadn't asked himself sooner.

Hank: Hi, stars.

Narrator: Why is there a voice in my head?

Hank: Uh huh.

Narrator: Dictating everything that I am doing and thinking.

Hank: He's British, why is he British?

Narrator: Now it is describing itself being considered by Stanley, who found it particularly strange.

Hank: It is very strange.

Narrator: "I am dreaming about a voice describing me thinking about how it's describing my thoughts" he thought. And while he thought it all very odd and wondered if this voice spoke to all people --

Hank: Why did I name it Jeff? Why do I name everything Jeff?

Narrator (cont.): -- the truth was, that of course, that this was not a dream. How could it be? Was Stanley simply deceiving himself? Believing that if he's asleep, he doesn't have to take responsibility for himself?

Hank: Slow strafe.

Narrator: Stanley is as awake right now as he's ever been in his life. Now hearing the voice speak these words was quite a shock to Stanley. After all, he knew for certain beyond a doubt that this was in fact a dream, did the voice not see him float and make the magical stars just a moment ago? How else would the voice explain all that?

Hank: Filing cabinet!!

Narrator: This voice was a part of himself too! Surely! Surely, if he could just- He would prove it. He would prove that he was in control! That this was a dream!

Hank: They look like little people faces.

Narrator: So he closed his eyes gently and he invited himself to wake up.

Hank: Wake up! Wake up, Stanley.

Narrator: He felt the cool weight of the blanket on his skin. The press of the mattress on his back. The fresh air of the world outside this one. "Let me wake up," he thought to himself.

Hank: Yeah. (whispering) Letmewakeup. Letmewakeup.

Narrator: "I'm through with this dream. I wish it to be over."

Hank: I am through with this dream, I wish it to be over.

Narrator: "Let me go back to my job."

Hank: Let me go back to my job.

Narrator: "Let me continue pushing the buttons. (pause) Please, it's all I want."

Hank: Let me continue pushing the buttons. Please, it's all I want.

Narrator: "I want my apartment."

Hank: I want my apartment.

Narrator: "And my wife."

Hank: And my wife.

Narrator: "And my job."

Hank: And my job.

Narrator: "All I want is my life exactly the way it's always been."

Hank: (whispering/mumbling) All I want is my life exactly the way it's always been.

Narrator: "My life is normal."

Hank: My life is normal.

Narrator: "I am normal."

Hank: (quieter) I am normal.

Narrator: "Everything will be fine."

Hank: (still whispering) Everything will be fine.

Narrator: "I am okay."

Hank: I'm okay. (pause) (normal voice) Oh no. It didn't- It- I'm still here.

Narrator: Stanley began to scream,

Hank: AAHH!

Narrator: "Please, someone wake me up! My name is Stanley. I have a boss, I have an office. I am real. Please, just someone tell me I am real. I must be real. I must be- Can anyone hear my voice!?"

Hank: (intermittently panting, mumbling, and yelling) AAHH!

Narrator: And everything went black.

Hank: I had a stroke, you guys. Stanley stroked out.

Narrator: This is a story of a woman named Mariella.

Hank: Oh! (pause) Okay. (pause) Gender roles!

Narrator: Mariella woke up on a day like any other.

Hank: Where'd I wake up?

Narrator: She arose, got dressed, gathered her belongings, and walked to her place of work.

Hank: Oh wow, she found-

Narrator: But on this particular day, her walk was interrupted by the body of a man who had stumbled through town talking and screaming to himself.

Hank: Oh god! Oh no.

Narrator: And then collapsed dead on the sidewalk.

Hank: I'm Stanley! Help me, Mariella!

Narrator: Even though she would soon turn to go call for an ambulance, for just a few brief moments, she considered the strange man.

Hank: Yeah. Oh man, this is embarrassing.

Narrator: He was obviously crazy--this much she knew. Everyone knows what crazy people look like. And in that moment, she thought to herself how lucky she was to be normal. "I am sane. I am in control of my mind. I know what is real and what isn't." It was comforting to think this and in a certain way --

Hank: But. Oh. Well, that's good. I'm glad I can help.

Narrator (cont.) : -- seeing this man made her feel better. But then she remembered a meeting she had scheduled for that day with very important people, whose impressions of her would affect her career --

Hank: It's weird how her bag has a shadow, but she doesn't.

Narrator (cont.): -- and by extent, the rest of her life. She had no time for this.

Hank: That's weird. She's a vampire.

Narrator: So it was only a moment that she stood there, staring down at the body --

Hank: The vampire.

Narrator (cont.) -- and then she turned and ran.

Hank: Also, this car is parked incorrectly.

(screen goes to black)

Hank: Did she turn in- did she turn in- but did she call the police? Did she call the police? Well! Thank you for watching this episode of Games with Hank!

[BEEP]

That was The Stanley Parable... the Stroke Ending... and the Crazy Person on the Street Ending- I'm not sure what they call the endings.

I like the part where I got to talk quietly into the microphone and then scream.

AAAHHH!

You are great for being here watching me play The Stanley Parable. Thanks for joining me. DFTBA.

[BRANG!]