The Wife | The Stanley Parable | Part 3

The Stanley Parable
https://youtube.com/watch?v=V1WMHOMtwf4
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/V1WMHOMtwf4

Hello and welcome to Hank--boop--

Hello and welcome to games with Hank. I'm playing the Stanley Parable again.

Let's jump right back in. Start working our way.

How wonderful. Stanley was alone.

Oh!

Finally. "This is great!" he thought to himself,

It's changed. It's changed- the intro.

"This is what I've wanted all along. I've gotten what I wanted."

Is that right? Really? I didn't remember wanting this, Creepster-Manpants.

When Stanley came to a set of two open doors--

I'm going to go right again.

This was not the correct way to the meeting room, and Stanley knew it perfectly well.

I know you say that. Well...

Perhaps he wanted to stop by the employee lounge first, just to admire it.

I love the employee lounge. It's freaking great.

Wow. Yes, this room.

Nice. It's much nicer than our employee lounge.

Because he was eager to get back to business,

That's right.

Stanley took the first open door on his left.

That's what you told me to do last time. I didn't do that. I'm going to do this again, and I'm going to go straight across.

Stanley was so bad at following directions it's incredible he wasn't fired years ago.

Okay. Last time I jumped off of this thing.

Look, Stanley. I think perhaps we've gotten off on the wrong foot here--
And went that way. But there's also this way...
--I realize that investing your trust in someone else can be difficult, but the fact is that the story has been about nothing but you all this time.

Well, I mean, this is a cool warehouse.

There's someone else Stanley. Someone you've forgotten about.

What are you talking about? What?

Please, stop trying to make every decision by yourself. I'm not asking for me, I'm asking for her.

Oh my goodness. Who's her?

This is it Stanley. Your chance to redeem yourself. To put your work aside. To let her back into your life. She's been waiting.

Oh my god. Where is she at? Hello, lady? Lady? Hellloooo.... It's dark in this room. Aah! (phone rings)

That's her, Stanley. You need to be the one to do this. To reach out to her.

What? Why is the phone plugged into the plug?

If you can truly place your faith in another then pick up the phone.

That's not how phones work. I love it. People forgot how phones work, because they've been, they've been gone for so long. You, you don't, you plug it in, you don't need to plug it into the wall, you plug it into the phone jack. I answered the phone.

Oh Stanley, is that you?

YES, I guess?

Hold on please, Sorry to keep you waiting, I'm just pulling the bread out of the oven.

Why are you.

Alright... okay there we go! Alright now, I want you to come in and tell me all about you day...

Uhhaahhh....!

Hahahahahaha! Gotcha! Oh come on! Did you actually think you had a loving wife?

I don't know...

Who'd want to commit their life to you?

This is a weird thing.

I'm trying to make a point here, Stanley. I'm trying to get you to see something. Come inside, let me show you what's really going on here.

I can't move. I'm not going inside, I'm going this way.

Sorry...

Ahg!

But you're in my story now.

Oh Greepers... Hey Malinda!

This is a very sad story about the death of a man named Stanley.

(ON SCREEN:GOOD MORNING EMPLOYEE 427. PRESS 'R' ON YOUR KEYBOARD)
You gonna kill me again? R? Why, I don't want to. Hit all the buttons but R. No R's. Okay, I guess I'm going to do what it tells me to do.

Stanley is quite a boring fellow. He has a job that demands nothing of him. And every button that he pushes is a reminder of the inconsequential nature of his existence. Look at him there, pushing buttons.

Oh No. No!

Doing exactly what he's told...

No!

...to do. Now, he's pushing a button.

No...

Now he's eating lunch.

No!!

Now he's going home.

It's, this is my desk from work.

Now he's coming back to work. One might even feel sorry for him.

Oh, God.

Except that he's chosen this life.

Oh Gaaahd! Oh Gaahd!

But in his mind, ah. In his mind he can go on...

Nah!

...fantastic adventures. From behind his desk Stanley dreamed of wild expeditions into the unknown. Fantastic discoveries of new lands. It was wonderful.

I liked the broom closet better.

And each day that he returned work was a reminder that none of it would never happen to him.

Where's the bread? You said there was bread.

And so he...

(shouts)

had to fantasize about his own job. First he imagined that...

This is a terrible TV.

...One day while at work he stepped out from his desk to realize that all his coworkers, his boss, everyone the building had suddenly vanished off the face of the earth. The thought excited him terribly. So he went further.

He imagined that he came to two open doors,

Okay.

...And that he could go through either. At last, choice.

What?

It barely even mattered what lay behind each door.

(groan)

The mere thought that each decision would mean something was almost too wonderful to behold.

I don't like this guy anymore. I like it when I don't follow his..

As he wandered...

What the heck?!

...Through this fantasy world..,

Uhh!

...He began to fill it with many possible paths and destinations. down one path lay an enormous round room, with monitors and mind controls.

Is this going to turn into my office?

And down another was a yellow line that weaved in many directions. And down another was a game with a baby. And he called it "The Stanley Parable".

(sigh)

I was such a wonderful fantasy. And so in his head he relived it again. And then again. And again, over and over. Wishing beyond hope that it would never end. That he might always feel this free.

Surely there's an answer down some new path? Mustn't there be? Perhaps, if he played just one more time.

There mustn't, there must be! Oh... that's creepy...

But there is no answer.

Ooh, she turned into a desk.

How could there possibly be. In reality all he's doing is pushing the same buttons he always has.

It's true.

Nothing has changed.

I'm not going to argue.

The longer he spends here the more invested he gets. The more he forgets which life is the real one.

(high-pitched sigh)

And I'm trying to tell him this. That in this world he can never be anything but an observer. that as long as he remains here, he's slowing killing himself. But he won't listen to me.

I don't buy it.

He won't stop. Here, watch this. Stanley, the next time the screen asks you to push a button, do not do it.

Well... I don't know! I can hear the clock ticking. (pushes button)

You see? Can he just not hear me? How can I tell him in a way that he'll understand that

Oh, yeah.

Every second he remains here he's electing to kill himself. How can I get him to see what I see? How can I make him look at himself?

I question nothing.

The truth is I can't, not in the way I want him to. But I don't make the rules, I simply play to my intended purpose. The same as Stanley. We're not so different, I suppose. I'll try once more to convey all this to him. I'm compelled to. I must. Perhaps, well, maybe this time he'll see, maybe this time.

And I tried again. And Stanley pushed a button. And I tried again. And Stanley pushed a button. And I tri--

I died.. I guess? Well, I'm... certain that? .. Yup! Another loop completed. How peculiar...

Well, that was another episode of Games with Hank playing *The Stanley Parable*. Not making me experience existential angst at all...(sarcasm)

Thanks for watching. DFTBA.