I BEAT IT! | The Stanley Parable | Part 7

The Stanley Parable
https://youtube.com/watch?v=g4rONM2QpGA
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/g4rONM2QpGA

Hello and welcome to Games with Hank. Today's honest sponsorship is the Verizon Jet pack 4G LTE Wi-Fi thingy. It's like having internet, but more expensive and slower.

We're gonna go play some Stanley Parable you guys cuz I know you like it, at least I hope you do. I don't know. I don't know anything. Do you like me? Who knows?

Narrator: "Just a step through this door," Stanley thought to himself.

Hank: Where's?

"That's all I need. If I can make it through this door, I can make it through them all."

Why's? Why is there so many things on the floor? This is new.

No matter how hard Stanley looked, he couldn't find a trace of his coworkers.

This is a lot of papers, very evenly distributed on the floor. As if someone took their time to evenly distribute a lot of papers, on the floor. Very evenly distributed. Oh good.

When Stanley came to a set of two open doors, he entered the door on his left.

Wish I could zoom in and see what these - Oh, I can. Recommendations from the Oversight Committee, Fifth Annual Subcommittee Meeting of Internal Revenue Analysis for Committees of the Royal Revenue Discussions Club - no girls. General Questions About Bucker Filling. I don't know what Bucker filling is. Who knows what Bucker filling is?

This was not the correct way to the meeting room...

I'm sorry.

...and Stanley knew it perfectly well.

I did.

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

Well I'm glad there are less very evenly distributed uh... papers cause that's that was disconcerting.

Wow. Yes. This Room.

Wow. Yes. This Room. Okay I'm going to do it. I'm going to go straight through. Last time I went down.

And so he detoured through the maintenance section. Walked straight ahead to the opposite door...

Going straight through.

...and got back on track.

Oh. Oh. is this just. Well that's not good, cause now, now I don't I don't know what to do. I'm not sure, I dunno, if I've done everything this way.

Yet there was not a single person here either.

No, there's no people.

Feeling a wave of disbelief...

I'm not really surprised anymore.

...Stanley decided to go up to his boss's office hoping he might find an answer there.

Ehh.

Coming to a staircase, Stanley walked upstairs...

Downstairs.

...to his bosses office.

Is what you meant to say. Wait I've done this and I didn't like it. Back Up Stairs. But I've already done all the boss's office things. I think. Ah shoot. Back in the boss's office.

Stepping into his manager's office, Stanley was once again stunned to discover...

2. 8.

...not an indication of any human life.

6. 5.

"What could it mean?" Stanley wondered...

That wasn't it, I thought that was it.

...allowed to nobody. He began wildly tearing through papers on the boss's desk.

Oh.

Pulling books off the shelf.

Oh!

Looking behind paintings.

Oh. This is new.

Desperate for clues to his situation.

Yeah.

But his attention was caught by a keypad behind his bosses desk.

Oh. Yeah.

What could its purpose be?

Well this is a new narration.

In fact, this keypad guarded the terrible secret that lay buried below his feet.

I wanna play piano.

And so the boss had assigned it an extra secret pin number.

Okay.

2.8.4.5.

4 5!

But of course, Stanley couldn't possibly have known this.

Oh no. I've, I messed up. 2. 2. 8. I have bad fine motor control.

Stanley just... Yet incredibly by simply pushing random buttons on the keypad Stanley happened to input the correct code by sheer luck.

I wanna go down there.

Amazing.

Darn it.

He stepped into the newly opened passageway.

Okay, newly opened passageway. Gonna go down.

Down down, down down down down, down badoobee down.

â™« Down down down down, down badoobee. Down down down down down, down badoobee down. Waaaa waaa waaa waaa aaaah â™«

â™« A Doot in doo doot in do din, doo dah doo dah doo. a doot in doo doot in do do do.A Doot in doo doot in do din, doo dah doo dah doo. a doot in doo doot in do do do. â™«

Stanley walked straight ahead through the large door that read Mind Control Facility.

â™« (a little crazily) Raah raahh raaahh mind control facility Blah blah blu bahh baah lah da doobie doo. Dok big kaday dah doo gatta ba doobie doobie doobie. â™«

The lights rose on an enormous room packed with television screens.

Why do they even want to control my mind to push buttons, it doesn't make any sense.

"What horrible secret does this place hold," Stanley thought to himself.

I've done this before. I Made a mistake!

Now the monitors jumped to live...

They jumped to life!

Their true nature revealed...

Sooo many!

...Each bore the number of employee...

Employeeee.

...in the building, Stanley's coworkers.

Coworkers.

...The lives of so many individuals...

Individuals

...reduced to images on a screen..,

Screeeen

...and Stanley, one of them,...

Me!

...Eternally monitored...

Monitored.

...in this place where freedom...

Freedom.

...meant nothing.

Where's that? There it is. I was there. I was there once. Nothing. Keep pushing buttons.

This mind control facility, it was too horrible to believe. It couldn't be true.

How do you get fired? I wanna get fired.

Had Stanley really been under someone's control all this time? Was this the only reason he was happy with his boring job? That his emotions been manipulated to accept it blindly?

Yes, clearly, obviously. But why do they want me to have it?

No! He refused to believe it.

I don't refuse to believe it.

He couldn't accept it.

I accept it willingly.

His own life, in someone else's control?

Pirate! Pirate? What does that mean?

Never! It was unthinkable! Wasn't it? Was it even possible? Had he truly spent his entire life utterly blind to the world?

Explain some things to meeeeeee!!!!

Well here was the proof. The heart of the operation. Controls labeled with emotions. "Happy", or "Sad", or "Content".

Give it to me, Make me happyyy.

Walking, eating, working.

Make me haaaaapppppyyyyyyy.

All of it monitored and commanded from this very place. And as the cold reality of his past began to sink in, Stanley decided that this machinery would never again exert its terrible power over another human life...

Wait, what?

For he would dismantle the controls once and for all.

I think there was a choice here. I turned it on before, I can turn it off this time. Let's turn it off. Off. Oh! Yeah. Take that, Mind Control Facility.

â™« musical interlude â™«

Hello? I can't s-.

Blackness. And a rising chill of uncertainty. Was it over?

(mumbles) Pee shiver.

Yes.

Was it?

He had won.

I have won!?

He had defeated the machine.

I have defeated the machine!

Unshackled himself from someone else's command.

Birdie! Two! Three!

Freedom was mere moments away. And yet..,

And yet...

...Even as the immense door slowly opened, Stanley reflected on how many puzzles still lay unsolved.

I don't care, let me out.

Where had his coworkers gone?

It's very sad.

How had he been freed from the machine's grasp?

Yeah, why is it... Why me?

What other mysteries did this strange building hold.

Shhhh... I don't care. I don't care. Let's go.

But as sunlight into the chamber, he realized none of this mattered to him.

Yes!

For it was not knowledge or even power that he...

Why does it go down?

...Had been seeking, but happiness. Perhaps his goal had not been to understand, but to let go. No longer would anyone tell him where to go..,

Don't tell me where to go!

...What to do, or how to feel.

What to do or how to feel!

Whatever life he lives, it will be his.

I don't feel like this is real.

It was all he needed to know. It was, perhaps, the only thing...

This is nice. Is it real?

...Worth doing. Stanley stepped through the open door.

Is, is it real or is it a giant screen?

It's- It's real!

Stanley felt the cool breeze upon his skin.

Gimme that cool breeze!

The feeling of liberation...

Liberated!

...The immense possibility...

Possible!

...Of the new path before him.

Path!

This was exactly the way, right now, that things were meant to happen.

Birdies!

And Stanley was happy.

I'm happy!

I turned it off. I thought I was going down a path I'd gone down before, and it turned out that I was going down the path... to freedom! I beat it! I beat the game! I had no idea what I was doing but I did it! I beat The Stanley Parable. Parablized!

(BEEP)

Thanks for watching Games with Hank playing The Stanley Parable. Beating The Stanley Parable! I scared my dog. I scared, I'm sorry Lemon. I apologize to no one except my dog, who I scared with my excitement.

DFTBA.