I Clicked A Button For 4 Hours...(Seriously) | The Stanley Parable | The End

The Stanley Parable
https://youtube.com/watch?v=lv540EjHl7w
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/lv540EjHl7w

Hello and welcome to Games With Hank. I'm Hank, this is games with me. Today, I'm gonna get the baby ending of The Stanley Parable. At least I hope I am.

In order to get the baby ending, you have to click a button, apparently, for four hours. I don't know what's going to happen, but I know that if you click the button for four hours... something will happen. I hope. I'm doing it for you! If you appreciate it, there's a Like button specifically there for you to show that appreciation. Let's go punch a button!

(Cut)

Boodle it up, boodle it, boodle it on up.

Alright, I have to punch the button.

Narrator: In this game the baby crawls left towards danger. You click the button to move him back to the right. And if he reaches the fire, you fail. It's a very meaningful game.

Hank: Yep, I remember. It's a very meaningful game.

Narrator: All about the desperation and tedium of endlessly confronting the demands of family life.

Hank: Or possibly about the desperation and tedium of playing games. It's a cute baby, though.

Narrator: I think the art world will really take notice. But of course, the message of the game only becomes clear once you've been playing it for about four hours. So why don't you give it four hours of play to make sure it's effective. Be sure to keep notes on your experience.

Hank: Hi Lemon. I have to play a game for four hours right now so I, I can't talk to you right now. I have to... Alright, button. We're punching the button. We've begun. I only have to do what I just did like a thousand more times.

(Cut)

Narrator: Good to see that enthusiasm. Keep it up, Stanley.
Just three hours and forty five minutes left to go.

Hank: Yeah, alright, so there are voice-overs. That's good. That's good.

Narrator: OK, so clearly you're in it for the long haul.

Hank: Yes sir!

Narrator: Although I find it hard not to believe you're simply running a program to click the button over and over automatically.

Hank: I'm not! I'm right here! A real human!

Narrator: Which kind of ruins the point of the game, don't you think? Wouldn't that take the art out of it?

Hank: It would, that's why I'm doing this!

Narrator: You can tell me in your post-playtest analysis.

Hank: How long have I been doing this? I don't even know.

(Cut)

Hank: Aaaaaand... Now you're not gonna die! Oh hey!

Narrator: Just popping int to say hi! I hope you weren't expecting more regular intervals of commentary from me.

Hank: As much as possible would be nice, 'cause the baby is really annoying.

Narrator: But that's not why you're here, is it? You're here for the game! For the art! For the endlessly spiraling sense of pointlessness and despair. Yes, this is what drives your every action. Keep clicking that button!

Hank: Keep clicking that button, keep plucking that chicken! Keep poking' that boking'. Keep paykin' that bacon.

Narrator: For hope, for freedom, for science, for love! Don't ever ever stop.

(Cut)

Narrator: I've been spending the last two hours here embroiled in thought. And it's occurred to me, this game is incomplete.

Hank: I'm also embroiled in thought. Oh there's more-- are you going to do something else? Are you gonna be all...

Narrator: It's missing something. It still doesn't have that... oomph. "What is it?" I thought to myself. "What could possibly be missing from this incredible experience?" And then in a moment of rapture, as though delivered by angels, it came to me. Before this moment, I was blind. But those days are behind us. I now understand the true manifestation of this game. It needs...

Hank: Oh my god a thing changed!

Narrator: That's right, this puppy is being lowered toward an aquarium filled with nothing but piranha. Now you have to click the second button to avert the puppy's death in addition to the baby's.

Hank: You're going to make this harder? I guess it's -- actually honestly I'd rather it be harder.

Narrator: This is it Stanley, art! I did it! Video games are art!

Hank: Yes, good job. Art that thing up. I'm going to save that puppy. Save that, yeah.

Narrator: Ah, but you have a good 2 hours or so to go, so I'll just let you get to that. No time to waste where there is such a meaningful game to be played! Bonne chance, mon ami!

Hank: Speak to me in French, I'm fine. Oh god.

(Cut)

Hank: Uh-huh.

Narrator: Ah, good to see both the puppy and the baby are still alive. It warms my heart to see how deeply the message of this game has resonated with you.

Hank: Hey, how ya doing Jeff?

Narrator: I can only imagine the joy welling up in your chest, the sheer joy of such pure distilled life essence flowing through your veins.

Hank: So much joy... Joy... I have never experienced this much joy...

Narrator: It must be amazing! I'm jealous of you, truly, I am. No seriously! I'm deeply envious of your position at this very moment.

(Cut)

Hank: Button button button button button.

Narrator: Ah, the joy of artistic expression must be even stronger now! Drink it in, Stanley, few people on this planet will ever get such an experience.

Hank: Shush, shush Jeff, I don't need it. Oh god. Yeah shush, I don't need it. Yep. No, you've gotten your point across, Jeff.

Narrator: Peer through space and time, the universe unravels itself at your feet. This is the one true meaning of life!

(Cut)

Narrator: I know we said this would go on for 4 hours, but what if...you never stopped? Think about it, you could just keep going forever!

Hank: ...a little less time. We could do it for three. We don't have to do it for four.

Narrator: Visitors would come from around the world to see the man who never stopped pushing the buttons! You would be famous! That's what you've always wanted, right? To be famous?

Hank: OH GOD I MISSED THE BABY. Oh god...

Narrator: That and the surging power of artistic beauty to flow through you for all of eternity. You could have both of these things! We'll talk about it when you get there.

Hank: That would've been bad. That would've been bad. Shut up Jeff.

(Cut)

Hank: And... button.

Narrator: Have we really been doing this for over three and a half hours? Goodness, how time flies! Wouldn't you say it's flown? Oh, no, you don't have to answer that, I understand you're quite busy. Just keep at it! Almost there!

Hank: Oh is that all? Yeah, like a dove. Flying like an eagle.

(Cut)

Hank: Oh gosh! Things are happening!

Narrator: Nearly there Stanley, art itself is about to burrow into your skull. Aren't you excited for spiritual immortality?

Hank: Yeah burrow, just get in there. I FEEL IT. Sure. Jeff.

Narrator: For transcendence and oneness with the beauty and essence of all beings? Just a few seconds now, here it comes!

Hank: A few seconds longer? Yes! Whisper to me, Jeff! YES YES YES YES FEAR ME MORTAL I AM THE ESSENCE OF DIVINE ART.

Hank: OTHERS BUT YOU CANNOT READ THIS TEXT, unless they happen to be watching a Let's Play of this game, cheaters.

Hank: Know that when you die, I'll personally carry your spirit across the VER BLXWXN into my garden built within the emotions of a flower. That sounds like a great place for a garden.

Hank: Tell me more. We will live there, we will dance, we will eat, and we'll sin, you and me, essence of art. Yeah. I'll do improv comedy based on the suggestions from you. That sounds like something you could definitely do. For all eternity, essence of art.

Hank: Oh my god. This is my reward for my work here today. I mean it was only half a day's work...

Hank: Now live your normal human existence, waaa.... something about the life that comes after this one. I love you. It loves me! The essence of art loves me! Can I get your Snapchat, essence of art? If you love me so much? Maybe your WhatsApp, your Kik. No? Just, that's the end? You love me.

Hank: I have the love of the essence of art. So that's not nothing!

Hank: Well that was The Stanley Parable, the baby ending. I got to meet the divine essence of art. But more importantly, I got to touch a button a bunch of times, and then another more different button. And I saved a baby and a puppy from fire and piranhas. You will never know what that means to me, because you will never do what I just did. And also, don't do it. 'Cause why. Basically.

Hank: Thank you for watching. DFTBA.