The Hilarious Broom Closet! | The Stanley Parable | Part 2

The Stanley Parable
https://youtube.com/watch?v=shzkyfHc2Go
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/shzkyfHc2Go

HANK: Hello, and welcome to Games with Hank. I'm Hank.

We're back with anobluber dubderberb (gibberish) (laughs).

Our second edition of the Stanley Parables. Here we're in and lets put my headphones on.

So last time I killed myself. It took awhile and I made this, uh, omniscient man very sad. So here I am in office 4-2-7, and I hate Mondays.

Somebody's gotta case of the Mondays.

OMNISCIENT MAN: All of his coworkers were gone.

HANK: uh huh.

OM: What could it mean?

HANK: I don't know.

OM: Stanley decided to go to the meeting room. Perhaps he had simply missed a memo.

HANK: Okay, this time I'm gonna do exactly what he tells me to do.

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

HANK: I did it. I did what he told me to do. But nobody's here. This is a weird place.

Alright, meeting room.

OM: Yet there was not a single person here either.

HANK: Oh.

OM: Feeling a wave of disbelief

HANK: Group? I thought that said group sex! But it doesn't.

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

HANK: R-I-P Franz. That's not good. That's not good. Everyone is unique. No two people are not on fire. What is hot? Target demographic: teenagers. You guys gotta make slap bracelets that's that's coming back I bet.

Broom closet? Let's go, this one room...

OM: Stanley stepped into the broom closet.

HANK: Why not?

OM: But there was nothing here. So he turned around and got back on track.

HANK: I mean I said I was going to do everything you told me to do, but I feel like now I shouldn't do it. There's a wren- There's not nothing here there is two rolls of duct tape.

OM: There was nothing here.

HANK: There is two rolls of duct tape, three!

OM: No choice to make, no path to follow. Just an empty broom closet.

HANK: There's...

OM: No reason to still be in here.

HANK: And there's, what, look, there's some bins, and three different wrenches.

OM: It was baffling that Stanley was still just sitting in the broom closet.

HANK: Well I don't know.

OM: He wasn't even doing anything. At least if there was something to interact with he'd be justified in some way.

HANK: There really isn't.

OM: Thing is, he's literally just standing there, doing sweet F-A.

HANK: What was that? Sweet what?

OM: Are you, are you really still in the broom closet?

HANK: I am!

OM: Standing around doing nothing?

HANK: Just standing here.

OM: Why? Please offer me some explanation here, I'm genuinely confused-

HANK: You can't hear me! I wish I could talk to you but you're just in my head. You're just an omnipresent voice.

OM: You do realize there's no choice, or anything in here right? If I'd said, "Stanley walked past the broom closet." At least you would have had a reason for exploring it to find out. It didn't even occur to me, because literally this closet is of absolutely no significance to the story whatsoever.

HANK: You're making me think there's something in here.

OM: I would have never thought to mention it.

HANK: You're, you're making me think that I should stay.

OM: Maybe to you this is somehow its own branch in the path. Maybe when you go talk about this to your friend you'll say, "Oh! Did you get the broom closet ending? The broom closest ending was my favorite." I hope your friends find this concerning.

HANK: Well maybe? Is it going to end? Is it going to end? Are you going to make it end?

OM: Stanley was fat and ugly and really really stupid. He probably only got the job because of a family connection. That's how stupid he is.

HANK: Oh God.

OM: That or with drug money. Also Stanley is addicted to drugs and hookers.

HANK: Oooh. Well you're just not very nice sometimes, are you Jeff?

OM: Well I've come to a very definite conclusion about what is going on right now.

HANK: What is it?

OM: You're dead.

HANK: What??

OM: You got to this broom closet, explored it a bit, and were just about to leave because there's nothing here, when a physical malady of some sort shut down your central nervous system.

HANK: Yeah aneurysm, well. Oh.

OM: And you collapsed on the keyboard. Well in a situation like this the responsible thing is to alert someone nearby so as to insure your body is taken care of before it begins to decompose.

HANK: Can you do that?

OM: Hello!? Anyone who happens to be nearby...

HANK: Well, I'm wearing headphones. No one can hear you

OM: The person at this computer is dead.

HANK: Yeah.

OM: He or she has fallen prey to any number of your countless human physiological vulnerabilities.

HANK: Are you not a human?

OM: It's indicative of the long term sustainability of your species. Please remove their corpse from the area.

HANK: I love this guy. He's great.

OM: And instruct another human to take their place at the computer. Making sure they understand basic first-person video game mechanics, and filling them in on the history of narrative tropes in video gaming. So that the irony, and insightful commentary...

HANK: Now I can't leave.

OM: ...Of this game is not lost on them. Alright, when you've done that, just step out into the hallway.

HANK: Does anything happen? Anything else? Maybe I should vlog instead, ya know, since, since there's the possibility that something else will happen.

I could talk about the things that are behind me on my shelves. There's me and Aperture Science, a fan made that. That Assassin's Creed axe I got a PAX. Um, this little turret, portal turret I got on the JoCo Cruise Crazy. People have made me several different angler fishes. This is a piece of the the James Webb Space Telescope. Not really, uh, but it is the stuff that they use. It's like a scrap, um, cause obviously if it was a piece of the space telescope they would have, by now, uh come to get me. Because they need that.

I'm coming to the conclusion that in fact, there's nothing else that's going to happen in this room so I'm going to leave. Okay!

OM: Ah, Second Player, it's good to have you on board.

HANK: (laughs and claps)

OM: I guarantee, you can't do any worse than the person who came before you.

HANK: Okay. Which way?

OM: Coming to a staircase Stanley walked upstairs to his Boss's office.

HANK: Okay. Going upstairs to my Boss's Office. Boss's office. Boss's. Ohh! Wow. Fancy. This is Fancy. Executive bathroom, I wish. Here we go, oooh it's like Mr Burns' office.

OM: Stepping into his manager's office, Stanley was once again stunned to discover not an indication of any human life.

HANK: Ahhh...

OM: Shocked, unraveled..,

HANK: Auhh!

OM: Stanley wondered in disbelief who orchestrated this.

HANK: What is this new dot?

OM: What dark secret was being held from him. What he could not have known, was that the keypad behind the boss's desk guarded the terrible truth that his boss had been keeping from him.

HANK: Ooh!

OM: And so the boss had assigned it an extra secret pin number. 2-8-4-5.

HANK: Okay,

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

HANK: Okay! I did not. 2-8-4-5. Well.

OM: Yet, incredibly, by simply pushing random buttons on the keypad, Stanley happened to input the correct code by sheer luck. Amazing.

HANK: Oh!

OM: He stepped into the newly opened passageway.

HANK: This is creepy. I wonder what would have happened if I'd put in the wrong code... I should have put in the wrong code. This game is much more fun when you're just wrong about stuff.

Uh! Down is my only option. Oh loading! Loading!

OM: Descending deeper into the building, Stanley realized he felt a bit peculiar.

HANK: Ugh.

OM: It was a stirring of emotion in his chest. As though he felt more free to think for himself.

HANK: Ohh!

OM: To question the nature of his job.

HANK: Oh my goodness!

OM: Why did he feel this now, when for years it had never occurred to him? This question would not go unanswered for long.

HANK: Oh good! Uh. Some... some mind control is a work! Now I'm

in the depths of the..

OM: Stanley walked straight ahead to the large door that read "Mind Control Facility".

HANK: There is some mind control at work. I was right. Escape. Mind Control. Escape. I want to do both. I want to do both. I want to both...

I'm going to do what he tells me to do. I'm going to do what he tells me to do. Oh! Cerebro. Uh, Whats this piece of paper got on it? Just a bunch of... bunch of numbers. I'm gonna push this button.

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

HANK: That's a lot of television screens.

OM: "What horrible secret did this place hold," Stanley thought to himself.

HANK: Not... what...

OM: Did he have the strength to find out?

HANK: I'm very strong. This is weird. Do I have to push another button now? Do I have any other choice..? I Hate Mondays!

Doop! Ohh!

OM: Now the monitors jumped to life; their true nature revealed. Each bore the number of an employee in the building.

HANK: Oooh.

OM: Stanley's coworkers. The lives of so many individuals reduced to images on a screen. And Stanley one of them. Eternally monitored in this place where freedom meant nothing.

HANK: Oohh, well. okay I got another pa...thing... Path..here. Fired!

OM: This mind control facility. It was too horrible to believe.

HANK: Several people were fired.

OM: It couldn't be true. Had Stanley really been under someone's control all this time? Was this the only reason he was happy with his boring job?

HANK: Ohh! Yes, obviously!

OM: That his emotions been manipulated...

HANK: Definitely!

OM: ...To accept it blindly?

HANK: Of course. Let's go somewhere.

OM: No!

HANK: No?!

OM: He refused to believe it.

HANK: I don't.

OM: He couldn't accept it.

HANK: I do.

OM: His own life, in someon else's control? Never! It was unthinkable! Wasn't it?

HANK: Am I going to commit suicide again?

OM: Was it even possible? Had he truly spent his entire life utterly blind to the world?

HANK: Well, not my entire life.

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

HANK: Uuh.

OM: Walking, eating, working. All of it monitored and commanded from this very place.

HANK: Well... You know, at least I was happy.

OM: 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...

HANK: How am I gonna do that?

OM: For he would dismantle the controls once and for all.

HANK: Eh?! Or not, though. Mind controls idle awaiting input. Got a little operating system going on there. System Power On.

OM: Oh Stanley.

HANK: What?!

OM: You didn't just activate the controls, did you?

HANK: I did!

OM: After they kept you enslaved all these years...

HANK: I liked it!

OM: ...You go and you try to take control of the machine for yourself. Is that what you wanted?

HANK: Well, I dunno..

OM: Control?!

HANK: Yeah! Sure!

OM: (Big sighs) Stanley, I applaud your effort, I really do, but you need to understand there's only so much that machine can do.

HANK: Okay...

OM: You were supposed to let it go. Turn the controls off and leave.

HANK: Nope.

OM: If you want to throw my story off track you're going to have to do much better than that.

HANK: Nope.

OM: I'm afraid you don't have nearly the power you think you do.

For example, and I believe you'll find this pertinent: Stanley suddenly realized he had just initiated the network's emergency detonation system.

HANK: Oooh!

OM: In the event that this machine is activated without proper DNA identification, nuclear detonators...

HANK: Nuclear!

OM: ...Are set to explode, eliminating the entire complex. How long until detonation then? Hmm. lets say um.. two minutes.

HANK: Two minutes!

OM: Ah now this is making things a little more fun isn't it Stanley?

HANK: Yeah. Uh huh, can I run faster?

OM: It's your time to shine. You are the star. It's your story now.

HANK: What?

OM: Shape it to your heart's desire.

HANK: How? Tell me what to do.

OM: Oh, this is much better that what I had in mind what a shame we have so little time left to enjoy it. Mere moments until the bomb goes off.

HANK: What do I do?

OM: But what precious moments each one of them is.

HANK: Well here's a door... AHH! Come on!

OM: More time to talk about you... about me. Where we're going. What all this means.

HANK: I don't know what these do.

OM: I barely know where to start.

HANK: I dunno. do I need to get some DNA from somewhere?

OM: What's that? You'd like to know where you coworkers are?

HANK: Yeah, sure.

OM: A moment of solace before you're obliterated?

HANK: Weeeeeeell.

OM: Alright. I'm in a good mood. You're gonna die anyway. I'll tell you exactly what happened to them. I erased them.

HANK: You erased them?

OM: I turned off the machine, I set you free. Of course, that was merely in this instance of the story. Sometimes when I tell it, I simply let you sit there in your office forever. Pushing buttons endlessly, and then dying alone.

HANK: Uuuhh!

OM: Other times, I let the office sink into the ground. Swallowing everyone inside. Or I let it burn to a crisp.

HANK: I don't what to do.

OM: I have to say though, this version of events has been rather amusing. Watching you try to make sense of everything and take back the control...

HANK: I am confused!

OM: ...Wrested away from you, it's quite rich. I almost hate to see it go.

HANK: I haven't been counting the things I've been pushing.

OM: I'm sure whatever I come up with on the next go around will be even better. My goodness. Only 34 seconds left.

HANK: I'm pushing all the buttons I can!

OM: But I'm enjoying this so much. You know what? To hell with it. I'm going to...

HANK: Incorrect?!

OM: Put some extra time on the clock. Why not. These are precious additional seconds, Stanley. Time doesn't grow on trees.

HANK: What do you want me to do?

OM: Oh, dear me. What's the matter, Stanley?

HANK: I dunno!

OM: Is it that you have no idea where you're going or or what you're supposed to be doing right now?

HANK: Yes!

OM: Or did you just assume when you saw that timer that something in this room was capable of turning it off?

HANK: I did!

OM: I mean, look at you. Running from button to button. Screen to screen. Clicking on every little thing in this room. "These numbered buttons... Noo! These colored ones! Or maybe this big red button?"

HANK: Yep!

OM: "Or this door. Everything, anything, something here that will save me."

HANK: That's pretty much...

OM: Why would you think that, Stanley? That this video game can be beaten? Won? Solved?

HANK: Correct!

OM: Do you have any idea what your purpose in this place is?

HANK: Come on!

OM: (Mad cackling) Stanley!

HANK: I'm confused!

OM: You're in for quite a disappointment. But here's a spoiler for you. That timer isn't a catalyst to keep the action moving along... It's just seconds ticking away to your death. You're only still playing

instead of watching a cut-scene because I want watch you for every moment that you're powerless...

HANK: What?! Why is that incorrect?

OM: To see you made humble. This is not a challenge.

HANK: Three, you want me to hit the three.

OM: It's a tragedy. You wanted to control this world...

HANK: I wasn't paying attention!

OM: But I'm going to destroy it first. So you can't.

HANK: Oh No.

OM: Take a look a the clock, Stanley. That's 30 seconds you have left to struggle. 30 seconds until a big boom and then nothing.

HANK: Where's the three?!

OM: Nobody here. Just you being blown to pieces.

HANK: Why would it rumble before?

OM: Will you plead desperately for your frail life or will you let it go peacefully? Another choice! Make it count. Or don't.

HANK: I don't know what's happening to me...

OM: It's all the same to me.

HANK: ...I don't want to die... Stanley...

OM: All a part of the journey. And believe me, I will be laughing at every second of your inevitable life...

HANK: Noooooooo....

OM: From the moment you fade in, until the moment I say happily ever afte....

HANK: I died again!

He blew me up. He was so sad the first time I died. But this time he was just perfectly happy about it.

Thank you for watching this episode of Games with Hank, playing *The Stanley Parable*. We're going to pick off (mixed metaphor?) from here next time.

DFTBA