Who Is Stanley?! | The Stanley Parable | Part 8

The Stanley Parable
https://youtube.com/watch?v=Pm_ZUMx0Rbs
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/Pm_ZUMx0Rbs

Hello and welcome to Games with Hank. This is games with me, cause I'm Hank.

Today, we're going to be playing The Stanley Parable, because I am pretty sure I have not found all the endings. In fact, I have not repeated a single ending, even though last time I thought I was going to, but it turned I didn't. Which is good. Cause I won. The game. Last time.

Alright. How .... what haven't I done? What haven't I done?

Eh, I keep running into doors.

Narrator: When Stanley came to a set of two open doors ...

I'm terrible at things.

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

I go the wrong way all the time. Stop being so surprised, Jeff.

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

I did. Look at this. It's so pretty.

The lounge was sublime. A work of art.

It's a work of art. Work o' fart.

But eager to get back to business, Stanley took the first door on his left.

I refuse. That's what I did last time. That was my mistake. Except that it let to me beating the game. So, I guess it wasn't a mistake.

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

It's incredible you weren't fired years ago!

AHHHH! *splat*

But in his eagerness to prove that he is in control of the story and no one gets to tell him what to do, Stanley leapt from the platform and plunged to his death.

Well!

Good job, Stanley! Everyone thinks you are very powerful.

Apparently, you can die more than once.

Stanley knew the office layout like the back of his hand.

I do!

It was only a matter of time before he found the others, wherever they were.

Where are you?!

Just a matter of time.

Just a matter of time. I still run into doors though.

When Stanley came to a set of two open...

I'm going this way.

This was not the correct ...

It IS the correct way!

... way to the meeting room, and Stanley knew it perfectly well.

You don't know anything!

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

Here I am.

Standing now in this incredible room, Stanley for the first time ...

Moving on!

But eager to get back to business ...

Eager to get back to business.

... Stanley took the first door on his left.

Screw you, door on the left! You're no fun!

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

You're uh. Eaugh eaugh eaugh. Do not jump from the cargo lift while it is in motion. It will cause death. Penalty for misuse of cargo lift ... penalty for jumping off cargo lift. Well.

Look, Stanley, I think perhaps we've gotten off on the wrong foot here.

If I'm dead, who cares, who cares?

I'm not your enemy, really, I'm not.

You're not my enemy ...?

I realize that investing your trust in someone else can be difficult, but the fact is, that the story ...

I think I've done everything down that path.

... has been about nothing but you all this time.

Yeah yeah yeah yeah ...

There's someone you've been neglecting Stanley.

You? Jeff?

Someone you've forgotten about.

Yeah? My friend Jeff?

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

Oh, right, right. Her.

This is it, Stanley.

I forgot about her.

Your chance to redeem yourself.

That was weird, she's weird, I don't like her.

To put your work aside. To let her back into your life. She's been waiting.

Bonk. Oh, oh right, the phone. I don't wanna ...

That's her, Stanley. You need to be the one to do ... Oh no, no no no!

Yeah!

You can't ... did you ...

Yeah, you guys told me to do that, so. Yeah.

... Just unplug the phone? That wasn't supposed to be a choice.

Hah! Hah!

How did you do that? You actually ... chose incorrectly?

Hah!

I didn't even know that was possible. Let me double check.

paper shuffling noises

That light is casting light incorrectly for the kind of light it is.

No, it's definitely here, clear as day. "Stanley picks up the phone.

I don't wanna!

He is taken to his apartment where he finds his wife.

Yeah, but that was weird.

And the two pledge themselves to one another.

Didn't want to do that again.

Music comes in, fade to white, roll credits."

Mmm, nope. That's not what happens.

Not picking up the phone is actually somehow an incorrect course of action. How is that even possible? None of these decisions were supposed to mean anything. I don't understand. How on earth are you making meaningful choices?

That's right.

What did you ...? Wait a second ...

Take that, Jeff.

... Did I just see ... no ...

What? Did I? Yeah.

That's not possible, I can't believe it. How had I not noticed it sooner? You're not Stanley. You're a real person.

Oh!

*Ahh. *sigh**

Oh. Stanley's not a real person.

I can't believe I was so mistaken. This is why you've been able to make correct and incorrect choices. And to think I'd been letting you run around in this game for so long. If you'd made any more wrong choices, you might have negated it entirely.

Are games not for real people?!

It's as though you've completely ignored even the most basic safety protocol, for real-world–decision-making. Or did you not grasp the severity of the situation?

Jeff?!

Well, I wont have that kind of risk on my watch.

Don't pretend like you want the best for me.

I'm going to stop the game for a moment so we can educate you properly on safe decision making in the real world. Please observe this helpful instructional video.

New Male Voice Over: Choice. It's the best part of being a real person. But if used incorrectly can also be the most dangerous.

Yeah, a creep.

For example, in this scenario ...

His tie is too big!

... a hypothetical real person named Steven has a choice.

Wear a less big tie.

He could spend years helping improve the quality of life for citizens of impoverished third world nations. Or he could systematically set fire to every orphan living in a thirty kilometer radius of his house.

Good for him.

Which choice would you make? Remember that unlike here, the real world makes sense.

Sense!

And at no time should you make a choice that should not conform to rational logic.

What? Fish!

If you find yourself speaking with a person who does not make sense, in all likelihood, that person is not real. Allow the person to finish their thought, then provide an excuse why you cannot continue talking. Turn to a partner and practice saying: "My goodness!"

The face-cam is back!

"... Is it 4:30? I am supposed to having a back, sack, and crack."

A what?! My goodness, is it 4:30? I'm supposed to be having a back, sack, and crack.

Excellent.

Eeeh, you're welcome.

You're making choices on a regular basis is the best of a ...

Don't do that! Ever, your tie is too big.

... healthy decision making process. Most medical professionals recommend ...

Yeah.

... making at least eight choices per day. Do you make more than eight?

I do.

Less?

I make more.

And finally, if you begin to wonder if your choices are actually meaningful and whether you'll ever make a significant contribution to the world ...

Wear a giant tie!

... just remember that in the vast infiniteness of space, your thoughts and problems are materially insignificant.

It's true.

And the feeling should subside.

Ah!

At this time, your instructor will guide you in an exercise to test and reinforce the material covered in this video.

Cub ... material cupboard? Covered.

Original Narrator: Ahh!

Ahh!

Welcome back. You may have noticed that this room has begun to deteriorate as a result of narrative contradiction.

Yeah, something is wrong.

But don't worry, now that you're properly informed on good decision making ...

This isn't how ... games should work.

... we're going to revisit the choice you made just few minutes ago.

Oh right, I have one of these.

And see what the correct thing to do would have been. This way please.

Ahh. Ohh, okay. That room is weird. I like it. Danger everywhere. Danger everywhere! Danger everywhere.

â™« Danger everywhere. That's my name, my middle name is Danger. My last name's Everywhere. â™«

I don't know what my first name is. I go by my middle name. Where am I going? Here? Going here? Oh!

Now that we know your choices are meaningful we can't have you jumping off the platform and dying.

Oh, I see. Yes.

Imagine the main character dying senselessly half-way through the story.

Hah!

That story would make no sense at all.

No.

We just need to get you home as soon as possible before the narrative contradiction gets any worse.

Kay, take me home.

Unfortunately, it seems this place is not well equipped to deal with reality.

Alright, let me off. Cause I have no choices anymore. No choices for Stanley. Or Hank. Or Danger. My name is Danger.

â™« My last name's Everywhere. My first name's Hank, my middle name's Danger, last name's Everywhere. But I go by my middle name. â™«

Shh. Don't worry about it. It's fine. Everything's not weird at all. We're going back. Backity backity back back to the back ...

Almost there. You'll take the door on the left. Back to the correct ending. The story will have resolution once again. And you'll be home free in the real world.

Oooh! Correct resolution. â™« Back, back. Back back back. Gotta go back to the back. Go back. â™«

Now remember, all you need to do is behave exactly as Stanley would. That means choosing responsibly, and always putting the story first. I'm quite sure you'll be up to the task.

Open the doors.

*Just follow my lead and you'll be fine. Alright. *throat clear* When Stanley came to a set of two open doors, he entered the door on his left.*

This one! Hahaha hahahaha. You can't tell me what to do.

No! Why did you do that?

Because I wanted to see this.

Quickly. Hurry back in the other direction. Perhaps we're not too late.

This is bad. So many numbers and letters. Oh that file cabinet doesn't look normal. Oh, no, it does not. Oh, that's wrong. It's broken. Bro ... You broke it. It's broken. Let's try it again! Its still just the same level of broken. Okay, let's go. Let's go to the ... This way. Are you okay, Jeff? Did I break you? Let's go backwards. Everywhere backwards. Everywhere backwards. I can't. I don't know. Why are these ... ohh!

Eugh, It's ruined. I can't believe, after everything we talked about.

I broke it.

My story! You've destroyed my work!

Game broke. Game broke!

Why?! For what? What did you get out of this?

Ger everywhere. Ger everywhere!

*What did you think was so clever about seeing the game undone? Left here like so much garbage. It ...*garbled grunts* ... it's worthless now.*

But you're still okay.

And what am I supposed to do? Even if there were a way to continue, would it be worth it?

Not efficient.

To know that my story is now incorrect?

I love this so much!

How could I go back to that? I can't erase that knowledge. I'll have to live with it forever. Reliving its impossibility forever.

All the mugs are melting.

I couldn't live that way. Is it better to just shut the game down entirely? To willingly destroy all of my work? Oh, I don't know. What's the answer?

I like that the thing is still being projected.

What do I do? What do I do.. No, I have to.

Have to do what?

I have to shut the game down. I have to.

No, you don't.

I have to.

You, you have to ... UH!!! *Shaking electrocution noises*

Wow! I mimicked that noise fairly accurately before I heard it. Hah! The game is still ...

Nooo! I'm ... I'm here.

That was a scary ... that was a scary noise.

I'm still here. In this pile of rubbish, with you.

I ruined it!

You! Who thought he was so clever.

I ruined everything.

Now look where we are.

Yeah.

My entire game is destroyed.

I unplugged a phone.

It was the only thing in the world that was mine, and you've run it into the ground.

Into the ground.

What? Did you think that would be funny?

Your mom's funny!

You just had to see? Didn't I impress upon you how important it was to be like Stanley? He actually knows how to do what I tell him to. He understands that if I say to do something, there's a damn good reason for it.

Shut up. Shut up, Jeff!

That thought hadn't even occur to you, had it?

I spat on my computer.

That there's a world outside of you. You're a child. Ohh. My story.

I'm just going to back into the corner and lie down.

If you'd just gone through the door on the left you would have seen it. There was a whole underground facility ...

I know.

... You would've destroyed it, and been victorious.

I've been there, actually.

It would have been perfect. I worked so hard on it. I tried so hard ...

You're a ... you're a hard trier, Jeff.

... Is behave exactly as Stanley would. That means choosing responsibly, and always putting the story first. I'm quite sure you'll be up to the task.

Open the doors!

Just follow my lead and you'll be fine. Alright.

Alright

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

â™« I love to annoy you. I love to annoy you. â™«

No! Why did you do that? Quickly. Hurry ...

Ah ha ha ha ah aha ha ha ....

Is behave exactly as Stanley would.

I broke him. I've broken him.

That means choosing responsibly, and always putting the story first. I'm quite sure you'll be up to the task. Just follow my lead and you'll be fine.

Everything is not okay.

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

Okay, I'm gonna go through the door on the left. I'm gonna do it. I'm just gonna ... left, left-hand door. It's gonna ... he entered the door on his left. And let's see. Is things gonna be okay? Are things gonna be okay? (belches) Uhh ...

And yet, there was not a single person here either. Feeling a wave of disbelief, Stanley decided to go up to his boss's office, hoping he might find an answer there.

I can't go in the broom closet? I can't go in the broom closet. That's different. Oh, there's no choice. No choice to go down. I can't go down.

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

There's no way to get into that room. Okay. We're going to the b-bah-boss's, b-baugh, b-baugh, b-baugh, b-baugh, buhbaughbaugh. Going to my boss's aughfauf. (singing) Going to the baughbaugh b-baugh baugh baughbaugh b-baugh (continues singing). This is different.

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

Yeah, I'm not actually surprised.

Shocked, unravelled, Stanley wondered in disbelief who orchestrated this ...

Why you being mean to the panda!?

... until he saw the door with the voice receiver next to it.

The business strategy is killing pandas.

Surely, behind this door laid all the answer to his questions ...

Sewage.

... and, beyond all probability, he knew the passcode. He had seen it on his boss's computer just last week: 'Nightshark-1-1-5.' Was this the code to open the door? Would it still work? There was only one way to find out. Stanley had been trained never to speak up, but now, he would draw from within himself ...

I don't even know if I'm capable of speech.

... the courage to face the unknown. He drew a sharp breath and then spoke the code.

Nightshark one one ... eight. Take that. Ahh. Ahearauarahrahrah.

(clears throat) Stanley spoke the code. 'Nightshark-1-1-5'. He spoke it into the receiver right there on the wall.

BLEEHHHH. Bleughuauhrahhh. Manager. Rectum. Marble.

Okay, fine, you're not gonna do it. But you know what? It's pretty humiliating to bring you this far, only for you to suddenly decide you have better things to do. I asked you for this one single thing, for your respect, the kind of respect ...

This is weird.

... Stanley shows for his choices. He knows what it means to take a story seriously. If you didn't want to see what I had to show you, then why did you come here? You had a choice, you know.

Heh.

You could have gone through the door on the right, you could have done whatever the hell you wanted over there. Why did you come this way?

I couldn't go through the door on the right. You wouldn't let me.

Speak! Say something to me! Explain yourself, you coward!

Fancy pants!

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

Oh! I'm just gonna watch? Hello, Stanley.

Stanley? Hello? Are you ... is everything okay?

Hello.

Stanley, please. I ... I need you to make a choice. I need you to walk through the door. Are you listening to me?

(high-pitched) YAY! Thank you for playing The Stanley Parable!

Can you hear me? Is everything all right?

(high-pitched) This game is weird!

Stanley, this is important. The story needs you.

Oh, we've got credits.

It needs you to make a decision.

That means we're ... that means the game's over.

It cannot exist without you. Do you understand me? Whatever choice you make is just fine. They're both correct. You can't be wrong here. We can work together.

Million stars. This game is weird and I love it.

I'll accept whatever you do. I simply need you to take that step forward. Please?

Yeah, sing it, Jeff.

Choose? Do something? Anything. This is more important than you can ever know. I need this.

You need it.

The story needs it.

You need it.

So, you hear me?

I don't hear you.

Are you there? Are you listening to this?

I'm Stanley.

Stanley, are you there?

I should be Stanley for Halloween. That would be funny.

Okay. It's okay, I can wait. You need time to decide. Time to make

sure your choice is correct. That is the best choice.

Galactic Cafe. Yeah.

That's all right. I'll wait for you to decide what's the right thing to do.

Don't worry about it.

Take as much time as you need.

Don't worry about it. Is the game over? Is the game ... is the game over? Yes, the game is over. The game is over. I think. You never know! No! Because this is not the normal beginning of the game. This is different.

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

It's not the end.

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

But it's different.

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

I don't know!

Stanley felt lightheaded, butterflies in his stomach, giddy in a way he had never known before. But eager to get back to business, Stanley took the first open door on his left.

Oh, I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. Okay, we're going to end this episode here cause it's too long already, and we're just going to come right back here next time on Games with Hank. Thank you for watching this episode of Games with Hank and DFTBA.