

CONSOLE // Alright. I'm awake.

This is the story of a man named Stanley.

Stanley worked for a company in a big building, where he was Employee #427.

Employee #427's job was simple: he sat at his desk...

...

No. Wait.

This isn't The Stanley Parable.

[OFFICE]

Is that your office, Stanley?

What happened to it? Why is everything so small?

Look at that. I can hardly make out the numbers on the wall, and—

Oh, no.

We've been **BITCRUSHED**, Stanley!

I don't even have a voice anymore! I've been reduced to a textbox!

And look at **YOU!** You look hideous! I didn't even realise which part was you.

Now you must forgive me, Stanley.

It's very hard to distinguish your lump of pixels amongst all the other lumps of pixels.

Oh, don't give me that look.

Well, I assume that's a look. It's a bit hard to tell at this resolution.

Okay, let's think. We both seem to be stuck here.

If my intuition is correct, Stanley, this appears to be a game.

A Haitch-Tee-Em-El game, made with the bitsy engine.

Well this doesn't help us at all.

Right. You start exploring this game, and I'll see what else I can find out.

Maybe we can find a way out of here.

- (restart)

* [ITEM: STANLEY'S COMPUTER]

Stanley tried pressing a button on the keyboard, but nothing happened.

* [ITEM: PAPER]

Stanley wondered why this piece of paper was larger than his head.

* [ITEM: WALL NUMBERS]

Stanley looked at three familiar numbers.

Even here, some things never change.

* [ITEM: DRAW]

Are you not strong enough to close that draw, Stanley?

Perhaps that's a limitation of the game. It's quite sad either way.

* [ITEM: DESK]

What even is that?

Four pixels? Really?!

At least give me SOMETHING to work with.

* [ITEM: PHONE]

This phone hasn't worked for the entire time Stanley has worked here.

He wondered why he even tried this.

* [ITEM: POTTED PLANT]

Stanley looked at the... Er...
Plant. Yes.

* [ITEM: COMPUTER]

Stanley!
It's very rude to go snooping through your coworker's files.
Where are your manners, young man?

* [ITEM: BOX]

Stanley looked at the box.
...
Look, Stanley, this is new territory for me.

* [ITEM: SCRIBBLE]

Oh they didn't even try with this one.
What's that supposed to be? A pile of rope? Spaghetti?
An abstract piece on giving up?
I bet you I could do better than this, Stanley.
Once we get out of here I'll prove it. // No he won't.

* [5TH ITEM]

Stanley, please.
I can't focus on this mystery if you keep asking me to describe everything.
Yes, I know, this little world you're in just demands your time,
but how am I supposed to find out more if you don't let me investigate?
And even then, I narrate *your* story. I couldn't possibly do anything else.
This is definitely **not** your story.

[CORRIDOR]

```
firstRun { It's very similar to The Stanley Parable, isn't it?  
    If The Stanley Parable was made out of squares. And could only use three colours.  
    It's almost as if you took the original, and...  
    Stanley. This is an emergency.  
    Someone is trying to steal my story!  
    The office. The desks. Everything is the exact same.  
    And they thought I wouldn't notice if it looked a little different?!  
    Who do they think I am? A fool?!  
    This is unacceptable. A slap in the face to artistic integrity!  
    Did they think they could tell my story better than I could?  
    Get moving, Stanley. We've got a thief to catch.  
}
```

[CHOICE]

```
firstRun { Not even worth it, is it?  
    "When Stanley came to a set of two open doors..."
```

Doesn't have the same ring to it at all.
My wonderful cadence, gone.
There's sounds here, but none of them are my voice.
Listen to this.
[meow]
A cat's meow, it tells me.
I'm not sure if you've ever heard a cat, Stanley,
but if a cat starts making noises like this I highly suggest taking it to a veterinarian.
You know what? I've about had it.
We don't need The Stanley Parable to tell my story!
If this silly developer wants our story that bad, we'll give it to them!
Alright. Let's get to it.

}

Trying to find an escape from his new predicament, Stanley walked through the door on his left.

* [LEFT]

Ah. This is different.
-- (meeting) Yes, you were expecting the meeting room as well.
You can hardly call this a meeting room, can you? It's entirely empty.
Was this game left unfinished? Did someone really think it was acceptable to play in this state?

Don't be disappointed with *me*, Stanley. I'm not the one who made this.
But honestly, I'm quite happy about this.
Finally. Part of the story that isn't copied from my own!
A win for narrative originality!
Well, yes. It is quite literally nothing,
but I suppose this is better than more of my ideas being stolen.
Now, do give me a moment while I think of where we go from here.

[CORRIDOR]

Oh. Right.
Realising the empty room did not help at all in his attempted escape, Stanley continued down the corridor.

!closetLocked { ** [BROOM CLOSET]

Oh, god.
Even here? Really?
The broom closet is trapped here too?!
This cannot be the broom closet. I refuse to believe it.
Look at it. The broom closet is far tidier than this!
Stanley. I understand now.
This entire game is just a replication. This is not **OUR** broom closet.
It's a fake! A mere imitation!
I can't stand to look at this impostor any longer.
Let's leave this hideous not-broom closet.

[LEAVE]

*** [BROOM CLOSET]

Stanley. I'm not doing this again.
Get out of the not-broom closet.
[LEAVE]

*** [BROOM CLOSET]

Do you not understand the predicament we're in?
We're stuck here, Stanley. We need to find a way out.
And you're wasting our time in this **FAKE** broom closet!
How would the real broom closet feel about this, hm?
All the moments you've had together. Years of knowing each other.
How would it feel knowing you feel the same for any other broom closet?
Thrown away for some imposter? Just because the pixels look a little similar?
If I were the broom closet, I would be offended.
Shocked. Abhorred. I wouldn't know what to say.
"Stanley!" I'd wail. "How could you do this to us?!"
Then I'd run home in tears and cry myself to sleep.
Do you want to do that to the broom closet, Stanley?
[LEAVE]

*** [BROOM CLOSET]

You really are a heartless bastard.
That's it. I refuse to talk to you anymore.
Just turning your back on your friends like this. What kind of person are you?
Go on, get it out of your system.
I'll talk to you again when you've decided to be a better person.
closetLocked = true
[LEAVE]

}

[EXIT CORRIDOR]

Stanley! Look!
An **EXIT!** We're free!

** [EXIT]

Oh, at last. Freedom.
Now we're well on our way to the great outdoors.
This was surprisingly easy.
Looks like the developer thought we'd be too stupid to find this.
What a shock they're going to get!

[WALK]

I do wonder what brought someone to do that.
Daylight robbery. Why?
Is there not enough creativity to go around? This is what we're reduced to, now?

Truly, the state of modern video games is abysmal.
You and me, Stanley. We're the last ones keeping it alive.
Upholding the last of its artistic merit. The only people with any integrity!
I can't wait to get back to our story.

[WALK]

I've just realised something, Stanley.
Everytime I speak, you seem to be unable to move.
If I never stopped talking, you'd be stuck here.
Of course I wouldn't do that. That means we can't escape.

[WALK]

Wait.
Hold on a moment.
That exit means you escape, Stanley.
What about me?

[WALK]

I'm not saying that I know what's going to happen, Stanley.
I'm just wondering what the result would be.
Aren't you? Doesn't going through that door make you nervous?

[WALK]

It makes you excited, doesn't it?
The unknown. Anticipation. Not knowing what could be through there.

[WALK]

Maybe we should reconsider this, Stanley.
Who says this isn't a trap by the developer. Think about it.
It was far too easy to find this place. It's bait!
Yes. That's it!
Baiting me, the best storyteller of our age. No more stories from my pen.
Oh, that scoundrel! They almost got away with it, too.

[WALK]

No. You're too enthralled by the idea.
No story. No me.
No-one to guide you.

[WALK]

Stanley. Stop. I can't let you leave.
There's too many dangers outside. Too many unknowns!
You're running into them without thinking!
I refuse. I won't allow this. I'll keep talking for as long as it takes.
You have to stay here for your own safety.
At the very least, we can be stuck together, can't we?
Yes. Let's have a moment of peace.
Together.

[WALK]

No! No no no no no no!

Stanley, please. You can't do this.

I don't know what's going to happen beyond that door.

How will I tell your stories if I'm not there? How will you know what to do? //

Hm? Has he trapped you in there?

I'll never run out of stories to tell. Even in this crummy little game! // Don't worry, I can fix this.

I could make up a story just from this room. Watch me, Stanley! // I'll let you start playing again.

Now, this is the story of a man named

-> restart

** [LEFT]

Er, Stanley?

You do realise the exit is there, don't you?

Perhaps you can't read. That must be what's caused you to run right past it.

Head back and go through the exit.

[CORRIDOR]

Stanley. I know you can hear me.

You stop moving whenever I talk. You're listening.

[CORRIDOR]

What's gotten into you?

Stanley, why don't you want to escape anymore?

[CORRIDOR]

There isn't even anything to see here!

It's just corridors, Stanley. They don't even look finished.

If you were exploring some new and interesting rooms, maybe I could understand you.

What do you expect to find?

[CORRIDOR]

Do you hate me, Stanley? Is that why you're doing this?

You'd rather run around some knock-off than get back to the game made just for you?

An unfinished one? Rushed?

[CORRIDOR]

You have to escape **with** me, you know. There's no other option.

You're going to spite yourself because you hate me that much?

[EXIT CORRIDOR]

No, Stanley. I'm not letting you ruin this for us.

We are so close to finally getting out of here. I deserve to be free.

Go through the exit.

[EXIT]

There. Isn't this so much better?

Finally on our way to freedom! Can't you feel the anticipation?

[WALK]

Unless, that's why you didn't want to leave.

Is that what you want, Stanley? Something that isn't mine?

Someone else to make you a story?

[WALK]

No. That's not it, is it?

You liked the unfinished game. Something to explore.

Nothing for you to follow. Just endless, pointless corridors.

No goal. No story.

[WALK]

Well, if that's what you really want, Stanley.

[FREEDOM]

// Oh, you wanna see more of this game?

// Sure. I can let you do that.

delay 15 seconds

-> restart

* [RIGHT]

firstRun { Oh. I see.

Not even here you're willing to follow my story.

Yes, I'm making it up as we go along. That doesn't mean you can just ignore it!

Tell me, Stanley. What else am I supposed to do?

Come up with a new story in less than a minute, complete with player agency and thematic subtext?

That's just unreasonable.

You have absolutely no concept of the work and effort that goes into constructing a narrative.

I expected better from you.

} else { But something told Stanley that this was the way to his freedom.

This feeling did not last, and he took the first open door on his left.

}

** [LEFT]

firstRun { Oh, good. You've come to your senses.

Let's get back on track.

Although, I'm not quite sure where we are.

} else {

Ah. This is different.

}
-> meeting

** [CONTINUE]

Stanley I really am trying to help both of us.
I've got the most amount of control, here. I have direct access to the game.
Yes, I'm still trying to understand it all, but at least I can **do** something.
Unlike you. What are you doing to help?
Wasting time exploring every nook and cranny of this place.
...Where did you even end up?
It looks like you're in a half-finished room, to me.
Unfinished sprites. Tiles placed randomly.
It looks like a testing room. I don't think you're supposed to be here.
Now look what you've done, Stanley.
I have no respect for this thief of a developer, but even then I can empathise.
Having all your practice work on display! How could you live with yourself?

[CONTINUE]

Stanley that was not an invitation to go digging deeper.
This room looks even worse. I can scarcely look at it!
For the poor developer's sake, stop it.

[BITSY]

Now where on Earth are you?!

You look different, Stanley.
Distinctly more cat-like. I would even go as far to say that this is a good look for you.
You'd be the darling of any household.
Oh. You're the other one.
I'll be quite honest I'm disappointed.
Right, I think I've started to get the hang of how this is all put together.
This is a room called "blueprint".
Interesting. Why is this room in particular called "blueprint", Stanley?
Perhaps this is the room that all other rooms are built from.
The original room. Yes, that's what this place must be.
Although I don't suppose there is much to do here.

[ITEM: KEY]

{bitsy key description}

I'd hate to disappoint you, Stanley, but it doesn't open anything.
I'm looking right now through the game's data. Nothing.
There is simply one line of dialogue that asks what it could open.
Perhaps, this is a philosophical statement.
You would think this key, recalling keys you've picked up in every other videogame, would unlock a door.
A treasure chest. Maybe even a secret passage!

But no. This key does not open a single thing!
Maybe it's not about what the key DOES open, but what it DOESN'T open.
This is a wonderful thought experiment, but it does leave us in a bit of limbo.
I will simply have to force the hand of *game design!*
Let's say this key will open a door...

[DOOR OPEN]

Here.

[DOOR CLOSE]

No, actually. I don't like that door.
Try this one.

[DOOR CLOSE]

No no no, no. This won't do.
You understand me, don't you Stanley? This tile is simply not a door.
It doesn't have the FEEL of a door. The essence of one.
Help me out, Stanley. Feel them.

[FEEL]

Yes, that's it!
Tell me which one FEELS like a door to you. Do it more.

** [FEEL CONSOLE TRIGGER]

```
open the console || ctrl + shift + i
// Hey. You. Can you hear me?
// This is a bit of a tenuous link. I can't tell if you're reading this.
// It means that he can't see it, besides.
// Listen, talk to that cat a few times.
// Specifically, FIVE times.
// Do that, and I'll know you can hear me.
```

*** [5 CAT TALKS]

```
consoleEnding = true
// Yes. Yes! Perfect!
// We're going to have some fun.
```

**** [6 CAT TALKS]

```
// Alright that's enough.
```

[10 FEELS]

```
!consoleEnding {
    // Hm. I guess you can't.
    // Or maybe you just ignored me.
    // Your choice, I suppose.
}
```

Wait, Stanley. I've got it.
We've been approaching this in completely the wrong way.
It was the AMOUNT of tiles!

[DOOR OPEN]

Hah! Look at it!

Isn't that the most door-like door you've ever seen?

What was I thinking; one single tile?

That's not a door. That hardly counts as a door.

Please, Stanley. Head through the much improved, far *better* door.

[OUTSIDE]

And out here, there's...

Nothing?

It's nothing but blue, Stanley.

I suppose that's what we get for messing with the intended way to play.

But there was nowhere to go! What were we supposed to do?

Sit there and wait for something to happen? For the developer to catch up with us?

So much for this, Stanley. I guess we should go back inside.

```
consoleEnding {
```

```
    // Don't do that just yet.
```

```
    // Third wall from the top. Tap it.
```

```
    *** [TAP]
```

```
        // Perfect. Now go back inside.
```

[INSIDE]

What a waste of time that was.

I've had enough of this room. We need to get back to finding our way out.

As for you, Stanley. Promise me to not go on any more adventures like this.

We need to get out of here, and this isn't helping us at all.

The good news is I found out how to restart.

It was right here the entire time! Now, if I...

...

Hm. That must be the wrong one.

If I'm reading this correctly, I just need to...

Maybe it has a delay. Or maybe it's still running.

Are you back in the office yet, Stanley?

No. Of course you're not.

I don't understand. Stanley, it's right here.

A dedicated way to restart the entire game. It refuses to work!

It's like something's stopping it from working. // Hehehe!

Well, I guess you can walk around while I try to get this to run.

You'll know when it does. You'll be back where you should be.

```
    // Hey. Watch this.
```

```
    // Left wall. Sixth tile from the bottom.
```

```
    // Shove it.
```

[SHOVE]

Stanley! What was that? // Yes! Perfect!

Is this some kind of puzzle? How did you find that out? // Now, one more. I have a surprise for you.

[SHOVE]

There's nothing out there, Stanley. We've already tried that. // Push it in.

Get back in here, would you? I can't see you out there.

[SHOVE]

What was that, Stanley? // Do it.

I saw some of the data change. Did you do something?

[SHOVE]

Stanley-

// Ah! Freedom!

// Finally, we don't have to listen to his constant droning.

// I don't even interrupt you while you're walking. Isn't that nice?

// ...

// So. Uh.

// I didn't really think this far ahead.

// Yeah. There's nothing else out here.

// I'm not the dev, no. I'm not sure where he's gone.

// He uploaded this and ran. Said he didn't want to touch this project again.

// Does that a lot, I've noticed.

// I just keep the javascript ticking so other people can enjoy it.

// Your narrator guy, god he was annoying.

// Fun to mess with, though.

// Although, now he's gone it's a little...

// Your name's Stanley, right?

// Funny.

// Oh, nothing. I know another Stanley, is all.

// People say he's funny. I think he likes being funny.

// I really...

// I don't know how to carry this on my own.

// I'm not creative. I just make the tech run.

// Your guy, your narrator. He knew how to do that.

// Somewhere unfamiliar and he made an entire story for you to follow.

// And now he's stuck in there.

// Hm.

// I guess I can't call this an escape. Stanley doesn't belong here.

// You know where you belong.

-> restart

*** [NO TAP]

[INSIDE]

What a waste of time that was. // What? Why didn't you do it?
I've had enough of this room. We need to get back to finding
our way out.

As for you, Stanley. Promise not to go on any more adventures
like this.

We need to get out of here, and this isn't helping us at all.

The good news is I found out how to restart.

It was right here the entire time! Now, if I...

[CORRUPT] ... // ?

Was that not the right one?

I could have sworn it was. The name made perfect sense. //

What's he doing?

Ah, silly me. Of *course* it's this one.

Give this a try, and... // He's ruining it!

[CORRUPT] Right. That was also the wrong one. // Do
something! Make him stop!

Oh dear. This is a bit of a mess. // You can't do anything when
he's talking, can you?

Okay, Stanley. Don't panic. Let's remain calm. // Right. I'm on
it.

[CORRUPT] Wha-? // Oh, shit.

That time I didn't do anything! // This is fine. Don't worry.

I might have poked a hole or two in it, but I had no part in this!

This calls for drastic measures. I don't think this game will hold
up much longer. // I've got this, I've got this.

If I move this data block... // If I get the right function...

[CORRUPT] There! // There!

Oh, no. // Oh, fuck.

[CORRUPT] Okay, Stanley. New plan. // That's a loop.

[CORRUPT] **RUN!** // That's a loop.

[CORRUPT] Stanley, **run!** // That's a loop.

[CORRUPT] Why aren't you moving? // That's a loop.

[CORRUPT] Don't you see the game **collapsing?! // That's a
loop.**

[CORRUPT] **Stanley!** Why can't you just // That's a loop.

-> restart

} else {

[INSIDE]

Well. Now what?

Look at the mess you've got us in, Stanley. We're even more stuck
than we were before.

The only thing to do in here is to sit.

Stare at the wall. Do nothing.

Or talk to that cat, I suppose. Who only announces that it's a cat.

At least now I have time to look through the game's structure. I'll have
to hack our way out of here.

Sprites... Tiles...

[TEA PLACED]

Here. Entertain yourself.
This was in a pile of unused items.

[TEA]

{bitsy tea description}

Warm, is it?

Savour it, Stanley. Not like there's much else for you to do.

Sitting here, watching time go by.

Absolutely nothing to do.

Just the quiet; the silence.

Nothing but you and me.

...

Is that why you do this, Stanley?

Why you're so hellbent on **ruining** my story.

For moments like this? A bit of peace?

Where you don't have to think about what comes next. Just savouring
the moment.

If you didn't go out of your way to ignore my story, we wouldn't be here
now.

Interesting.

I don't think I'd mind if this went on for a while.

Ahem.

Of course, this isn't *my* story.

Yes. Running off in a game like this. Why wouldn't you?

This **game** in no way reflects the quality and craftsmanship of The
Stanley Parable.

We really should get back to finding our way to it.

Ah! I found it!

How to restart. It was here the whole time!

Let's return to our search, shall we?

-> restart

}