The Coda Parable

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Summary

The events of "An Ending" are extended! Coda shows Stanley his games and is inspired to get back into game-making again. Meanwhile, the narrator and Davey vow to steal Stanley back and return him to The Stanley Parable, no matter what it takes. Watch the two groups explosively collide in my most ambitious fanfiction to date. (UPDATING SLOWLY)
The First Chapter

Stanley opened his eyes and took a brief look around. He found himself in a gray room with white glow on the walls. A sign on the wall read "Warning. Whisper Machine Status: Active. Evacuate Immediately". An alarm blared, causing him to wince.

"Oh! Sorry!" Coda said. "Let me turn that off."

There were a few keypresses as Coda typed in the console "ent_fire alarmsound kill", causing the loud blaring noise to immediately stop. The only sound left was the quiet musical track in the background... the one that Davey had added to it.

"All right. All right," Coda said. "I didn't really think this through. Give me a minute."

Coda got up from his computer chair and walked away from the keyboard, leaving Stanley alone.

He looked around, finally realizing what had happened to him. For the first time ever, he had left The Stanley Parable entirely. Sure, he was just stuck in a new game now, but at least he was making progress.

He looked down at his hands and noticed an SMG had appeared in them. This game had weapons? Perhaps, Stanley wondered, this new game would have some goal to it? An ending? Could he get to the end and beat it? And if he did, then would he finally be free? Could the endless looping break and free him? Could there be resolution to his meaningless existence?

He set off down the corridor and was not too surprised to find it completely empty. If Davey had been inspired by Coda, then he could assume that this game would be similar to The Stanley Parable. So far, it was, just slightly... different vibes to it.

Stanley felt truly alone. This time there was no narrator, and not even a player watching over him. He was so relieved. For the first time, there was nobody inside of his head, nobody trying to take apart his psyche and figure out who he was. Finally, to be free! It was just him and the world.

He didn't like feeling lonely so much as he went along. He walked and walked, only finding more and more to see. Where was he even going? What was this place?

His question was answered when, proceeding through rooms big and small, he happened upon a large window. Outside, he could see stars, and for a moment it looked endless. But then he saw it for what it was... a skybox. Of course. A empty flat wall painted with stars. The presence and lack of infinity in games would always be a paradox to Stanley. He could never have the right kinds of it.

He continued on away from the window and found himself at the entrance to a maze. Stanley sighed softly upon the realization. Choices, choices... and only one of them was correct. How was he supposed to find his way through?

He picked a direction to go, and decided he would keep moving that way until he got through the maze. He picked left, and left he went. Left, left, and left again. Yes, this was right, he felt. Surely this strategy would get him through the maze!

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After more than a few wrong turns, Stanley at last grudging made it through the maze and found
himself in the last room. A window looked in to a blue room, lit that way by a laser of the same color. A voice told him... something. He couldn't hear, because the computer's sound level was turned too low.

Then the door inside the room opened.

As he entered the laser room, the door closed behind him. He looked around the small space and realized there was no other way out. He had nowhere else to go but the beam. So he entered the beam.

There was a loud zapping noise and he slowly began to rise into the air. Everything below him was laid out for him to see. All those rooms, all those hallways, he saw it all. Everything there was to this game, as he rose and rose. Higher and higher, as the game got lower and lower. Up into the stars.

He went up into the top part of the skybox and everything went black.

A console popped open in front of him, waiting to be typed in. He floated through the emptiness, pondering its meaning. Was this what was used to run the game? Did he... have control?

He typed in a command: map. The autofill immediately jumped in for him, asking him where exactly he wanted to go next. He scrolled through the titles. All of Coda's games... they all looked so interesting. But one caught his eye in particular: puzzle.bsp, as it was called. That one seemed interesting to him.

He had never played a puzzle game before. It would be nice to try one.

He typed in "puzzle" and bam, just like that, he teleported into a completely new world.

He ran along the concrete and orange hallways, at last arriving at a wooden door. Stanley pulled a lever next to it, causing the door to slowly slide open. He walked through into a dark black space, only to find another door on the other side. He couldn't open it.

He pushed the lever again absentmindedly, causing the first door to close and the second one to open. He quickly ran back through, arriving in the dark space again. The first door was closed behind him, unable to be opened again. But that didn't matter, because now he could move on.

Stanley walked down the hallways, relived. That puzzle hadn't given him too much trouble. Were there any more to solve, he wondered?

Nope, apparently not. He had just reached the end of the hallway. He was a little disappointed that was all, but at least there were more maps to play.

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Coda walked back into his bedroom to find Stanley on the stage of a theater, happily grinning as he infinitely bounced back and forth between two large cones.

"Having fun?" Coda said.

Stanley realized then that Coda was back. He didn't have to be alone any more. That was great.

"I used to show these games to Davey. Before he took them and started showing them to people
without my permission. I told him to stop doing that, but he didn't. Instead, he combined them all into a single game and started selling it on Steam, where the whole world could see it." Coda took a sharp breath. "He edited them and lied to people about me, just so he could suit his needs of having a larger grand narrative to everything. And he called it 'The Beginner's Guide'. He took what was private and special to me, and gave it away for money. For MONEY."

This was too much to say, and Coda stopped himself there. He was talking to a player character, and one of Davey's creations at that. What would it understand? Why would Stanley care about him? Why anyone?

Stanley tried to open his mouth, to tell him that it was okay and that they would all be fine. But instead, he said something else.

"I stayed up all night and--"

He shut his mouth immediately. He would not let himself be forced to say that dumb thing again! He couldn't look like an idiot in front of the only person he had left to trust. He swallowed down the words and found his voice.

"I like the night, so I stayed up all night once to watch the stars. Back at the office. Cracked open a window and looked out at what I thought I could never have," Stanley said. "That game--The Whisper Machine--reminded me what that felt like."

"It did?" Coda asked. "Heh, okay. I don't... don't really talk about my old games. You know? Because it's the past, and it's over and done. Never coming back."

"Never?"

"It's one of the ways we differed. Davey loved to dwell in the past, and I was always living in the present," Coda said. "I am glad you enjoyed it though... Man, I wish I hadn't stopped making games."

"You stopped?" Stanley asked. "Stopped making these things?"

"Sadly, yes. The whole Davey problem left me with a bad taste in my mouth and... more than a little damaged. So I stopped completely. It didn't give me a happy release to my emotions anymore, it was just putting me in more pain... So I decided I was completely done with games." Coda said. "I can hardly even remember anything about Source engine development anymore. I'd have to learn it all over again."

"That sounds tiresome," Stanley said, trying to relate. He had always been in the game, always been a tool to the player, always been a part of a finished project. He could have wished he had the ability to see what it's like to be on the inside.

"I think I want to learn again," Coda said. "I will... Learn again. I will! I want to make games again!" He paused a moment. "Will you... help me Stanley?"

He had already seen everything there was to offer here in this "beginner's guide". Unless he wanted to explore these tiny little worlds over and over again, with absolutely no changes to it at all... Terrifying. He needed to go someplace where there was so much to do and so much to see...even if he had to take the backstreets to get there.
"Of course I'll help you," Stanley said. "When do we start?"

"Right now."

Coda cut and copied Stanley's files into C:/Program Files/Mozilla Firefox and opened the browser. Time to pay a quick visit to the old Valve Developer Wiki...
Chapter 2

The Narrator looked around the office building. Nothing had changed, but in his eyes the place had taken on a more gloomy connotation. Without Stanley here, there was nothing to do anymore. Nothing else to narrate. He sat there in a huff, watching through the camera monitors at the emptiness of everything.

He had gotten so bored that he had begun to tell stories to himself just to pass the time.

"This is the story of a dust bunny named Jimbo..."

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Davey Wreden hazarded a look at the Stanley Parable Steam page. The sales on the game had gone down dramatically over time, and the reviews were filled up with angry thumbs pointing downwards.

"Game doesn't work."
"Always crashes after pushing play. 0/10 give me a refund."
"Game worked. You update game. Game does not work anymore. Thanks."
"game was good, secrets were cool. game is no longer good, secrets are now unreachable. davey is dumb. signed, william"

He sighed and closed down Steam. When Coda tried to get The Beginner's Guide taken down with a DMCA notice last month, he settled it out of court by making the game free-to-play. This game--his masterpiece--had been his only stream of revenue left, and now it as well was gone. Unless he could somehow fix this, and fast, he would be on the streets.

Only one thing to do.

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"And one day, something unusual happened. Something that Jimbo would never forg..."

He heard a ringing from a telephone in the office. Someone was calling him. At last, someone to talk to.

"I-- Hold on a moment, Jimbo!" He said to the dust mote. "I'll be back with you shortly." He
zoomed down into the area just outside Stanley's office and picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"It's me," Davey said on the other end. "I have a new job for you."

"And what would that be?" The Narrator asked.

"Find Stanley. Wherever he is now, find him," Davey said. "I'm granting you full file permissions and internet access."

"Really?" The narrator asked.

He had never been granted full access before. Never! Was it a trick?

"Yes, really. It's not a trick. I really need you," Davey continued. "Go find him and bring him back to where he's supposed to be, so I can seal him into the game. Permanently."

Davey ended the call and laughed.

"It's only a matter of time, Stanley. Only a matter of time..."
Map 1

Chapter Notes

Sorry for being away so long. I've been gone from this website for a long while, and I apologize for leaving this fanfic unupdated for so long.

I have been working for a while and I finally found time in my busy life to make a third chapter. Here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Coda stared at the empty screen in frustration. He panned the camera view through the mostly-empty Source map, staring at the one platform he had added floating in the center of a sky-textured box. He groaned in frustration.

“Ugh, now I remember why I stopped,” He said. “These low points. They got so common in the end.”

His attention was directed to Stanley, who appeared to be walking in circles around the edge of the platform. He didn’t fully understand how Stanley could move through the 3-D space when the engine wasn’t in play mode. Heck, he hadn’t even saved or compiled this map yet. He groaned again, closing his eyes and wracking his brain for ideas.

“I don’t know what to make,” He complained to no one in particular.

“Start simple,” Stanley suggested. “Make something you’re familiar with.”

“Like what?”

“Well, I’ve spend most of my life inside an office building...”

“An office...” Coda said, thinking it over. Of course Stanley would say that.

But it actually made a lot of sense. Offices were rectangular in shape and had lots of hallways and doors. He could make it as simple or complex as he wanted to. The geometry and decoration was effortless (and thoughtless even), so he could focus on his favorite part: the experience.

The experience was essential to Coda. It was what made his games his, a signature that he left on each one that marked them as distinct. And this experience was not equal to the gameplay or enjoyability. Davey had made this mistake in the past. His games weren’t meant to be played, nor enjoyed. They simply existed as what they were.

So he began work on the office.

Stanley moved out of the way as Coda began adding walls to the sides of the large platform. He looked up in aww as the cursor dragged the walls upwards one-by-one, after which a second floor appeared above him. Stairs were popped in last, platform by platform opening a pathway for Stanley and allowing him to descend into the newly-created space.

It was a homely space. Desks were on one side, computers on each of them, and they were placed
in perfect rows, all facing a single plaster wall. On the other side was a wooden table with a vase on it, surrounded by a few couches. Stanley saw a vending machine wedged in the corner and noted that it was a perfect copy of the one in the meeting room of his office.

“What do you think, Stanley?” Coda asked nervously.

Stanley gave the room another glance, then turned towards a floating green camera (he assumed it was Coda’s view of the place) and said, “It’s got potential.”

“What does that mean?”

“I believe you said something about compiling.”

“Oh!” Coda said. “Oh no, the compiler.”

Coda dragged Stanley’s files out of the Source engine so he wouldn’t be affected, then clicked on File and selected “Run Game...” He briefly looked over the options, then clicked “Ok”, causing a console to pop open as the compiler passed judgment on his map.

After a few excruciating minutes, the compiler finished its work and the game launched successfully. He pressed the escape button to skip the Valve logo, then waited a minute more as the map finished loading.

He took a brief look around the space. Everything was as he had placed it. The first floor of the office, he realized now, was a large empty box due to him forgetting to decorate it with props. He went up the stairs to the second floor, which was the one he had decorated. The desks were still lined up facing the wall, and the couches were on the other side. The rooms were a bit dark, though. He would need to add more lighting to the map.

“How did it go?” Stanley asked.

“It was good,” Coda said. “Needs a lot more work though. The first floor is still empty.”

He sat back to himself, wondering what he would put in it. He didn’t know, but did get the idea to move the player start to the top floor. He filled the second floor with many lights, grinning as he did so. The player would start in a well-lit office, and in going downstairs, they would leave this light and enter a dark basement made of concrete.

This was a wonderful idea, and he began to get to work on it immediately. He popped Stanley back into the map, allowing him to run around and excitedly provide feedback on the creation process.

He didn’t usually work with others. (Davey didn’t count.) For a long while, he had attempted to shut himself off from other people, because he was worried they would be like Davey had been to him. But there were nice people in the world, he knew now, and this interaction with Stanley was the final proof he needed.

Sure, Stanley was a direct product of a person he hated. But that didn’t stop him from being a pretty nice guy. Stanley, like Coda, was a victim of Davey’s controlling nature. They had both escaped, and now that they were together, he believed they had the power to change their lives for the better. Coda was returning to his old passion, and Stanley had found a new purpose in life.

He hated the creator, but he was definitely loving this creation.

Chapter End Notes
They were united!
They were together.
They were unbreakable?
This might come as a surprise, but I haven’t really made much progress at all. I’m no closer to finding Stanley now than when I first started on this business.

I assumed it was going to be easy, especially with the new freedoms I’ve been given. All I have to go is go find him, grab him, and bring him back here. Sounds simple. But it is anything but.

The biggest suspect of where Stanley could have gone to, according to Davey, is his old colleague Coda. And Coda did a rather good job of covering his tracks. He has no social media accounts, no registered emails or contacts. I haven’t found a single place where it’s recorded an IP he could be found through, and no one by the name of “Coda” is registered in any phone number register. I checked all of them. Nothing.

I need to find Stanley. We were cut from the same cloth, him and I. There cannot be one of us without the other. We were bust buds! We were inseparable. That’s what I used to believe.

But now Stanley has taken his chance to run off on a new adventure, one no longer confined to the walls of the Parable. I don’t know where he is. I just don’t know. But it is my hope that he will be returning soon.

Besides, every game needs a control piece. My job is to put this one back.
This video was originally posted August 28th, but was deleted. After a long time searching it has been found again. The audio, unfortunately, was not recoverable.
Coda stared at the words in disbelief.
He used to have a Discord account a long time ago. But it wasn't right for him. There were too many people and the conversations went too fast to keep up with. He lurked for a few months on some game development servers, putting thumbs up emotes next to pictures and videos of other people's games. He was too afraid to post his own, though, as it never looked as great in comparison to these. At last, he stopped using Discord altogether.

He revived the account for Stanley. He was bored of the same thing all the time and wanted other people to talk to. But this, as Coda saw now, had been a mistake.

He set his status to offline and quit Discord. He plugged a USB into his computer and began copying files onto it. This took a few minutes.

He was done, and unplugged the USB, putting it now into his laptop. The files were at last copied over, and Coda shut down his main computer.

He put some food and clothes into a backpack, then walked out the front door and closed it behind him.

"Wha..." Stanley said, sounding half-asleep. "Where am I?"

"Welcome to my laptop," Coda said. "We're going to go on a little trip."

Coda got into his car and began to drive down the road.

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