

[FIND THE WAY TO MONUMENT ISLAND]

(X: SEARCH CORPSE /kɔrps/ )

Policeman 2: It's the fireman! He's here.

Policeman 1: He'll take care of this son of bitch.

(X: PICK UP MEDIUM PHIAL /'faɪəl/ OF SALTS)

Booker: It's getting hot, what's going on.

Booker: Oh great.

(TAKE THE VIGOR /'vɪgə/ FOMR THE FIREMAN)

Booker: “Devil’s kiss”. Well, you only live once.



(GO TO THE MONUMENT ISLAND AND FIND THE GIRL)

(Narrator: Press to throw a fiery /'faɪəri/ grenade /grə'ned/ / Hold and release to create an explosive /ɪk'splɒsɪv/ trap /træp/ )

Booker: whew...that wasn’t no sample.

(ENTER BLUE RIBBON /'rɪbən/ )

A Gentleman: We have company.

A Lady: We have indeed.

Booker: Why are you following me?

A Lady: We are already here.

A Gentleman: Why are YOU following us.

Booker: [sigh]

A Lady: Aperitif /ə.pɛrə'tɪf/.

(X: PICK UP SHIELD /ʃɪld/ UPGRADE)

(ADD a magnetic /mæɡ'netɪk/ -repulsive /rɪ'pʌlsɪv/ field to improve defense /dɪ'fens/ )

Booker: Ooh...What was that?

A Lady: Hmm. Surprising.

A Gentleman: Surprising that it worked?

A Lady: Surprising that it didn’t kill you?

A Gentleman: But a magnetic-repulsive field around one’s body can come in handy.

A Lady: If it doesn’t kill you.

A Gentleman: A fair point.

(X: PICK UP INFUSION /ɪn'fjuʒn/ )

Automaton Driver: We’re sorry to say that Monument Island is off-limits. You’ve got to go.

(USE THE SKY-LINES TO REACH MONUMENT ISLAND)

Automaton Driver: Workmen should proceed /pro'sɪd/ to the island by means of the sky-line.

(SKY-LINE FREIGHT TO MONUMENT ISLAND)

Booker: The sky-lines, huh?

Booker: Those things them coppers /'kɒpə/ came riding in back by the lottery /'lɒtəri/ .

(L: Throttle/'θrɒtl/ / LT: Lock on Target / R: Reserve / A: Strike / A: Dismount)

Booker: Whoaaaa! Whoa /wo/ .

Gunship PA: Give HEED /hid/ , believers /brɪ'li:və/ ! The is menace /'menəs/ ! There is THREAT /θret/ !

(A: ATTACH /ə'tætʃ/ )

(ASCEND /ə'send/ THE BUILDING TO REACH THE SKYLINE)

Comstock: Stand down!

Praying Man: He who crossed the Delaware , with flaming /'fleɪmɪŋ/ sword and the wing of angels.

Praying Man 1: Watch over me and lend /lend/ me strength.

Praying Man 2: Father Washington...hear my prayer /preɪ/ ..

Booker: Need to hear the roof /ruf/ ..and take that sky-line to Monument Island.

Comstock: I know why you’ve came. False Shepherd. I see every sin /sɪn/ that blackens /'blækən/ your souls. Wounded knee. The pinkertons /'pɪŋkətn/ . The drinking and gambling /'gæmblɪŋ/ . And of course, Anna.



Comstock: And now, to repay a debt, you’ve came for my lamb. But not all debt can be repaid, Booker.

Booker: You don’t know me, pal!

Comstock: Prophecy /'prɒfəsi/ is my business. Mr Dewitt, as blood is yours. Do you know why these men will die for me? Because I have seen their future in the glory /'ɡlɒri/ , and hence /hens/ they are content /'kɒntənt/ .

Comstock: What brought you to Columbia, Booker. “Bring us the girl and wipe away the debt”? This will end in blood. Dewitt. But then again, it always does with you, doesn’t it? It always ends in blood.

Booker: ..Jesus /'dʒɪzəs/.

(X: PULL LEVER /'levə/ )

Comstock: You’ve come to lead my lamb astray, but they crook /kruk/ is bent /bent/ and thy /ðai/ path is twisted /'twɪstɪd/. Go back to the sodom from which you came!

Comstock: Go back!

(BOARD /bɔrd/ PROPHET COMSTOCK’S ZEPPELIN /'zɛpəlɪn/)

Booker: Holy shit...

Booker: I got to find the controls to take this things to Monument Island.

(FIND THE ZEPPELIN’S CONTROLS)

(X: RIG /rɪɡ/ STEERING /'stɪrɪŋ/ )

Booker: Okay, i’m sure i can get this thing done.

Comstock: The Lord forgives everything. But I’m just a prophet..so I don’t have to. Amen.

Woman: Amen.

Booker: Jesus!

Booker: Gotta get the hell out of here.

(EACAPE THE ZEPPELIN)

Booker: Holy shit! That was close.

(FIND THE GIRL)

Booker: Well, there it is: Monument Island.