

Male Pilgrim 1: And how do we know this was the new Eden?

Male Pilgrim 1: Are we to rely upon our own pride to make it so?

Pilgrims: No, because our pride cannot make it so.

Male Pilgrim 1: We know because the Angel Columbia **favoured** /feɪvərd/ our Founders with three gifts of gold.

Booker: The **idiot** /'ɪdɪət/ priest /prɪst/ should learn the difference between **baptising** a man and **drowning** /drəʊn/ one.

Female Pilgrim 1: To Father Washington, she granted a sword of gold, so that Eden would have strength that set her **above** other nations.

Booker: I need to find a **landmark** /lændmɑrk/ and figure out where the hell I am.

(Notice: **LOCATE** /'ləʊkət/ **THE STATUE** /stætjʊ/ **OF COLUMBIA**)

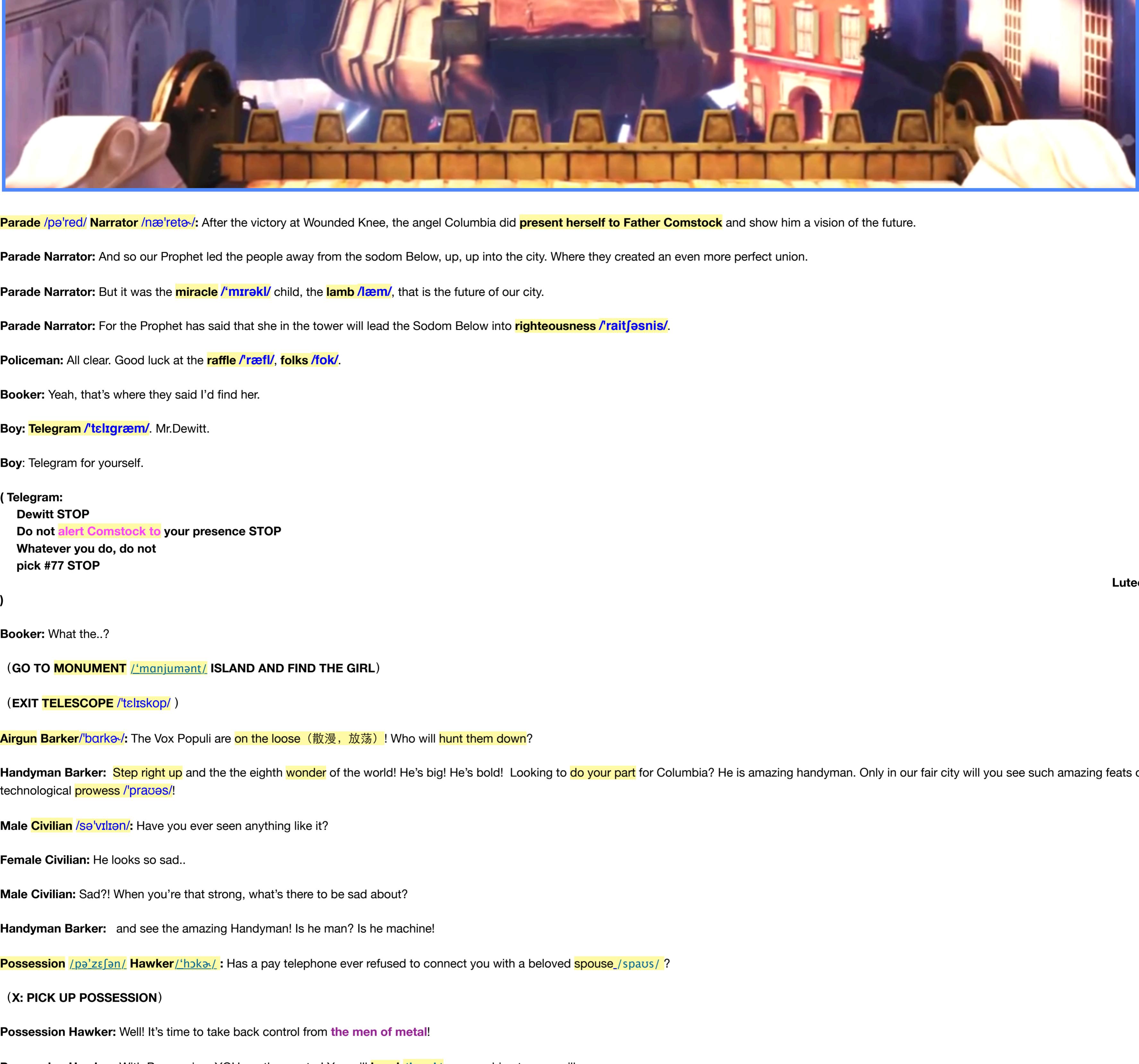
Male Pilgrim 2: To Father Franklin: a key of gold, so that Eden might have industry that set her **above** all other nations.

Male Pilgrim: Our Prophet fills our **lungs** /lʌŋz/ with water, so they may better love the air.

Booker: Just **cause** [ko:z] a city flies don't mean it **ain't** (= **am not**) [eint] got its **fair share** of fools.

Booker: All right...still **got a girl to find**.

(X: OPEN THE DOOR)



Parade /pɑːred/ **Narrator** /nærətreɪt/: After the victory at Wounded Knee, the angel Columbia did **present herself to Father Comstock** and show him a vision of the future.

Parade Narrator: And so our Prophet led the people away from the sodom Below, up, up into the city. Where they created an even more perfect union.

Parade Narrator: But it was the **miracle** /'mɪrəkl/ child, the **lamb** /læm/, that is the future of our city.

Parade Narrator: For the Prophet has said that she in the tower will lead the Sodom Below into **righteousness** /raɪtʃənsɪs/.

Policeman: All clear. Good luck at the **raffle** /rafl/, folks /fɔ:k/.

Booker: Yeah, that's where they said I'd find her.

Boy: **Telegram** /telɪgræm/. Mr.Dewitt.

Boy: Telegram for yourself.

(Telegram:
Dewitt STOP
Do not **alert** Comstock to your presence STOP
Whatever you do, do not
pick #77 STOP

Lutece

)

Booker: What the..?

(GO TO MONUMENT /monjumant/ ISLAND AND FIND THE GIRL)

(EXIT TELESCOPE /telɪskop/)

Airgun Barker /bɑːkər/: The Vox Populi are **on the loose** (散漫, 放蕩) ! Who will **hunt them down**?

Handyman Barker: Step right up and the eighth **wonder** of the world! He's big! He's bold! Looking to **do your part** for Columbia? He is amazing handyman. Only in our fair city will you see such amazing feats of technological prowess /prəʊɛs/!

Male Civilian /so:vɪən/: Have you ever seen anything like it?

Female Civilian: He looks so sad..

Male Civilian: Sad?! When you're that strong, what's there to be sad about?

Handyman Barker: and see the amazing Handyman! Is he man? Is he machine!

Possession /pə'zeʃən/ **Hawker** /hɔ:kər/: Has a pay telephone ever refused to connect you with a beloved spouse./spaus/ ?

(X: PICK UP POSSESSION)

Possession Hawker: Well! It's time to take back control from **the men of metal**!

Possession Hawker: With Possession, YOU are the master! You will **bend** /bend/ any machine to your will.

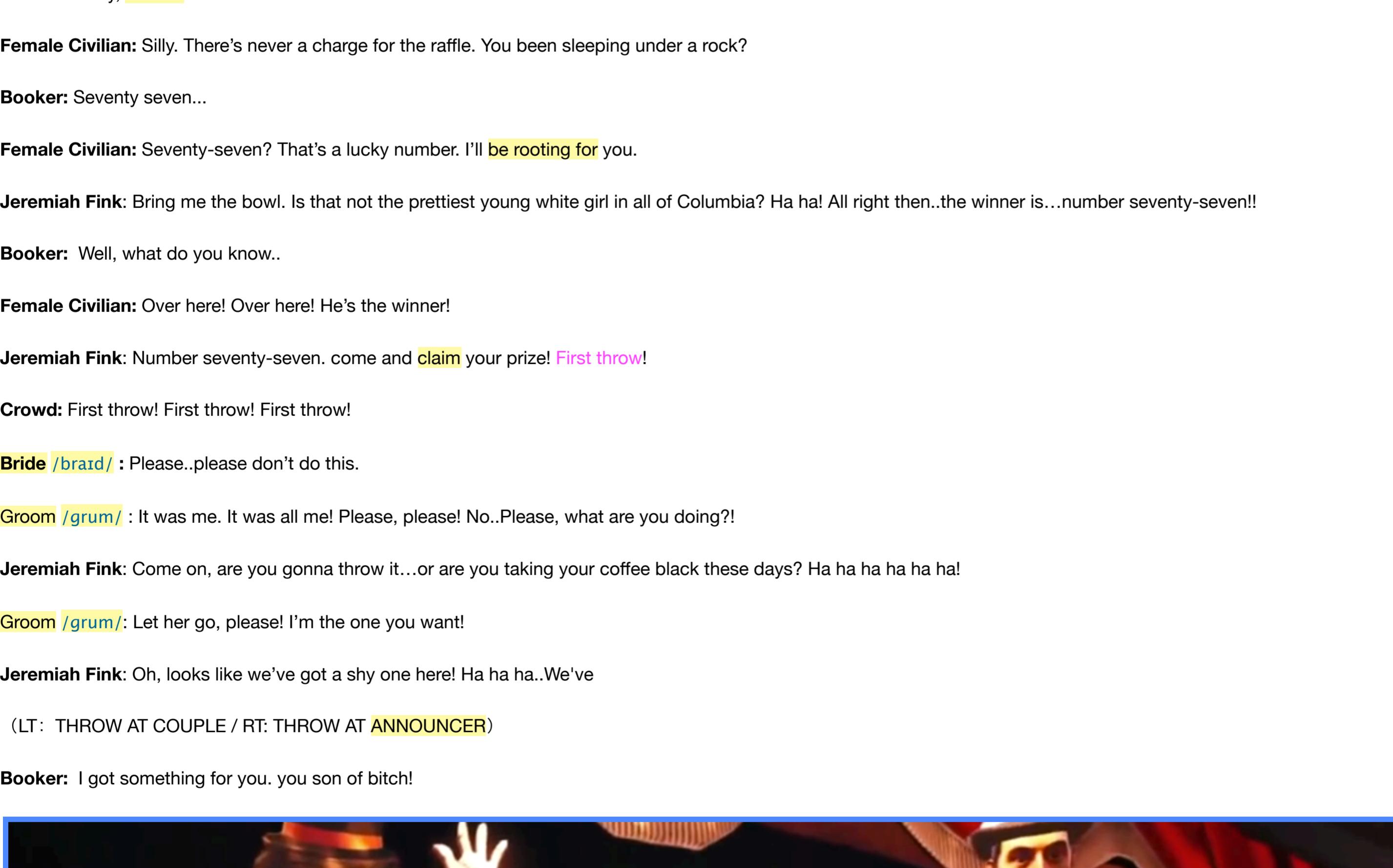
Booker: Give me one of those.

Possession Hawker: With just a **whisper** /wɪspər/, they're **all ears** (全神贯注听, 洗耳恭听) ...

Narrator: Press to turn machines into **allies** /ə'læɪz/ !

Booker: What the hell was that?

Automation /ə'tomētən/ **Ticket Taker:** Well, if it isn't **Assemblyman** /ə'sembli'mən/ Buford! Your spot at the raffle awaits. Don't know why I didn't recognize you before. Odd! Always good to have gentleman of your caliber /kələbər/ at our fine fairgrounds.



A Gentleman: Heads..

A Lady: Or tails..

Booker: Come on, let me through.

A Gentleman: Heads..

A Lady: Or tails..

Booker: Huh?

(X: FLIP COIN)

Booker: Uh..heads.

A Gentleman: Told you.

A Lady: Hmmm.

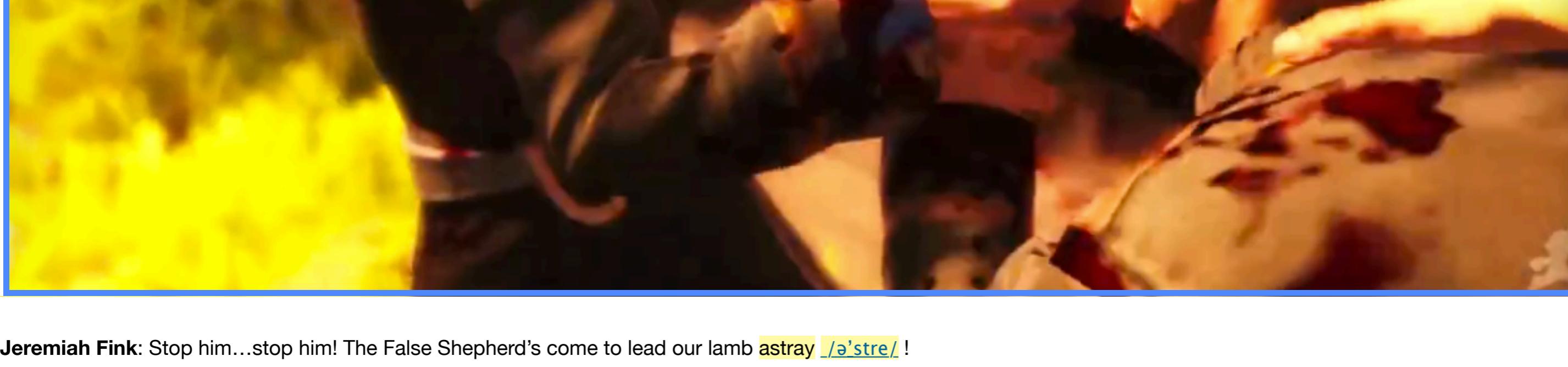
A Gentleman: I never find that as satisfying as I'd imaged.

A Lady: Chin /tʃɪn/ up. There's always next time.

A Gentleman: I suppose there is.

(You shall know the False Shepherd /fə'shedər/ by his mark!)

Booker: What the..?



Female Civilian: This is it! This is it!

Male Civilian: We'll see about that. I'm feeling lucky.

Male Civilian: Ah. I feel I've waited all year for this!

Male Civilian 2: You always got a feeling.

Jeremiah Fink: Splendid /'splendɪd/. ha ha ha!

Jeremiah Fink: And now, the 1912 Raffle has officially begun!

Female Civilian: Hey, mister! Mister /mɪstər/ !

(X: TALK TO THE WOMAN)

Booker: Sorry, **no sale**.

Female Civilian: Silly. There's never a charge for the raffle. You been sleeping under a rock?

Booker: Seventy seven...

Female Civilian: Seventy-seven? That's a lucky number. I'll **be rooting** for you!

Jeremiah Fink: Bring me the bowl. Is that not the prettiest young white girl in all of Columbia? Ha ha! All right then..the winner is...number seventy-seven!!

Booker: Well, what do you know.

Female Civilian: Over here! Over here! He's the winner!

Jeremiah Fink: Number seventy-seven. come and **claim** your prize! First throw!

Crowd: First throw! First throw! First throw!

Bride /brɪdʒ/ : Please..please don't do this.

Groom /gru:m/ : It was me. It was all me! Please, please! No..Please, what are you doing?!

Jeremiah Fink: Come on, are you gonna throw it...or are you taking your coffee black these days? Ha ha ha ha ha!

Groom /gru:m/: Let her go, please! I'm the one you want!

Jeremiah Fink: Oh, looks like we've got a shy one here! Ha ha ha..We've

(LT: THROW AT COUPLE / RT: THROW AT ANNOUNCER)

Booker: I got something for you. you son of bitch!

Jeremiah Fink: Wait! Gotta /gətə/ do something about that!

Jeremiah Fink: Now, where'd you get that brand, boy? Don't you know that makes you back-stabbing, snake-in-the-grass (伪君子) False Shepherd?

Policeman: The False Shepherd!

Jeremiah Fink: And we **ain't lettin'** no False Shepherd into our flock, ha ha! Show him what we got planned, boys!

Jeremiah Fink: Stop him...stop him! The False Shepherd's come to lead our lamb astray /a'streɪ/ !

(FIGHT YOUR WAY TO MONUMENT ISLAND)

