Bioshock 2: Minerva's Den
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The year is 1968. Subject Sigma, an Alpha Series Big Daddy, walks through tunnels of Rapture towards Minerva's Den. The entrance to the Den glows like a furnace in the distance.

Reed Wahl (radio): Subject Sigma is approaching Minerva's Den! He must not reach The Thinker! Detonate the tunnel!

A turret flies into view and fires a grenade. The glass tunnel breaks. Sigma is engulfed in seawater and loses consciousness.

Some time later, Sigma wakes up. There is a starfish attached to his helmet, obscuring his vision. He removes it. Debris from the tunnel pins him down. He frees himself with a loud groan.

Sigma looks around. He is at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, outside of Rapture but surrounded by its tall buildings. A large billboard advertises the three large companies of Minerva's Den: Air-Tite Archives, Rapture Central Computing, and McClendon Robotics. Fish swim overhead. Strange glowing plants and ADAM slugs cover the ocean floor.

Charles Milton Porter (radio): Hello? Mister... Sigma? The name's Porter. Charles Milton Porter. Doc Tenenbaum tells me you're here to help us get The Thinker out of Rapture. It's not going to be easy, but nothing worth doing ever is. You should be able to get inside through an airlock.

Sigma searches for an airlock. Eventually, he finds one at the top of a staircase. The words MINERVA'S DEN, along with a stylized owl, are above the airlock entrance. Sigma uses the airlock. As it drains, Porter speaks on the radio.

Porter (radio): Minerva's Den has been cut off from the rest of Rapture for some time... but not cut off from splicing. Don't let your guard down. The Den's gone dark, but if you can reset the local power relay I'll be able to get the juice flowing from here.

Sigma enters Minerva's Den. Rapture's technology center riddled with leaks, and seawater pours in from the ceiling. Wires spray golden sparks all around. The crackle of electricity fills the air. Sigma finds an audio diary.

Andrew Ryan (tape): Mr Porter, let me be the first to congratulate you on the founding of Rapture Central Computing. The Great Chain only grows stronger with each pair of hands laid upon it. I trust that you and I will choose to pull Rapture in the *same* direction.

Sigma enters a what appears to be a large waiting room. A woman's voice greets him. At the end of the room, a woman-shaped robot stands behind a desk. The robot gestures as a woman's voice speaks over the public announcement system.

Woman (recorded announcement): [echoing slightly] Hello there. Welcome to Minerva's Den, the home of Rapture's high technology.

Above the robot, the words MINERVA'S DEN have been vandalized to read MINE with glowing blue paint. Water falls from the high vaulted ceiling. The words KEEP OUT and many mathematical equations have been written in the same paint on the floor. Signs show that Rapture Central Computing is straight ahead and McClendon Robotics is to the right.

Reed Wahl (radio): What steps into Minerva's Den? Porter's newest toy? He wants The Thinker for himself... but you see, old friend... the machine has chosen me.

Sigma passes more mathematical writing on the floor. Below one of the drawings, PORTER = TRAITOR is written. Signs advertise various companies, including Tip-Top Security and Never-Wet Waterproofing.

Sigma passes through a door into another room. The word MINE is written in large letters on the floor in front of the door. More equations cover the ground, some written in blood. At the center of the room, directly below a leak, is a large bronze version of Rodin's The Thinker. PROPERTY OF REED WAHL is written on the pedestal.

Immediately after entering, Sigma hears people talking and shouting. They are Splicers who have been sent by Wahl. Sigma defeats them all. When the battle is over, Porter contacts Sigma once again.

Porter (radio): Reed Wahl... He and I founded Rapture Central computing together, but the greedy bastard pushed me out years ago. The Splicers, the security... he pulls the strings in Minerva's Den now.

The room is eerily quiet now that the Splicers are dead. Sigma searches the room and finds an audio diary.

Wahl (tape): Porter and I are partners, but... he's wasting that machine. In off-hours, I've been using it to predict the outcomes of baseball games, and it is incredibly accurate. Apply such equations to Rapture's markets? This thing is the money-making grail. But Porter... I have heard him feeding it recordings of his dead wife. the fool wants to turn The Thinker into a 'person.' I could not imagine a sadder fate for such a perfect machine.

Porter (radio): Look for the Power Relay. It's a metal console on the balcony. Reset it so I can get the lights back on for you.

A portrait of Charles Milton Porter hangs on one side of the entrance to Rapture Central Computing. It has been defaced: TRAITOR is painted across the bottom. A clean portrait of Reed Wahl hangs on the other side of the entrance. Sigma finds an ion laser.

Reed Wahl (radio): Look at you, Sigma. You think that Porter is your ally... but The Thinker knows better. The Thinker... knows!

More Splicers attack Sigma.

Male voice (recorded announcement): What would Rapture be like without automation? From self-opening doors to to pneumatic deliveries, Rapture Central Computing keeps life running smoothly!

Sigma kills the splicers. He finds the Power Relay and resets it.

Porter (radio): The power's rerouted! That should flip things in our favor. Head up to my office in the Executive Wing-- I've got something you'll need. Hurry, now!

Female voice (recorded announcement): What's the secret of Rapture Central Computing's success? The most advanced computing device in the world, The Thinker!

Sigma enters Rapture Central Computing. On the reception desk, someone has left a Security Command plasmid. The large window outside the Executive Wing shows the ocean. Sigma explores the building and finds an audio diary.

Porter (tape): Mr. Ryan hired me to build a computer than could keep an entire city running on time. The Rapture Operational Data Interpreter Network.[1] Folks call it The Thinker for short. We've harnessed the power of ADAM even in this, allowing the mainframe to process data at the speed of thought. In other words, it thinks for us, yes... and with the completion of the Independent Reasoning Processor, it may finally think... for itself. If Turing could see me now...

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[1] The acronym for this is RODIN. Auguste Rodin was the sculptor who made the original The Thinker statue.

Sigma enters the Executive Wing. The first thing he sees is a Gatherer's Garden. He ignores it.

Porter (radio): Those Vacuum Bots sucked up all sorts of things before they went on the fritz. Crack one open and you might find something you can use.

Sigma continues exploring the Executive Wing. He encounters several splicers, all of whom die at his hand.

Wahl (radio): The Thinker's perfect equation has predicted your every move, Sigma. It knew you would be here; it knows where you will be next... and it knows that you... will... fail.

Porter (radio): Wahl's become obsessed with perfecting his 'predictive equation.' The Thinker can do plenty, but tell the future? No... the splicing drove him mad. Wahl can rot here in Rapture for all I care. We'll make a copy of The Thinker and return it to the land of the living.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Did you know that The Thinker processes the equivalent of twelve thousand encyclopedias every day? The Thinker works hard for Rapture.

Sigma approaches Porter's office, but the door does not open.

Porter (radio): That damn door on the fritz again? Somebody around here must have had one of those maintenance tools... I'd check the machine room here in the Executive Wing.

Sigma enters the Rapture Central Computing boardroom. THE THINKER KNOWS is written on the window at the other end of the room. There is a man's corpse in the center of the room. He died holding an audio diary. Around his body, mathematical graffiti and the word MINE are written in blood.

Wahl (tape): The Thinker has shown me so much. My outlook was... limited before. Ball games and stock prices, dollars and cents. Hah! No. The numbers spiral out, they touch... everything. Hidden within them lies a predictive algorithm for you, for me, for the destiny of the base allele to the stretch of a galaxy's arm! The Thinker is destined to give birth to that crystalline equation which determines ALL. I thought I knew its true purpose before. I thought Porter was the fool. Now I see, I was the fool all along.

Sigma finds a Hack Tool.

Porter (radio): That Hack Tool should come in handy. Head back up to my office.

Wahl (radio): Minerva's Den is mine. You think you can hack your way to The Thinker? [chuckles] You're welcome to try.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Rapture depends on The Thinker every day! Dispatching trains, connecting your phone calls, and keeping the air fresh. The Thinker, the most helpful machine in Rapture.

Sigma returns to the door of Porter's office.

Porter (radio): Wahl's Splicers haven't gotten into my office, thanks to The Thinker's security. I'm giving you top-level access now. Alright, beginning scan.

The Thinker (radio): [in a synthetic male voice] Scanning. Designation... Sigma. Please, come in.

The television screens next to the door change from displaying a standby message to displaying DESIGNATION: SUBJECT SIGMA along with a picture of Sigma. It is seen that Subject Sigma has an upper-case Greek sigma on the back of his hand.

Porter (radio): Sorry I can't be there to meet you in person. You've seen the state of the Den these days. It's The Thinker that's important now, though. I need you to get to the computer core and print a hard copy of The Thinker's machine code. Core Access is in Operations-- there's an Ops Access Punchcard hidden in the compartment under my desk there. Grab the card and head for Ops.

The door to Porter's office opens. It is dark and free of any graffiti. In a corner of the room there is a dead cat named Babbage.[2] On a table is an audio diary and two pictures of Porter's dead wife Pearl. There is also a telegram which reads:

*CHARLES PORTER, CARE OF LINCOLN UNIVERSITY ***
MR PORTER I UNDERSTAND YOU ENJOY GIFT FOR MATHS STOP
PLEASE CONSIDER JOINING MY TEAM IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE STOP
RISING NAZI MOVEMENT MUST BE KEPT IN CHECK STOP TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS
*SENT AHEAD STOP TIME OF THE ESSENCE ***
        ALAN TURING.[3]

Porter (tape): That first year in London, working for Turing... I didn't see Pearl much. Spent all day and night in a government compound, building a computer to crack the Enigma Machine. Pearl got pretty fed up with me! I didn't pay her heed. And then one night, I'm out in that complex... and the Blitz starts falling. Next morning, I came home to find nothing but ashes where I last saw her. Nothing but ashes...

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[2] Charles Babbage designed and built the very first computer, the difference engine, in the mid-1800s.

[3] Alan Turing was the father of theoretical computer science and of artificial intelligence. His work was invaluable in cracking the Germans' Enigma code. He was criminally prosecuted for homosexuality and committed suicide in 1954.

After looking around the office, Sigma takes the Operations Access Punchcard.

Wahl (radio): Porter's time is done, friend. And now you collude with this traitor to steal The Thinker away from me? [scoffs] [to self] Sigma... must be removed from the equation.

Porter (radio): Thinker! Deploy office defenses!

Splicers invade the office and attack Sigma. Sigma takes them down and leaves the office. He retraces his steps back to the room with Rodin's The Thinker sculpture.

Porter (radio): [sigh] Wahl. He was a brilliant engineer. We saw eye-to-eye once, long ago. But the splicing made him paranoid... delusional. He'd murder us both to keep The Thinker here.

Male voice (recorded announcement): The Rapture Central Computing mainframe performs over one million calculations per second.[4] Couldn't *your* business benefit from that kind of power? Contact a corporate accounts representative today! Rapture Central Computing, in your Rapture Directory.

Porter (radio): The Lancer is the most technically advanced Big Daddy that Rapture ever produced. Now it stands between you and the Little Sisters. And if there's anywhere that you will need ADAM to get by, it's Minerva's Den.

A Little Sister can be heard speaking in the distance. She chatters the way a child does: asking to play, complaining about the cold, telling her Daddy to hurry up. She calls him 'Mr. B.' and 'Sir Bubbles.' Her Big Daddy occasionally makes noises that sound like whale song.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Sorry. No visitors to the Rapture Central Computing mainframe, but you can see Rodin's masterpiece of sculpture that scares its name. Come visit The Thinker today, in Minerva's Den.

Sigma attacks the Big Daddy. Its Little Sister screams at him. The fight is difficult, but Sigma is victorious.

Wahl (radio): Subject Sigma rises above the pack, hmm? A futile gesture before the all-knowing thinker.

The Little Sister sobs over the corpse of her Big Daddy. When Sigma approaches her, she stops crying. Sigma has the choice to adopt the Sister or harvest her for ADAM. He chooses

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[4] The first real computer to reach this computation speed was the CDC 6600, finished in 1965. The average computer today can do several billion calculations per second!

to adopt her and carries her on his shoulder. They head down to Operations. The door to Core Access is locked.

Porter (radio): Oh, hell. The mag-locked door's still active. It's regulated by the resistors plugged into that relay. If you can find a way to yank 'em out, magnets fail, doors open. There's a Plasmid that could do the job. They called it 'Gravity Well.' According to The Thinker's records, the Air-Tite Archives' warehouse supervisor had a shot of Gravity Well on hand. Getting into the Archives' warehouse… that'll be the fun part.

Sigma finds a corpse that seems to be glowing.

Little Sister: ADAM, Daddy, right here!

Sigma sets the Little Sister down next to the corpse. She uses her needle to extract ADAM from it, chattering the whole while.

Wahl (radio): Do what you will with the girls. Twist your body with ADAM… The Thinker's perfect equation accounts for all possibilities.

The Little Sister's presence draws ADAM-seeking Splicers. They attack her and Sigma.

Little Sister: Don't let them get me, Daddy!

Sigma fights off the Splicers and the Sister finishes gathering ADAM. He goes to retrieve her.

Little Sister: I'm always safe with Daddy.

Sigma once again is able to harvest her for ADAM, but chooses not to. He picks her up and resumes his search for the Gravity Well plasmid. The door mechanism to Air-Tite Archives is shorted out. It can only be opened with the Electro-Bolt plasmid. Sigma heads to McClendon Robotics to find Electro-Bolt. Advertisements cover the walls of the reception area.

A commercial plays on the PA system:
Young girl (recorded announcement): Mom, what's seven times twelve?
Woman (recorded announcement): Don't ask me, silly! As the Computer Tutor.
Man (recorded announcement): Honey, I'm home from work! What's that wonderful smell?
Woman (recorded announcement): The automatic chef made your favorite tonight: tuna surprise! And I didn't have to lift a finger.
Man (recorded announcement): Mmm, mmm.
Young girl (recorded announcement): Yay! Thanks, Mom.
Woman (recorded announcement): Don't thank me. Thank McClendon Robotics.

Other man (recorded announcement): How might McClendon Robotics improve the lives of *your* customers? Meet with one of our corporate representatives today. McClendon Robotics, located conveniently in Minerva's Den, the heart of Rapture's high technology.

Sigma destroys a Vacuum Bot. Inside is an audio diary.

Christopher di Remo (tape): I guess sometimes a cloud of lead just ain't enough. Today I signed for a shipment of those new models from McClendon Robotics. One variety tosses lightning bolts, and the other fires a swarm of rockets. I understand we got some sensitive info bouncing around the mainframe-- but, brother! Have these guys ever heard o' overkill?

The Little Sister extracts ADAM from another corpse. She has taken all the ADAM she can. Sigma has no reason to keep her. He carries her to a vent outside the robotics workshop and changes her back into a normal girl. The cured Little Sister thanks him and leaves through the vent.

Sigma finds the System Design room on his way to the workshop. There are schematics for robotic Little Sisters on the walls. On a bench near some schematics, there is an audio diary.

Porter (tape): A thing like that, losing the only person you care about for somebody else's war... it makes you take stock. I started seeing eye-to-eye with Mr. Ryan around that time... and so I brought my know-how down to Rapture. I built The Thinker for him... and now it's all I've got. I wonder sometimes, what if I'd come around to Ryan's way of thinking just a little sooner?

On the ground in one of the hallways, there is a picture captioned RAPTURE'S BEST AND BRIGHTEST. It shows Brigid Tenenbaum, Sander Cohen, Andrew Ryan, Sofia Lamb, Gilbert Alexander, and Yi Suchong.

Parts of robotic Little Sisters are strewn in front of the workshop door. They look like mutilated corpses at first glance. Robotic Little Sisters are posed throughout the workshop as though they were real children. None of the robots move. A group of them stand in front of a corpse, presumably Jack McClendon. He appears to have drunk himself to death. On a workbench near McClendon's body, Sigma finds an audio diary.

Jack McClendon (tape): [slurred, very drunk] Robotic Little Sisters... Robotic Little Sisters! [hic] Sure, Mr. Ryan, we'll take that contract. Suuure, yeah, we'll front all the R&D costs, nooo problem. And, and when when the Big Daddies ignore the little robot girls in all your fancy field... [hic] field tests... ah, hell, what're we gonna do with a full production run of these useless things?

Sigma leaves the unsettling workshop. He finds an audio diary in the crane control room.

Porter (tape): Pearl's death opened up a kind of hole in my mind. But eventually I got around to reflecting on Alan and his intelligence test for machines. I remember grinning about the idea that I could beat it-- design a machine capable of replicating Turing himself, and wouldn't that show the old man. But then, suddenly, I realized I wasn't really thinking about replicating Alan at all. I was thinking about Pearl.

There is another audio diary hanging on a nearby wall.

Porter (tape): The Thinker's Independent Reasoning Processor has been running for several months now. Standardized intelligence test score continue to rise. Beginning daily voice synthesis test... Good morning, Thinker. How are you?
The Thinker (tape): Acceptable. Request to continue most recent conversation topic: Pearl Porter.
Porter (tape): Ah, my... late wife. Yes, I'd love to tell you all about her. I have a number of old audio recordings we made together that you could listen to. If you'd like.
The Thinker (tape): Acceptable. Begin input of data regarding Pearl Porter.
Porter (tape): You took the words right out of my mouth, friend.

Sigma finds Electro-Bolt near the diary. He leaves the workshop area.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Rapture Central Computing is the best choice for your company's computing needs. Why, The Thinker even does some *thinking* for Ryan Industries.

Wahl (radio): How does it feel to know that your grand purpose is foretold by a machine? The numbers know already what will happen. As I tell you this, will it affect the outcome? Eh, I am not so much holding my breath.

Sigma returns to the Air-Tite Archives entrance.

Porter (radio): One good zap from that Electro Bolt Plasmid should get you into the archives.

In the hallway that leads to the Archives proper, there is a chair with an origami butterfly and an audio diary on it.

Porter (tape): Dear Doctor Lamb, I received the invitation to your little social club today. In return, I'd like to make you a wager. I wager you need Rapture Central Computing just a little bit more than I need your half-baked metaphysical mumbo jumbo. I deal is science, not... whatever it is you're up to. You keep out of Minerva's Den and I'll keep this city' automation from grinding to a complete and sudden halt. Sound fair?

Sigma takes an upgraded ion laser off of a Lancer's corpse.

Wahl (radio): The Thinker has take note of your new toy. A firecracker before the eyes of God.

Inside the Archives, there are bodies and equations written in blood on the floor. The archives are not air-tight; many parts are several feet underwater. Audio diaries are scattered around throughout the Archives. One piece of graffiti catches Sigma's attention: Σ The Thinker Tenenbaum Porter?[5]

Audrey Hesselgren (tape): A pair of thugs came into the Archives today and started calling up codes from all over Rapture. People's private possessions, just rifling through them! Said they were Ryan Security, that they were doing maintenance on the pneumatic system. Maintenance! Hah! Isn't the point of the Archives to keep your things safe from prying eyes?

Porter (tape): Sure, you hear it in Rapture. One of the business types asked me, why don't you splice white? Get ahead? Well, that's some idiocy. I told him, first of all, I am ahead. Second, in Rapture, it's your work that's supposed to matter, not your skin. Too bad for some folks you can't splice in common sense.

Tenenbaum (tape): I have begun testing a new approach to the Splicing Sickness problem. ADAM remembers, you see. The method uses ADAM's own 'recall' of past cell configurations to revert each of the patient's genetic changes. With one final dose, we return the patient to his former self! It is only theory. The number of potential bonding sites for even a single test is innumerable, and I cannot calculate alone. But I have heard of an adding machine at the heart of the city, beyond the capability of any device the world has known. Perhaps… If I could harness its power…

Porter (tape): Continuing input of audio data into The Thinker's databases. Subject: Pearl Porter. [old recording] Closer, now, into the recorder.
Pearl (tape): [old recording] I don't know what to say, Milton… Ahem. This is Mrs. Pearl Porter speaking.
Porter (tape): [old recording] That's the way.
Pearl (tape): [old recording] And I'm recording this message with my brilliant husband, whom I love very much… and, um, I am so looking forward to seeing London!
Porter (tape): [old recording] That wasn't so hard now, was it? Won't you be glad that we have these to listen to when we're old and gray?

Nicholas Ingraham (tape): Hey, I'm just doing my job, and these pencil-necks ain't conductin' themselves in any way that'll make it go easy for them. Mr. Ryan needs to keep an eye on what certain subversives got circulating in the Archives; that's just the way it is. These Pinkos think the bandits are just gonna play nice, send their plans to the Central Council with a bow on top? When it comes to Mr. Ryan, you're either with him or you ain't. Get used to it.

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[5] In plain English, this means "What is the sum of The Thinker, Tenenbaum, and Porter?" Someone in the Archives is trying to figure out the connection between all three.

Sigma finds Gravity Well in the upper part of the Archives warehouse. PROPERTY OF REED WAHL is written on the floor in front of it. A splicer's body lies near the plasmid. There is an audio diary in the room.

Wahl (tape): Porter thinks his talking computer is harmless fun? It talks like a man... this is a simple toy? No. I have heard that Ryan is becoming paranoid about this Fontaine character. If Porter were... implicated as a criminal, I would have The Thinker to myself. As it was meant to be. Keep tinkering, Porter. Your time will come.[6]

Sigma takes and injects the plasmid.

Wahl (radio): The Thinker knows that you're going to do with that... and it isn't happy.

Female voice (recorded announcement): When the pneumo-tubes deliver your package on time, when there's just the right candybar in the vending machine, when everything works just so, thank The Thinker! And Rapture Central Computing, of course.

Sigma continues back towards Rapture Central Computing.

Wahl (radio): The machine's prediction accounts for your every act... until you reach The Thinker's core. The equation... simply ends! I will not let such an error come to pass!

Female voice (recorded announcement): Your possessions define you. Don't they deserve to be protected? Air-Tite archives offers the most secure choice you can make. Remember, that's Air-Tite Archives. Located in Minerva's Den.

Female voice (recorded announcement): McClendon robotics offers your customers the latest and greatest in automated convenience. Visit our robotics showroom in Minerva's Den for a for a demonstration today.

Sigma uses Gravity Well to disable the electromagnetic lock on Corporate Offices. He finds several audio diaries inside.

Ryan (tape): Porter, it has come to my attention that a certain... prominent bronze figure has been installed in Minerva's Den. An original cast from the mold, no less. Such indulgence leaves a trail. If that costly little souvenir brings the looters sniffing to my door, and I am forced to gun them down... it will be at your feet that I lay the blame.

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[6] For Porter to be implicated as an accomplice of Fontaine, this would have to take place before Fontaine's fake death in '58.

Evelyn Klein (tape): Maurice, I need a new pair of shoes ordered and sent to my office immediately. The vacuum bot ate one of mine. Size seven. Alligator. Heels.

Tenenbaum (tape): ADAM is a predatory substance. After exposure, a constant supply is required to maintain its effects, otherwise the user deteriorates into madness. My plasmid which releases the Little Ones from their servitude is promising, but limited. It only works on the children with the slugs in their bellies. On an adult splicer or Big Daddy, you will see rejection effect. Undesirable. But if the deterioration of mind and body were reversible -- if ADAM sickness could be cured -- then its predatory nature would be no more.

Sigma finally heads down to Operations.

Porter (radio): Up and over, friend. Once you toss that gravity well over the divider, the suction will do the rest.

Sigma tosses a Gravity Well into the locked room. It rips the resistors out of the wall. The electromagnetic lock falls to the ground, and the door opens.

Synthetic male voice (recorded announcement): Warning. Magnetic locking relay...

Porter (radio): Bingo. That's the way. We're one step closer to getting The Thinker's blueprint out of Rapture. Head down the lift to Operations.

Sigma enters the elevator and descends to Operations. He enters a grand room, with a vaulted glass ceiling that shows the ocean above it. It has seen better days; water rushes in through several leaks. In the middle of the room, a dead man sits behind a desk.

Porter (radio): Operations. You're nearing the heart of the machine.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Visitors to Minerva's Den are reminded that the Operations Wing of Rapture Central Computing is strictly off limits.

Wahl (radio): Sigma! You show such loyalty to a proven traitor. What is Porter to you?! A convenient excuse to disrupt my work? Or something... more? I am curious, I must admit. But not enough to let you live.

The glass ceiling is covered with metal, leaving the room in darkness. Wahl sends splicers to attack Sigma. The splicers are unsuccessful. The metal coverings are removed from the ceiling. Light returns to the room.

Porter (radio): I've got a bathysphere at my lab that should be able to get us the hell out of Rapture, but we can't launch just yet. First, we'll need to reprogram a signal beacon. That nutcase Lamb's got the city on lockdown, but a hacked beacon should keep her torpedoes at

bay. See what you can find. The seafloor outside Minerva's Den is a machine graveyard. With a little luck, you should find the beacon we need out there.

Sigma follows signs towards an airlock. He finds an several audio diaries on the way.

Tenenbaum (tape): After some searching, I made contact with Charles Milton Porter in Minerva's Den. A productive exchange. Clearly, Rapture is no place to continue my research. But Porter says that if he can find a way to return to the surface along with the programming for his mainframe, we could then rebuild the machine and work together towards the cure. i have located an Alpha Series to assist him: Subject Sigma. I must return to the surface. If Sigma is successful in Minerva's Den… then the cure for ADAM's curse is on its way. It is only a matter of time.

Ryan (tape): I must keep an eye on Porter and his… thinking machine. There's more than one way to muscle out a rival, and I suspect that Fontaine is vying for market dominance in computing now as well. Each hour that contraption spends crunching genetic code for Fontaine brings my city one step closer to dissolution… and if Porter should begin dancing to that hoodlum's tune… well. The machine is a marvel. Invaluable. The man… may prove *obsolete.*

Ernestine Franklin (tape): I figured out how to reprogram a bathysphere signal beacon to scramble Lamb's torpedoes. But I need the bathysphere, and Porter's got the only one in the Den locked away at his private dock. Son of a bitch! Why doesn't he open up?

Sigma finds the airlock. The floor around it is covered in electrified water. Sigma cannot reach the airlock without being electrocuted.

Porter (radio): Some damn food stuck his finger in the socket. To get out through the airlock, you'll have to break the circuit somehow.

Sigma uses telekinesis to hit the circuit breaker on the other side of the room. The water is now safe to wade through. Sigma enters the airlock and it fills with water.

Porter (radio): Look for a downed bathysphere. They each had a signal beacon we could use.

Sigma walks into the Atlantic Ocean.

Wahl (radio): Make yourself at home, Sigma! Soon you also will be rusting here among the trash! Used up by Porter, and tossed on the heap!

Sigma locates an abandoned bathysphere and takes its signal beacon.

Porter (radio): That'll do the trick! Take the beacon to the master input console in the Programming Wing. That paranoid bastard Wahl had it installed in his office.

Sigma returns the the airlock. He sees Wahl installing a turret near the airlock.

Wahl: Surprise, Sigma!

Wahl runs out of sight before Sigma can get to the airlock. Sigma reenters Minerva's Den, hacks Wahl's turret, and presses onwards towards the Programming Wing.

Wahl (tape): The Brain Boost Gene Tonics are working. Extra strength, yes. I see more now. One mind... doing the work of two. Ten. With the help of The Thinker-- a thousand! The machine spoke, Ryan listened, and finally, I have The Thinker all to myself. Goodbye, old friend! Don't worry. You leave your creation in capable hands.

Porter (tape): Continuing input of audio data into The Thinker's database. Subject: Pearl Porter.
Pearl (tape): [old recording] I want to tell the recorder how we met, Milton.
Porter (tape): [old recording] Okay. Sure.
Pearl (tape): [old recording] I was working in my family's diner. School was starting for the fall, and one morning walks in this college boy, clean cut... First thing I noticed was his eyes. He sat down and ordered bacon, eggs, and coffee. He was shy, but we talked a little off and on. He came in every single morning for breakfast and ordered the same thing. I told my mama, that boy must really love your cooking! She said, he isn't coming in for the food, honey. He's coming in for you. A year later we were married.

KEEP OUT and PROPERTY OF REED WAHL are painted on the walls and floor outside of Wahl's office.

Wahl (radio): I read to you now from the machine's prediction. 'Sigma enters Minerva's Den. Encounters hostility. Sigma enters Wahl's chambers.' You see? The Thinker has chosen me! *It does not care what I once did!*

Inside Wahl's office, there is more mathematical writing. THE THINKER KNOWS is written in large letters on the floor. Sigma finds an audio diary in Wahl's desk.

Wahl (tape): ADAM makes it hard to sleep. Forgetting this lately. So this... this is an emergency reminder for the code to my... [clears throat] private storage area. I won't record the number, but. Remember. Just look at the four groups of books on the shelf, and the sequence is obvious.

In a corner of the room, there is a book shelf. The shelf is mostly empty. The few books on it are grouped 2-3-4-1. Sigma uses the code to open a secret door near the bookshelf. The hidden room contains the Master Input Console. Sigma connects the signal beacon to it.

Porter (radio): Good. It's all hooked up. I can run the hack sequence from here. Just one minute.

The machine sparks as the beacon is hacked. Sigma takes the beacon.

Porter (radio): That should do it. I hope. If the hack turned out right, you are now the proud owner of one homemade signal jammer.

Wahl (radio): Porter worries you with Sofia Lamb's torpedoes? Hah! He fills your head with foolish visions of freedom. I can provide you more immediate concerns.

Wahl sends a Brute Splicer to fight Sigma. It is easily defeated. Sigma uses Gravity Well to unlock Data Processing. Among the other graffiti in Data Processing, there is an incorrect version of the fundamental theorem of calculus.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Remember to renew your identification badge on the first of every month. Security systems are active.

Sigma comes across Rapture's first computer game, Spitfire. There is an audio diary near it.

Johan Nordhagen (tape): Some of the boys in the code pit whipped up a real doozy of an entertainment. Monitor screen hooked into some... tiny airplane cockpit, yeah? And that's swell because what shows up onscreen is an X -- that's you -- and of Os. Like a Spitfire surrounded by a squadron of Jap Zeroes. You fly your little X around and shoot 'em down one after another. But Wahl caught us at it one night, called it a waste of time. I dunno. On balance, ain't it better to change what's on a screen than just stare at it?

Brent Hudson (tape): Hey Felix, I hear Porter is really happy about the new trajectory calculation routine. You know, the one that we worked on for six months? The one you took all the credit for? Oh, that reminds me, if you're looking for the key to your brand new office, you might want to check in the Circus Of Values down the hall. Hope you brought your milk money, asshole.

Sigma purchases the key to Felix Birnbaum's office from the vending machine. The item's description is 'Sincerely, Brent.' It costs 262 dollars.[7] Inside Birnbaum's office, there are tally marks on the wall. On Birnbaum's desk, there is an audio diary.

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[7] Assuming the diary was recorded around 1958 and assuming that the Rapture dollar was worth as much as the U.S. dollar, inflation means this is the equivalent of $2,160 today! That's hardly milk money.

Birnbaum (tape): We make it all run. The brains in those bots and cameras? That's us. Automatic bathysphere navigation, calculating, genetic probabilities for new Plasmids, hell, regulating water pressure so this place ain't a fish tank. It's all Rapture Central Computing. [laugh] Not that we get the recognition. Funny thing about living in the city of tomorrow, everybody takes it for granted.

Sigma makes his way back to the Operations lobby.

Porter (radio): So far, so good. I can feel the sunlight already. Now we just print out the machine code from The Thinker's central processor, so I can take it back to the surface and start to rebuild. Computer Core access is at the far end of Ops.

Female voice (recorded announcement): Absolutely no photography or recording is allowed in Minerva's Den. Cameras will be confiscated without exception.
Sigma enters Core Access. KEEP OUT PORTER is written on a window. Gas fills the room. Sigma's visor is obscured by frost.

Wahl (radio): It's not your time to enter the core! Not just yet!

Sigma's visor clears. The door to the rest of Core Access is frozen over.

Porter (radio): Wahl, you son of a bitch. He's cranked The Thinker's coolant system into overdrive. You're frozen out of the core. Head to Climate Control and manually reset the turbine to defrost this mess. It's the only way we're going to make it to The Thinker.

Sigma takes a maintenance elevator down to Exhaust Venting. Metallic clanging fills the air. Parts of Exhaust Venting glow white-gold with heat. Sigma finds an audio diary lying on the floor.

Wahl (tape): The Thinker's algorithm is highly accurate in predicting local phenomena. But how far can I trust the machine? I have found it running protocols that are not mine. The old Alpha Series are returning. Someone is cutting them loose: Delta, Sigma. And the machine has no data on them, which-- which makes no-- is it hiding them from me? Is it conspiring against its master? Sending... someone? No! I am so close to seeing everything! No one will take that away. Not even the machine itself.

Sigma finds nothing in Exhaust Venting to help him unfreeze Core Access. He takes the elevator back up. There are audio diaries in the tunnels leading to Climate Control.

Ryan (tape): Rapture is at war, Porter. And you have cast your lot with the enemy. Your concerned associates provided me with a recording of your *own voice*, swearing loyalty to Fontaine and his gangsters. Evidence of treason. My men are already on their way. The

Thinker no longer needs you. Take pride in that. Mr. Wahl is qualified to ensure that it is used in the city's best interest. Eventually, a man's dream exceeds him, and his work must become his legacy. For you, Charles, that hour has come.

Porter (tape): Continuing input of audio data into The Thinker's database. Subject: Pearl Porter.
Pearl (tape): [old recording] Dear Milton, I'm recording this on the… sixth straight day since you were home last. I know your work is important to the war effort, but you're not even around to tell me what you're working on, and that's so frustrating. London is a beautiful city, but it isn't home. I… I hope I'll see you soon, Milton. [voice breaks] I--

Sigma enters the turbine room.

Porter (radio): [yelling over the turbine] Sigma! The main cooling turbine is in overdrive! The controls should be down below.
There is an audio diary in a booth.

Wahl (tape): The irony of my predictive equation is that it sometimes requires blind faith. I see the individual elements crashing against each other, and the urgency of what I must do to maintain my part in the plan is clear… but I cannot always see just why. An Alpha Series is headed to Minerva's Den. Subject Sigma. And the equation states that if he reaches the Computer Core… catastrophe! I do not know why… yet. But I know what must be done. Subject Sigma is approaching Minerva's Den! He must not reach The Thinker! Detonate the tunnel!

Sigma finds a control console. It is encased in ice.

Porter (radio): Climate control is on ice until you get that console thawed out.

Sigma uses his Incinerate plasmid to melt the ice. He flips the console switch.

Male voice (recorded announcement): Climate control system reset. Temperature balance normalized. Computer core access restored.

Porter (radio): That'll do. The chamber leading to Mainframe Access is defrosting as we speak. head on back there. Next stop: The Thinker's Computer Core.

Wahl (radio): The ice was meant to send a message, Sigma! But you do not listen! Perhaps your brothers can open your ears!

Wahl sends Alpha Series Big Daddies after Sigma. Sigma fights his way to the Core Access door.

Wahl (radio): The equation is nearing its conclusion, Sigma! The answers… lie in the Core. The Thinker is waiting for you, Sigma! And so am I.

Sigma finally enters the heart of Core Access.

Wahl (radio): [yelling] Not yet, Sigma! I am still crunching the numbers!

Porter (radio): Watch out.

Wahl locks the main access to the mainframe.

Porter (radio): Hell! There's one way into the core that Wahl can't lock off: the Maintenance Access Shafts. Sorry to send you down through the pit. It's all we've got.

Sigma goes into the Maintenance Access Shafts. Wahl talks to him as he progresses.
Wahl (radio): What is driving you into the Core, Sigma? What compels you to defy The Thinker's equation?

Wahl (radio): Ryan's secret police came for Porter long ago. And now he has… reappeared in Minerva's Den? A man sent to Persephone does not just open his cell door and walk home!

Wahl (radio): I've tried to keep you from the heart of the machine! You did not listen! When the pangs of familiarity sting you, my friend… you will have only yourself to blame.

At the end of the dark tunnel, there is a room with glowing equations covering the walls. The only thing that is lit is an audio diary in the center of the room.

Porter (tape): Well, Thinker, Ryan's secret police are on their way. They cooked up some kind of evidence against me. Treason, they say. I've heard what happens to folks who get… disappeared. Come back as one of those… metal daddies. So, I'm leaving you with something to cogitate on in my absence. Inputting Rapture Departure Protocol. Figure out a way to get yourself out of this city, Thinker. You've got to live on, no matter what happens to me. You'll find a way.

Glowing arrows lead Sigma through the dark to The Thinker. In front of the door to The Thinker, SIGMA --> PORTER is written on the ground. Sigma enters the door. In front of him is The Thinker, a grand machine. Blue electricity crackles around it.

Porter (radio): You're in The Thinker's core. The code printer is upstairs, in the control booth. Top-level access only. You'll need to confirm your genetic identity to start the printing process.

Sigma climbs the stairs to the control booth. In the booth, there are print-outs from the computer which read:

STATUS UPDATE:
PROCESSING RAPTURE DEPARTURE PROTOCOL

STATUS UPDATE:
RECEIVING TRANSMISSION: DR. BRIGID TENENBAUM

STATUS UPDATE:
REALLOCATING RESOURCE: SUBJECT SIGMA.
DESTINATION: MINERVA'S DEN.

Sigma uses the code printer. Bolts of electricity shoot from The Thinker. Wahl rushes up to the control booth window.

Wahl (radio): Porter! You have forced my hand, you see? The Thinker is shut down! That leaves only two variables: you, and me. The equation. Ends. Here!

Wahl runs.

Tenenbaum (radio): H... Herr Sigma! It is Doctor Tenenbaum. With the computer disabled, Minerva's Den is falling to pieces! No pressure regulation, no air supply! You must defeat Wahl and bring The Thinker back to full power.

Sigma leaves the control booth.

Wahl (radio): Your moment has come, old friend! I stand before you, the trusted partner who put a knife in your back! Do *not* disappoint me!

Wahl and Sigma fight. In the end, Sigma guns him down.

Tenenbaum (radio): Quickly! Take the administrative punchcard from Wahl's body and reactivate The Thinker.

Sigma takes the card and inserts it into the control booth's punchcard reader. A screen descends, covering the booth window.

The Thinker (radio): Mainframe reactivated. Confirming user's genetic identity. Genetic identity confirmed. Alpha Series Subject Sigma. Former identity: Charles Milton Porter.

The Thinker (radio): [as Porter] Welcome back. [as The Thinker] Ending personality duplication. Subject: Charles Milton Porter.

The screen rises.

Tenenbaum (radio): You see now why I let the machine speak for you, Mr. Porter. We needed a voice that would be familiar… comforting. Your own. With that copy of The Thinker's programming, we may return to the surface and use it to restore you to the man you once were. Please, collect the print-out and meet me at your bathysphere dock. Take your time, Mr. Porter. I will be waiting.

Sigma leaves The Thinker and heads to an elevator. It takes him down to the bathysphere dock. Before reaching the dock, Sigma finds a dark room. An audio diary hangs near the door.

Porter (tape): I believe I'm done feeding audio recordings and personal anecdotes to The Thinker. I am set to test the… personality duplication function. Target personality… Pearl Porter. Thinker, are you ready?
The Thinker (tape): [as itself] Yes, Milton.
Porter (tape): [clears throat] Starting test. Hello… Pearl.
The Thinker (tape): [synthetic noises] [as Pearl] Hello, Milton.
Porter (tape): How… [coughs, clears throat] How have you been?
The Thinker (tape): [as Pearl] Just wonderful, Milton! I've missed you, though. It's been so long.
Porter (tape): Pearl… I-- No. No, this isn't right. It isn't… her. Thinker, stop the test.
The Thinker (tape): [as Pearl] But what's the matter, Milton?
Porter (tape): [in horror] Oh, God.
The Thinker (tape): [as Pearl] Don't you still love me?
Porter (tape): Oh, God, I said-- I said end function, Thinker! Now! [pause] It's over.

Porter's diploma from university is framed on a wall: he earned his Masters degree in mathematics from Lincoln University in 1936. In a side room, there is a large piano. Sheet music is scattered on the floor around it.

Sigma leaves the room and heads to the docks. Porter set up something of a shrine for Pearl there. When Sigma sees the shrine, memories of Pearl flash through his mind.

On the shrine, there are is a picture of Pearl dated 1935. There is a wedding photo next to an invitation to their wedding. The invitation reads:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Porter
and
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Philips

request the pleasure of your company at the

wedding ceremony
of their children

Pearl Anne
and
Charles Milton

Saturday June 17, 1939 at 2 P.M.
at the Christ Lutheran Church
Oxford, Penn.

Next to the invitation is a photo of Pearl and Porter in London. She is smiling. To the left of that picture, there are three newspaper clippings about the Blitz. At the far left end of the shrine, there are a photograph of a graveyard and a letter from January, 1940. The letter reads:

Dear Mr. Porter:
I have learned of the death of your wife, Pearl. I hereby extend to you my heartfelt sympathy in your great loss.
Very Truly Yours,
[signature of Winston Churchill]
Prime Minister
Winston S. Churchill

Sigma approaches the bathysphere.

Tenenbaum (radio): The Thinker never gave up on you, Mr. Porter. It could not leave you behind. Please, step up to the console and begin the bathysphere launch sequence. We have much work ahead of us.

Sigma enters the bathysphere. Brigid Tenenbaum is sitting inside. She waits patiently, hands folded on her lap. There is a sad expression on her face. Next to her is an open briefcase. It contains several beakers and a large red wrench.[8]

Sigma activates pulls the bathysphere lever.

Epilogue

A sepia-toned photograph shows an open bathysphere on a beach. Footprints lead away from it. At the end of the trail of footprints stand Sigma and Tenenbaum.

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[8] She kept Jack's wrench. Isn't that cute?

Porter (voice over): I lived through the Blitz, Pearl. And the fall of Rapture. They took my memory, my voice, everything that made me a man. But nothing ever scared me so much as saying goodbye.

The first photograph fades out. Another fades in. It shows Sigma's diving helmet, gloves, and boots lying abandoned.

Porter (voice over): I wanted to save you. I couldn't resist trying to bring you back the only way I knew how. But you didn't want that. I know it now.

The photograph fades out. The next photograph is of Porter standing in front of Pearl's grave.

Porter (voice over): And I think I'm finally ready… to let you go your way. I stand here with the sun on my face… and it's almost like I can feel you smiling. Goodbye, Pearl.

The final photograph fades in. It is of Pearl's tombstone. It reads: Pearl Porter, 1917-1940. Porter has left a letter addressed to her on her grave.

Porter (voice over): I love you more than I've got words for. Milton.

The photo fades to black. The credits roll.