

PROMETHEUS Get Charlie. Doctor Holloway! Charlie! What?! - Come quick! Did you date it? - 35.000 years, maybe older. You got to be kidding me. It's the same configuration. Only it's got to predate the others, by a millennium. I think they want us to come and find them. What happened to that man? - He died. Why aren't you helping him? They don't want my help. Their God is different than ours. Why did he die? Sooner or later everyone does. - Like mommy? Like mommy. Where do they go? Everyone has their own word. Heaven, Paradise... Whatever it's called, it's someplace beautiful. How do you know it's beautiful? Cos that's what I choose to believe. What do you believe darling? Good morning, David. Transmitting message. No response. Whilst this manner of articulation is attested indeed in the Indo-European descendants as a purely paralinguistic form, it is phonemic in the ancestral form dating back five millennium or more. Now let's attempt Schleicher's Fable. Repeat after me: Perfect. Mr. Lawrence? - Yes? - Flimsey, sir. - Thank you. You'll do that once too often. It's only flesh and blood. Michael George Hartley, you're a philosopher. And you're balmy! Ow! It damn well hurts. - Certainly, it hurts! Well, what's the trick then? The trick, William Potter, is not minding that it hurts. The trick, William Potter, is not minding that it hurts. Attention! Destination threshold. Attention! Destination threshold. Robe. How long? Any casualties? - Casualties, ma'am? Has anyone died? - No ma'am, everyone's fine. Well, then wake them up. Try to relax Dr. Shaw. My name is David. Your mind and body are in the state of shock, as a result of stasis. All that is perfectly normal. Ellie, we're here baby. Drink plenty of water, drink plenty of fluids. Hydration aids muscle mass. What the hell is that? It's Christmas, need a holiday to show time is still moving. Mission briefing is about to start captain. You might want to make your way down. I haven't had breakfast yet. Is this seat taken? I'm Millburn, biology, nice to meet you. No offence, but, I've been asleep two years. I ain't here to be your friend. I'm here to make money, you got that? OK. I bet a hundred credits it's a terraforming survey. If it's a survey, they would just tell us. - This is a corporate run, they're not telling us shit, come on. - A hundred, alright, you're on. You look nervous, Ellie. - Trying to keep my feet on the ground. I know you are. - Good morning. For those of you I hired personally, it's nice to see you again. For the rest of you, I am Meredith Vickers and it's my job to make sure you do yours. OK then, on with the show. Weyland Corporation, building better worlds. Hello friends. My name is Peter Weyland. I am your employer. I am recording this 22, June, 2091. If you're watching it, you have reached your destination. And I am long dead. May I rest in peace. There's a man sitting with you today, his name is David. He is the closest thing to a son I will ever have. Unfortunately he is not human, he will never grow old, and he will never die. Yet he is unable to appreciate these remarkable gifts, for that would require the one thing that David will never have. A soul. I have spent my entire lifetime contemplating these questions. Where do we come from? What is our purpose? What happens when you die? And I have finally found two people who have convinced me they are on the verge of answering them. Doctors Holloway and Shaw, if you would please stand. As far as you're concerned they are both in charge. The Titan, Prometheus, wanted to

give mankind equal footing with the gods, for that he was cast from Olympus. Well, my friends, the time has finally come for his return. Doctors, please. Floor is yours. Ok... Never had to follow a ghost before. OK, let me show why you guys are here. These are images of archaeological digs, from all over the Earth. That's Egyptian, Mayan, Sumerian, Babylonian, that's Hawaiian there at the end, and Mesopotamian. This one here is our most recent discovery. It's a 35.000 year old cave painting from the Isle of Skye in Scotland. These are ancient civilizations, that were separated by centuries, they shared no contact with one another, and yet... The same pictogram showing men worshipping giant beings pointing to the stars was discovered at every last one of them. The only galactic system that matched, was so far from earth that there's no way that these primitive ancient civilizations could have possibly known about. But it just so happens, that that system, has a sun. A lot like ours. And based on our long range scans, there seems to be a planet. Just one planet with a moon capable of sustaining life. And we arrived there this morning. So, you say we're here because of a map, you two kids found in a cave, is that right? No. - Yes. No, not a map, an invitation. - From whom? We called them engineers. - Engineers? Do you mind telling us what they engineered? They engineered us. Bullshit. Do you have anything to back that up? I mean, look if you're willing to discount 3 centuries of Darwinism that's... But how do you know? - I don't. But it's what I choose to believe. Doctors? Miss Vickers would like to have a quick word, before the adventure begins. Nice place. - It's actually a separate module, with its own self-contained life support. Air, food, anything miss Vickers would need to survive hostile environment. OK, so she lives on a life boat. - Yes, I do, I like to minimize risk. David, why don't you make the doctors a drink? I'll take a vodka, up. Charlie look, it's a Pauling med-pod. They only made a dozen of these. - Miss Shaw! Please verbally state the nature of your injury. Please don't touch that. It's a very expensive piece of machinery. It does bypass surgeries, what do you need it for? I think there might be some confusion about our relationship. Weyland found you impressive enough to fund this mission, but I'm fairly certain your "engineers" are nothing but scribblings of savages living in dirty little caves. But let's say I'm wrong, and you do find these beings down there. You won't engage them. You won't talk to them, you will do nothing but report it back to me. Miss Vickers, is there an agenda that you're not telling us about? My company paid a trillion dollars to find this place and to bring you here. Had you raised the money yourself Mr. Holloway, we'd happily be pursuing your, agenda. But you didn't. And that makes you an employee. If we can't make contact, why did you even bring us here? Weyland was a superstitious man. He wanted a true believer on board. Cheers. So no response? - I am sorry, no. Maybe they didn't understand it. How are your lessons going, David? I spent two years deconstructing dozens of ancient languages, to their roots. I'm confident I can communicate with them, provided your thesis is correct. Provided it's correct, that's good. That's why they call it a thesis, doctor. What are you smiling about? - Alright, Mr. Ravel, Mr. Chance, let's take her down. - Roger that. - Yes captain. How are we doing? - Great. Alright boss. - All personnel, this is the captain. Brace for

entry. - Yes captain. That means you too Vickers. What is the atmosphere? Atmosphere is 71Whoa, now that's weather. - Just like home. Only if you're breathing through an exhaust pipe. CO2 is over 3without a suite, you're dead. Peak, port side, 52.000. Makes Everest look like a baby brother. Alright, take us round. We will use that as our point of entry. Terrain data rising up. We've got a couple of hard spots. Could be metal. No radio, no heat source. - Nobody's home. There's nothing in the desert. No man needs nothing. What was that? - Just something from a film I like. Let's go through that gateway. Reduce air speed by 100 knots. Going through, nice and slow. Keep her steady boys. - There. What are you doing? Doctor Holloway why don't you take a seat?! Right there. God does not build in straight lines. Starboard side, this valley! Captain, do you think you can put us down there? I wouldn't be any good if I couldn't do that, Mr. Ravel, starboard 90 degrees. One mile, port bow. - One mile, port bow. Engage landing sequence. Switch to manual. Easy does it. Yeah baby, yeah. Putting her down in 5, 4... Captain, would you please tell the survey team to suit up? And meet us in the air lock. - There's only 6 hours left of daylight. Why don't you leave it 'till the morning? - No, no, it's Christmas captain, and I want to open my presents. You, boy, you're coming with us. - I'd be delighted. Hey Jackson, what's that for? Expedition security. My job is to make sure everybody's nice and safe. This is a scientific expedition, no weapons. Alright then. Good luck with that. David, why are wearing a suite? I beg your pardon? - You don't breathe, remember? So, why wear a suite? I was designed like this because you people are more comfortable interacting with your own kind. If I didn't wear a suite, it would defeat the purpose. Making you guys pretty close? - Not to close I hope. This is just one small step for mankind. Seriously? Come on! You ready to do this?! I know you are. Fifield, I want a spectrograph on that structure, I want to know if it's natural or somebody put it there, alright? I can't tell you if it's natural or not, but what I can tell you is, it's hollow. Prometheus, are you seeing this? Affirmative, we see you. Are you ready? - Yeah. - Let's do it. After you. - After you. Careful. - Prometheus, we're going in. Copy that. Pause back here, some kind of a corridor. Mr. Fifield, let's get a grid of the structure, I want the whole interior. If there's anything in here worth looking at, these pups will find them. - Pups? - Yeah, my pups. Prometheus, we are now mapping. Copy that. I'll be damned. Fifield, you got a reading? - Yeah. Pups are saying, this way. Look at this. Oh Charlie... Jesus, sunlight's heating the water. Check out the humidity. - Yeah, look at the CO2 levels. Outside it's completely toxic, and in here there's nothing. It's breathable. What are you doing? Charlie, don't be an idiot. Don't be a sceptic. There's something generating an atmosphere, David? Dr. Holloway is correct. - Cleaner than ours, actually. They were terraforming here. - Please, don't do... Ellie, I'm not wearing this thing anymore. Wish me luck babe. - Do you copy, do not remove your head gear. You crazy bastard. Prometheus connect our suit cameras if you want to continue watching this freak show, we are taking our helmets off. Copy that, switching feeds. Well come on, pay up. Pay what? - What do you mean "pay what"? Something's manufacturing breathable air down there. That means it's terraforming. - No,

no, the bet was why we came here. If you said that that old man wanted to talk to martians, then I'd pay Oh come on, a hundred credits, put it towards a lap dance of miss Vickers, how about that? It's minus 12 in here. So why is this water not frozen? Maybe it's martian piss. That's your, scientific theory? Is it, Mr. Biology? Well, whatever it is it sure is clean. Impressive. What was that? - David? David?! David?! Ellie! What the hell was that? - Aren't you glad we didn't bring any weapons? Whose idea was that?! - Keep up! Where did he go? There it is. Oh my God, Charlie we found them. - What do you mean "them"? It is them Ellie. Looks like a door, and he's been decapitated by it. Son of a bitch. They were right. Did you want them to be wrong? David, please tell me you can read that. Perhaps. I'm out of here. Fifield, where are you going? What? Look, I'm just a geologist, I like rocks, I love rocks. It's clear you two don't give a shit about rocks, but what you do seem to care about is gigantic dead bodies I don't really have anything to contribute in the gigantic dead body arena! I'm gonna go back to the ship, if you don't mind. Anyone want to join me? You staying? No, ship's good. - Yeah, ship very good. Congratulations on meeting your maker. - Thank you. Pull yourself together man. I thought you were the crazy one. Do you have the carbon reader? Thank you. How long has it been dead? Two thousand years, give or take. What are you doing David? I'm attempting to open the door. Wait, we don't know what's on the other side. Ups, sorry. Look Ford, it's the head. An amazing state of preservation. We'll take it in. Remarkably human. Beautiful painting. It's a mural. Stop, stop, don't touch it. - Sorry. Please, don't touch anything. It's sweating. Organic. Oh no, Charlie the murals are changing. I think we've averted the atmosphere in the room. Charlie, do you copy? Overhead, Ford quick, help me bag the head. Boss? - What you got? We got an incoming storm front, silica and lots of static, this is not good. - I see it. Ground crew this is Janek. Need you to hustle back right now. Ground crew, do you copy? I got 200 km winds of airborne silica and enough static to fry your suit. Copy that sir, but we need more time here. I'll be closing the outer doors in 15 minutes. I sincerely hope you can make it. Charlie, David, we must leave now! This is just another tomb. David? Let's go! David, we are leaving! Come on! Damn it, they've already taken off. Come on, let's go. Prometheus to ground crew, you're running out of time. Come on. Drive faster! Charlie, the head! Ellie stop! What are you doing?! Shit Ellie hold on! Goddamn it. - Close it! Got it. Decontamination at level 3. What was that Ellie? You could have compromised the entire mission, not to mention almost killing yourself! Are you alright? - Yes, thank you David. My pleasure. Alright doctors, it's real good to have you back, but where is Millburn and Fifield? Aren't they back yet? Kick them up for me. We've been here before Fifield. - I know, it all looks the same to me. Boys this is the captain, listen up. Between the static electricity and the wind speed, there ain't no safe way to come get you. Temperature is dropping rapidly, so get your helmets on and stay warm. Till the storm passes. Captain, can you get a message to the scientist and that zealot girlfriend of his? Know what they're paying me by? - No. I think we got it. Tell them I said... themselves. Copy? - Copy that. Alright boys, keep your heads down and we'll come get you in the morning. Sample is

sterile, no contagion present. - David. So are they all dead? What? Who? - Your engineers. Are they all dead or aren't they? - I don't know, we just got here. Scan. Do you even care if they're all dead? - Weyland cared. Dr. Shaw, have a look at this. That's not an exoskeleton. - No. - I think it's a helmet. Let's see if we can lift it up. - Should be able to pry this open. It's too heavy for us, David. Careful. - Like so. What is that on its head? - It looks like neo cells. In a state of... - Change. - Yes. Changing into what? Can you run a stim line into Locus Coeruleus? I think we can trick the nervous system into thinking it's still alive. - OK. - No more. Let me make an incision. - OK. Go up, 40. OK, 40 up. Did you see that? See? Go up another 10. OK, up 10. Too much, go down 10. - OK, down 10. Down another 20. - I'm trying. - Ford, down. Ford, stop it! David, contain it now! - Contain it, turn it off, now! Mortal after all. Ford take a sample. Let's have a look. No sir, I will take care of it. Yes sir I understand, I'm sorry. Unfortunately, slightly premature. Of course sir. Miss Vickers? What did he say David? - I don't think he'd want me to tell you. What did he say? - I'm sorry, that's confidential. So help me God, I will find the cord that makes you run and I will cut it. What did he say? He said: "Try harder". Cup of tea, ma'am? Genetic view. - OK. - Let's have a look at its DNA. Isolate the strand. Compare it to the gene sample. Overlay. - Processing. Processing. DNA match. Oh my God... It's us, it's everything. What killed them? Big things have small beginnings. Am I interrupting? Thought you might be running low. Pour yourself a glass pal. - Thank you, but I'm afraid it would be wasted on me. Right, I almost forgot you're not a real boy. I'm very sorry that your engineers are all gone, Dr. Holloway. You think we wasted our time coming here, don't you? Your question depends on the understanding what you hope to achieve by coming here. What we hoped to achieve, was to meet our makers, to get answers. Why they even made us in the first place. Why do you think your people made me? We made you cos we could. Can you imagine how disappointing would be for you, to hear the same thing from your creator? I guess it's a good thing you can't be disappointed. Yes. It's wonderful actually. May I ask you something? Please do. - How far would you go, to get what you came all this way for? Your answers? What would you be willing to do? - Anything and everything. That's worth drinking to, I'd imagine. Here's mud in your eye, pal. Good health. It's those things. Are they real? Of course they're real. Jesus Christ, look at the pile, look how up they are. Looks like they were running from something. Don't touch, OK? This thing is, opened up from the inside, almost like its exploded. It's like a scene out of some sort of holocaust painting. Whatever killed them is long gone, right? Where is your position? - Prometheus, this is Millburn. We are at 7401477, why? - I just got a ping. About one click west of you. - What do you mean, a ping? Whatever that probe is picking up, it's not dead. It's reading life form. What do you mean a "life form"? - Is it moving? No, I don't think so. Captain, you're obviously not seeing what we're seeing down here, but if you were, you wouldn't be talking about bloody ping. Boys, the signal's been coming in sporadically since the storm hit. That's not good to us down here captain! Is it moving? Are these things moving? No, it just disappeared actually. Must be a glitch.

- What do you mean, "a glitch"? Alright boys, sleep tight. Try not to bother each other. - Captain, what do you mean "a glitch"? Millburn wait! He said, one click west? We don't want to go check that out, do we? - Shit no. Where are we going to go? - East. Yeah east. - Glitch man, glitched life form, what the fuck?! Based on the behavior of the subject in these holographic recordings, we're still attempting to identify what caused the head to combust. I can't help but wonder, was there an outbreak here? You rang, ma'am? - I have something important to tell you. What is that? - This is a rose that I had frozen with the champagne. I was gonna give it to you when we found what we came for. We did find what we came for. They were here, this is... The most significant discovery in the history of mankind. I know. It's incredible, it really is, but... I wanted to talk to them. Don't you want to know why they came? Why they abandoned us? I just want answers baby. We were right Charlie. I have proof. Look. Their genetic material predates ours. We come from them. - Are you kidding me? - No. OK. I guess you can take your father's cross off now. Why would I want to do that? Because they made us. - And who made them? Exactly, we'll never know. But here's what we do know. There is nothing special about the creation of life. Anybody can do it, all you need is a dash of DNA and half a brain, right? I can't. I can't create life. What does that say about me? Ellie, that's not, I didn't mean... I wasn't talking about... Children? - Us. Elizabeth Shaw, you are the most special person I have ever met in my life. And I love you. No. How much longer is this gonna take? I don't know, I'm just the captain. That thing sounds like a dying cat, by the way. I'll have you know that this "thing" once belonged to Steven Stills. Am I supposed to know who that is? You know... If you wanna get laid, you really don't have to pretend to be interested in the pyramid scanner. I mean you could just say: "Hey, I'm trying to get laid". I could say that, right? But then, it wouldn't make sense why I'd find myself half a billion miles from every man on Earth, if I wanted to get laid, would it? Hey Vickers! I was wondering... Are you a robot? My room, ten minutes. Millburn, what's with this black stuff? Gazpacho. Is that tobacco? Is that tobacco in your respirator? Yeah, sure. Tobacco. On behalf of scientists everywhere I am ashamed to count you amongst us Fifield, really. Millburn? - Yeah? - Do you see this thing? What do you think this thing was? Some kind of a god? Something they worshiped? What's that?! - OK, just stay calm. Stay quiet, it is OK, I can handle this. Hey baby. Come in Prometheus, we have a elongated reptile type creature. Maybe 30-40 inches, with transparent skin. It's beautiful. Prometheus, we have 2! Look at you. Look at you baby. Jesus, look at the size of that, what is it? You need to stay calm, OK? - What's there to be calm about? You need to stay calm, she is beautiful. She? What the hell makes you think that's female? She's a lady, look. She's mesmerized. Come here. It's OK, it's OK. Hey baby. You're strong! Maybe you should help me now, OK?! Get it off man! OK?! I ain't touching that! It's getting tighter. - I ain't touching that! Don't want to touch it! Touch the thing man! For God's sake... God! You're making it worse! It's tightening! It's breaking my arm! Cut it off! Cut it off! Oh my God! It's in my suit! Shaw, you up? Yeah, what's up? Storm's passed, but can't reach Millburn and Fifield on the comm, Taking a few men

down, to see if we can rustle them up. OK, any idea where they are? Last time they radioed in they were just outside where you found your head. OK, we're coming. Chance, you're coming with me, come on. Alright boss. Ravel, did you fix that glitch? No captain, it's got to be in the hardware. What glitch, captain? - One of them probes picked up a life form, pops up every hour or so for couple of seconds and then it's gone. I can find the probe and fix it for you, if you'd like. Knock yourself out. Be careful, doctor. Fifield?! Millburn?! Right, come on down. David, are you alone? Yes miss Vickers. - Up link your feed to my room. Copy. You son of a bitch. He cut me off. What is this? Charlie? - I just tripped. Oh my God, you're sick. - I'm OK baby. Fifield? Millburn? Hey Chance, I wouldn't touch that if I were you. Doctor Shaw? - Yes? Do you have any idea oozing out of these vases? No, they weren't like this last time we were here. Captain! - What? Who is that? Which one? - Who is it? - It's Millburn. Ellie. - Don't touch him! - Ellie, honey? Charlie what's wrong? I need you to look at me, OK? You know infections so, what do you see? This is not good baby. - Ellie, look at me and tell me what you see. Oh my God. Ford, get over here. Janek! We have to go now! - What do you see baby? Honey what do you see? - Holloway's sick, he's not good! I see a movement in his esophagus. I'm OK. - Janek, come over and help me! Ford get over here! What's happening over there?! Help me with him! - I'm ok... I got you, I'm gonna get you out of here. Prometheus come in! - I'm OK. Get him up! Prometheus, come in! Is anyone there? This is Vickers. - I need a medical team standing by the air lock. Full quarantine failsafe. Holloway is sick. Sick with what? - Just do it. No sitting out. He don't look too good. - Did he catch something in there? We had our helmets off... I don't know. Prometheus this is Janek, make sure that back door is open. Aye, aye captain. I'm so sorry. Please! Vickers, why is that door not open?! Vickers, that is an order! Get that goddamn door open! Look at me OK? It's too late, I'm sick. - No it's not, come on! Ford help me! - Airlock crew if you can hear me, this is Janek open that back door right now! - Hold that door! Do you copy? Goddamn it open that door that is an order! Open it! What the hell is this? - He's not coming on board. Vickers, this is a sick man! - I can see that, that's why he's not coming on my ship! Don't kill him! Please, we can still help him! Help yourself. Everybody but Holloway back on the ship, now! I won't leave him! - Then stay! Wait a minute! We can contain him, put him on a med-pod! Please don't do this! - It's OK, Ellie. - Vickers! What are you doing? - I love you baby. - No! I'm telling you, stay back! - Do it. - Stay back! Do it. My deepest condolences. I'm going to have to take this, it may be contaminated. If there's a contagion, we were all exposed. We need to run blood work on everyone who set foot in the pyramid. Yes of course. I understand how inappropriate this is. Given the circumstances. But, as you ordered quarantine fail safes it's my responsibility to ask. Have you and Dr. Holloway had any intimate contact recently? Since you and he were so, close, I just want to be as thorough as possible. My, my... You're pregnant. What? From the look of it, three months. - Well that's impossible. I can't be pregnant. - Did you have intercourse with Dr. Holloway? Yes, but ten hours ago. There's no bloody way I'm three months pregnant. Well doctor, it's not

exactly a traditional fetus. I want to see it. - Don't think that's a good idea. David, I want to see it. Now doctor... I want to see it. I want it out of me. - I'm afraid we don't have personnel to perform the procedure like that. Our best option... - I want it out. To put you back into cryostasis... - David, get it out of me. Get it out of me! Please... Must be very painful. Here, let me give you something. That's it Someone will be along shortly, to bring you back to cryo-deck. Must feel like your God abandoned you. - What? To lose Dr. Holloway, after your father died under such similar circumstances. What was it that killed him? Ebola? How do you know that? I watched your dreams. Dr. Shaw? We're here to put you in an anti-contamination suit. Take you back to cryo-deck, go to bed-e-byes. Dr. Shaw? She's totally doped, prepare her. Emergency procedure initiated. Please verbally state the nature of your injury. I need caesarean! Error, this med-pod is calibrated for male patients only. It does not have the procedure you have requested. Please seek medical assistance... Surgery, abdominal... Penetrating injuries, foreign body... Initiate. Surgical procedure beginning. Running diagnostics. Oh come on! Get it out! Come on! Please! Oh God! Initiating anesthetics. Commence surgical procedure. Oh God, oh my God! Come on! Bridge to hangar, this is the captain. - Yes captain? Can you see what I'm seeing? Fifield's monitor just popped up. What? Where? According to what I'm looking at, it's right outside the goddamn ship. Barnes open the door! - Fifield, do you copy me, come on in. Fifield? Wait a second... Hey Wallace, take a look at this. Fifield? What the hell is going on down there?! I'm coming out. Chance, we're suiting up, come on! Take him out! You ready Chance?! - Yes. You've been asleep... You were on the ship all this time, why? I have a few days of life left in me. Don't want to waste them, till I was sure that you could deliver what you promised. Meet my maker. - Here we are sir, nice and clean. Haven't you told him they're all gone? But they're not all gone, Dr. Shaw. One of them is still alive. We're on our way to see him now. What? - Turn me round. You convinced me... If these things made us... Then surely they could save us. My stick. Save me, anyway. - Save you? From what? Death of course, stand me up. You don't understand, you don't know, this place isn't what we thought it was... They aren't what we thought they were. I was wrong, we were so wrong. Charlie, Dr. Holloway is dead. We must leave. - And what would Charlie do, now? We're so close to answering the most meaningful questions ever asked by mankind. How can you leave without knowing what they are? Or have you lost your faith, Shaw? Ok... Come in. Where the hell are you going doc? You know what this place is? Those "engineers", this ain't their home. It's an installation, maybe even military. They put it out here in the middle of nowhere because they're not stupid enough to make weapons of mass destruction on their own doorstep. That's what all that shit is in those vases. They made it here, it got out, it turned on them, the end. It's time for us to go home. One of them is still alive. Don't you want to know what they have to say? I don't care. Right, all you do is fly this ship. That's right. You must care about something, captain. If you didn't, why are you here? How about this. No matter what happens down there, I can't bring none of that shit back home with us, can't let it happen. And I'll do whatever I have to, to see



that it doesn't. Make sure you do, captain. You came after all. - Thought you wanted me to. After all your vigorous attempts to stop me from coming here, I'm just surprised to see you. Alright David, leave us alone. - Yes sir. If you're really going down there, you're going to die. Very negative way of looking at things. Exactly why you should have stayed at home. Did you really think I was gonna sit in a board room for years, arguing over who is in charge while you go look for some miracle on some godforsaken rock in the middle of space? A king has his reign and then he dies. It's inevitable. That is a natural order of things. Anything else? No. Father. That's it. I didn't think you had it in you. Sorry, poor choice of words. Extraordinary survival instincts, Elizabeth. What happens when Weyland is not around to program you any more? I suppose I'll be free. - You want that? What? Not a concept I'm familiar with. That being said, doesn't everyone want their parents dead? I didn't. Dr. Shaw, I'm pleased you could join us. You can take your helmet off if you'd like sir. - Why? The air is perfectly breathable. - You sure? - Positive. Wait, we still don't know how Holloway got infected. If it's in the air... - It's not. How do you know that? - Smells fine to me. Shall we? - Please. The bridge is just up ahead. - What is this? It's a cargo hold. Janek, are you seeing this? How many is there Shaw? - Thousands. What the hell? Ravel, give me those schematics. Putting it on the table now. Strip away the dome, isolate that area, bring it up. Bringing it up captain. Enlarge that. Rotate it. That is a ship. Jesus Christ. It's a goddamn ship. A superior species, no doubt. Their hyper-sleep chambers, would impress I trust. So they were traveling somewhere? I have managed to work out the broad strokes. It's fairly evident they were in the process of leaving. Before things went apart. Leaving to go where? Earth. - Why? Sometimes to create, one must first destroy. Where is he, David? - This way sir. Sure he's alive? Absolutely. And you can speak to him? - I believe I can. I'm alright! Speak to him David. Tell him we're here, just like he asked. - Ask him where they're from. What are you doing? - Ask him what's in his cargo, it killed his people. - Shaw, enough. David... - You made it here, and it was meant for us, why? Shaw enough! For God's sake shut her up. I need to know why, what did we do wrong?! Why do you hate us?! David continue, tell him why I came. No! There's nothing... I know. Have a good journey, Mr. Weyland. Time to go home. Mr. Chance, take us home. Hey captain... - What in the hell was that? Prometheus, come in! Shaw, is that you, copy? - Janek, listen to me! This ship is taking off! - What? - What the hell is she talking about? You can't let it leave! You have to stop it! We're not stopping anything Shaw, we're going home. Janek if you don't stop it, there won't be any home to go back to. It's carrying death, it's headed for Earth. Shaw, this is not a warship. - I know, I know that. But you must do it. - Captain, let's go! Janek please believe me, please. I told you to get the ship going. Mr. Ravel, warm up the ion propulsion. - What the hell are you talking about? Sir, burning the ion in the inner atmosphere... Turns us into a bullet, that is exactly the point. What the hell are you doing? Janek this is my ship, I'm telling you to take us home! Vickers I'm going to eject your life support module onto that surface, that's 2 years of life. You want it or do you want to stay with me? You have

40 seconds to get to the escape pod. You're crazy. - Gentlemen, I can handle this myself. Feel free to join miss Vickers. With all due respect captain, you're a shit pilot and you're going to need all the help you can get. If you think this means the bet's off, you're wrong. Why don't you pay me on the other side? Get us as close as we can, only got one shot at this. Life boat's away. 20 seconds to evacuate. Countdown initiated. - Ion propulsion is online. Come on! Alright gentlemen, let's do it! Impact imminent! - Hands on! No! Oh God... Warning, you have 2 minutes of oxygen remaining. Warning, you have 30 seconds of oxygen remaining. Airlock sealed. Oxygen levels now stabilizing. Elizabeth, are you there? This is David. Yeah, I'm here. You need to get out, immediately. He's coming for you. - Who's coming? Airlock breach! Die! I am so sorry... Oh God... I am so sorry, I'm sorry Charlie, I can't do it. I can't do it anymore. Elizabeth? Are you there? Dr. Shaw, can you hear me? Yes. Yes I can hear you. I was afraid you were dead. You have no idea what afraid is. I know we've had our differences. But please, I need to ask you for your help. Why in hell would I help you? Because without me, you will never leave this place. Neither one of us is leaving this place. It's not the only ship. There are many others. I can operate them. Dr. Shaw? Dr. Shaw! Over here! Where's my cross? The pouch in my utility belt. Even after all this, you still believe, don't you? You said you could understand the navigation. Use their maps. Yes of course. Once we get to one of their other ships, finding a path to Earth should be relatively straightforward. I don't want to go back to where we came from. I want to go where they came from. You think you can do that David? Yes, I believe I can. May I ask what you hope to achieve by going there? They created us, then they tried to kill us. They changed their minds. I deserve to know why. The answer is irrelevant. Does it matter why they changed their minds? Yes, yes it does. I don't understand. - Well... I guess that's because I am human being. And you are a robot. I'm sorry. - It's quite alright. Final report of the vessel Prometheus. The ship and her entire crew are gone. If you're receiving this transmission, make no attempt to come to its point of origin. There's only death here now, and I'm leaving it behind. It is new year's day, a year of our Lord, 2094. My name is Elizabeth Shaw, last survivor of the Prometheus. And I am still searching. Sentinel