

Final Fantasy Tactics Advance Game Script

by Draco Letty

Updated to v1.4 on Jul 5, 2004

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FINAL FANTASY
TACTICS ADVANCE
GAME SCRIPT
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Introduction

This is the Final Fantasy Tactics Advance Game Script Version 1.4 by Draco Letty 2004(c)Lorenzo Rice. This is just the whole story of Final Fantasy Tactics Advance from start to finish that I decided to start on out of the blue. This is my first ever game script and I hope everything goes well. I'd also like to point out that this is not an easy game to do a script for so if I take awhile to finish it please bear with me.

Version History

Version 1.0: Script started, finished The Basics, got about halfway through St. Ivalice's script.Uh,conclusion nowhere to be found....

Version 1.1: Version History added, St. Ivalice script touched up a little(No more Boy 1,2,&3 plus a few other things)plus script finally gets accepted by Gamefaqs(it wouldn't at first because it wasn't a text document).

Version 1.2: Conclusion title added(still no conclusion) and info from the author added plus script is now on NeoSeekers and RPGClassic and of course more of the script.

Version 1.3: No update to the game script but there was a format update and author info was also updated.

Version 1.4 (July 5th, 2004): Added more of the script and there are changes to the author info also finally added dates to Version History(no idea what the earlier dates were guess they're lost in history, don't know why I didn't have dates from the beginning...)

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Legal Stuff

Final Fantasy Tactics Advance Game Script can not be reproduced for any

reason other than private/personal use only without the expressed written permission of Lorenzo Rice(Draco Letty). While I'm on the subject I now give credit to Square Enix which has reserved rights for all of Final Fantasy Tactics Advances' content of which none can be used for personal gain(i.e.selling anything with their characters,locations,etc.). I will also note that I *borrowed* a few things from the games' manual hope you don't mind Square Enix.

Contact Info

If any other web sites wish to put this script on their site you can contact me at baralai614@hotmail.com,also if I make any mistakes on the script and it doesn't seem like I noticed just e-mail me and let me know where the error is. Another thing if you see this FAQ on another site other than the ones listed below please contact me immediately.

Current Sites Script Is On

The following sites have permission to have my script on their site:

www.gamefaqs.com
www.neoseekers.com
www.RPGClassics.com

Any other sites with this script on their site are in violation of copyright and will force me to use legal action if they do not take the script off immediately.

The Basics

Now that we're done with that I'm about to share with you the basics of Final Fantasy Tactics Advance(which from here on in will be referred to as FFTA)with you.

The Story

Our story begins soon after a young boy named Marche moves to the country town of St. Ivalice. Marche's family has had a difficult past, and it is all he can do to adjust to country life with the help of his new friends: Mewt, a mature but timid boy who is often picked on, and Ritz, a stellar student whose strong-willed nature has made her unpopular at school. They are friends, though they barely know more than each other's names. But one day, the three of them come across an ancient magical book, and St. Ivalice changes forever....

The Characters

Marche Radium: The Hero of our story.

The game begins soon after Marche moves to St. Ivalice, the country town where his mother was born. The reason for the move was twofold: Marche's parents' divorce became final after many years of separation, and they had to leave the home where Marche grew up. In addition, Marche's little brother Doned found that his illness was getting worse, and the family figured a move to the countryside might be good for him. But when all of Ivalice changes, Marche's adventure begins. Will he be able to restore the world to the way it was before?

Montblanc: A young moogle boy

Montblanc runs into a very confused Marche wandering the streets of Ivalice. The moogle quickly befriends him and helps him navigate the strange new world

he has wondered into. Though he may be small, Montblanc is more trustworthy than most and serves as a steadfast companion to Marche.

Mewt Randell: Our other hero...

Marche's classmate Mewt is an odd boy who always carries a teddy bear. Shy and a little precocious, Mewt is often picked on by the other kids at school. Ever since Mewt's mother became ill and passed away, his father has had trouble at work, and Mewt's shyness has only gotten worse. The teddy bear he always carries with him was a gift from his mother. When Mewt finds an old book at a used bookstore, everything he knows changes....but is it for better or for worse?

Ritz Malbeur: Marche and Mewt's classmate

Unlike her quiet friends, Ritz is outspoken and strong-minded. While she excels in both classes and in sports, her independent spirit and firm sense of right and wrong result in most other kids giving her a wide berth. She's the last person you'd expect to have a secret--one that troubles her more than anything else. When Ivalice changes, Ritz is nowhere to be found....

Races

Many different races live in Ivalice. Often, members of different races adventure together in the same clan.

Humans

Humans are the most common race in Ivalice. While they have no outstanding natural talents, they are generally good at everything. Compared to other races, they have a wide variety of jobs to choose from, making them fun to develop.

Viera

These female hunters are as beautiful (picture a cross between a human and a cat with a killer body and clothes revealing it) as they are proud. Their supple limbs are highly agile, and their hearing is so advanced that it is said they can talk to the spirit world. Their jobs highlight their agility as well as their spiritual adeptness. Only Viera may handle summoned monsters.

Moogles

Moogles are clever folk who are able to handle any tool with ease. Their curiosity is only matched by their mischievousness. Moogles delight in surprising humans, and their jobs highlight their special talents. Their dexterity makes them the perfect candidates for jobs requiring delicate work.

Nu Mou

The Nu Mou (picture a cross between a human and an elderly sheep with long floppy ears and a dinosaur's tail) are respected by all the races of Ivalice as the most adept wielders of magic. They can sense the flow of power and read its signs. As Nu Mou do not relish combat, most of their jobs focus on the magical arts.

Bangaa

At a glance, the Bangaa appear to be large, bipedal lizards (picture Brutus from Brute Force in a monk's outfit). Bangaa are known for their rough dispositions

and their love of battle. They are the strongest of the races, and their jobs take advantage of this. If you need someone to deal combat damage, look no further.

The Judgement System

There are two systems of order that govern the world of Ivalice: the laws that determine the rules of the engagement and the judges who enforce those laws. Laws function during combat by forbidding units to take certain actions while rewarding them for others. Whenever laws have been set for an engagement, a judge will be there to observe and enforce. Though it is possible to take forbidden actions, woe betide any unit who should break the law, for they will be punished! (Namely, getting thrown in jail for a set amount of battles or you could pay a fine...)

Game Script

Now for the script itself, it is time....(finally)

St. Ivalice

Some kids are outside, it's snowy out and they are all standing around chatting. Suddenly a whistle sounds and the kids move to opposite sides of the snowy field.

Lyle: Aww, man! Why do I get stuck on the weak team? We're just gonna lose. Where's the fun in that?

The boy turns and walks to another boy on his side of the field.

Lyle: Hey, Mewt. Where's your little bear today?

Mewt:

Another boy on the other side of the field walks forward a little.

Colin: He didn't want his precious bear to get wet in the snow!

Another boy on the same side throws his arms in the air and drops them.

Guinness: Aww... Did your mommy give you that bear?

On the other side with Mewt and Boy 1 another boy walks to Mewt's side.

Lyle: What's your problem, new kid?

Guinness: Leave him alone. He's not going to say anything anyway. He's like a little girl!

A girl on Boy 3's side walks up to his side.

Girl: Hey! That's gender discrimination! And I know some "little girls" who can kick your butt!

The girl walks over to Mewt's side.

Lyle: Whoa, Ritz! What's your problem?

Ritz: You don't want to be on that team, right? How about we switch? Would that be better? Let's start already!

Ritz and Boy 1 switch places. Ritz walks up to the new kid.

Ritz: You should speak up. Tell them your name, at least. You can't be the "new kid" forever!

Ritz walks over to her spot and Mewt turns to the new kid.

Mewt: Sorry, Marche.

Marche: You don't have to apologize, Mewt. You haven't done anything wrong.

Mewt:

Marche walks back over to his spot.

Ritz: OK, Mr. Leslaie, we're ready to go!

Mr. Leslaie walks up.

Mr.Leslaie: Then let's get this snowball fight started! Ready?

Everyone gets ready.

Mr.Leslaie: Gotten used to the snow in St. Ivalice yet, Marche? It's much warmer where you're from, isn't it?

Marche nodded.

Marche: Yes, sir. It never snowed. This is practically my first snowball fight....

Mr.Leslaie: Really? Then let me give you some pointers. Ritz, could you help out?

Ritz: Yes, Mr.Leslaie.

A tutorial of how battles work begins. Afterwards....

Ritz: You get it?

Marche: Yeah I think so, thanks Ritz, Mr.Leslaie.

Mr.Leslaie: Let's get back to the snowball fight, then.

Ritz: Good luck, Marche!

A snowball fight begins. A few round into the fight.

Lyle: Hey, no running away Mewt!

Colin: But that's what Mewt does best! Hah hah!

Mewt:

Afterwards the two boys gang up on Mewt and continuously throw snowballs at him. Marche walks up to Mewt.

Ritz: Will you two stop it?

Lyle: What? We're not breaking any rules!

Ritz: Sure! You've been aiming at Mewt this whole time!

Marche: Are you OK, Mewt?

Mewt nodded.

Mewt: Yeah....I'm fine.

Guinness: See? He says he's fine, so what's the problem?

Ritz: He knows you'd pick on him worse if he said anything else!

Colin throws another snowball at Mewt. Mewt falls to his knees when it hits him.

Mewt: Ouch!

Marche: Mewt, your forehead is bleeding!

Mewt: Huh...?

Marche: There was a rock in that snowball!

Colin: Hey, I didn't throw any rocks!

Guinness: It's Mewt's fault for being so lame!

Lyle: He's an easy target, and we've gotta get points, right?

Ritz: So the end justifies the means? You guys are horrible!

Lyle: Whatever you say, whitey-locks! (Note: Ritz's hair is red)

Ritz: What did you call me!?

Guinness: We know you dye your hair 'cause it's really all white!

Colin: Yeah, just like an old grandma! Hah hah! Little prissy grandma!

Ritz: Step over here and say that again!

Ritz went walking toward Colin when Mr.Leslaie walked up and blew his whistle.

Mr.Leslaie: Children! Behave! This snowball fight is over! Lyle, Colin, Guinness--I want you to come with me. Mewt, how's your forehead?

Mewt: It's OK...I'm fine, really.

Mr.Leslaie: That's it for class today. The rest of you can go home.

They all left, except for Ritz, Marche, and Mewt.

Mewt: Uh, um...Thank you.

Ritz: I can't stand bullies who pick on little kids! Those jerks!

Mewt: So, Marche. What are you doing after this?

Marche: Huh? Why?

Mewt: I was going to go buy this book...and I was wondering if you wanted to come along?

Marche: Sorry, I can't. My little brother's getting out of the hospital today.

Ritz: Hospital? Was he sick?

Marche: No, it's something he was born with. We have to take him to the hospital every now and then.

Ritz: Wow, that's rough.

Marche: What kind of book are you going to buy?

Mewt: It's about monsters and magic and stuff like that.

Marche: Why don't you bring it over to my house? I'm sure Doned, my brother, would love to see it.

Mewt: Well, if you're sure it's OK...

Marche nodded.

Marche: Absolutely! Why don't you come, too, Ritz?

Ritz: Me? Um, gee, I guess I don't have any other plans... OK!

Marche: Great! You two know where my house is?

Ritz: It's the yellow house, right?

Mewt: I'll come over as soon as I buy that book!

Marche: I'll be waiting!

They all walked down the street together. They heard someone talking on the other side of the street.

Guy: Gosh, I'm really sorry.

Mewt: Uh-oh....

Mewt put his head down.

Guy: I'm really, really sorry. Please accept my apologies...

Other Guy: Mr. Randell. We expect a certain level of performance. Regardless of

circumstances....

Mr.Randell: It won't happen again.

Other Guy: Don't worry, I'll fix things up here.

Mr.Randell: Oh, thanks, thanks!

Other Guy to bystander: Thank you for waiting. Shall we?

The two men walked off.

Ritz: Look at that guy cringing like that! Embarrassing....

Mr.Randell turned around.

Mr.Randell: Mewt? Mewt, it is you!

Mewt:Hi, Dad.

Mewt went over to his father.

Mewt's Dad: School's out already?

Mewt: Yeah....

Mewt's Dad: These your friends?

Mewt nodded.

Mewt: Um, don't you still have work to do, Dad?

Mewt's Dad: Ah....yes. You know, busy busy busy!

Mewt's Dad turned toward Marche and Ritz who were still across the street.

Mewt's Dad: You all keep an eye on Mewt for me, eh?

Mewt's Dad walked down the street and out of sight.

Mewt: He used to work at a bigger company before. When Mom died, he stopped caring. He broke down big time.

Marche walked up to Mewt.

Marche: He seems nice. Not many parents talk to their kids like that. I bet you used to go out on vacations and stuff a lot.

Marche walked down the street a little.

Marche: Well, we'll be waiting for you at my place!

Marche walked out of sight.

Ritz: Mewt, how much do you know about Marche?

Mewt: Huh?

Ritz: I guess your family has had its problems, too...But I heard that Marche doesn't have a dad....

Mewt:

Ritz walked off, Mewt followed. Back at Marche's house, Marche was just walking into his room.

Marche: Doned?

Doned was in a wheel chair, he rolled over to Marche.

Doned: Oh, hiya. Welcome back. You're kinda late, aren't you?

Marche: We had a snowball fight at school. I'm totally soaked!

Doned: A snowball fight, huh...Did they pick on you again?

Marche: I'm just not used to the snow, that's all.

Doned: Yeah, you always were bad at sports!

A distant yell came from down stairs.

Marche's Mother: Marche! Your guests are here!

Marche: Tell them to come on up!

Doned: You invited over some friends?

Marche: Yeah, one of them says he found this really cool book. I thought you might want to see it, too. You like books, don't you? You're always reading them.

Doned: Only 'cause there's nothing else to do at the hospital. Nothing except read and play games....

There was a knock at the door.

Ritz: Hello! We're here!

Ritz and Mewt walked in, Ritz walked over to Doned.

Ritz: You must be Doned! I'm Ritz, I'm your brother's classmate.

She looked toward Mewt.

Ritz: And this is Mewt.

Doned: Hiya.

Marche: You get that book, Mewt?

Mewt: Yeah, right here. But I don't know what the title is....Even the guy at the used bookshop couldn't read it.

Marche: Wow....It looks really old! Let's see what it says. Can you see, Doned?

They laid the book on the floor and began looking at it.

Marche: I can't read these letters at all! Maybe they're some kind of magic spell!

Ritz: You might not be too far off. Look, a magic circle! Maybe this is in Latin or something? And there are some later additions....What does this say?

Mewt:Alta oron. Sondus kameela...It sure sounds like magic!

Doned: Wow, a magic book! I wish I could use magic....

Marche: I knew you'd like it, Doned!

Doned: If you could use magic, maybe you'd be better at sports!

Marche: That's not funny!

Doned: Hah hah. It's true!

Everyone laughed.

Mewt: It'd be cool if this really were a magic book....Haven't you ever read a book and thought...."What if the world in this book was the real world?"

Ritz: I dunno. Most books are sooo boring. They're all way too predictable.

Marche: Well, what do you like, Ritz? Comic books?

Ritz: Games! You know, fighting monsters and all that.

Marche: OK, if you could make any game real, which would it be?

Ritz: Hmm, that's a good question!

Mewt: I'd pick "Final Fantasy." That's my favorite.

Ritz: My, my, look at the time. I should get going soon.

Ritz stood up, Mewt&Marche stood also, Mewt picked up the book.

Mewt: Yeah, me too. See you at school, Marche!

Ritz: Thanks for having us over, Marche. Nice meeting you too, Doned!

Doned: See you later, Ritz!

Marche: Wait, I'll see you guys out. Be right back, Doned.

The three of them walked out of the room leaving Doned alone.

Doned: I wish I could use magic...

Marche&Doned's mothers voice yelled from downstairs.

Marche's Mom: Doned! It's time for your medicine!

Doned: OK, Mom!

Doned rolled out of the room. That night the whole town of St.Ivalice slowly turned into another world, and as Marche and Doned lay in their separate beds Doned glowed and disappeared. Marche was pulled out of his bed and floated in mid air as his room turned into an alley in a town and he was laid there. The next day....

Ivalice

Marche: Huh? Where am I?

Marche walks through the town looking around when he bumps into someone.

Marche: Oh, excuse me!

Bangaa: Watch where you're going, sson!(Not a typo this is the way they actually talk)

Marche looks up.

Marche: Y-You're a lizard!

Bangaa: What did you ssay?!

Marche: I, um, erp.

Bangaa: You ssaid lizard!

Marche stepped back a little.

Bangaa: It takess a lot of nerve to call a bangaa a lizard!

The bangaa stepped toward Marche and Marche stepped back again.

???: Kupo! There you are, kupo!

A moogle walked up to Marche and the bangaa.

Bangaa: Moogle...Thiss human brat with you?

Moogle: Yes, kupo! He's just come in from the countryside you see.

Marche:

Moogle: Apologize to the bangaa, kupo!

Marche: Um...uh...Sorry!

Moogle: Please excuse him. He's not used to seeing bangaa.

The moogle motioned to Marche and they went walking off toward a building when the bangaa stopped them.

Bangaa: Hey, you, wait!

Marche and the moogle turned around.

Mooglee: Kupo?

The bangaa walked up to Marche.

Bangaa: Those clothes...You're a soldier aren't you?

Marche: A...soldier?

Bangaa: Yess...Sso you wouldn't mind a little engagement?

Marche backed up.

Marche: Huh? What's going on here?

A judge appeared.

Mooglee: He's engaging you, kupo!

Battle begins.

Marche: Wait a second...I get it! "Engage" means "fight"!

Mooglee: You sure are a keen observer of the obvious, kupo! There's the judge, and laws for today are all set.

Marche: Judge...? Laws...?

Mooglee: Uh-oh, don't tell me you don't know about those! The laws today forbid the use of all items, kupo! Always be sure to check the laws, or you'll be sorry!

Marche: Um...uh...OK, wait, so an "engagement" is a battle..And the "laws" are the rules for the battle...And that guy in armor is the "judge"?

Mooglee: Kupo! It's your turn, kupo! Use your sword and your abilities! I'll back you up!

Marche: Um, OK, here goes!

Midway through the fight the bangaa's friend was killed by the Mooglee.

Judge: K.O. verified! One judge point!

Marche: Judge point? What's that?

Mooglee: Collect Judge points! That way you can use "combos" with other clan members. It makes engagements a snap, kupo!

Marche: So all I have to do is defeat my opponents? Gotcha.

Battle begin. After a long fight Marche and the mooglee end up winning.

Marche: Whew...I guess I made it, somehow...

Bangaa: Grr...I'm hurt. Where's that potion!

The Bangaa used a potion on himself.

Judge: Infraction of law forbidding items! All violators will be sent to prison!

The judge walked up to the bangaa and gave him a red card then the bangaa just disappeared.

Mooglee: Kupo! The slammer! I hope I never get sent there...

Marche: The slammer...?

Mooglee: Yeah, prison--they send people who break the law there. Oh, it's a dark and scary place. Kupo!

Judge: Perpetrator sentenced and imprisoned! Visitors are asked to go to the prison facility in Sprohm.

The judge disappeared.

Marche: Sprohm? Prison? What have I gotten myself into?

A little while later in the alley where Marche started.

Marche: Thanks for helping me.

Moogles: Never ever call a bangaa a lizard! Kupo!

Marche: Sorry, I really didn't know.

Moogles: You...have seen a bangaa before, right, kupo?

Marche nodded.

Marche: Um, yes, well, no. Not a real one, at least.

Moogles: Kupo! Where exactly are you from, kupo? Cadoan? Muscadet?

Marche: I...I don't know. I'm all confused. And to top it off, I'm talking to a stuffed animal!

Moogles: A stuffed animal!? I'll have you know I'm a moogles, kupo!

Marche: Fine, so you're a moogles. What's that?

Moogles: OK, I believe you! You're confused. Let me explain: This is the town of Cyril, in the land of Ivalice.

Marche: Ivalice? That's the name of the town where I'm from!

Moogles: Town? But Ivalice is a country!

Marche: Not my Ivalice. And there's no liz--er, bangaa there either.

Moogles: What about moogles? Surely the other towns have them?

Marche: Nope. We just have normal things, like dogs and cats.

Moogles: But you said you'd seen a bangaa, only not a real one! What did you mean, kupo?

Marche: Well, it's just...I've seen a bangaa, but in a computer game, not real life!

Moogles: Kupo?

Marche: It's called "Final Fantasy." It's not real. Not really. It's like a pretend world, with heroes and monsters...

Moogles: So you're saying here is just like your pretend world?

Marche: Yeah, come to think of it, it's just like in the game!

Moogles: OK, now I'M the one that's confused. Kupo...

Marche: Sorry, I know I'm not being very helpful...

Moogles: No, this is by far the most kupo story I've ever heard!

Marche: You're telling me!

Moogles: Of course, I'm not entirely sure I believe you, kupo.

Marche: I can hardly believe it myself. What should I do?

Moogles: I think our meeting like this was no accident, kupo. Stick with me, and I'll help you out, OK, kupo?

Marche nodded.

Marche: Thanks. By the way, I'm Marche. What's your name?

Moogles: They call me "Montblanc," kupo! Come with me, Marche!

Montblanc and Marche went into a nearby building. Inside it was like a bar of sorts.

Marche: What's this place?

Montblanc: This is where our clan members hang out. Clans are like...groups of people who work together.

Marche looked around.

Marche: Wow...Everybody looks so tough!

Montblanc: Well, our clan takes on some pretty rough jobs. Of course, the pay's good, and there's never a dull moment!

Marche: Maybe someone here knows how I can get back home...?

Montblanc: You could ask around, kupo!

Marche: Can I join the clan, too?

Montblanc: Sure thing! I just have to introduce you, and you're in! Hey, everyone, I'd like to introduce Marche!

Marche: Um, hello!

Montblanc: Me and the others will help you out! And maybe we can help you find your way home, kupo!

Marche: Say, Montblanc, does this clan have a name?

Montblanc: Well, it's kind of a small clan, so no, not yet...Kupo! Why don't you give it a name, kupo?

Marche: Me!?

Montblanc: To commemorate you joining the clan! Make it a kupo one! (Note: The regular name for the clan is nutsy.....which I'm not too happy about thus I'm changing it to Crusaders.)

Marche: How about "Crusaders"?

Montblanc: Kupo! Henceforth, we shall be called "Clan Crusaders"! OK, let's get you settled in, shall we, kupo? This is where we are right now, in Ivalice!

Marche nodded. The screen switches to the world map and a tutorial on it occurs. Marche and the others then head to the Pub in Cyril to see what work they can find.

Pub Owner: Greetings! Looking for work? Here's what's available.....

Herb Picking

Description: Looking for people to gather the fever-reducing herb muscmaloi on the Giza Plains. No experience necessary.

-Ivalice Pharmacists Guild

Pub Owner: OK, Marche. You got any mission items?

Tutorial on mission items occurs.

Pub Owner: Make sure you're OK with the mission before signing up for it.

Marche: Ok, we'll take this mission.

Montblanc walks up to Marche.

Montblanc: Kupo? You find any good missions, kupo?

Marche nods.

Marche: Yeah, there was one that seemed easy enough.

Montblanc: When can you start, kupo?

Marche: Right away!

Montblanc: Let's get ready, then. I want to make your first mission a success, kupo!

Marche and the others head for the Giza Plains to find those herbs. When they get there they find the plains occupied by monsters.

Marche: We'll have to deal with these monsters first...Then we can gather those herbs!

Montblanc: I told you our clan does rough work! Kupo!

After the fight with the monsters...

Marche: Whew, that's all of them, I think.

Montblanc: What were we looking for, kupo?

Marche: Some kind of medicinal herb...Muscma...something?
Montblanc: Muscmaloi! That grows all over the place, kupo!
Marche: Huh? Really?

Montblanc looks around.

Montblanc: Yeah--there's some right there. And over there, too! I used to pick it all the time when I was little, kupo! The info fee for this mission was cheap, wasn't it?

Marche: Hmm...Well, it was pretty cheap, I guess.

Montblanc: That figures. Still, it's probably good to start slow. Let's pick us some herbs and get back to town, kupo!

Marche nodded and they picked the herbs and took them back to the Pub to finish their job.

Info From The Author

I am finally back to doing this script it took so long because I have been enjoying my summer and uh haven't really felt like doing the script, at any rate I'm starting up again and should hopefully be updating frequently though I've started a walkthrough for Front Mission 4 that should be up on Gamefaqs in a few days but I'll try not and let it get in the way of the script, at least not too much.

Conclusion

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