

# Final Fantasy Tactics Story Translation

by Sugnuf

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FINAL FANTASY TACTICS: A TRANSLATION (AND STORY GUIDE)

by Sugnuf (q31231234@hotmail.com)

## REVISION HISTORY

June 6, 2007: I used a custom made utility to coerce this guide to fit 79 characters per line, but it looks like it had mysteriously omitted words everywhere. This has been corrected, as well as some typos and inconsistencies in assigning names.

June 21, 2007: More fixed errors, including various missing words that I failed to notice in the last update.

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1 INTRODUCTION  
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Why on Earth a translation now?

It's been what? Six, seven years since Final Fantasy Tactics (FFT) was released? Why on earth a translation now of all times, especially when a new and improved version of FFT is due to be released in a few months' time?

FFT has been my favourite RPG since first played it, years ago. The game's

music score I hold to be one of the best ever produced. The graphics, while not stunning, where appropriate; they somehow conveyed a sense that Ivalice was "lived in", to borrow a phrase from ffonline.com. And aside from the turned based gameplay (which was a lot of fun) the highlight of FFT that made it stand out from others in the Final Fantasy series (and indeed, most videogames of its time) was a complex, immersive storyline.

But as with many players of FFT, I was appalled by the translation. While not bad enough to completely obfuscate the storyline, it was awkward in many places, even downright wrong in others. I decided years ago that such a fine game deserved better, that I had better find some use for my high school Japanese before it rusted away completely. And so like how Simon Pen Rasku slowly translated the Book of Germonik over a course of years, so have I been translating the Japanese text of FFT into English for about 4 years now. I've been working on it on and off, due to the exigencies of being an busy student.

But unlike Father Simon, this year I had a deadline pressed upon me. It is fact precisely because of the upcoming release of FFT that I'm publishing this. The new version of FFT will doubtless have a far superior translation to what I have here (or it'd better, grrr...), so if I didn't publish soon, my work would be in vain... so hence a translation now.

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2       ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS  
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The Japanese text of FFT on which this document was from the Hakutei Koubou ([http://homepagel.nifty.com/wtf/game/FFT\\_script.html](http://homepagel.nifty.com/wtf/game/FFT_script.html)). Without a transcript of the Japanese text of FFT, this document would have been impossible. So if credit goes to anyone, it is to the webmaster of this website.

My Japanese is far from perfect, and I relied extensively on translation tools in preparing this work. Most of all, I would like to thank Dr. Jim Breen for his excellent and exhaustive online dictionary, WWWJDIC, available at <http://www.csse.monash.edu.au/~jwb/wwwjdic.html>. WWWJDIC has been the most useful of all the Japanese dictionaries --paperback or otherwise-- that I have ever used.

Finally, I would like to thank two transcribers of the original English text. I would to thank Jennifer DeHart, who produced, to the best of my knowledge, the first complete script of Final Fantasy Tactics back in 1998, (<http://www.rpgamer.com/games/ff/fft/text/info/fftscrip.txt>). Her work inspired mine, and most of the staging directions used in this work are based on hers. I would also like to thank Tsogtsaihan Baatar for his truly, truly exhaustive record of nearly every peice of written information from FFT; I referred to his work extensively to check my translations.

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3       TRANSLATION NOTES  
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Japanese grammatical structure differs markedly from English; and just like English, Japanese has its own idiosyncracies and idioms. The result is that a literal translation into English sounds extremely awkward. In fact, the official game translation of FFT, barring a small legion of errors, mostly adopts this approach, which is why it reads so unnaturally.

Throughout this script, I have strived to maintain a reasonable balance

between fidelity of translation and smoothness of read. And then, in a few places, I think some people might would accuse me of embellishment; and they'd be correct. There are dialogues in which I have rearranged, modified, or even outright added lines, but only as if I felt that such action would improve the smoothness of read or convey the meaning behind the original Japanese text. The overall effect I've been aiming for is something like the script of Vagrant Story: beautifully done, but not always literal in translation.

An example: I've always really hated "Hokuten" and "Nanten". These are Japanese words for "North Sky" and "South Sky", and sound misplaced in a quasi-medieval setting. The Hokuten and Nanten, are, directly translated from Japanese "The Northern Sky Knight Troop" (Hokuten Kishidan) and "The Southern Sky Knight Troop" (Nanten Kishidan). Instead of this, I use "Knights of the Northern Skies" or "Knights Aquilor" (based on the northern wind, Aquilo), and "Knights of Southern Skies" or "Knights Austeron" (based on the southern wind, Auster).

If you're ever in doubt, and you have a working knowledge of Japanese, I refer you to the ([http://homepagel.nifty.com/wtf/game/FFT\\_script.html](http://homepagel.nifty.com/wtf/game/FFT_script.html)), where I got the Japanese text of the game. If you feel that I've made a grievously incorrect translation or can suggest a better translation, please write me an email, and I would be happy to hear from you.

In the script, I sometimes make comments, these are enclosed by {curly brackets}.

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4       DISCLAIMER  
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Final Fantasy, and Final Fantasy Tactics are copyrights of Square-Enix Inc. This translation, except where noted, is entirely my work; you are free to use and post this FAQ as you please (I'd be happy in fact to see this be as widely circulated as possible), so long as you duly credit me as the author, you DO NOT USE IT FOR MONETARY GAIN, and you do not modify or quote out of context any part of it. Just be reasonable in using this... use "common sense", if such a thing exists... if in doubt, just ask me (q31231234@hotmail.com).

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5       MAIN STORY  
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---5.1       OPENING---

[demo before the game starts]

Escutcheon emblazoned with the Sun and her Holy Seal, ruled by the Throne of the Twin Lions: The Kingdom of Ivalice...

A year following Ivalician defeat in the Fifty Years' War, the King passed away, leaving as his heir a boy of 2 years. A regent was to be appointed for the young crown prince's minority; whomever this would be would rule Ivalice in all but name. Prince Larg, brother to the Queen, looked poised to take the office, but Parliament held little love for his sister. Fearing a future in which Queen Ruvelia held the reins of government, they instead favoured Prince Goltana, a cousin of the late King.

Each having a lion as their standard, both Prince Larg and Prince Goltana were renown generals of the Fifty Year's War, with many a victory to each of their names. The great peers of Ivalice largely supported Goltana, the Black Lion of Zeltennia. Conversely, jobless knights, minor nobility, and those lords ruined by the War rallied beneath the banners of Prince Larg, the White Lion of Gallione.

Soon, the lions black and white would clash, resulting in what we know as the Lion War...

[game start]

My name is Alazlam, a scholar of Ivalician history...

Perhaps you have heard of the Lion War?

It was a bitter war that saw Ivalice divided over who would succeed to her throne. And then in the midst of it, a young hero appeared, and ended the conflict... Delita Hyral, the Hero-King. Everyone in these parts knows his tale.

But what we see plainly with our eyes isn't always the truth...

There was another young man... The youngest scion of the noble House of Beoulve, a family long renown as exemplars of knightly conduct. There is no record of him in our histories. But last year, after being concealed for years by the Church, the historical manuscript known as the "Durai Papers" was released to the public. And strange to say, this document names him a true hero of the Lion War.

In contrast, the Church names him a blasphemer and a heretic, a honourless man who betrayed both God and country...

Which story is the truth?

Please, join in my journey to discern the truth... But before that, please tell me your name and birthday.

[Player at this point selects name and birthdate before starting the game. It is assumed Ramza's name is unchanged.]

---5.2 PROLOGUE---

Orbonne Abbey: Sanctum - [Priest, Knight, Princess]

{Translator's note: I used "abbey" in place of "monastery" because a monastery is an all male institution, whereas Orbonne is clearly not}

"God deliver us, we the sinful children of Ivalice..."

[Princess prays silently]

AGRIAS: Your Highness, we must depart.

PRINCESS OVELIA: Just a moment, Agrias...

AGRIAS: The escort has already arrived.

PRIEST: Princess, you mustn't worry Lady Agrias. Please hurr--

[enter three knights]

BLACK-CLAD KNIGHT: Blast it, are we ready yet? It be nigh well an hour!

AGRIAS: Show some respect, Captain Gafgarion. You stand before the Princess.

[Ramza and Tad kneel. Gafgarion bows, with hand to one shoulder.]

GAFGARION: Aye, Agrias... but we haven't all day to spare.

AGRIAS: It's a pity that the Aquilors do not screen for manners in their men.

GAFGARION: I rather think that I'm showing more than enough respect for some backwater guard-captain. Perhaps I should remind you that we are but mercenaries hired by the Knights. Believe it or not, my lady, our contract doesn't demand good manners in your presence.

AGRIAS: What do you mean by that, you impertinent--!

OVELIA: That's alright, Agrias, I understand. Let us depart.

[Ovelia turns to the priest]

PRIEST: Peace be with you, dear Princess. Travel safely.

OVELIA: Take care of yourself as well, Father Simon.

[The sound of the doors open. A knight limps in, wounded. Simon rushes to her side.]

FEMALE KNIGHT: Lady Agrias! A... An... attack!

SIMON: Is it Prince Goltana's men!?

[Agrias rushes outside]

GAFGARION: ... what one suffers for money. Something the matter, Ramza? You look troubled... ?

RAMZA: ... it's nothing. I am no knight. Just a mercenary like yourself.

GAFGARION: ... Right, m'boy. Well then, let's go!

[The three mercenaries exit.]

OVELIA: Oh, God...

[fade out]

Orbonne Abbey, Entrance - Battle [Agrias, Goltana Knights, etc.]

AGRIAS: The crest of the Black Lion... grief, what on earth is Goltana thinking!? Does Goltana mean to bring a war upon his head!?

GOLTANA KNIGHT: Your resistance is futile, wench! Quietly hand over the Princess, lest we scar that pretty face of yours!

[enter Gafgarion, Ramza, knight]

GAFGARION: Huh... Prince Goltana's men disappoint. Only fools assault head on.

AGRIAS: If you've nothing better to say, leave this to us!

GAFGARION: We aren't paid to sit. Rad, Ramza, draw steel!

[battle ensues]

GAFGARION: Kill them all! Spare no one!

AGRIAS: What!? We needn't kill them all, that's likely what Goltana thinks we'll do! We need only repel them, that is enough!

GAFGARION: Nay, impossible!

[sparring]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

PRINCESS OVELIA: [from behind the abbey] Let go of me!

AGRIAS: Oh, no!! [Agrias runs back into the abbey]

[Behind the abbey...]

KNIGHT: Follow me, and be quiet!

OVELIA: [struggling] Who are you!?

KNIGHT: A very annoying princess you are...

[The knight knocks Ovelia unconscious, as tosses her over the back of a Chocobo, and then mounts the Chocobo himself. Agrias rushes into the scene, exiting the back door of the abbey.]

AGRIAS: W-wait!!!

KNIGHT: Tough luck. Blame yourself, or blame God.

[The knight rides off.]

AGRIAS: No...

RAMZA: [nearby] ... Delita?? You're alive, Delita? But, why are you in Goltana's troops?

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RAMZA: Why...?  
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---5.2 CHAPTER 1---

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Born to the name Delita Hyral, Delita the Hero-King made his first appearance in Ivalician history a year prior to the outbreak of the Lion War.

Ivalice at the time had just seen the end of the Fifty Years' War, when her

armies had finally returned home from their long struggle against Ordallia. The soldiers returning home from the battlefields found themselves without employment, without money, and thus, for many, without loyalty to the Crown. In their discontent, many took to banditry or plotting rebellion against the Royal Family. This troubled era, when theft and murder were commonplace, produced many of Ivalice's most famous heroes and wizards. The city of Gariland was no exception to the state of post-bellum Ivalice...

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## CHAPTER ONE: THE MEAGER

Gariland Royal Military Academy: Auditorium - [Aquilor cadets, including Ramza and Delita]

[Cadets chatter]

CADET: I hear another wagon bound for Igros was attacked just last night.

CADET II: I wager the Death Corps are responsible...

RAMZA: If so, I wonder why we've been summoned today... Might you know, Delita?

DELITA: Nay, but I've heard some rumours... I have a few thoughts.

RAMZA: Any that you're apt to share?

DELITA: Prince Larg is coming to Gariland.

RAMZA: Prince Larg? Why?

DELITA: Not only the Prince, but Marquis Elmdor of Limberry, too.

RAMZA: That's news indeed! Not an official visit, is it?

DELITA: I could not say... but as to our summons today, dangerous places lie aplenty in Ivalice. As skilled and versatile in their operations as the the Knights of the Northern Skies might be, they have a derth of manpower.

RAMZA: Thus they need us cadets.

[A voice calls from behind.]

VOICE: Cadets, attention!

[The knight makes his way to the stage.]

AQUILOR KNIGHT: Ladies and gentlemen, as you are aware, in recent months Gallionne has seen a surge in criminal activity. Foremost amongst our region's current problems are they known as the Death Corps. We have overlooked these traitorous rebels for too long; by royal decree, we are now entering operations to eradicate the Death Corps presence in Gallionne and other provinces. This is large scale military operation; as Aquilor resources are strained at the moment, we will be collaborating with several other groups, including the Royal Guard in Igros under the command of Prince Larg. We also expect you, cadets, to participate in logistical and combat support. As Igros castle will be undermanned in days to come, cadets will be temporarily assigned there for police and guard duty.

[A female knight approaches from the back, exchanges a few words with the

knight on stage, and departs.]

KNIGHT: Cadets, you are to arm yourselves immediately! A group of rebels have been cut-off by Aquilor knights inside the city; you are to infiltrate the streets and halt the rebels before they escape and re-establish contact with the Death Corps. Mobilize immediately. Dismissed!

[fade out]

Magic City Gariland - battle [Death Corps Rebels, Ramza, Delita and company]

THIEF: What's this? The Aquilor bastards send little kids against us? What luck! Come on men, slaughter these brats, and then we'll make our escape! Get them!

[battle ensues]

DELITA: Ramza, caution! Don't rush them!

RAMZA: Patronize me not, Delita, I'm a Beoulve!

THIEF: Beoulve? The Beoulve family? So, you runts are cadets from the Royal Academy! Snot-nosed brats of the nobility!

RAMZA: Silence! Yield, or be destroyed!

THIEF: Ha! We won't be beaten by soft-bellied brats!

[sparring]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: Was it really necessary to turn to crime? Had you worked as honest men, you wouldn't have died so needlessly...

-----  
For his valour and heroism in the war effort, Balbanes Beoulve was awarded the highest honour in knighthood, the title of "Heavenly Knight". But as the Fifty Years' War finally drew to an end, he was to face his final hours...  
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[flashback to death of Ramza's Father]

Final Months of the Fifty Years' War

The Beoulve Residence - [Balbanes, Zalbag, Dycedarg, Alma]

[Balbanes lies on his deathbed, surrounded by his children.]

BALBANES: How goes... the battle?

ZALBAG: All goes well. Aquilor forces have recovered Limberry. It be but a matter of time before the Ordallian army withdraws from Zeltennia.

DYCEDARG: Our messenger to Prince Ranard's advisor, Count Lenario, has returned. The Count consents to your plan.

BALBANES: Good... then, at last... this war... will finally come to an end...



ALMA: Father...

[Alma turns to tears.]

BALBANES: Don't cry... Alma, my dear...

ZALBAG: Where in heaven's name is Ramza? For him to be missing at time like this!

BALBANES: Dycedarg, Zalbag... my beloved sons... Ramza is not of your mother's womb, but he is my flesh and blood, as you both are. Take care of him.

[Footsteps are heard echoing through the corridor. Ramza bursts through the door.]

RAMZA: Father!!

[Ramza approaches Balbanes' bedside.]

DYCEDARG: Lower your voice...

BALBANES: At last you've come... Let me... Let me look at you...

[Dycedarg steps aside. Ramza moves closer.]

RAMZA: Father...

BALBANES: It's been a long time. You've become a fine man... How goes school?... You start at the Academy... this spring, don't you?

[Balbanes reaches for Ramza's hand. Ramza grabs hold.]

RAMZA: ...

BALBANES: Listen, Ramza... for generations, House Beoulve has served the Royal Family, first in valour amongst its guardians. The spirit of knighthood has always dwelt in our family. Never shame your name... permit no injustice... walk in righteousness with your fellow man... and always walk the path you believe in. That is the mark of a true Beoulve...

RAMZA: I understand, Father...

BALBANES: Delita's a good boy. Though he's common, I think he'll serve you well at your right hand... I've convinced the Headmaster to admit him into the Royal Academy... Ha, ha, ha, the man's eyes nearly popped from his face when I made my request, but he agreed to it, nonetheless. Delita will be your ally for all your days... be good friends with him...

RAMZA: Y... Yes... father...

[Ramza leans in closer.]

BALBANES: Take good care of Alma... [Balbanes pulls his hand away, and rests it beside himself.] Become a fine knight, like your brothers... Ramza...

[Balbanes dies.]

[back to present]

Mandalia Plains - battle [monsters, a noble, thieves]

[A young noble kneels, wounded, before a band of thieves.]

THIEF: He yet breathes. What now?

THIEF II: Don't be so dense. We've got the Marquis, that's enough.

THIEF: Alright then... Sorry boy, but your luck just ran out today. No hard feelings.

[Ramza and company approach.]

THIEF: Wha? Shit! Aquilor bastards!

DELITA: The Death Corps rebels... Whom is it they're attacking?

{Ramza has a choice here:

1. Our duty is to destroy the Death Corps!

2. We have to save that man! }

{option 1}

RAMZA: Our charge is to destroy the Death Corps! Concentrate on the enemy and attack!

DELITA: Ramza, are you serious!? That man is going to be killed and you intend to just ignore him?

RAMZA: One cannot worry over the life of every man on the battlefield. Is that how you plan to fight?

DELITA: ... Watch me. I'll save him.

{option 2}

RAMZA: We have to save that man! Aquilor honour demands it!

[battle ensues]

[The noble stands]

ALGUS: Reinforcements? I... I'm saved!

[all enemies defeated]

{if option 1 was selected, and Albus has zero HP}

RAMZA: ... Good, he's still breathing. Right, let's help him out.

{if Albus is not unconscious at the end of the battle}

RAMZA: [to Albus] Are you alright?

ALGUS: Barely... But his excellency, the Marquis...

RAMZA: Marquis? Marquis Elmdor of Limberry?

ALGUS: Yes, that's right... you are... ?

RAMZA: We are cadets from the Royal Gariland Academy. Please explain your situation to us, perhaps we can help.

[Battle ends. A few moments later...]

ALGUS: My name is Albus. I am a knight of the Marquis' personal guard from Limberry... {TRANSLATORS NOTES: There is no mention of "Aegis Knights". No idea where that comes from.}

DELITA: A knight?

ALGUS: I mean... rather, I'm in training. A squire. Like yourselves.

RAMZA: I am Ramza Beoulve. This is Delita, my good friend.

[Delita nods]

ALGUS: Beoulve?... House \_Beoulve\_ of the Knights Aquilor? Lord above, what luck!

RAMZA: ???

[Albus grabs Ramza's hands.]

ALGUS: I implore you, lend me Aquilor troops to save the Marquis!

DELITA: Um, what's this?

ALGUS: The Marquis is still alive! Those Death Corps scum have kidnapped him! Unless we strike swiftly, he'll be killed! If that comes to pass, then I...  
[Albus lets go of Ramza's hands momentarily, then grabs them once more.]  
Therefore, please! Lend me your help! I implore you!

DELITA: Albus, friend, calm down. It's too early to tell if the Marquis is marked for death. There must be some reason why the Death Corps have taken him alive. Possibly, they have demands to make, and hold him hostage for that.

RAMZA: Moreover, there's little we can do right now. But if the Marquis has truly been kidnapped, then news of the attack should be causing an uproar in Igros about now.

DELITA: So first, we should return to Igros and report.

[Albus releases Ramza's hands. He pauses in thought (probably disappointed)]

ALGUS: I understand... Let us do as you say, I'll follow you to Igros.

Igros Castle [Dycedarg, Ramza, Delita, Albus]

[The four men are sitting at a table, discussing the recent events.]

DYCEDARG: [to Ramza] I heard that you were decorated for excellence in duty, having accomplished your first mission. Indeed, the lords and officers voice much praise for the blood of our House. You do me proud, as your brother.

RAMZA: Thank you very much...

DYCEDARG: Is something the matter? Are you not happy?

RAMZA: Oh no, of course I am. I'm grateful for your praise, lord brother... but, um, I've heard news that Marquis Elmdor's convoy was ambushed enroute to Igros, and the Marquis himself was kidnapped. Is there anyway we can help?

DYCEDARG: Nay. I have already instructed Zalbag to dispatch a search party. In any event, we will likely hear from the kidnappers soon. They'll most probably demand ransom for the Marquis' life... if he yet lives.

[Albus stands up abruptly.]

ALBUS: Excellency, I humbly request that you bestow me a hundred soldiers!

DYCEDARG: ....

ALBUS: I implore you, let me avenge the deaths of my comrades!

DYCEDARG: I have already taken appropriate action for this crisis. Gallione is not your territory. Be at ease, and leave this in Aquilor hands.

ALBUS: [alarmed] But, your Excellency--!

DYCEDARG: Master Albus, forgive me for saying so, but I must remind you of your rank and status. You seem quick to forget that are but a simple squire, not even a knight. I can scarcely entrust the lives of Aquilor soldiery to anyone who seeks it.

ALBUS: Urrrgh...

[Albus sits back down, angry.]

DYCEDARG: [to Ramza, Delita, Albus] Well gentlemen, as your next duty, I would like you to stand guard in Igros Castle. A simple task, I'm sure; I doubt any real danger will actually get this far.

[fade out]

[After departing...]

[Ramza, Delita, Albus]

[The boys are crossing a lovely setting of canals and waterducts.]

ALBUS: ... There was a time when my family was once respected like the Beoulves. [turns away] But my grandfather was captured during the Fifty Years' War... To save his own skin he traded in those of his comrades. But, as he left the enemy castle, he was stabbed in the back, by none other than a squire just like myself. One of my grandfather's ex-comrades escaped and spread the story around. Of course, my dad didn't believe a word of it, but everyone else did. He was deserted... [throws a pebble into the water] Rank, status... by myself, the likes of me would have never had an audience with Lord Dycedarg...

[From behind, a voice echoes.]

VOICE OF A YOUNG GIRL: Deliiiiitaaaa!!!

[All three boys turn around.]

DELITA: Teeta!

RAMZA: Alma, Zalbag!

[Alma waves to the boys, and the three greet them.]

ALMA: Ramza, you're finally back!

RAMZA: [to Zalbag] It's been a while, Zalbag.

ZALBAG: I hear you lambasted an entire band of criminals in Gariland to a pulp! A task worthy of a Beoulve! No question, father would've been pleased.

RAMZA: ... Thank you.

ZALBAG: Ha, ha... you haven't changed a bit, have you? Still uncomfortable with words like that. [to Delita] And Delita, you've certainly grown into a strong young man. I heard about your role in repelling the rebels too. Just look how happy Teeta is, isn't that right?

TEETA: Delita, I'm happy you're doing so well.

DELITA: And I'm equally happy to see you doing well. How goes school? Are you getting used to it?

TEETA: Mm-hm! Everyone is so nice to me...

ZALBAG: Alas, I'd love to stay to stay and chat, but criminals are everywhere these days, and so my work has no end. Do pardon me, as I go back to hunting.

RAMZA: I pray for your victory, brother.

[Zalbag straightens his glove, and turns away, but stops.]

ZALBAG: ... The Death Corps have demanded ransom.

ALGUS: What!?

ZALBAG: [turns around] 'Tis beyond my ken. The Death Corps rebels preach death to nobility and their followers, and that their wrath does not extend beyond these. It seems unusual that they would kidnap the Marquis simply for the sake of money.

ALGUS: Absurd! They're no more than common criminals, I say!

ZALBAG: The winds carry nothing from the "grass" {Translator's note: euphemism for spies} planted in their midst. I'm given to think that they've met with trouble or other serious business, but the nobles think the circumstances do not warrant further investigation.

RAMZA: Zalbag, where was communication was lost?

ZALBAG: East of Gallionne, in the trade city of Dorter... I dare say, guarding a castle is such boring work. Wouldn't you agree, Ramza?

[exit Zalbag]

[Algus moves to the side.]

DELITA: Teeta, I'm sorry. We must go.

TEETA: [shakes head] Don't worry about me, Delita. Just take care of yourself.

[The two embrace.]

DELITA: Needn't worry, Teeta, we're not going to do anything stupid. Be a good girl while I'm away, alright? [moves up the bridge] Well, we ought to get going, Albus.

[exit Delita, Albus, Teeta. Ramza follows, but is interrupted by Alma]

ALMA: What Teeta said about school is not true, actually...

RAMZA: Something troubles her?

ALMA: Many mock her at school for being a commoner...

RAMZA: ....

ALMA: I'm sorry Ramza, I shouldn't have worried you like that. Teeta will be alright. I'll be there for her. Trust me.

RAMZA: I'm not worried. But you shouldn't overstrain yourself, either.

ALMA: You're the one going too far to meet the expectations of others, Ramza. Be yourself. Don't feel so bounded by your name.

RAMZA: Ha, ha, ha, you sound just like mother...

[exit Ramza]

ALMA: Ramza...

[fade out]

Sweegy Woods - Battle [Albus, Delita, Ramza, etc., monsters]

[The boys come to a swampy area, with monsters ready to attack.]

ALBUS: What rotten luck. To meet monsters in such a place.

DELITA: Oh, it's not that bad, Albus. At least this is more exciting than guard duty.

ALBUS: Our lives imperiled and you still joke...

[The monsters approach.]

RAMZA: No more talk! They're approaching!!

[battle ensues]

[After the enemies are defeated... ]

RAMZA: Just through this forest. We're almost to Dorter.

Slums in Dorter - Battle [two swordsmen]

[The area is rugged; trashy. The two men obviously have a score to settle.]

SWORDSMAN: ... I know not what you're talking about!

[The swordsman attempts to walk away, but the other man follows him.]

KNIGHT: Don't lie to me! I know what you and the others did! Where is Gustav? Where is he hiding?

[The swordsman backs away, and lowers his head.]

SWORDSMAN: I... know nothing...

KNIGHT: Where is the Marquis? [steps forward threateningly] Where have they hidden him?... Speak!

[The knight grabs the swordsman by his shirt, but the swordsman manages to break loose, and attempts to escape. However, he trips, stumbles, and falls by a puddle of water. The knight draws his sword and holds it to the fencer's

KNIGHT: This is your final chance... Where is he?

SWORDSMAN: In the d-desert...

[The knight pulls back his sword, and sheathes it.]

KNIGHT: I see... In the "Rat's Cellar"...

[Ramza's voice echoes from behind.]

RAMZA: Wait!!

KNIGHT: Curse it, Aquilors?

[exit the knight]

[enter Ramza, Albus, Delita, and company]

ALBUS: Looks as though our trip here was not in vain.

DELITA: The man, I've seen that face before...

RAMZA: You know him, Delita?

DELITA: I think I saw him once, at the end of the war, in Igros...

[Noise is heard in the distance. Knights and mages approach.]

RAMZA: More have come! Draw steel!!

[battle ensues]

DELITA: That's right, I remember! That was the knight Wiglaf! He was the captain of the militia force, the Death Knights, during the War!

ALBUS: What?... but that makes him...

DELITA: Yes. The leader of the Death Corps.

[fighting]

[The battle ends.]

An Abandoned Building - [Albus, Ramza, Delita, a member of the Death Corps]

[Delita and Ramza watch Albus angrily question the unknown man, who was badly wounded in the battle. His hands are tied behind his back, and he is on his knees. Delita leans casually against a wall.]

ALBUS: We know you and your fellows are from the Death Corps. Where is the Marquis? Where is he being held? Talk!! [The man says nothing.] Well then, your leader, Wiglaf, was here. Where has he gone? [The prisoner remains silent. Albus becomes furious.] Say something, you poxy bastard!! [Albus kicks the man, who falls to his face. Then, he picks the man up by his hair, and lifts his head.]

RAMZA: Albus, stop!

ALBUS: Huh. [Albus allows the prisoner to return to his knees.] ... Alright then, listen carefully. Very soon, the Aquilors are going to mobilize en masse. Each and everyone of you cowards are going to be butchered, and from there you'll be going to straight to hell-- as befits bandits. But luck smiles on you today. Tell us Wiglaf's whereabouts, and we'll spare your life. How's that?

SWORDSMAN: ... What do I care?

[Albus kicks the prisoner in the face, and he falls to his back.]

ALBUS: Mind your manners, bandit! Nobles tolerate no insolence!

[The man lies on the ground, in obvious pain]

SWORDSMAN: We're not... bandits.

ALBUS: What do you babble!?

SWORDSMAN: ... Nobles never change. You've never considered us humes at all... We risked our lives for Ivalice in the War, but when all was done, we were cast aside and abandoned like driftwood... What makes you wretched nobles superior to us?... What be so special about Birth? Family? Status? {Translator's note: instead of using "human," I'm keeping with Final Fantasy XII and using "hume" because... well, why not? =) }

ALBUS: You talk proud for someone who kidnaps for ransom, you shit!

SWORDSMAN: ... Kidnapping the Marquis... was a mistake. It was not Sir Wiglaf's plan...

ALBUS: What...!?

SWORDSMAN: We would never kidnap a noble... for money...

RAMZA: Then who? Who kidnapped Elmdor?

SWORDSMAN: ....

ALBUS: Speak! If not you, then who?



SWORDSMAN: ... Gustav.

ALGUS: Gustav? And he is?

DELITA: Gustav Margueriff. Deputy-Captain of the Death Corps.

ALGUS: So it was your lot!

[The fencer returns to his knees.]

SWORDSMAN: No! We fight only to vanquish the nobility! We fight for a world of equality and we take pride in it... We differ from Gustav!!

[Albus once again kicks the man in the face, sending him to his backside.]

ALGUS: Pride, you whoreson?! You're proud of what you do?!

RAMZA: Albus, that's enough!!

[Albus turns to Ramza, then returns to the fencer.]

ALGUS: So, where's this Gustav?

SWORDSMAN:... the "Sand Rat's Cellar".

ALGUS: S-sand rats?

DELITA: Albus is not from these parts and may not know what they are. Sand rats are critters that inhabit the Zeklaus Desert north of Dorter.

ALGUS: !?

RAMZA: [to Delita] Is there a village between Dorter and the Zeklaus?

DELITA: Not anymore, but a place exists where a village did once stand.

RAMZA: ... Gustav and the Marquis may be there.

DELITA: Mmm... perhaps.

ALGUS: [to Ramza] ... What??

RAMZA: A cellar is a natural place for "rats" to nest in.

ALGUS: !?

[fade out]

Cellar of Sand Rats - Battle [Death Corps members]

[The men stand conversing in an abandoned area, with walls and boxes massed together. They are apparently out of the sight of anyone who might just be passing by.]

DEATH CORPS KNIGHT: Have you heard? The Aquilors have sounded their horns, and are out in full force.

ARCHER: Aye, that I have... What's to become of us, now?

KNIGHT: Forget the Death Corps... I say we wash our hands of this rebellion

and run before we get killed.

SOLDIER: Wiglaf leads us to our doom, anyhow.

KNIGHT: Just so. If we secure a ransom for the Marquis as Gustav planned, our bitter lives will finally see improvement.

[Footsteps sound. One of the members runs to a crack in the wall, to look outwards.]

GUARD: F-FUCK!! It's the Aquilor bastards!!

[The members turn around.]

[Enter Ramza, Delita, Albus, and company.]

RAMZA: Get the guards first, before the others notice us!

[battle ensues]

[Once the battle ends... ]

RAMZA: That took longer than I thought. Shouldn't someone have notice something by now?...

[fade out]

Underneath Sand Rat's Cellar - [Wiglaf, Gustav, Marquis Elmdor]

[In a dusty, dilapidated chamber, Wiglaf and Gustav stand facing each other, swords drawn. The Marquis is in a corner of the room, on the ground, his hands tied behind his back. Several Death Corps soldiers lie dead on the ground, presumably killed by Wiglaf]

WIGLAF: Give up, Gustav. You've gone far enough.

GUSTAV: Your wretched revolution will never succeed!! We need food and shelter, not your bloody ideals! And we need them now!!

WIGLAF: You see only the present, Gustav. But we need set right the root of our problems!

GUSTAV: ... You think we've any chance of victory? You're a fool, Wiglaf. It'll never happen!

[Wiglaf takes a step closer.]

WIGLAF: Have you anymore to say? Farewell, Gustav.

[The men ready their swords. Gustav lunges wildly at Wiglaf, but Wiglaf sidesteps the attack and stabs Gustav through the chest. Gustav drops his sword.]

GUSTAV: U... ugh...

[Wiglaf withdraws his sword. Gustav falls down, dead.]

[enter Ramza, Delita, Albus]

RAMZA: Wiglaf!!

[Wiglaf turns around, warily eyeing the newcomers]

ALGUS: Marquis!!

[Albus moves closer, but Wiglaf takes a step backwards and points his sword threateningly in the Marquis' direction.]

WIGLAF: Don't move!

ALGUS: You bastard!!!

DELITA: Stop, Albus!

WIGLAF: The Marquis is weak, but he is still whole. Take him back to Igros.

[Ramza takes a step closer.]

RAMZA: What?

WIGLAF: The abduction was no plan of ours. We'd never stoop to such cowardly measures. Grant me safe passage hence and you may have the Marquis. Agreed?

[Albus raises his fists.]

ALGUS: Don't toy with us, rebel scum! You cannot win!

[Delita extends an arm to hold Albus back.]

DELITA: Stop, Albus, he's serious!

[Wiglaf and the boys warily circle each other around the room, with Wiglaf edging towards the door, and the boys edging towards the Marquis].

ELMDOR: Uhhh... n...

[With the boys distracted by Elmdor's groan, Wiglaf makes his escape.]

[exit Wiglaf]

[Ramza turns to the Marquis, while Albus attempts to pursue Wiglaf. Delita stops him.]

DELITA: Let him go, Albus!!

ALGUS: Why do you stop me!?

DELITA: The Death Corps will soon be destroyed! You risk your life in vain!

ALGUS: ... Ughh!!

RAMZA: The Marquis is alright. Weakened, but no serious wounds.

[Albus walks to the Marquis.]

DELITA: We should return to Igros...

Back at Igros Castle - [Dycedarg, Ramza, Delita, Albus]

[A room in Igros Castle. Dycedarg remains seated at a ornately decorated

table, with Delita, Ramza, and Albus standing.]

DYCEDARG: So, explain yourselves. Why did you go to the Zeklaus Desert?

RAMZA: ....

DYCEDARG: Well?

DELITA: I forced Ramza to follow.

DYCEDARG: Does he speak true, Ramza? Delita coerced you?

RAMZA: ... No, it was my decision. Not Delita's.

DELITA: Ramza lies. I was the one to--

RAMZA: [turning to Delita] You needn't protect me, Delita. I decided to ignore an order...

DYCEDARG: ... All is founded on Law and Order, Ramza. As knights, and as Beoulves, we must respect the rule of the Law, and that charge does not permit the pursuit of personal vanities and petty ambitions. Or are you bent upon disgracing our name, Ramza?

RAMZA: ... I'm sorry, lord brother.

[Ramza hangs his head in shame.]

[A voice resounds from behind the entranceway.]

A MAN'S VOICE: That'll do, Dycedarg.

[enter Prince Larg]

[The boys kneel before the prince, one knee to the ground]

PRINCE LARG: The rescue of the Marquis was no mean performance. It merits both honour and credit. I understand the desire of all young soldiers to succeed. Verily, it is to be expected: after all, we were no different in our youth.

DYCEDARG: Do not spoil him, your Highness. There is a line between right and wrong that needs to be learned.

LARG: [to Ramza] So, you are the younger brother of Dycedarg. Rise, and be at ease, young friend. I dare say, you look the very image of the late Lord Balbanes. I suppose your youthful energy needs more outlet than guarding castles... [Larg glances out of the corner of his eye at Dycedarg, smiling]

DYCEDARG: [closes his eyes and sighs in resignation] Our operations against the Death Corps draw to a close. You may join the knights in their assault on the remaining rebel hideouts. Which hideout you wish to attack is yours to pick.

[Ramza stands.]

RAMZA: ... Yes.

[Delita and Albus stand also.]

[exit Ramza, Delita, Albus]

[Larg wanders to a beautifully stained window, and gazes outside.]

DYCEDARG: I'm sorry, my lord.

LARG: Needn't apologize, Dycedarg. Gustav was a man of paltry talents. Anyway, from the moment the Marquis was kidnapped in Gallionne, the matter was out of our hands. We could have changed nothing. And of course, the fact remains that Aquilor cadets saved the Marquis' life; on Elmdor's side, this means Limberry must show more compromise to our demands. Your brother's actions may have inadvertently placed us in a favourable position, afterall.

DYCEDARG: The King's days grow short. We must hurry...

LARG: Yes. I'm counting on you, my friend.

[fade out]

Thieves' Fort - Battle [Miluda, band of thieves]

[A wasted bit of a fortress, surrounded by water. The rain is pouring down heavily.]

MILUDA: We've lost communication with the main unit. I fear 'tis the end for us...

DEATH CORPS PRIEST: Miluda, what are you saying? We're not through yet! This war continues!

PRIEST II: Aye! It continues till the nobles apologize to us!

MILUDA: My brother... He's too optimistic...

[Footsteps resound. The thieves catch notice of this.]

DEATH CORPS GUARD: Enemy attack!

[They all turn around.]

[enter Ramza, Delita, Albus, and company]

ALBUS: Ramza and company helped me save the Marquis. I'll help until this war is over!

[battle ensues, with Miluda as primary target]

MILUDA: What's it with you nobles!? We're not your livestock for you to fool with! We are people, no less than you are! What matters our birth!? Have you ever been hungry? Have you ever lived for months on naught but bean soup? We starve because of the greed of you nobles! You steal away even our right to exist!

ALBUS: "People no less than we are"? You kid yourself, you animal! From the day you were born you were meant to serve us!

MILUDA: By who's decree!?

ALBUS: It is the will of God!

MILUDA: All are equal in the eyes of God! He would never permit such injustice! It can't be true!

ALGUS: God does not stand for animals, wench!

MILUDA: !!!!

[on Delita's turn]

DELITA: Ramza, is she really our enemy... ?

[Once Miluda is defeated... ]

RAMZA: Lay down your swords! Surrender, and be spared!

[battle ends]

[Rain is still pouring, the thunderclaps idly in the distance]

[Miluda gets to her knees, badly wounded.]

MILUDA: Go ahead, kill us. We're but livestock to you, right? Do it quickly!

RAMZA: You hate us that much?...

ALGUS: Ramza, kill her, now! She is your enemy! An enemy of the Beoulses! Do you understand? Your enemy! A failure who has no right to live! If we fail to kill her now, she will return for our heads! We cannot coexist! Kill her, Ramza!

DELITA: Ramza... I must disagree...

ALGUS: [turns to Delita] What? Have you lost your mind, Delita??

[Delita turns around.]

DELITA: It is as she says. She's humes no less than we are. She is not an

ALGUS: This is treachery! Still, you...!?

[Miluda rises to her feet.]

MILUDA: Oh, sympathy, is it? Despicable creatures. My enemies you remain so long as you wear Beoulve colours. Remember that...

[exit Miluda, limping]

RAMZA: Delita... are we...?

[Delita turns to Ramza, and slowly shakes his head. Albus steps away, and crosses his arms in disgust.]

ALGUS: Grief, what is wrong with you two?

[fade out]

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Meanwhile, in Igros, provincial capital of Gallionne, at the Beoulve Estate...  
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Outside of the Beoulve Manor - [Teeta, Golagros and other Death Corps rebels]

[The rain is pouring mercilessly outside of the Beoulve Manor. Dead bodies are strewn all around.]

TEETA: Ow!! Let go! Stop it, let go of me!!

[One of the rebels leaves chocobo back, with Teeta held hostage.]

GOLAGROS: Make haste!

[enter Alma and a thief, from the manor door]

[The thief pulls Alma out from the castle by her arm.]

ALMA: Ouch! Let go of my hand! Zalbag!!

[Zalbag comes rushing out of the door, tearing Alma away from the thief and sweeping her to one side. Zalbag's sword glows, and he fells the rebel with a savage strike.]

GOLAGROS: Damn!! Hya!

[exit Golagros on chocobo]

ZALBAG: Are you alright, Alma?

[Alma stands and brushes herself, and steps closer.]

ALMA: I'm fine, but Teeta...

ZALBAG: I know...

[enter Dycedarg]

[Dycedarg limps outside from the Castle, wounded.]

ZALBAG: Lord brother!

DYCEDARG: I... I'm all right... What about... Alma... ?

[Alma rushes to his side.]

ALMA: I'm here, Dycedarg... Oh dear God, what an awful wound...

DYCEDARG: I... never thought that they'd attack here... They came seeking me...

ZALBAG: Five people were killed, and Teeta was kidnapped.

DYCEDARG: After them... Leave no stone unturned until you find them...

ALMA: Lord brother, speak no more!

[Dycedarg closes his eyes.]

DYCEDARG: Death Corps... curse them...

[Dycedarg collapses.]

ALMA: Oh no! Dycedarg, Dycedarg! Hold on!!

ZALBAG: Find the chemist!! By Ajora, someone get help!

[fade out]

Inside the Beoulve Manor - [Dycedarg, Ramza, Delita, Albus, Alma]

[Dycedarg lays wounded in bed. Ramza stands by his bedside, with Delita and Albus off near the entryway, and Alma by the foot of the bed.]

DYCEDARG: I hear you broke one of the the enemy hideouts... excellent work. Leave the remaining operations to Zalbag... you've done more than your share of service, and should take some well-deserved rest. [Ramza looks over his brother, a concerned look upon his face. Dycedarg turns to face him] Worry not... the wound is not too serious.

RAMZA: Dycedarg, what of Teeta... ?

[Alma takes a small step forward, anxious as well]

DYCEDARG: ... Once we locate the Death Corps stronghold, Zalbag will marshal our forces to attack in full force.

[Delita in shock, steps forward]

RAMZA: W-What... !?

DYCEDARG: The Death Corps are falling apart. Their members desert in droves. It is but a matter of time before we capture their leader, Wiglaf...

RAMZA: But then Teeta... are we to abandon her... ?

DYCEDARG: Be at ease, Ramza. Absolutely no offensive will be mounted until Teeta returns to us. Teeta is as a sister to me; I would never abandon her.

[fade out]

Outside of the Beolue Manor - [Ramza, Delita]

[Delita, angry, stands outside of the doorway. Ramza attempts to console him.]

RAMZA: Wait, Delita. Where are you going? Calm down!

DELITA: Calm down? Do you think this some mummer's show?! Teeta's been kidnapped and you ask me to calm down?!

[Delita keeps walking, but again, Ramza stops him.]

RAMZA: Who knows where she is? Your search would be in vain!

[Delita seizes Ramza by the throat.]

DELITA: IN VAIN!? She's my sister!!

RAMZA: Dycedarg said... he'd never abandon Teeta... So... don't... Ugh... I can't breathe...

[Delita drops Ramza, who falls to his knees, gasping for breath.]



DELITA: Forgive me, Ramza. Are you alright.?

RAMZA: A-aye... [coughs]

[enter Algus]

ALGUS: [leaving the Castle] "Never" is a word I would "never" place too much faith in.

[Algus approaches Delita.]

RAMZA: [to Algus] You doubt my lord brother's words?

ALGUS: Myself, I wouldn't bother about saving some common girl.

DELITA: What did you say...?

ALGUS: I said I wouldn't send troops to save a miserable peasant!

[Delita steps forward.]

DELITA: You... you bastard!!!

[Delita punches Algus, who falls to his backside. Ramza rushes to restrain Delita.]

RAMZA: [holding Delita] Stop! Delita!

DELITA: Let go of me! Damn you! Let go!!

ALGUS: [rubbing his mouth] Huh! Commoners are all alike. You'll never be nobility. Delita, the likes of you don't belong here. Understand, commoner!?

DELITA: [struggling to break free from Ramza's hold] Say anymore, and I'll...  
!!

RAMZA: Delita, control yourself! That's enough, Algus!!

[Algus stands.]

ALGUS: Ramza, open your eyes. It's as clear as daylight; this creature is not one of us. Nobility should not stoop to dabble with filth.

RAMZA: Absurd! Delita's my best friend! He's as a brother to me!

ALGUS: And that's why I tell you to open your eyes. You need reconsider who your friends are. You are a scion of the Beouves, a noble amongst nobles! Why do you keep company with ruffians? It's disgraceful! Your brothers would agree with me, I'm sure!

[Delita finally knocks Ramza aside.]

DELITA: Not all nobles are like you! I trust Ramza!

[Delita gives Ramza one final look.]

[exit Delita]

RAMZA: [to Algus] Get out of my sight! Never show yourself again!

ALGUS: Oh, say not such harsh things. We're friends, are we not?

[Ramza takes a step closer.]

RAMZA: Don't test my patience! Leave!!

[Albus shrugs, and begins the walk down the pathway, but stops, and addresses Ramza one final time.]

ALGUS: The Death Corps stronghold is Fort Zeakden. I overheard it from your brother. The path to the Fort will be cordoned off by several Aquilor checkpoints, rendering impossible any approach from the front. You'll have to attempt the rear of the fort. Well, do your puerile best, my darling little noble.

RAMZA: [fuming] Begone!!

[exit Albus, from the scene and the party]

[fade out]

On the Mandalia Plains - [Ramza, Delita]

[The boys sit, watching the sunset.]

DELITA: Beautiful, isn't it? Somewhere, Teeta is watching this same sunset...

RAMZA: Teeta's alright, I'm sure of it. There's nothing to fear.

DELITA: ... I've felt out of place, for a time now.

RAMZA: Do Albus' words yet trouble you?

DELITA: I suppose some things will never be within my reach, no matter how stubborn or industrious I am...

RAMZA: Don't say such things. If you work hard--

DELITA: Could I become a general if I worked hard enough? Could I do that, though I sit powerless to rescue Teeta with these hands of mine? I'm useless...

[Delita lowers his head, depressed.]

RAMZA: ....

[Delita plucks a reed from the ground.]

DELITA: Remember how dad taught us to whistle on the reeds?

[Delita blows on the grass, producing an odd whistle. Ramza does the same, blowing a different note. They then whistle together.]

Lenalia Plateau - Battle [Ramza, Delita, and company, Miluda, and mages]

[The plateau is surrounded by water, with the forces on each side.]

MILUDA: So were blocked here, too... There is no way out.

DEATH CORPS REBEL: We... we should give up. If we surrender...

MILUDA: Death before surrender!! If we are caught, we'll hang anyway! Our only hope is to fight!

[battle ensues, with Miluda as target]

DELITA: [to Miluda] Where is Wiglaf?! Where have you hidden Teeta!?

MILUDA: Teeta? The Beoulve daughter that Golagros took hostage?

DELITA: Teeta's my sister! She has naught to do with the Beoulses! It's pointless to hold her hostage! Please, return my sister!

MILUDA: And will you nobles return all what you've stolen from us? We ask only that you return what is rightfully ours. But no -- you keep taking! It's you nobles who force our hand; we'll not surrender and we certainly have no reason to return your sister!!

DELITA: I... I... !!

[sparring]

[Miluda is injured]

MILUDA: I can't die now! Not during the revolution!

RAMZA: ... Is revolution necessary? We whom you fight, how have we earned your enmity? How do we cause your suffering?

MILUDA: That fact that you don't know is itself a crime! You nobles never see beyond the narrow confines of your own world! Maybe you do not wish us evil, but I'll hate you as long as we're forced to continue in our current conditions! Until change occurs, every living Beoulve is my enemy!

[Miluda is critically wounded]

MILUDA: I'm a soldier of the Death Corps! I will not retreat!!

RAMZA: Sheath your sword, Miluda, this battle is meaningless! We must stop fighting and talk, there must be another solution. I'll speak with my brother. No, I'll speak with Prince Larg himself! You must believe me!

MILUDA: Enough of your honeyed lies! I tire of deceit!

RAMZA: I'm not lying!

[Once Miluda is defeated...]

MILUDA: W... Wiglaf, I'm sorry...

[Miluda dies.]

RAMZA: Why... ? Why did this have to happen...?

[Delita drops to his knees.]

DELITA: Curse it, who the devil am I? Who... ?

[fade out]

Fovoham Plains - [Wiglaf, Golagros, other Death Corps rebels, and Teeta]

[Teeta is being held hostage inside of an old windmill. She is tied in the corner of the room.]

WIGLAF: Why did you kidnap the girl?

GOLAGROS: I needed a hostage to escape.

WIGLAF: If so, you should have released her by now... or do you turn traitor too, Golagros?

GOLAGROS: You would compare me to Gustav? I'm not so witless as our late deputy. Think, Wiglaff. We've lost most of our men and the Death Corps now lays surrounded by the Aquilors. She is our only hope, our trump to get us out of this predicament. Because she's a Beoulve.

[Golagros turns back to watch Teeta, while Wiglaf edges closer.]

WIGLAF: What good is escape? Where would we to escape to? Even if we escape now, we'd be no farther from their grasp than before. Rather, we must make use of this opportunity. The future of our sons and daughters is at stake here. We must ensure that needn't suffer as we do now. I will not deny that the stone we cast will make but a ripple at first, but with encouragement, even ripples become tidal waves. Our ripple must grow, even if we must fight our last here for it to happen!

[Golagros turns back around, shocked.]

GOLAGROS: ... So you would have us all die?

WIGLAF: Not in vain. Take as many nobles down with you as possible!

GOLAGROS: Ludicrous! We'll die like dogs!

WIGLAF: [shakes his head] Not so, Golagros. Our comrades who yet live gather at Fort Zeakden. Join them there, and we will yet have power to fight.

[Golagros hangs his head in disbelief]

GOLAGROS: Verily, they have joined the dead by now...

[enter a Death Corps soldier. She whispers something to Wiglaf.]

WIGLAF: What!? Miluda killed?! Miluda... [clenches his fist in anger]

DEATH CORPS REBEL (FEMALE): Sir Wiglaf, it be but a moment 'fore the Aquilor squad which took Miluda arrives here. What would you have us do?

WIGLAF: Very well... Everyone, retreat. Golagros, heed me, and go to Fort Zeakden. Leave the girl here!

[From outside, a guard calls.]

VOICE OF A GUARD: They're here!! The Aquilors are here!

[exit the soldier]

WIGLAF: Curse it, already? I'll stall them here! Golagros, head for Fort

Zeakden with the others immediately!

[exit Wiglaf]

[a silence ensues in Wiglaf's present]

GOLAGROS: [to the other rebels present]... I, for one, will not die a fool's death.

[fade out. Golagros and the remaining Death Corps rebels with him escape to Fort Zeakden with Teeta.]

Windmill Shed - Battle [Ramza, Delita, and company, Wiglaf, and Death Corps knights]

[A skirmish is about to take place outside of the windmill where Teeta is being held prisoner.]

WIGLAF: You two, from the kidnapping... You cadets who killed Miluda, my beloved sister!?

RAMZA: [to Delita] She was Wiglaf's sister?

WIGLAF: ... Well then, I needn't contemplate retreat today after all. Miluda's death will not go unavenged!

[battle ensues, with Wiglaf as target]

DELITA: Return my sister!! Return Teeta!!

WIGLAF: Teeta? That girl? You're a Beoulve?

RAMZA: He's not a Beoulve! I am!

WIGLAF: Then was Golagros was wrong? The girl is no Beoulve?

RAMZA: Must everyone associated with my family be a member of it!?

WIGLAF: It matters little... In any event, the girl is to be released. We hadn't planned to kidnap her in the first place. But that should be the least of your worries; if you want the girl back, live past me first!

[battle]

RAMZA: Put away your weapon, Wiglaf! We fight for naught here!

WIGLAF: Then, why did you kill her? My sister, Miluda?

RAMZA: I had not wanted to, Wiglaf! Is fighting is our only option? Could we not talk?

WIGLAF: Still you do not comprehend why we refuse to surrender? What good is this talk you desire? Is it even possible? Even if you would talk with us, do you think your brothers would?

RAMZA: My brothers don't want to fight! Wiglaf, forego your blades and they'll negotiate!

WIGLAF: Hah!! This is rich! You actually believe your brothers don't want to fight? Yours is a sheltered life, isn't it, boy?

RAMZA: Why would they desire conflict!?

WIGLAF: Because Dycedarg Beoulve is a man without honour! All men power have blood on their hands, and your lord brother no less! He is as false as flying swine!

RAMZA: You mock my brother!?

[Once Wiglaf is wounded... ]

WIGLAF: Curse it... I underestimated you cadets. Forgive me, Miluda, but I cannot die here!

RAMZA: Wait, Wiglaf! Don't run away!

WIGLAF: Let me tell you something, Beoulve! Who do you think had Gustav kidnap the Marquis? Your brother, Dycedarg! Moreover, I'm sure Holy Knight Zalbag knows it too!

RAMZA: Impossible! Why would he do such a thing?

WIGLAF: The Lions White and Black will contend for throne once the King dies. Neither can hope to win without support from the other great nobles, but whom amongst them can each one trust? Who can know what they think? Thus the solution: remove the lords and install lackeys in their stead. My deputy-captain, Gustav, had grown weary of the Revolution; he was lured by Dycedarg's honeyed tongue into kidnapping the Marquis for Prince Larg!

RAMZA: Slander!! No Beoulve would dare such a thing!

WIGLAF: Find out for yourself if I'm lying! Goodbye, Beoulve!

[Wiglaf magically disappears.]

RAMZA: Wait, Wiglaf!! Explain yourself!!

[fade out]

Inside the Windmill [no characters]

[The windmill lies empty, having been abandoned by the rebels.]

[Delita's voice calls from outside.]

DELITA: Teeta! Where are you? Teeta!

[enter Delita and Ramza]

DELITA: Not here... she's not here! TEETA! where are you!?

RAMZA: Did Wiglaf lie to us? [Ramza moves to Delita.] Delita, we must hurry to Zeakden! Teeta must be there!

DELITA: What happened? What went wrong? Tell me, Ramza. Why did this have to happen to Teeta? Why?

[Delita falls to his knees in tears.]

RAMZA: Delita...

[fade out]

Fort Zeakden - Battle [Albus, Zalbag, knights, Golagros, Teeta]

[Golagros is holding Teeta captive, on a plank above the rest of the fort, by the entranceway of an explosives shed. Albus and his knights watch from below.]

GOLAGROS: Withdraw at once, lest something happens to the girl! Attempt nothing! There's enough gunpowder in this fort to blow you all to hell and back! Begone!

ZALBAG: The Knights Aquilor will not bend to your threats!!

[enter Ramza and Delita]

RAMZA: Zalbag! Albus!!

[Delita takes notice of Teeta.]

DELITA: Teeta!!

TEETA: Delita!!

GOLAGROS: Away! Now!!

ZALBAG: [to Albus] Go on, do it.

ALBUS: Yes, sir!

[Albus fires an arrow, which intentionally hits Teeta. Golagros is stunned.]

GOLAGROS: What... ?

[Albus fires a second arrow, which hits Golagros, sending him reeling. He falls heavily to the ground.]

TEETA: Delita...

[Teeta dies.]

DELITA: Teeta!!

[Delita falls to his knees.]

[enter a Aquilor Knight]

AQUILOR KNIGHT: Sir Zalbag! Enemy force on the mountain path, numbering fifty! Scouts report one of them resembles Wiglaf!

ZALBAG: I'll be there immediately! Finish matters here, Albus.

[exit Knight, Zalbag]

GOLAGROS: [clenching his wound] D...Damn...!

[Golagros inches his way inside the fort, and locks the door behind him.]

DELITA: Teeta!

[Delita rises and throws Ramza aside.]

ALGUS: And where might you be going?

DELITA: ALGUS!!!!!!

ALGUS: What is it? You wish for a fight? Go ahead, do your worse!

RAMZA: Zalbag... Why... Why... Teeta...?

ALGUS: Come, let's not waste time! Today, I'll prove to you animals will never be more than animals, commoner!

[Algus whistles, and several knights and mages come.]

[battle ensues, with Algus as target]

RAMZA: Why, why are you doing this, Algus, why!?

ALGUS: Ramza, they were your lord brother's orders; why wouldn't I do this? Would you have sacrificed the pride of the Knights all for a common wench?

RAMZA: Teeta... Teeta is Delita's sister!!

ALGUS: I think you need a lesson about "differences", Ramza! Those of different births lead different lives! Such is fate! That creature and his sister are out of their place. They would have been better off being bumbling flower peddlers somewhere, or the like!

[battle. Delita gets hurt.]

RAMZA: Delita! Are you okay!?

DELITA: Piss off, Ramza! When I'm through with Algus, you're next!

RAMZA: Delita...

[sparring]

ALGUS: And you, Ramza? Why do you fight? A traitor to Aquilors you are!

RAMZA: But... but, this is inexcusable!

ALGUS: Ha! My, what a stubborn little babe you are! For shame, why were you born a Beoulve?

RAMZA: Had I a choice!?

ALGUS: You pamper yourself silly, don't you? Beoulves are leaders among warriors. You were born a Beoulve, a member of the elite, and thus you have responsibilities. There are tasks that only you can do! Such is your duty, to do such tasks for those who cannot!

RAMZA: I'm no tool to be used by others!!

ALGUS: Don't jest! We use Beoulves because of who they are! No, rather say, Beoulves use others as much as they themselves are used! Men serve them and survive under their protection! This a mutualism is how you've come to exist! You use your beloved Delita too, dare you deny it!?



RAMZA: I've been using Delita?...

(If you chose destroying the Death Corps as your priority in the battle on the Mandalia Plains)

ALGUS: You're a Beoulve, Ramza! You know your duty as well I! Even that time on the Mandalia Plains, you recognized destroying the Death Corps came before all else!

RAMZA: I...!!

{If you chose saving Albus as your priority in the battle on the Mandalia}

ALGUS: And you saved me for your own ends too, did you not?!

RAMZA: Madness! I helped you because I couldn't abandon a person in trouble!

ALGUS: Then next time, you'd best abandon strangers if you know not whether they be friend or foe! [Sparring]

DELITA: Albus! You murdered Teeta! I'll kill you! I swear it!

ALGUS: Unhappy, Delita? Unhappy that you're so utterly useless? Know your limits! Commoners haven't power to change anything! Ha, ha, go ahead and grieve! Wail and wring your hands, for it's all you can do, my dear, lame commoner! Ha, ha, ha, this is splendid!

DELITA: That's all you have to say?... Is that all, Albus?!

ALGUS: Oh, don't be mad, Delita. You'll be joining her soon!

DELITA: I'm not your lackey, Albus! I'm no one's tool! NOBODY USES ME!!

[Once Albus is defeated... ]

ALGUS: How could you fools have bested... me... ?

[Albus dies.]

[exit troops]

[Delita walks up to the plank where Teeta was killed. He stands over her body.]

RAMZA: ... Delita.

[Delita scoops up his sister's body, and holds it closely. Suddenly, an explosion is heard from inside the fort.]

RAMZA: What!? An explosion?? [Ramza waves his hands emphatically.] Delita, it's dangerous! Get back here, quickly!! [Delita pays no mind. The wall next to Ramza violently explodes, blasting Ramza to the ground. He rises.]  
Delita!!

[The entire fort explodes.]

[fade out]

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RAMZA: All my life I have lived certain of the world as I knew it.  
When the hour came that my certainty collapsed, I abandoned everything  
and ran.

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---5.3        CHAPTER 2---

Outside of Orbonne Abbey - [Gafgarion, Ramza, female knights]

[The rain is pouring down. The scene continues from the prolog, after the  
Princess' abduction.]

GAFGARION: So, Ramza, you know the kidnapper of the Princess?

RAMZA: ....

[enter Agrias]

[Agrias comes from inside the abbey.]

AGRIAS: The kidnapper cannot have gone far. He travels with the Princess.

GAFGARION: You would pursue him?

AGRIAS: Of course! Ovelia is my charge; I could not face the Royal Family  
otherwise!

GAFGARION: No help comes from our quarter. Our contact does not extend that  
far!

AGRIAS: And no help do I need from sellswords! Knights must account for their  
own mistakes, and I will atone for mine without you. It is my responsibility  
as the guardian of the Princess. Lavian, Alicia, prepare your things, we  
leave at once!

[enter Simon, from the abbey]

AGRIAS: How do you feel, Father Simon?

SIMON: The Princess... what of her... ?

[Agurias slowly shakes her head.]

AGRIAS: I'm sorry, Father. I swear I'll get her back.

SIMON: ... No, it's dangerous, what you intend...

AGRIAS: Rest your fears. On my honour, I will deliver her Highness back  
safely!

[Ramza steps forward.]

RAMZA: Let me join you! I promise to be no burden!

GAFGARION: Ramza, have you gone mad?! 'Tis none of our business!

RAMZA: I must know what happened. I must see with mine own eyes!

GAFGARION: You speak of that boy? [Ramza lowers his head. Gafgarion takes a

step away.] Stubborn as a mule. Don't beg me for help when something ill happens.

## CHAPTER TWO: THE MANIPULATOR AND THE SUBSERVIENT

The Trade City of Dorter - battle [knight, mercenary]

[The knight is bargaining with a mercenary.]

KNIGHT: Five-hundred gil per head.

[The mercenary crosses his arms and shakes his head.]

MERCENARY: Too little. Two-thousand.

KNIGHT: I could as easily have you all branded heretics.

MERCENARY: ... One-thousand gil then?

[The knight shakes his head.]

KNIGHT: Seven-hundred. No more.

MERCENARY: ... Alright. Done deal.

KNIGHT: They arrive any minute. Spare no one. Understood?

[Footsteps resound.]

KNIGHT: Hah, speak of the devil... they've already come. I leave this to you, then.

[enter Ramza, Agrias, Gafgarion, and company]

MERCENARY: Fucking blazes, that's Gafgarion! Seven-hundred was a paltry sum!

[The mercenary whistles. Other men show up.]

GAFGARION: Yet another ambush. How wearisome.

AGRIAS: If that discomforts you, leave!

GAFGARION: Normally I fight only for money, but I'll make an exception today!

AGRIAS: Ugh, patronizing...

[battle ensues]

[Once all the enemies are defeated...]

AGRIAS: We cannot afford to waste anymore time here. We must hurry and rescue the Princess.

GAFGARION: Which way do we go? Where might this kidnapper be heading?

AGRIAS: The Knights of the Northern Skies guard all of Gallione. His one escape is into the east: he must be heading for Fort Bethla.

RAMZA: Bethla, the Impregnable Fortress...

[fade out]

Araguay Woods - battle [various monsters]

[In a marshy setting, a group of monsters are taunting a lone chocobo.]

BLACK GOBLIN: Gob, gob! Gobgobgob!!

[The monsters close in on the chocobo.]

CHOCOBO: W-wark!!

[One of the monsters notices the incoming party.]

GOBLIN II: Gob, gobu--!!

[enter Ramza, Agiras, Gafgarion, and company]

AGRIAS: A chocobo? Here?

GAFGARION: That be one addle-brained chocobo to wander into a goblins' forest!

{Ramza can choose either

1. We must make haste...
2. I wonder if its strong...?}

(If you choose 1)

RAMZA: We cannot tarry in this forest. We must make haste...

GAFGARION: Aye. And there's no money in saving a chocobo.

AGRIAS: Poor creature... I'm sorry chocobo, but saving the Princess comes

(if you choose 2)

RAMZA: Delita once said wild born chocobos are stronger than domestic ones. I wonder if he's strong in combat?

GAFGARION: You want to help him, Ramza? There's no gil in that!

AGRIAS: He may help us save the Princess...

[battle ensues with the Goblins]

[When all the goblins are dead, regardless of your choice...]

CHOCOBO: W-wark!!

RAMZA: [to the chocobo] You seem hale.

GAFGARION: A lucky beast you are. You ought to thank Ramza.

[fade out]

Zirekile Falls - battle [Delita, Ovelia, Aquilor knights]

[The bridge joining the two pieces of land on each side of the Falls. Delita

is guarding Ovelia, as the knights attempt to get her back.]

AQUILOR KNIGHT: Surrender yourself and hand over the Princess, on pain of death!

DELITA: A brazen lie! First you'll kill her, and then you'll kill me for knowing the truth!

KNIGHT: Wretch! We come to defend the Princess! Prince Goltana shan't have her!

[Ovelia backs away, then turns towards the mouth of the Falls, where help arrives.]

[enter Ramza, Agrias, Gafgarion, and company]

AGRIAS: Princess!

OVELIA: Agrias!

KNIGHT: Gafgarion, kill them all!

GAFGARION: Haven't a clue what's going on here, but it's in the contract!

AGRIAS: Gafgarion, what treachery is this?!

GAFGARION: Treachery? Of course not! Our assignment was to ensure that the Princess was kidnapped unharmed. These gentlemen are here to see the kidnappers silenced!

AGRIAS: What!? This is a false kidnapping!?

GAFGARION: The Princess is a nuisance! The heir to the throne should be Prince Orinas! Less trouble she causes dead!

DELITA: [to Ramza] They intend all our deaths, so help me... Were the Princess to be "killed" by Goltana, Prince Larg would be rid of both his greatest rival for the regency and the only legitimate challenger to Prince Orinas' claim to the throne. Larg could then rule uncontested over Ivalice. I'm sure that's the scenario as the good Prince wrote it... or rather, as Dycedarg Beoulve probably wrote it. Do you agree, Ramza?

GAFGARION: Whatever, Ramza, let's give'em hell!

RAMZA: Another helpless sacrifice... No! No more innocents must die like Teeta!!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Ovelia]

RAMZA: Delita! You're alive!

DELITA: To think that we'd meet again here! Still ruled by your brothers, I take it?

RAMZA: Curse it Delita, I know nothing, least of all about this plot! Do you scheme alongside my brothers?

DELITA: Surely you jest! I came to help the Princess, to save her from those who would exploit her!

GAFGARION: Quit your lying tongue! You're just another sellsword; someone must have paid you to kidnap Ovelia! Don't play the fool!!

DELITA: I'm hardly in your line of work, Gafgarion. Money is not my objective!

GAFGARION: Hell, then who's it that keeps interfering? Am I to believe some boy just so happened to get wind of the plan, and felt compelled to save the princess in the name of justice? Enough of this mummer's farce! Who hired you? Who did you hear the plan from? Talk!

DELITA: None of your business!

[fighting]

OVELIA: [to Delita] Who are you? Are you friend or foe?

DELITA: Simply "Hume" is what I am, may it please your Highness!

AGRIAS: Your Highness! Hold on, we're coming!!

GAFGARION: I think not!

AGRIAS: Have you the faintest idea what you're doing? Ovelia is an adopted child, but she's royalty nonetheless! This weighs upon your head, Gafgarion!

GAFGARION: Of course I know what I'm doing! She's a nuisance, she must die, and I've been paid to see it through! I care not about this high and mighty royal blood of hers!

AGRIAS: Rogue, you dare mock the Princess!?

GAFGARION: They who hinder the path of the mighty get trampled. It's no different for nobles than for commoners, except nobles have numbskulls like yourself blindly swearing loyalty and all that rubbish! If you wish to waste your time on these pathetic loyalties of yours, you be damned! Ivalice is a harsh land; better to live with a bloodied sword in hand than die with one through the back!

AGRIAS: Touch the Princess, and I'll rend you limb from limb!

[more battle]

RAMZA: You knew about this foulness! Why did you accept this a job?

GAFGARION: I'm a professional mercenary, I fight for money. There is no foulness when it comes to money. The highest bidder wins, and when I accept a contract, I see it fulfilled; such is the meaning of professionalism!

RAMZA: You never said a word! Why did you hide this from me?

GAFGARION: And what would you have done? Stop me? If not I, then another would have accepted this contract! She's marked for death either way. Persons high and low, base and gentle, die all the time without your knowing, Ramza! What do you do about these lives you know nothing about?

RAMZA: But... but that hardly makes it right!

GAFGARION: Spare me your pious babble, Ramza! You are no child, so stand and face reality! Surviving in this world is an ugly task. If you mislike how

things are with me, begone and find your own way! But don't complain to me if things run afoul!

[Once Gafgarion is wounded... ]

GAFGARION: Blast it... !

[Gafgarion magically disappears.]

[exit Gafgarion]

[Once the rest of the enemies are defeated...]

DELITA: [to Ramza] Leave the Princess in my care, for her good and for your own; it's better that way.

[Agrias steps protectively in front of Ovelia]

RAMZA: What is it you plan, Delita?

DELITA: So we speak of my plans now? Come, Ramza, I speak only truth. After our little skirmish just now, I think the Knights and yourselves will be on less than friendly terms. Doubtlessly, even as we speak, Aquilor troops come this way. Where do you plan on escaping to?

RAMZA: Well... I...

DELITA: Shall we think this through? The Queen knows Prince Larg is behind this scheme, so you'll hardly find an ally in the Royal Family. And Goltana? He'd happily send you to the gallows just to clear any suspicion about his involvement.

AGRIAS: What would you propose to do then?

DELITA: That which you cannot.

RAMZA: What do you mean?

DELITA: [Sighs in exasperation] Good grief...

[Delita turns away.]

DELITA: I'll entrust her Highness to you a little longer.

[Delita begins to walk away.]

RAMZA: Delita. I'm... glad to see you again.

DELITA: Teeta saved me...

RAMZA: What?

DELITA: Back then... Teeta saved me back then...

RAMZA: ....

[Ovelia moves forward.]

OVELIA: Thank you very much, Sir Delita.

DELITA: [pausing] See you again, Ramza.

[exit Delita]

AGRIAS: Ramza, I'm grateful for your help. But yourself, will you be alright? The Aquilors are a dangerous foe... to think that you are now their enemy...

[Ramza turns towards Agrias and Ovelia.]

RAMZA: Do not let it bother you, Agrias, I have no regrets about my choice. The question is, what now? As Delita said, we have few supporters...

AGRIAS: Perhaps... perhaps we could seek sanctuary with the Church? Lionel is under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Delacroix. It is several day's journey, but if the Cardinal would help us, then our problems might be solved.

{TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Yes, it's Delacroix. Not Draclau. There's a religious reference to his name.}

RAMZA: Hmm... that is a good plan, I think. Even the Knights Aquilor wouldn't dare to so openly oppose the Church... Lionel it is, then. Let's go.

Zaland Fort City - battle [a strange man, unidentified swordsmen and mages]

[The young man is apparently fleeing from the swordsmen, but gets surrounded.]

SWORDSMAN: Ye can't escape! Hand it o'er if you value living!

YOUNG MAN: Dang it, hand over what? I'm not carrying anything on me ...

SWORDSMAN: Ye ain't a fool, Mustadio! If not fer ye own life, give a thought about your old man's. Hand us the holy stone and we'll give'im to ye hale and whole. [The man stands his guard.] Whatever... Cut him down!

[The man jumps up onto the wall.]

MUSTADIO: Tell Rudvich if he puts one slimy appendage on my dad he'll never see the stone!

[enter Ramza, Agrias, and company]

AGRIAS: What's this? Someone desires that young man's life...

{Ramza has a choice here ...

1. This is not our business, but...
2. He's not going to get away! }

{option 1}

RAMZA: This is not our business, but we can't just turn a blind eye. Let's help him!

{option 2}

RAMZA: He'll be caught at this rate! He's not going to get away! Let's help him!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Mustadio]



[The man uses a gun, foreign to the party, who deals with swords, lances, knives, etc.]

[Once all the enemies are defeated... ]

RAMZA: [to Mustadio] Are you alright?

MUSTADIO: Yep, I'm still in one peice... Thanks. I mean, for your help.

[fade out]

Under Zaland Fort City - [Ramza, Agrias, Mustadio]

[Mustadio explains to the two about his situation. They are in a ruined broken down room of some sort.]

MUSTADIO: They were thugs hired by the Bart Company.

AGRIAS: The Bart Company? The traders?

MUSTADIO: So, you've heard of them? Yeah, they're pretty famous, but they're no simple merchants. In the shadows, they deal in everything from opium smuggling to the slave trade. A group of criminals and cut-throats.

RAMZA: Why were they after you?

MUSTADIO: Know why my friends and I are called "mechanics"?

[Ramza shakes his head.]

AGRIAS: It's said that a lost civilization lays hidden under the city of Goug... In St. Ajora's days, countless airships sailed the skies and fantastic machines walked the streets of men. But time passed, technology was lost, thus none know whether such wondrous things ever existed.

MUSTADIO: But they must have! Hundreds of airships and exotic machines have been excavated from under Goug. We mechanics do our best to restore these legacies from Ajora's time.

RAMZA: That strange thing you used against the thugs, is that one such machine from Goug?

MUSTADIO: Oh, this? [Mustadio brings out his gun.] This is called a "gun". A bit of metal called a "bullet" is fired out of it at incredible speeds using gunpowder. This here is a really simple version. In ancient times, guns could be loaded with magic and fired.

RAMZA: Hmm...

[Mustadio puts the gun away.]

AGRIAS: Nevertheless, why is the Bart Company after you?

MUSTADIO: Um, did you say you're headed to see the Cardinal? He's a hero of the Fifty Year's War. Everyone in Lionel looks up to him, including my dad. They say the Cardinal is the only man who can unite this country. I know he'll fulfil your wishes. He'll protect the Princess for sure!

AGRIAS: And...?

MUSTADIO: Can I go with you? I want to see the Cardinal as well.

AGRIAS: Why?

MUSTADIO: To save my dad! Nobody except the Cardinal can rescue him from the Bart Company, but he's not going to bother seeing a mechanic like me! At least, not on my own... Please, take me with you!

AGRIAS: By Ajora, you still haven't even told us why the Bart Company is after you!

[Mustadio hangs his head down.]

MUSTADIO: ... I can't. Not now.

AGRIAS: Then neither can we take you.

MUSTADIO: [turning to Agrias] Please! Trust me! I really have to see the Cardinal!

[enter Ovelia]

[Agrias and Ramza kneel.]

OVELIA: I understand. You may come with us.

[Mustadio approaches the Princess.]

MUSTADIO: Really? Gosh, thank you, your Highness!

AGRIAS: [in Mustadio's direction] Ahem! You stand before royalty!

[Mustadio backs away quickly, and kneels.]

OVELIA: It's alright. Please rise.

[The three of them stand.]

AGRIAS: [to Mustadio] So be it. You have my trust for now.

[fade out]

In the court yard of an delapidated building - [Agrias, Ovelia]

[Agrias and the Princess stand watching the horizon.]

AGRIAS: See, your Highness? In the direction of yonder mountain lies Lionel Castle.

OVELIA: It still lies far hence... I wonder, will Cardinal Delacroix truly help us?

AGRIAS: It's said that the Cardinal's loyalty to the Royal Family is unshakable. And to date, he has remained neutral in the feud between Larg and Goltana. It's seems nonsensical that he'd do something as villanous as handing you over to either one.

OVELIA: I hope so...

[Ovelia walks to a nearby tree and plucks a leaf from its branches.]

AGRIAS: Besides, your Highness, he is a man of prestige and popularity within the Glabados Church. A word from him, and the Church will welcome you with open arms.

VELIA: [pausing] ... I wish I was not born a princess.

[Ovelia lets the leaf fall.]

AGRIAS: Your Highness...

[enter Ramza, he appears startled to see the two ladies conversing. Ramza quickly darts behind a wall to avoid being seen, and eavesdrops on the conversation.]

VELIA: All my life I've known nothing but abbey walls. No patch of sky not framed with abbey brick. I don't think you know, Agrias, but I lived at another abbey before Orbonne. Even after hearing about my adoption by the King, I stayed there for a long time. Well... I wouldn't say it's been that bad. Rather... well... people are dying because of me. Because I'm a princess. It hurts to know that...

AGRIAS: Princess, it is no fault of yours. Blame those who would use you for their own foul ends.

[Ovelia plucks some more leaves from the tree.]

VELIA: I met a girl at Orbonne. She said she had also lived much of her life in an abbey. We used to laugh over how similar our circumstances have been. Ha, ha, ha... [pauses] Isn't it funny?

AGRIAS: You speak of the Beoulve daughter, Miss Alma?

[Ramza looks at Agrias from behind the wall.]

VELIA: She was my only friend... Agrias, I cannot help but wonder, will Cardinal Delacroix will try to use me too?

AGRIAS: ...

[Mustadio's calls from behind the building.]

MUSTADIO: Ramza! Where are you? We should get going soon!

[enter Mustadio]

[Ramza motions for Mustadio to remain quiet about his whereabouts, but Agrias comes steps into the building.]

MUSTADIO [to Ramza] Dang, what have you been doing here?

AGRIAS: [to Mustadio] How goes it?

MUSTADIO: Good. It doesn't look like there's been any Aquilors on the road.

[From the front of the fort, Ovelia attempts to play the reed flute, as Delita and Ramza had done long before. Ramza steps out of hiding and watches the Princess.]

OVELIA: A friend taught me before, but I can't seem to get it right.

[Ramza plucks a leaf, and whistles a note on it.]

RAMZA: That's the way of it.

OVELIA: Like this? [Ovelia tries again, and succeeds.] There! I did it.

[She and Ramza play the grass flutes.]

[fade out]

Bariaus Hill - battle [mercenaries of Rudvich, Ramza, Agrias, Mustadio]

[The battle is about to take place on a huge hill.]

RUDVICH MERCENARY: Who you lot be we don't know, but leave the boy here, or take it up us. Hand over Mustadio, and it needn't be rough going for you. What say you?

AGRIAS: We say that you should get out of our sights! Tell your employer Rudvich that we'll not bend to threats and violence so easily.

MERCENARY: Blow that! We'll take him by force. Get them!!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: [to Mustadio] Why are they after you? Will you explain now?

MUSTADIO: I'm sorry, but... I can't tell you yet.

[fade out]

[meanwhile... ]

Office in Igros Castle - [Dycedarg, Gafgarion]

[It is night. Dycedarg is holding a secret meeting with Gafgarion.]

DYCEDARG: Do everything you must to capture Ovelia. As for Agrias and the others, I want them dead.

GAFGARION: Even Ramza?

[Dycedarg rises from his seat, and walks to the cupboard, where he pours himself a glass of wine.]

DYCEDARG: He tarnishes the Beoulve name. I've left him be all these years because I hoped he'd come to learn the harshness of life. I never dreamed that he could be so dense.

GAFGARION: Did he inherit that stubborn sense of justice from his father?

[Dycedarg turns to Gafgarion, glass of wine in hand.]

DYCEDARG: My father spoiled him. If he will listen, then good. But if he persists in his folly, it cannot be helped...

[Dycedarg drains his glass.]

GAFGARION: And to think that his own brother said that... how disturbing.  
[Dycedarg puts the glass back.] But what if the Cardinal interferes? If Delacroix moves the Church against us, even the Prince will have his hands tied.

DYCEDARG: I've accounted for that. Worry not.

GAFGARION: Hmm. So you've planned everthing, then? As crafty as you are twisted, I dare say.

DYCEDARG: If such is your opinion, Gafgarion, you'd do well to share your thoughts with some discretion. Your head comes off as easily as any other.

GAFGARION: Woah, my lord! I remain your leal servant. I'm not so obstinate as your oh-so-pious Holy Knight of a brother.

DYCEDARG: Then do not fail me.

GAFGARION: Speaking of which, who exactly did you order to kidnap Ovelia? It's all been a mess. When I was chasing her in Dorter, some thugs attacked my company. Who was it?

[Dycedarg slowly walks to a window, and peers outside.]

DYCEDARG: The kidnapers we sent were found dead in the woods near the abbey. Someone knows of our plans and is trying to thwart us... But in any event, as long as Ovelia remains with her guardian, Agrias, you'll find no shortage of opportunities to accomplish your mission...

GAFGARION: I pray you speak true.

[fade out]

Lionel Caste, Gate - [Ramza, Agrias, Mustadio, Ovelia, Lionel Knights]

[The party approaches the castle gates. A knight on the ramparts of the walls approaches.]

LIONEL CASTLE KNIGHT: Name yourself, and state your business at Lionel!

AGRIAS: I am Agrias Oaks, Holy Knight of the Royal Guard of Lesalia, true defender of the Crown! My companions and I have traveled here from Orbonne Abbey. We come seeking the protection of St. Ajora Glabados, Son of God, and his most holy Church! In his name, I implore you to open these gates.  
{Translator's note: Agrias is not of "St. Konoe's Order" or whatever. Konoe means "royal/imperial guard", and in the Japanese text it was prefixed with the character for "Holy", which is also the same character for "Saint". The dialogue between the Agrias and guards at Lionel is one of the most garbled in the game.}

KNIGHT: His Eminence accepts all in need of sanctuary. On behalf of Lionel and the Cardinal, welcome, Lady Agrias... [to another knight] Open the gates!

[A knight from inside pulls the level, and the gate opens. The group enters the castle.]

Inside Lionel Castle - [Delacroix, Agrias, Ovelia, Ramza, Mustadio]

[Cardinal Delacroix stands at the edge of an altar-like piece of furniture. Agrias has already explained their troubles to him.]

DELACROIX: I understand your situation entirely, Lady Agrias. I shall dispatch a messenger to Murond with all haste to inform the Holy Father himself. Larg shall not go unpunished for this abominable crime. Lionel welcomes your Highness, and guarantees your safety here.

AGRIAS: Forgive me for asking, your Eminence, but are you certain that his Holiness Funeral will help us?

DELACROIX: I guarantee it with my very own person. Now, rest your fears, brave Agrias, so that the Princess may rest hers as well. Make yourselves comfortable in this humble old castle of mine till word returns from the holy land.

OVELIA: I thank you with all my heart, Cardinal.

DELACROIX: In all things we walk with St. Ajora, your Highness, and his hand shall protect you always. [to Mustadio] And young mechanic, I hear your plea as well. I will send a division of my elite troops to Goug to discipline the Bart Company for their evil ways.

[Mustadio nods his head.]

MUSTADIO: Thank you, your Eminence.

DELACROIX: But before that, may I ask why they seek the lives of you and your father?

MUSTADIO: I... it's...

DELACROIX: That's alright... would your problem be of this nature?

[The Cardinal pulls a red stone from his robe, which shimmers brilliantly. He places it on the table.]

AGRIAS: That crystal... ?

DELACROIX: I'm sure you're familiar with the Zodiac Brave Story?

AGRIAS: Your Eminence refers to the myth told by the Church?

DELACROIX: Yes, that's the one... but surely, Lady Agrias, you are not suggesting the Church tells mere fairy tales...?

AGRIAS: N-no, I meant nothing...

OVELIA: In ages past, when the land was much different, the Lucavi ruled supreme in the realms of men. But twelve brave warriors came forth to fight them, and after desperate battle, they banished the Lucavi back to whence they came, restoring peace to the land. Each brave had a crystal engraved with a sign of the Zodiac, thus they were called the "Zodiac Braves". And since then, from age to age, the Braves return to deliver us whenever darkness and turmoil threaten to prevail.

DELACROIX: You know the story well, your Highness. You are very well read.

OVELIA: Father Simon taught it to me, back at Orbonne Abbey... which reminds me, he also said St. Ajora once allied with the Braves to save Ivalice from

chaos.

DELACROIX: The crystals the Braves once carried we call the "Holy Stones." Before us today is one of the legendary twelve.

[The stone shimmers.]

VELIA: I had not thought the stones really existed...

DELACROIX: The power of the stone supposedly surpasses that of any demon. Sometimes, I feel I can almost sense its wondrous power myself, but it looks to be no more than a big crystal to me.

[Ramza turns to Mustadio.]

RAMZA: What's wrong, Mustadio? You look pale.

[Agrias looks at Mustadio, also.]

DELACROIX: ... similar stones have been found under Goug, haven't they?

[Ovelia looks in Mustadio's direction.]

MUSTADIO: The machines excavated there... Whenever a stone gets near the machines, they start to move and groan.

DELACROIX: The Bart Company's after your stone, correct?

[Mustadio nods.]

MUSTADIO: I don't know what power these stones have, but I do know Rudvich wants to use them to make weapons. My dad told me to never to give the stones to him, but then, they kidnapped him...

DELACROIX: Fear not, young mechanic. The Church exists to protect. Once my troops bring Rudvich and the Bart Company to justice, you should take your stone and return to Goug.

MUSTADIO: Y-yes, your Grace.

RAMZA: I'll accompany you to Goug, Mustadio.

MUSTADIO: Thank you, Ramza.

[Agrias stands aside.]

AGRIAS: We could not have made it here without your assistance, Ramza. You have my thanks.

VELIA: [to Ramza] I wish I could have been of more help. Please be careful on the road, Ramza.

RAMZA: Ha, ha, I'll be sure to. Your kind words are thanks enough, your Highness.

[Agrias and Ovelia leave the party.]

[Flashback to the Mustadio's escape from the Bart Company, and Besrodio's kidnapping]

{Accessible only from the Zodiac Brave Story menu}

BESRODIO: Listen Mustadio, take this and run!

MUSTADIO: Run? Where?

[Bart Company mercenaries thump and shout from behind the door]

RUDVICH MERCENARY: We know you're in there! Open up!!

[Mustadio grab's Besrodio's arm]

MUSTADIO: Dad, we should escape together!

BESRODIO: I can't run with these legs of mine! Go, quickly!!

MUSTADIO: I can't just abandon you!

BESRODIO: Mustadio, listen! The power of the stone can destroy nations. Keep it secret, keep it safe, and whatever you do, do NOT let Rudvich get a hold of it! Go to Lionel, and find Cardinal Delacroix! The Cardinal will help you, I know it! Go to Lionel!

[Rudvich and his mercenaries break in through the door.]

RUDVICH: You've wasted enough of my time. Now hand over the stone.

BESRODIO: GO!!

[Mustadio hesitates. Some of the mercenaries capture Besrodio, and other move to capture Mustadio]

BESRODIO: GO!!!!

[Mustadio runs]

RUDVICH: Don't let the runt get away!

[fade out]

Zigolis Swamp - battle [Ramza, Mustadio, and company, monsters]

[The area ia a large, swampy area. The water seems to be emitting poisonous fumes.]

RAMZA: What rotten luck... meeting monsters in a swamp.

MUSTADIO: The footing here is lousy. Be careful!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: Are you all right, Mustadio?

MUSTADIO: Yeah, I'm fine. Past this swamp is the ocean. We're almost to Goug.

[fade out]

Goug, the Machine City - [commoners]



[The sun is setting. A few people are gathered in the streets, going about the day's business.]

[enter Ramza, Mustadio]

MUSTADIO: No sign of the Bart Company. But then, it doesn't seem like they've clashed with the Cardinal's troops. Something's weird... [Mustadio turns around, to face Ramza.] I'm going to scout around, see what news I can pick up. Shall we meet up later?

RAMZA: Where?

[Mustadio turns around again, and looks over the bridge.]

MUSTADIO: [pointing] Meet me by the slums over there... They shouldn't attract too much attention.

RAMZA: Be careful then. I'll see you soon.

MUSTADIO: Alrighty then, leave it to me.

[fade out]

Slums in Goug - battle [Ramza]

[Ramza waits patiently in the slums, standing atop of a fallen building. Night has already fallen.]

RAMZA: He's late... far too late. [Rain begins to fall; Ramza looks skyward] Surely he hasn't been captured...?

[Thunder rolls. A voice calls from behind.]

MALE VOICE: Be you a friend of Mustadio's?

[Ramza whirls around.]

RAMZA: Name yourself!

[enter a pudgy-faced man, and soldiers]

ILL-FACED MAN: Bring him!

[enter a thief, holding Mustadio captive]

MUSTADIO: S... Sorry, Ramza.

RAMZA: Mustadio!

[Ramza makes an attempt to dash forward.]

MAN: Ah, not a step closer, now. Move not an inch!

RAMZA: So, you are Rudvich! Release Mustadio!!

RUDVICH: Once I have the holy stone, I'll leave you the boy. [turns to Mustadio] Come! Where'd you hide it? Talk!

MUSTADIO: ...

RUDVICH: Speechless, are we? Perhaps this will... cure your muteness?

[Rudvich motions for another thief in the background. He brings out a man, tied and bound. The thief kicks the man. It is Mustadio's father.]

MUSTADIO: Dad!? Dad, you okay!?

BESRODIO: I'm... alright... Don't give him the stone...

RUDVICH: Throw him inside! [The thief shoves Besrodio into a small hole in a building.] [to Mustadio] Ready to speak now?

MUSTADIO: [after taking a long pause] Inside the chimney... by Ramza's feet...

RUDVICH: [to Ramza] Well then, what are you waiting for! You do value this runt's life, no?

[Ramza walks down to the chimney, and digs a bit. He discovers a yellow stone.]

RAMZA: This... ? [He walks back to his original position, and challenges Rudvich.] Release them!

RUDVICH: First give me the stone!

RAMZA: First, let them go!

RUDVICH: Throw the stone over, and or you can have their corpses!

[Ramza hesitates briefly, then throws Rudvich the stone. Immediately, the thief lets Mustadio go. He rushes to Ramza. Rudvich holds the stone in his hand, gazing at it.]

RUDVICH: The Zodiac Stone! Ha, ha, haaa, at last! The Cardinal will be most pleased! [He turns around, preparing to leave.] I'm terribly sorry to have troubled you gentlemen, but in any case, we're finished here today. [To his mercenaries] I've no other business here. Kill them.

[exit Rudvich]

RAMZA: Even the Cardinal is part of this!?!...

[enter Ramza's party]

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

MUSTADIO: Is dad... is dad alright?

[fade out]

Slums Building in Goug - [Mustadio, Besrodio, Ramza]

[Mustadio has brought Besrodio to safety in an old building. His father is on one knee, slowly recovering. Ramza watches.]

MUSTADIO: You okay, dad?

BESRODIO: I fine, Mustadio... but they made off with the stone. Rudvich will doubtlessly try to revive the machines beneath Goug with it. He may even somehow discern the secrets of its power. For grief, the Cardinal was our only hope, but to think that he was working with Bart Company all along? Heavens, what are we to do...

MUSTADIO: Heh, heh, heh... meh, so good for them.

[Mustadio stands, and walks away from his father.]

BESRODIO: What do you mean?

[Mustadio takes a stone out of the inside of his shirt.]

MUSTADIO: Well, I kinda thought something like this might happen, so I made a replica, just to give somebody a special surprise.

[Ramza rushes to Mustadio.]

RAMZA: You mean, I just handed them a fake?

MUSTADIO: That's right, Ramza. I bet they'll be fuming any moment now.

RAMZA: [pauses] ... Princess Ovelia and Lady Agrias are in danger.

MUSTADIO: What??

RAMZA: If the Cardinal is in collusion with the Bart Company to acquire the Stones, then he might use them as hostages against us.

MUSTADIO: That's crazy! If Delacroix does that, he'd be an enemy of the Royal Family! I'm sure he doesn't want to hang anytime soon!

RAMZA: Why do you think the Cardinal would want the stones? The commonfolk tire of endless war and penury, and long for deliverance. Delacroix must be wanting to use the Zodiac Brave Story to his own advantage: were he to collect all the holy stones, he could commission a band of false Braves to win the hearts of the people...

BESRODIO: He's right. We cannot let the Cardinal have the stone.

RAMZA: We must help the Princess and Agrias.

MUSTADIO: Sure thing. But I'm guessing his Eminence has probably blockaded the road to Lionel with his troops. They'll be swarming like rats now. We'll have to to sneak in by ship.

[Mustadio joins the party.]

[fade out]

Warjilis Trade City - [commoners]

[A boat has recently landed on the shore of the city Warjilis. It is at the dock, awaiting arrivals and departures.]

[enter Ramza from the boat's interior]

RAMZA: No soldiers from Lionel here in Warjilis. Odd... [Ramza walks off of

the ship's deck and onto the dock, spying Delita in the distance.] Delita?  
What brings you here?

[enter Delita]

DELITA: Our spies hear much and see much, Ramza. Do not make light of them.

RAMZA: "Our"?

DELITA: I mean not to threaten you, Ramza, but return to Igros, for your own sake. It's far more healthful not to dabble in certain matters. Princesses and stones, for example.

RAMZA: What is it that you know, Delita?

DELITA: I'm sure you must be thinking of rescuing the Princess, but that does her little good in the long run. To aid the Princess is a task that I, alone, am capable of doing.

RAMZA: I do not follow.

DELITA: Sometimes one cannot trust good actions to bear good results. Stubborn you may be, but to truly help Ovelia is beyond your ability. Remember that.

[Delita begins to walk away.]

RAMZA: Wait, Delita. [Delita turns around.] What do you plan?

DELITA: What Larg, Goltana, your brothers fail to see... aye, what everyone fails to see is that we are all being swept together in the same tide. I intend to swim against the tide, that's all... I have no more to say.  
[Delita turns around, and closes his eyes.] We'll meet again, if we both live long enough.

[exit Delita]

RAMZA: Delita...

[fade out]

[meanwhile... ]

Inside Lionel Castle - [Delacroix, Rudvich, Gafgarion]

[The three men are meeting in Delacroix's chambers at night. They are discussing future plans.]

GAFGARION: You would use the Princess as bait to get the stone? That thinking ill befits a holy man...

RUDVICH: [to Gafgarion] You rogue of a sellsword! All would've been fine had you not let that runt get away!

GAFGARION: Aye, mistakes there were, but not mine.

DELACROIX: Enough, Rudvich. Ovelia will be delivered to Lord Dycedarg, as promised. My intentions in that regard remain unchanged. But they who know the truth behind the kidnapping have yet to be dealt with, am I not correct? And now, the thief who stole the stone has joined their company. Using the

Princess as bait, we can capture them all. One stone gets us both our birds.

GAFGARION: Indeed, your Eminence. But nevertheless, failure is not impossible.

DELACROIX: Strange that you should be so faint of heart, Captain Gafgarion.

GAFGARION: Cautious is a better word. The careless on the battlefield feed the crows.

DELACROIX: I understand. There is a plan for retreat, should events go awry. And to ensure the success of our trap, we will also set out our "lure" in due order.

GAFGARION: Splendid. The wench will lead them right to us. In which case, trust me to deal with this problem. I dare say I'm more reliable than our pudgy merchant friend here. [Gafgarion looks in Rudvich's direction.]

RUDVICH: How dare you!

DELACROIX: [to Gafgarion] Very well then. I leave it in your hands.

RUDVICH: Your Eminence, you cannot be serious!

DELACROIX: Godspeed, Captain.

GAFGARION: I'll retrieve your stone, you have my word.

[exit Gafgarion]

RUDVICH: Your Eminence, why are you trusting that filthy sellsword?

[Delacroix rises from his seat, and walks to Rudvich.]

DELACROIX: Because you've failed me enough, Rudvich. And now you will answer for your shortcomings...

RUDVICH: E-Eminence, what...?

[Rudvich steps back as Delacroix advances on him. Rudvich's screams, as Delacroix kills him.]

[fade out]

Bariaus Valley - battle [Agrias]

[Agrias is making an attempt to escape from the Lionel Knights.]

MAN'S VOICE: Where are you!? You cannot escape!!

[enter a knight]

LIONEL KNIGHT: So here you are... [The knight whistles. His comrades appear.]  
Surrender at once!

[enter Ramza and company]

KNIGHT: What!?

RAMZA: Protect Agrias!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Agrias]

AGRIAS: Ramza! How is it you are here?

RAMZA: I was hoping sneak into castle from the back to help you and Ovelia. Why are you here?

AGRIAS: The Cardinal is a traitor! He was allied with Larg from the start! We tried to escape but the Princess was captured!! I couldn't save her. They're about to execute her! We must hurry!!

RAMZA: We must deal with these first...

[fighting]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: Are you alright, Agrias?

AGRIAS: Yes, I'm alright. The Princess is to be executed at Golgorarda! We must go there at once!!

RAMZA: I understand. We go there immediately!

[Agrias rejoins party.]

Golgorarda Execution Site - battle [Ovelia, soldiers, the executioner]

[Ovelia stands silently on a platform, awaiting her fate. Several soldiers guard the area. The executioner is questioning her.]

EXECUTIONER: Any last words? [Ovelia is silent] No? May Ajora keep your soul.

[Footsteps. A knight catches notice.]

LIONEL KNIGHT: ...?! We're under attack!

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: That's far enough! Release the Princess, now!

EXECUTIONER: Ha, ha, ha, ... checkmate, Ramza!

RAMZA: !?

[The executioner pulls off his cloak. It's Gafgarion! The "Princess" pulls off her disguise, also, to reveal an archer. More enemies arrive.]

GAFGARION: Ever so gullible, m'boy.

RAMZA: Where is the Princess!?

GAFGARION: At the Lionel Castle. Where's the stone?

RAMZA: Stone?

GAFGARION: Play not the fool. The stone stolen from the Cardinal. Hand over both the stone and the thief.

RAMZA: If you mean to snatch them by force, Gafgarion, do your worse.

GAFGARION: So the boy reckon's he's grown up now, eh? So be it! I shall!

[battle ensues]

GAFGARION: It's not too late to go back! Come back with me to Igros. Dycedarg says he will forgive your foolishness. This is your opportunity, Ramza, so wake up!

RAMZA: No! I'll have no part in this crime!

GAFGARION: What crime is there in fulfilling the goals of your family? This "crime" you speak of is your duty to them, you fool of a Beoulve!

RAMZA: My brothers make war for their own selfish desires! How can you name that anything but evil?

GAFGARION: The world needs sacrifices sometimes, Ramza. Without sacrifice there can be no progress, no history. Look at Ivalice, Ramza! Look at depths to which the kingdom has sunk! Someone must save the land! Your brothers would do that, even at the cost of this so-called "crime"!

[fighting]

AGRIAS: Ramza, you're a Beoulve??

GAFGARION: You knew not, Agrias? The boy's real name is "Ramza Beoulve."

RAMZA: It is true... But I'm different from my brothers serving Larg, Agrias, trust me! I knew nothing about the kidnapping, I swear it!

AGRIAS: It makes no difference, Ramza, I trust you!

[fighting]

RAMZA: So what would you have me do, Gafgarion? Watch Ovelia get murdered and do nothing?

GAFGARION: Forget about Fort Zeakden, boy! It was a cruel fate that Aquilor duty and the girl's life should cross purposes, but fate nonetheless! It could not have been helped! By your Beoulve blood, Ramza, you ought to understand!

RAMZA: Fate killed Teeta? NO!! A shameful lie! We killed her out of convenience... I've been running from the truth these years past... We killed... Nay, I killed Teeta...

GAFGARION: This is stupid, Ramza! What matters the death of one girl? Greater good was at stake!

RAMZA: To deceive and use others, what base manner of good is that? I cannot use and discard lives as I please for this "greater good". I will not abandon Ovelia!

GAFGARION: Blast it, you stubborn fool!

[sparring]

AGRIAS: [To Gafgarion] What you plan to do with the princess!?

GAFGARION: My orders are to take Ovelia to Gallione. What Prince Larg has in mind for her after that is no business of mine!

AGRIAS: Ovelia is not a pawn in this mad game that the Princes play! Does it not shame you to be a cur of Dycedarg and Larg? Do dignity and honour mean nothing to you!?

GAFGARION: Ground to dust and abandoned to the wind, long ago...!

[Once Gafgarion is wounded... ]

GAFGARION: Curses, I underestimated you again!...

[Gafgarion disappears.]

[Once the rest of the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: We must go to Lionel Castle immediately!

[fade out]

[meanwhile...]

Dungeon of Lionel Castle - [Delita, Ovelia]

[Ovelia sits in a corner of the dungeon, refusing to eat. Her plate is untouched.]

DELITA: You haven't touched your food? It'll go to waste if you don't eat it.

VELIA ....

DELITA: No one will mourn your death if you die. On the contrary, many would be quite pleased. In any event, dying here is not so easy a task. So, be reasonable. Eat.

VELIA: ... I should have known you were conspiring with the Cardinal. What do you intend to do with me? If you are not handing me over to Prince Larg, what is it you would do?

DELITA: Well, originally, I was to take you to where you belong... That's all.

VELIA You would use me as well. Even so, you cannot force me to heed you.

DELITA: You have no choice. This is the only way by which you survive.

VELIA: What do you mean by that?

DELITA: Well, I...

[Cardinal Delacroix and the knight from Dorter walks in. This is the knight who hired the thugs to ambush Agrias, Gafgarion and Ramza.]

KNIGHT: This young lady is Ovelia...?

DELACROIX: Well met, your Highness. How are you today? If you'd but behave yourself a bit, there'd be no need for you to shed lonesome tears in this forlorn cell.



KNIGHT: Hmm, indeed, your Eminence, she is almost too excellent a substitute for the Princess.

[Ovelia jerks upright, startled]

DELACROIX: Ho, ho, ho, ... Sir Vormav, she knows nothing.

VORMAV: Is that so? What a pity.

OVELIA: What do you mean... ?

VORMAV: Very well, harken. \_You are not Ovelia.\_

OVELIA: What... ?

VORMAV: The true princess died a long time ago. You are her substitute.

OVELIA: [Ovelia is stunned] You lie!

VORMAV: It is no lie. You are not Princess Ovelia. You are a fabrication crafted by the lords of the Senate, none of whom think too highly of Queen Ruvelia. They had intended for you to someday ascend to the throne, in order to forestall a future in which a bothersome Empress ruled by proxy through her sons. Their planning was meticulous. They assassinated both of Ruvelia's princes, but made the deaths to look as though caused by illness. This paved the way for them to suggest to the King that you be adopted into the Royal Family. [Ovelia clasps her ears, bent over in anger.] They never thought that sickly King Omdoria could have sired a third prince, thus you would have inherited the throne by default. However, Orinas was born... Nay, I misspoke. To this day, it is uncertain whether Orinas is Omdolia's true flesh and blood. Prince Larg may have had Ruvelia seeded by another man so that his royal sister would become Empress. In any case, the plans of the senators were ruined.

[Ovelia bolts upright, in anger and disbelief]

OVELIA: Lies! Foul lies! I don't believe you!

VORMAV: Believe what you will. It matters little to us if your royal blood is true or false. All that matters is that we possess a powerful trump card called "the Princess." It serves us well enough.

OVELIA: What do you intend to do with me? What do you want!?

VORMAV: Nothing. Continue being "the Princess".

OVELIA: Atkascha blood flows in these veins! I take orders from no one!!

Vormav: Well, what would your Highness have us do then? If Larg captures you, you die. We merely wish to help. In fact, we are going to claim the throne for you...

OVELIA: Who are you people?...

VORMAV: Neither allies of Larg nor Goltana. You may think of us as... "helpers".

DELACROIX: Sir Vormav, let our princess cool her head a little. If she understands the situation too fully, she may refuse our "help".

VORMAV: Hmm, I suppose you're right.

[exit Delacroix]

VORMAV: Delita, we leave now.

[Vormav waits by the door. Delita hesitates for moment, then leaves with Vormav.]

[fade out]

At the Gate of Lionel Castle - battle [Ramza and company]

[Somehow Ramza has entered the castle, and makes his way up on top of the castle walls above a gate. The gate is shut.]

RAMZA: [to his party] Wait there. I'll open the gate.

A FAMILIAR VOICE: Not so fast!

[enter Gafgarion, from inside the castle walls]

GAFGARION: Congratulations on sneaking into the castle, but such a shame you failed to notice the troops in ambush.

[Gafgarion whistles. Enemy forces come from Ramza's party's end.]

RAMZA: Blast!!

GAFGARION: There's only you and me now, Ramza! Draw steel!

[battle ensues, with Ramza left to deal with Gafgarion alone]

[Once the enemies on the outside of the gate are defeated, Ramza makes his way to the gate lever.]

RAMZA: If I push this lever ...

[He does so, and the gate opens, allowing the rest of the party to attack Gafgarion.]

[Once Gafgarion is wounded...]

GAFGARION: Ugnn... I... lost...?

RAMZA: Goodbye, Gafgarion...

[Gafgarion dies.]

RAMZA: Quickly now! We must save the Princess before reinforcements arrive!

[fade out]

Inside of Lionel Castle - battle [Delacroix, Ramza and company]

[Ramza and party stand in a chapel. Cardinal Delacroix he stands behind an altar at the front.]

DELACROIX: So it seems that the famous Captain Gafgarion was ultimately a man of empty words... Or perhaps despite his talents, he

finally met his match? Either way, you are truly indeed a scion of House Beoulve... even if you are a bastard. [Delacroix moves away from the altar, and down the stairs, standing in front of Ramza.] But you have inconvenienced me most sorely as of late, and alas, I grow weary. Surrender the stone to me and you may depart in peace. Should you resist, expect no further mercy from me...

RAMZA: Where is the Princess?

DELACROIX: How do you intend to rescue her? You, Ramza, who has forsaken name and family alike: what do you hope to achieve by waging this lonely crusade? Verily, naught you will reap from your labour. Perhaps you should stop. However lofty your intentions may be, nothing can be accomplished without power... And young Beoulve, you are powerless.

RAMZA: Where is the Princess!?

DELACROIX: Her Highness is no longer here. She has left for Zeltennia. She has chosen our help over yours.

RAMZA: Liar!

DELACROIX: The Princess has begun to think for herself. She would like to have the Lion Throne in her own right, and was not confident about your assistance. And so, obviously, she has decided to accept our help. Will you not join us as well? You could finally subdue your brothers, as I'm sure you desire to. My allies and I are men concerned about the good of our world as much as you are, Ramza. Will you not consider?

RAMZA: I am not seeking to change the world! I'm not so arrogant... But I cannot suffer the ambitions of some to cause grief for others!

DELACROIX: Ho, ho, ho, ho... such foolish talk from you who holds a holy stone. With the power of stone, you can change not only the world, but the truth of all things. But, as you do not seem to understand, do allow me to demonstrate...

[Delacroix takes out a stone. The stone glows and crackles with lightning, a inhumelike roar descends upon the room, and in a brilliant flash of light, Delacroix transforms into a Lucavi.]

CUCHULAINN, THE TAINTED KING: Hohohoho!! How now? Surprised? Now, pleasure me with your screams, your agony, your anguish as you die... let me hear it all!

[Battle ensues. Once Ramza is wounded]

RAMZA: This... this is madness! This is the power of the stone? But then, the Cardinal... he was a demon all along?...

CUCHULAINN: Behold the power of the Lucavi, who ruled the world of yore!...

RAMZA: Lucavi!? Who on earth are you!? Where is the real Cardinal!? What have you done with him!?

CUCHULAINN: Ho, ho, ho, ho... I am Delacroix... or rather say, I was once Delacroix. But by the power of the stone, I have long ago transcended frail hume existence... I am a god! And now you meddling humes will die!

[Once Cuchulainn is mortally wounded.]

CUCHULAINN: Im... possible!... I am immortal... I can't die... not before... the resurrection...

[Cuchulainn dies. He explodes in brilliant flash of light leaving behind the zodiac stone Scorpio. A eerie moan briefly fills the room]

[fade out]

[meanwhile...]

Inside of Zeltennia Castle - [Prince Goltana, his court, and Delita]

[Delita enters the Castle, kneeling before Goltana. Four other men stand on each side, watching silently.]

PRINCE GOLTANA: So, you are the one who saved Ovelia. Your name?

DELITA: I am Delita Hyral of the Knights of the Black Ram, an adjutant of Baron Grimms. By order of the Baron, I was dispatched in secret to save Princess Ovelia. I've returned, my mission complete.

MINISTER GELWANN: [to self] Hyral? Never heard of him...

GOLTANA: The Baron died in battle last month in battle against the Lucient Eye rebels. The Knights of the Black Ram were annihilated.

DELITA: That is why I've returned in such haste.

GOLTANA: How is the Princess?

BISHOP KANBAVERIV: Her Highness is exhausted from the journey here. She sleeps.

ORLANDU: I hear you've brought a prisoner?

DELITA: Yes, my lord. [Delita stands] Bring him forth!

[a knight brings the prisoner inside the room]

DELITA: [to the prisoner] Why did you kidnap the Princess?

PRISONER: ... We had hoped to frame Prince Goltana for the act to prevent him from going to Lesalia and taking the regency.

DELITA: Who issued the order? Prince Larg?

PRISONER: ... A noble of Goltana's camp, who would join Larg's camp instead.

[Gelwan steps forward, furious.]

GELWANN: Ridiculous! No servant of my liege would do such a thing! Silence this lout!

GOLTANA: No need. Listen.

DELITA: Who was it?

PRISONER: ...

DELITA: Talk!

PRISONER: Will you spare my life?

DELITA: I promise you. Now talk! Who was it?

PRISONER: [pausing] Him... Minister Gelwan.

GELWANN: Liar! I know you not!!

DELITA: [to Gelwan] Who bribed you? The Queen?

[GELWANN turns nervously in Delita's direction]

GELWANN: Absurd! I have naught to do with this!

DELITA: Treachery is a grave crime, my lord minister ...

[Delita draws his sword. The room is tense. The knight and prisoner move back. Orlandu has a hand on the hilt of his sword. Bishop Kanbaveriv steps away from Gelwann.]

GELWAN: I know nothing!

[Gelwann attempts to run, but Delita cuts him down. He sheaths his sword and kneels again before Goltana. Orlandu relaxes.]

DELITA: Forgive my audacity my lord, but hear me! We must set forth with the Knights Austeron! Your enemies in the capital will hold you responsible for this plot! Before that happens, we must seize the capital with Austeron swords, depose the Queen and Prince Orinas, and bring her Majesty Ovelia to the throne!

-----  
Prince Goltana marched on Lesalia. Accusing Queen Ruvelia of masterminding the plot to kidnap the princess, Goltana imprisoned the Queen in Fort Bethla and had Ovelia crowned and seated on the Lion throne. Immediately, Prince Larg declared to the realm that Prince Orinas was the rightful successor to the throne, naming himself regent to the young prince. Larg then sent the Knights of the Northern Skies to Bethla in Orinas' name to free the Queen. In response, Goltana sent the Knights of the Southern Skies in Ovelia's name to defend the fortress.

Thus began the Lion War, as future generations would know come to call it...  
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---5.4        CHAPTER 3---

[meanwhile . . .]

Fort Bethla [Goltana, Orlandu, and other men]

[The men sit at a table, discussing the current events.]

BARON BOLMINAR: As of yesterday, we count 20,000 dead amongst on our side. Between both our armies, perhaps 40,000 dead. Other casualties total over 200,000 amongst our troops alone.

MARQUIS ELMDOR: Neither are casualties our sole problem. Our provisions grows

short, as anticipated. It is the recent drought. The crops have shriveled in the field, and so our tax revenues wither too. Our granaries currently store less than half their normal volumes.

VISCOUNT BLANSH: Larg has met with the same dilemma as well, though the means be different. Heavy rains assailed Gallione just before the harvest. Much of the crop rotted away in the damp.

COUNT ORLANDU: A graver problem still is the number of commonfolk displaced by the war. Orland estimates that over a hundred thousand refugees have gone to Lesalia.

BLANSH: Ha, ha, ha, excellent! And so the Aquilor famine worsens by a hundred thousand mouths.

ORLANDU: This is no laughing matter! The war escalates, and the same may yet happen here. Refugees will soon arrive at our gates in droves! My lord, may we not pursue peace with Larg?

GOLTANA: Sirs, these are dire concerns you've put forth, and I note them. But we cannot afford to stop the war. Increase taxes by 30%. Keep strict watch on the the price of grain on the market, and let none trade it at grossly inflated prices. Likewise, monitor closely the number of refugees entering Limberry.

ORLANDU: Larg suffers the same as us, my lord. Peace is still open to us.

GOLTANA: Nay, Cid. There will be no peace with Larg.

ORLANDU: [rising from his seat in anger and frustation] Ivalice is naught without the commonfolk! We lords are nothing without the commonfolk! But amidst their hardship, we would increase the tax!? And not just the commonfolk suffer; our soliders on the front lines starve as well! It is impossible for us to continue this war; we have resources for neither body nor spirit...

GOLTANA: We speak of the spirit now? Tell me Cid, have you, of all people, lost your nerve?

ORLANDU: In the Fifty Years' War, I fought to protect Ivalice. My enemy was the Ordallian invader, and my cause bore honour.

GOLTANA: Do you say, then, that our current cause does not? That it is hypocrisy? Hard times demand hard measures. Understand that our fight is for the people of Ivalice! We cannot stop until we have relieved them from the tyranny of a decrepit Royal Family.

BLANSH: My lord speaks true. Victory will be soon ours. "Thunderlord Cid" proposes the unthinkable.

ORLANDU: Soon? Wherefore this optimism? What aspect of our situation suggests that we will win soon? Dare I ask how thick the wool over your eyes, Lord Blansh?

[Blansh rises from his seat, furious]

BLANSH: Do you mock me, Orlandu!?

GOLTANA: Silence!! That was a mistake, Cid; further insolence will not pass unpunished!

[Both Orlandu and Blansh sit back down.]

ORLANDU: ...

GOLTANA: I'll not repeat this: if any amongst you disagree with my plans, leave now! Is that clear, Cidolfas!?

CHAPTER THREE: THE VALIANT

-----  
Delita said to me that he intends to "swim against the tide". And indeed, a tide of conflict and chaos seems fated to engulf us all, but could I, too, swim against it? I head now for Lesalia, to tell my brother Zalbag of they who manipulate this war from the shadows...  
-----

Goland, the Coal City - battle [a man]

[The man runs on the roof a building, fleeing pursuers. Another man is calling from inside a building, searching for him.]

SHOUTS: Where's he! Where did he run!?! [The man jumps down to another building.] Up there! On the roof!!

[A building door opens, and a thief and other enemies enter.]

ORLAN: Surrounded...

[Another thief stumbles onto the scene.]

THIEF: Don't know who who you are, but 'twas a mistake entering our den.

ORLAN: Well, I'd be much obliged if you could put up a sign of some sort in the future! Something like "CAUTION: Nest of Thieves".

THIEF: Ha, ha, ha! That's enough blabber from a dead man.

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: Something bad is happening here...

THIEF: So many visitors today... ah hell, kill them all!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Orlan]

[Once the enemies are defeated... ]

RAMZA: [to Orlan] Are you all right?

ORLAN: Thank you for your assistance. My name is Orlan Durai. And you are?

RAMZA: Ramza Beoulve.

ORLAN: !!

RAMZA: Is something wrong?

ORLAN: No, nothing at all... If I may, where do you and your companions go

RAMZA: We travel to Lesalia. If you go the same way, we can escort you until we reach the capital.

ORLAN: Regretfully, I'm headed in the opposite direction. Thank you for your offer, though.

RAMZA: I see. Well then, take care on the road, friend.

ORLAN: Safe journey to you too. [Orlan extends his hand, and the two shake hands. As Orlan departs, he pauses and turns around.] I should like to meet you again in the future, Ramza. Don't die before then.

RAMZA: Oh, uh,... yes, of course.

[exit Orlan]

[fade out]

Lesalia, the Royal Capital - [Ramza, Zalbag]

[Zalbag sits at a table in a study, paging through a book. Ramza stands, watching his brother. Zalbag doesn't look up from his book.]

ZALBAG: Something the matter? Will you not be seated? [Zalbag looks at Ramza briefly.] I'm surprised that you've come to Lesalia. Alma is here too. I'm sure she'd like to see you.

[Zalbag goes back to his book.]

RAMZA: Zalbag...

ZALBAG: Yes?

RAMZA: We must stop the war.

ZALBAG: Don't be ridiculous.

[Ramza approaches the table.]

RAMZA: What purpose does this war serve? Beouives have always fought to protect the Royal Family and the people of Ivalice, but now, we fight to advance our own self-interests...

ZALBAG: What?... How do you mean?

RAMZA: Zalbag, this whole war is someone else's conspiracy. Even Prince Larg and Prince Goltana are puppets in their plot!

[Zalbag looks up from his book.]

ZALBAG: Someone is manipulating Larg and Goltana?...

[Ramza lowers his head.]

RAMZA: I know very little myself. But what I do know is that Dycedarg staged the kidnapping of Princess Ovelia. He tried to assassinate her and have Prince Goltana framed for the crime. Had Ovelia died, that would have given Larg an excuse to persecute Goltana on charge of treason.

[Zalbag stands.]



ZALBAG: Dycedarg planned the kidnapping!? Ramza, you accuse our own brother of conjuring such a mad scheme!?

[Ramza backs away.]

RAMZA: Zalbag... you knew nothing?

ZALBAG: [Zalbag is furious] How can you mistrust your own blood? Away with you, go back to Igros! I'll not suffer the likes of you here.

RAMZA: Zalbag, you must believe me!

ZALBAG: And waste my trust on a callow rogue? Though we share not the same womb, I've tolerated you these many years for our common sire. But base blood is base blood, it appears. You are unworthy of the Beoulve name.

RAMZA: [stung] Lord brother...

[enter a knight]

[The knight scurries into the library hurriedly.]

AQUILOR KNIGHT: [to Zalbag] General Zalbag, sir! We've received word that Thunderlord Cid and his troops have broken through Dougula Pass!

[Both Ramza and Zalbag turn to the knight.]

ZALBAG: What!? I thought they were stationed at Bethla? Assemble the officers immediately! I'll be there shortly!

KNIGHT: Yes sir!

[exit the knight and Zalbag]

[fade out]

Back Gate of Lesalia Castle - battle [Ramza]

[Ramza exits the castle, and stands on the overlook of the gate. Alma calls from behind him.]

ALMA: Ramza, wait!

[enter Alma]

RAMZA: Alma...

ALMA: You were going to leave without telling me?

RAMZA: I'm no good at farewells...

[Alma lowers her head.]

ALMA: You won't be back, will you?

[Ramza looks away.]

RAMZA: Delita is alive.

ALMA: He survived Jeakden?...

RAMZA: Delita was one of Princess Ovelia's kidnappers.

ALMA: What?

RAMZA: At first I thought that he had joined Goltana's ranks to take vengeance upon us, but he seems to be party to another group in this war. It seems that it was Delita's unseen masters who decided to prevent Ovelia's assassination.

ALMA: Is it true Dycedarg planned the kidnapping?

[Ramza turns to Alma.]

RAMZA: Yes. I'm sure he had his reasons, but they are beyond my ken.

ALMA: So Teeta... Is Teeta...?

RAMZA: Yes... [Alma sobs quietly.] I do not know this invisible group with whom Delita is involved, Alma, but they are dangerous beyond question. They manipulate the war from the shadows, to fulfil one vicious desire or another.

[Alma regains her composure.]

ALMA: Is Delita party to their plans as well?

RAMZA: I know not. But Delita seems to have goals of his own...

ALMA: And Ramza, you work against them?

RAMZA: ...

ALMA: I'll go with you.

RAMZA: What!? Have you lost your mind? Absolutely not!

ALMA: I want to prove your words true!

[Ramza moves away a bit.]

RAMZA: No, Alma, you're not coming.

ALMA: I don't want to see any more victims like Teeta!!

[Ramza turns to his sister.]

RAMZA: Alma...

[The wind blows...]

MAN'S VOICE: Ramza Beoulve, correct?

[enter an old priest, with several knights]

PRIEST: I am Zalmore Rusnada, an inquisitor of the Holy Church. Ramza Beoulve, you are hereby ordered to appear in court for the murder most foul of Cardinal Delacroix, and for the worship of evil. You will come with us. Any resistance will be taken as confession to your sins, and will result in your immediate execution!

[More knights arrive at the scene.]

RAMZA: An inquisitor!?

ALMA: Ramza, run!!

ZALMORE: You shall not escape! Detain the heretic!

[Zalmo's turn]

[battle ensues, with Zalmore as target]

ZALMORE: To oppose us is to oppose God! It's not too late! Repent, and your life shall be saved!

RAMZA: Why do you name me heretic? I have done nothing!

ZALMORE: You dare deny it? You took the Cardinal's life and stole his Holy Stone to offer it up to a demon!

RAMZA: That was not the way of it! The legends are wrong; the stones are evil! The Cardinal used the power of stone to transform into a Lucavi of yore!

ZALMORE: Does your perfidy know no bounds? Even now you insult the Cardinal's honour! I grieve for the Beoulve name.

ALMA: Ramza, escape while you can!! Those taken by the Inquisitors never return! Run! Hurry!

RAMZA: No, you run, Alma! Run before they brand you a heretic as well! Go!!

ALMA: I can't leave you alone here!

[Once Zalmore is wounded...]

ZALMORE: Godless heretic! You will rue this day!

[Zalmore disappears, along with the enemies.]

ALMA: [to Ramza] Are you alright, Ramza?

RAMZA: Yes. We're both hale, it seems. But how did that inquisitor find out about the Holy Stone? Could it be that the Church is whom stands behind Delita?

ALMA: Ramza, do you mean the holy stones of legend? They really exist? If they do, I may have seen one...

RAMZA: What?! Where?

ALMA: Promise to take me with you?

[Ramza turns away.]

RAMZA: Alma, wasn't the brush with the inquisitor enough? You're not coming with me. That's final.

[Alma turns away.]

ALMA: Fine, then I'm not telling you.

[Ramza turns back around.]

RAMZA: Please, Alma, this is no game. You might get killed!

[Alma whirls around.]

ALMA: It may be too late for me already. I helped you against the inquisitor. I might be branded a heretic as well. They'll hunt me as they hunt you. Dycedarg might even abandon me to protect the family name ...

[Ramza lowers his head.]

RAMZA: That would not be beyond Dycedarg, wouldn't it...? But still, it's far too dangerous. Go talk to Zalbag immediately. Zalbag is reasonable, he'll help you clear your name with the Church.

ALMA: I saw it in Orbonne Abbey, a crystal bearing the mark of Virgo...

RAMZA: Virgo ... I must retrieve it before they do... Many thanks, Alma. Now, go to Zalbag!

ALMA: How do you plan on entering Orbonne? You're a heretic. They'll hardly admit you into an abbey of Glabados.

RAMZA: Eh...

ALMA: See? You do need me, don't you?

[Ramza looks at the sky in resignation.]

RAMZA: Only as far as Orbonne. Then you return to Lesalia immediately.

ALMA: [reluctantly] Okay...

RAMZA: Promise me!

Orbonne Abbey - Underground Library, First Floor [Alma]

[Alma is wandering around the library, searching for Simon. Dead bodies are scattered across the floor.]

ALMA: Father Simon!!

[enter Ramza]

[Alma and Ramza find Simon's body lying on the ground, motionless.]

ALMA: Father, please answer me!!

[Simon moans. He looks up, barely able to speak.]

SIMON: U-ugh... Miss Alma... Why... are you here?...

ALMA: What happened?

SIMON: It's dangerous... here. Hurry... leave. They've... come for Virgo...

RAMZA: A Holy Stone!? Alma was right...

SIMON: The stone... the stone has been a treasure of the Royal Family for generations... When Princess Ovelia came here, we were presented with it as proof of her lineage...

RAMZA: Who wishes to steal the stone? Who are they?

SIMON: You... you must be Alma's older brother, Master Ramza... Involve yourself no further in this matter... You'll be killed...

[A voice calls from below the library.]

VOICE: Confound it, where's it!?

VOICE II: Patience, it must be here somewhere. Look harder!

VOICE III: There's a passage going underground! This way!

RAMZA: The Church has branded me a heretic. My life is already at stake. Has it to do with the stones as well? Please Father, you must tell me. Who are these people who seek the stones?

SIMON: Pope Funeral and his faction... he and his followers would restore the former power... of the Church. They pit the Princes against each... other... to break their armies... As the war drags on, it saps not only their strength in swords, but also the faith of the people in the Royal Family...

RAMZA: Does Funeral collect the holy stones to revive the legend of the Zodiac Braves?

SIMON: ... Of course... they mean to gain the trust of the people...

RAMZA: But the Cardinal used the stone to merge with a Lucavi, and turned into a monster. The holy stones hold power more terrible than any knight or army. Could Funeral be seeking this power?...

SIMON: You're different from your brothers... More like Lord Balbanes... Perhaps you... can thwart their wicked ambitions...

[Ramza stands.]

RAMZA: [to Alma] Stay here. I'm going after them.

[Alma stands.]

ALMA: I'll go with you!

RAMZA: We can't leave Father Simon alone. Find some place safe to hide, Alma, and look after him.

ALMA: [pausing] ... I understand.

[Ramza pulls out the Scorpio stone from his vest, and hands it to Alma.]

RAMZA: Hold onto this stone, just in case. Should I fail to return, cast it into the Bugross Ocean. Aye?

ALMA: If only I were born a son... I wish I could be of more help...

RAMZA: Don't be silly, Alma. You are my beloved sister, and the only person

whom I trust right now.

ALMA: Ramza...

RAMZA: Take care of Father Simon!

[Ramza heads down into the basement.]

Orbonne Abbey - Underground Library, Second Floor - battle [a knight, and several lancers and mages]

[The knight, apparently the leader of the troops, waits at the bottom of the floor, commanding the troops.]

IZLUDE: Stay here and stand guard. Understood?

TEMPLAR WIZARD: Yessir!

[exit Izlude]

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: You'll not have the stone!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

[Izlude can be heard from the third floor of the book room.]

IZLUDE: Incredible! This is Virgo? What beauty!

RAMZA: Underground! Quickly!

[fade out]

Orbonne Abbey - Underground Library, Third Floor - battle [Izlude, several enemies knights, Ramza and company]

KNIGHT TEMPLAR IZLUDE: I see you've found us out! But all the better: Heretic Ramza, hand us your holy stones!

RAMZA: I cannot do that. Rather, I demand you leave behind your holy stone where you are. Comply, and I will let you be.

IZLUDE: Ha! You think yourself a match for us?! Fine, let us match steel!

[battle ensues, with Izlude as target]

IZLUDE: Heretic, why do you oppose us? And though a Beoulve you are, why do you disobey Dycedarg and Zalbag?

RAMZA: I disobey them because I am a Beoulve. My father fought to protect the people from Ordalia during the Fifty Years' War, and he died for it; Beoulves defend righteousness, not avarice and ambition. The name of my House is not merely a shield for the decadent royalty and rapacious nobles!

IZLUDE: Then join us, Ramza! Our goals are as one. The Glabados Church wishes for a world where all men are equal under heaven, regardless of birth or status. We seek to build St. Ajora's ideal world, God's kingdom on Earth! Is

this not the justice you seek? You and I both know that the hearts of the people are no longer with the Royal Family and the nobility. It is our duty most solemn to guide Ivalice away from destruction.

RAMZA: Your lot started this war! Was that God's will as well?

IZLUDE: There is no change without sacrifice. Whatever sin there may be, it rests with the swine who rule Ivalice. What we do is for the people, so join us, as your friend Delita choose to!

[sparring]

RAMZA: Your righteous banter about saving the people hides nothing! I know what you seek: you crave the demon-might of the holy stones. You want power superior to knights and armies, to subdue Ivalice!

IZLUDE: Infidel, what do you babble? The stones are gifts from the Divine. By their holy power, we would guide the people in the ways of God! How can you claim them evil?

RAMZA: Cardinal Delacroix transformed into a Lucavi by the stone's power! How can I not?

IZLUDE: Dare you still to speak ill of the man you murdered?! The Cardinal was collecting the holy stones for us in secret: you slew him for his stones!

[Once Izlude is wounded...]

IZLUDE: Curse it! It cannot do to die here, I must take the stone back... I leave here today, Heretic, but when we next meet, it will be your last!

[Izlude magically disappears.]

RAMZA: Stop! Izlude!!

[fade out]

Orbonne Abbey - Underground Library, First Floor - battle [Alma, Izlude, enemy soldiers]

[Izlude has Alma by the arm, forcing her to come with him. Alma struggles in his grip.]

ALMA: Stop it, let go!

[enter Wiglaf]

WIGLAF: Izlude, leave this to me. Take the girl and go!

IZLUDE: [to Alma] You, come this way!

ALMA: Help! Ramza!

[exit Alma and Izlude]

[enter Ramza and company]

WIGLAF: [To his soldiers] The Heretic comes this way! Make no mistake: do not underestimate him!

[battle ensues, with Wiglaf as target]

WIGLAF: ... Miluda... today, I shall finally avenge you!

[sparring]

RAMZA: You are Wiglaf! You're still alive?

WIGLAF: Well met, Ramza, I've waited long for this day. You cannot fathom how glad I am to see you!

RAMZA: Wiglaf, who once strove with ardour unflinching to realize his ideals of equality... so it is that you've become a mongrel of the Church?

WIGLAF: What do you know? Ideals and dreams, no matter how perfect, are naught if left unfulfilled. I understand now: I need power to fulfil my goals. Only the strong ever leave their mark upon the world. Scorn me as you will, but I'll have the last laugh, Ramza! You'll fall before me!

[Fighting. Wiglaf is wounded.]

RAMZA: Wiglaf, I pity you. Though your goals were never realized, do you really think your deeds have been so soon forgotten? You've gifted so many with your ideals, your words, and your actions. You've even changed ways of us nobles, as set in our ways we are. Miluda and your fallen comrades would mourn the path you've chosen... You debase your dreams if you mean to fulfil them with a borrowed hand!

WIGLAF: And, how are you different from me, Ramza!? Answer me "aye," and I name you a fool! How ignorant can you be of this cruel world? Dare you claim that you've never needed to use another? You know nothing of how it feels to be amongst the meager! What right have you to admonish me!?

[Fighting. Wiglaf is gravely injured]

WIGLAF: Urgh... No, I can't lose...! I'm... a member... of the Zodiac Braves... I hold Aries... I... can't... lose... like this!

[Wiglaf teleports away.]

RAMZA: Wiglaf!

[fade out]

Outside of Orbonne Abbey - [Izlude, Alma, Wiglaf]

[Izlude sits atop of a chocobo, with Alma in tow. Wiglaf, direly injured, pulls his bloody body across the walkway.]

IZLUDE: Wiglaf, you're injured!

WIGLAF: Forget... about me... Just... go!

[enter Ramza, from the abbey]

RAMZA: Alma!!

WIGLAF: Go... Izlude...

IZLUDE: Wiglaf... I'm sorry! Hya!



[exit Izlude, Alma]

RAMZA: Wait! Izlude!!

[Thunder peals.]

WIGLAF: Gaaa! [Wiglaf pulls his head up.] NO!!!... I mustn't die here... I must... avenge Miluda... how can I face... my dead comrades... like this... no... I can't die... I don't want to die...

[Wiglaf drops his head, and the stone "Aries" drops from his pouch. It glimmers on the ground, and rises up, emitting an eerie light. Then, it speaks.]

"ARIES": Bearer of the Holy Stone...

RAMZA: What... ? The stone... speaks...?

"ARIES": Bearer of the Holy Stone...

Make pact with me...

That thy soul might bind unto my flesh, and live for all eternity...

[Wiglaf raises his head, and gazes at the stone.]

WIGLAF: ... So this is the secret of the stone?...

"ARIES": Thy despair and resentment hath summoned me...

To thee I grant my aid...

WIGLAF: [to the stone] Help... me...

RAMZA: No, Wiglaf!! Don't listen!!!

"ARIES": I hight Belias...

I hear thy call...

[The stone presents a flash of brilliant light. The rain begins to pour. Wiglaf's body glows with a radiant light, and he transforms into Belias.]

BELIAS, THE FIEND: So this is the stone's true power!

RAMZA: Wiglaf... !

[Belias turns to Ramza.]

BELIAS: Ha, ha, ha, Ramza, this power is magnificent! No, not just power; centuries of knowledge etched into my mind. [Ramza draws his sword.] Ha, ha, ha... Wait... we will take our pleasures later... ! [Lightning crashes loudly.] Ha, ha, ha... what glory...!

[Belias disappears.]

[enter Simon, from the abbey. Simon is so weak he can barely walk. Ramza rushes to assist him as he stumbles]

RAMZA: Father Simon!

SIMON: H... Here... take...

[Simon pulls a book from his robe.]

RAMZA: What is this book?

SIMON: Germonik... disciple of St. Ajora wrote it... It has been missing... for centuries... till I found it in the underground library... It tells the truth of the Zodiac Brave Story...

RAMZA: Father, speak no more!

SIMON: It's... alright... I'm a sinful man... I knew the crimes of Glabados... but did nothing... Y-you can expose the crimes of the Church with this book... Use it to get Miss Alma... back..

RAMZA: Father!!

[Simon relaxes a bit in Ramza's arms.]

SIMON: At last, I can rest... I leave it to you... Ramza... you're much like your father, Balbanes... when he... was... young...

[Simon dies]

RAMZA: Father Simon!!

Dorter Trade City - [Ramza]

[The skies pours outside. The commoners run for their homes, trying to avoid the rain. Ramza hurries through the city too, when a man runs out in front of him, blocking his path.]

FOREIGN-LOOKING MAGICIAN: Ramza the Heretic?

RAMZA: [pausing] Where is Alma?

MAGICIAN: If you want her back, come to Riovanes Castle. But you must bring the Book of Germonik given to you at the abbey.

RAMZA: What is the book to you?

WIZARD: You have not read it?

{Ramza has two choices here

1. Yes.

2. No. }

{If Ramza selects 1}

RAMZA: Return Alma to me, or I shall make known the crimes of Glabados!

MAGICIAN: ... You are in no position to bargain.

[Ramza hangs his head]

MAGICIAN: Do as you are told.

[Exit magician]

{If Ramza selects 2}

RAMZA: No, not yet. Why is it important?

MAGICIAN: A blissful ignorant. Your life hangs in the balance, but you do not even realize the importance of the book.

[Ramza lowers his head.]

MAGICIAN: Well... no matter... you'll do as you've been told.

[exit the wizard]

[fade out]

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[Ramza's thoughts on reading the Scripture of Germonik]

RAMZA: I picked up the Book of Germonik which Father Simon entrusted to me, and flipped through its pages. It was written in the language of Ajora's time, the holy tongue of old. Though there were illustrations here and there, the text was damaged and the words difficult to discern. I wondered to myself, what could these tattered pages contain?

It was in midst of that thought that I noticed something more: there were notes in Ivalician written throughout the book. Who authored these? Judging from the ink, the oldest of the notes were several years old, but some of the newest might have been penned mere days ago; the ink had not completely dried, and the letters smudged a little when I rubbed them. Yet all were done in the same hand. I realized it must have been Father Simon: he must have been translating the book bit by bit over the years, annotating as he worked.

I tried reading Germonik's book using Father Simon's scattered writings. The first passage read something along the lines of "An account written by Germonik, disciple of Ajora". Germonik... ? I have heard that name before. Maybe in history class?

It came to me. Germonik was the disciple who sold out his teacher, St. Ajora, to the Holy Yudora Empire. It was amazing that a book written by him was still in existence! I barely suppressed my excitement as I turned the page... but what I discovered there was even more shocking than the mere possession of this ancient legacy. My first thoughts had been that Germonik's book was simply another compilation of St. Ajora's words and teachings, but how naive I was. Germonik had indeed made a record of St. Ajora's activities, but not

the Ajora whom we know. He wrote of Ajora the hume, one amongst many of his time.

I do not share the same depth of faith as my brother Zalbag, but I do believe that St. Ajora was the Son of God, sent from Heaven to save humekind from chaos and destruction. Rather say, I did believe... until I read this book.

Unto a the golden age, when great airships sailed the skies, was born St. Ajora in Bervenian of Lesalia. In his youth, St. Ajora walked to a well and said, "Woe shall soon befall this land. Let us seal this well so that none may drink from its waters, for calamity will issue from it." Days later, the Black Plague struck Bervenian. Those who drank the tainted water died without exception, but the families who believed him remained healthy and survived. From then on, people revered him as a Child of Miracles, and and the Son of God. And when he came unto his twentieth year, he would further become known as the Saviour...

Long ago, before Ivalice was united as it is now, the land was divided into the seven kingdoms of Zeltennia, Fovoham, Lionel, Limberry, Lesalia, Gallionne, and Murond. The seven kingdoms waged war incessant against one another in their efforts to expand. After centuries of conflict, an ambitious young king was born in Murond. Though he lead an army large enough to conquer all of Ivalice, the path to victory was difficult and uncertain. Therefore, using secrets gleaned from an ancient tome, the king summoned forth a powerful demon and attempted to harness its might. But alas, the demon killed the king and tried to destroy the world. However, a group of 12 courageous individuals collected the Zodiac Stones scattered throughout the land and used them to call forth the Zodiac Braves. The Braves defeat the demon and its minions, and banished it back to its own realm. The twelve were praised as saviours of the world. This is the well known Zodiac Brave Story. Ever since, whenever evil threatens, the Braves appear to save the world and then to disappear again.

When St. Ajora was alive, similar events occurred. The King of Limberry wished to unite Ivalice as the King of Murond had wished before him, and so he too summoned a powerful demon. Ivalice once again fell into chaos. Legend says that this time it was St. Ajora who collected the twelve Zodiac Stones and called upon the Zodiac Braves to banish the demon. But to many men of power in his time, St. Ajora less a hero than a troublesome upstart. The Holy Yudara Empire feared Ajora's growing influence and his preachings of the arrival of the Kingdom of God. The priests of the Fara faith, the dominant religion of the time, were especially afraid of St. Ajora's rising popularity.

Ultimately, for the sake of money, St. Ajora's whereabouts were betrayed to the Empire and the priests of Fara by his thirteenth disciple, Germonik. St. Ajora was captured and executed at Golgorarda. But St. Ajora was the Son of God, and so the priests of Fara faced the wrath of the God himself: immediately following Ajora's death, a host of natural disasters struck Murond, the centre of the Fara faith, and sank most of it into the sea. As for St. Ajora, he was welcomed into Heaven as the Son of God, to be forever seated at the right hand of the Divine.

This is the tale all Ivalicians know, and what I knew before reading the book. But the Book of Germonik describes a complete stranger... the Ajora of the book was not the Son of God. He was a hume just as we are. He was a man of ambition, who fought to fulfill his own goals and dreams, not a brave, peace-loving person who risked his life for the sake of others.

This is Ajora, as Germonik describes him: "As the founder of a new and rapidly-growing religion, Ajora was no mere nuisance to the Empire. But even

then, the face of the prophet was not Ajora's only identity. Ajora was an agent of the Empire's enemies, sent to brew anarchy and collect information: in short, a spy."

Ajora frightened the Empire. Yudora sent Germonik to monitor Ajora's activities, and to retrieve evidence to prove whether Ajora truly was a spy or not. According to Germonik, Ajora apparently truly had been trying to collect the holy stones; Germonik himself confirmed the discovery of a few. But one must ask, why? I am unsure if the young King of Limberry had really attempted to summon a demon; nothing is written about that in the book. However, it is a fact that Murond met with great calamity and half sank into the sea at the time of Ajora's death.

Father Simon's notes after this point in the book were the most interesting. They appeared to reflect his personal thoughts...

"Despite rumours of its existence, none before me have ever seen the Book of Germonik. Does this book contain truth, or fabrications designed to blacken the achievements of St. Ajora? I believe that I know. Back in my days as an inquisitor of the Church, many of my fellow inquisitors from time to time showed discomfort at the idea that this book should become known to the world. The Pope most likely felt the same way. For this reason, I believe the book to be true.

"After Ajora's death, the Church sought to gain power by drawing upon his legacy. Thus, they unified St. Ajora with God, and preached his divinity. To do that, all of his errors and mistakes and crimes had to be deleted from history. St. Ajora had to become the 'Son of God'. In their genius, they even adopted into their doctrine the widely believed Zodiac Brave Story of the era. It was easy to fool the people of Ivalice into believing that St. Ajora had led the Zodiac Braves to victory over a fictitious demon summoned into our world.

"When I read this book I lost my faith. But I felt no sadness in my heart, for it was awash with a newfound thirst for truth. But at the same time, I committed a grievous crime. I knew the Church deceived the people of Ivalice, but I kept my silence. Why? Because if I brought the book to light, they would have taken the library away from me. It would have crushed me to lose the library, because it was all that could sate my curiosity. I lost the battle against my own greed for knowledge..."

Father Simon said that the demon of legend was a lie. But having witnessed the terrible power of the stones, I suspect that this conspiracy engulfing my life is not simply the design of the Pope, but that of far more sinister persons...

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[meanwhile...]

Ruins of a Church at Zeltennia Castle - [Ovelia, Delita]

[Ovelia sits, sadly, in the grass by the ruins. Delita stands under the archway, watching her.]

DELITA: So here you are... Everyone's looking for you. [Delita slowly walks towards Ovelia.] {Note that Ovelia is now formally a queen, no longer a princess} Something wrong? Oh pardon me, I really ought to remember my manners. If I may, your Majesty, your beauty fades in your unhappiness. May it please you, your humble servant stands ever ready to--

VELIA: Stop it!!

[Delita flourishes an exaggerated bow. Ovelia turns away.]

VELIA: ... Please stop.

[Delita resumes his standing position. He pauses, and lowers his head.]

DELITA: ... That was cruel of me. I'm sorry.

VELIA: What do you and your friends intend to do with me? I'm not Ovelia. I'm worth nothing to you. I was worth nothing since birth...

[The Princess puts her head in her lap. Delita turns away.]

DELITA: Yes. You're not Ovelia. We know not your real name, or even if your blood runs noble or base...

[Ovelia raises her head.]

VELIA: What has my life meant all these years? Raised as a substitute... Ha, ha, ha... Amusing, isn't it? A princess living in the solitude of an abbey, faraway from the capital. I had oft wondered why only I had to live like that. But if it meant peace for Ivalice, then I thought it just. My sorrow, my loneliness... what has it all been for?

[Ovelia rests her head on her arms]

DELITA: ... You and I are the same: miserable people given false lives to live, eternally used by others. It's said that hard work finds just reward. Such a horrible lie. Only those closest to the reward ever attain it. Those in power reap, although they never sow. Most simply act the roles they are given, but then again, most never notice the puppeteer's strings. But I will not settle for that. I'll be used no further! They who've used me will pay!  
[Delita clenches an angry fist]

[Ovelia raises her head and looks at Delita.]

VELIA: What do you intend to do?

[Delita turns back around.]

DELITA: I would set right all wrongs you've suffered. Believe in me, Ovelia. I shall prepare a kingdom worthy of you. Let me be by your side... I promise, I will make your life shine! [Delita walks to Ovelia and places his hand on her cheek.] So please, don't cry.

VELIA: You want my trust...? But... how...?

[Delita nods.]

DELITA: I swear I will not betray you, by all that I hold dear. I swear it by my dead sister, Teeta... So, please don't cry...

[Ovelia suddenly embraces Delita. After a brief moment of surprise, Delita returns the embrace, hugging Ovelia gently]

[fade out]

Grog Hill - battle [Ramza and company, a band of former Nanten soldiers]

[The soldiers stand at the top of the hill, blocking the way. Ramza and his party are at the bottom. The rain pours mercilessly.]

AUSTERON DESERTER: Curse it, a pursuit unit!

RAMZA: An Austeron patrol?

DESERTER: Leave us be, we're tired of fighting! We want our homes and families! Better poor and disgraced than a soldier! We're sick of killing! Leave us be!

RAMZA: Wait! You misunderstand, we are not Austerons! We have no quarrel with you!

DESERTER: Fuck your lies, Austeron! You expect us to believe that? You would get us off guard first, then kill us! Well, none of your tricks will work, you bloody Austeron bastard!

DESERTER II: What the... Hey, that's him, the man on the wanted poster!

DESERTER: Who's gives a damn!?

DESERTER II: No, no! That be the "Heretic"! Capture him, and they might let us off!

DESERTER: You mean... going back to the knights?

DESERTER II: The bounty on that one's head rivals that of the enemy general. If get him, we could be discharged with honour... there may even be a reward in it!

DESERTER: Ajora's bone, you're right... there was a guy discharged for killing an enemy commander, wasn't there...?

DESERTER II: We can go home in glory! Otherwise, we'll cower in hiding as deserters!

DESERTER: Right! Alright, let's capture... Nevermind, just kill him! Heretics get it in the end anyway. He's our way home! This be our last battle!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated... ]

RAMZA: [thinking to self] Your lives were important, I understand... but... why this?

[sometime after the battle]

RAMZA: [to self] I wonder what father would have done?

[Footsteps are heard from the base of the hill. Ramza looks down.]

RAMZA: You're...

[enter Orlan and a company of Knights Austeron]

[Orlan rides up on a chocobo, with knights surrounding him.]

ORLAN: We meet again.

[Orlan approaches Ramza alone.]

RAMZA: A black lion on crimson... so you're an Austeron.

ORLAN: I see you slew the deserters for us. I seldom get much help from Beoulves.

[Ramza lowers his head.]

RAMZA: Not because I desired it...

ORLAN: I understand. You had not wished to fight. We are the same. I do not hunt deserters because I wish to.

RAMZA: ... You knew me back there.

ORLAN: Aye. "Ramza Beoulve, heretic most foul, wanted dead or alive by the Holy Church". What did you do?

[Ramza raises his head.]

RAMZA: Then you would capture me?

ORLAN: Nay, why would I do that? Methinks that you've enemies enough to run from, including your own kith and kin. Far be it from me to even think about increasing that burden. Our charge was to capture the deserters, not you. But your head might mean quite a bit to my colleagues behind me. Best leave before they notice you and start to talk about acquiring it.

[Ramza turns to leave, but stops.]

RAMZA: Why do you continue the war?

ORLAN: As long as your brothers point swords at us, the war will continue.

RAMZA: Larg drew his sword, so Goltana followed?

ORLAN: Hmm. Probably not that simple, actually.

RAMZA: I have a message for Count Cidolfas Orlandu. If you happen to see Lord Orlandu, please convey this message to him. There are... persons who manipulate Larg and Goltana for their own gains. They are the true enemies.

ORLAN: [pausing] Why Lord Orlandu?

[Ramza lowers his head once more.]

RAMZA: My father once said that the Count was his only true friend.

ORLAN: Lord Orlandu is my foster-father. I will be sure to pass on your words to him.

[Ramza raises his head.]

RAMZA: Do you believe me?

ORLAN: Why these "persons" collect the holy stones is beyond our ken. If what



they plan will benefit the people of Ivalice, we will not interfere. But if they seek to use legends only to sate greedy ambitions, my father shan't remain silent. He'll stop them in the name of "Thunderlord Cid".

RAMZA: You know of the Pope's plans!?

ORLAN: Aye, but we have no proof. We are investigating this matter in secret, but I dare say you might know more than we do at this point.

RAMZA: If there were proof against the Church, could you stop the war?

ORLAN: Do you have proof?

RAMZA: The Book--... No. There is nothing.

ORLAN: No one knows how long this war will continue, but my father will not draw his sword unjustly.

AUSTERON KNIGHT: Sir Orlan, we should be going!

[Orlan turns towards his men.]

ORLAN: Alright, I'm coming! [Orlan turns towards Ramza.] Farewell, Ramza. Stay alive. [Orlan rides the chocobo down a few steps, and calls to Ramza.] Ramza, you're not alone! You have allies! Allies who'd risk their lives! I am one of them!

[exit Orlan and his company]

RAMZA: ... Thank you, Orlan.

Yardow Fort City - battle [two wizards]

[The wizard whom Ramza had met with earlier is questioning a female wizard.]

MALAK: Have you any idea what you're saying, Rafa!?

RAFA: You're the one who doesn't know! We are tools. Tools for murder! And if we stay here, be tools we'll be until the day we die! Malak, we must escape!

MALAK: Who saved us when we lost our parents in the war? Why are we alive right now? But for the Grand Duke, we would have died back then! He took us in, and now you want to repay his kindness with vengeance!?

[Rafa shakes her head.]

RAFA: He plays you false, brother! I overheard the truth: it was Barinten who burned down the village! Do you know why? It was because he coveted the secret arts of our tribe... He took advantage of the war to burn our village down for my Goloka and your Neraka! He killed our parents! Open your eyes, Malak!

[Malak slaps Rafa in the face.]

MALAK: That's enough!!

RAFA: ... You know what he did to me. You know what he did to me!

MALAK: Silence! Another word, and I'll--

[enter a ninja from behind a building]

RIOVANES NINJA: What be the matter here, Malak? The Heretic is almost here!

[More enemies enter.]

MALAK: I know. Everything's ready...

RAFA: [pausing] Brother...

[enter Ramza and company]

NINJA: There he is, the Heretic Ramza!

[Rafa runs to Ramza.]

MALAK: Rafa!!

RAFA: [to Ramza] Help!!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Rafa]

RAMZA: [to Malak] You're that magician from Dorter! You're supposed to be waiting at Riovanes!

MALAK: That was the Grand Duke's orders! But I'll prove we can defeat you without the Templars!

[sparring]

RIOVANES NINJA: Malak, what's the meaning of this? Has Rafa turned on us?

MALAK: Forget about Rafa! I'll deal with her. Just concentrate on killing the Beoulve!

RIOVANES NINJA: But how will we explain this to the Duke?

MALAK: I'll speak to the Duke! If necessary, then silence her!

RAMZA: What!? You'd kill your own sister!?

[Once Malak is wounded...]

MALAK: Curse, I hate retreating like this!

[Malak disappears magically.]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: [to Rafa] Are you all right?

RAFA: Y...yes. Thank you... I-I...

RAMZA: There'll be trouble if they return. We'd best hide.

[fade out]

A Deserted Alley in Yardow - [Rafa, Ramza]

[Rafa and Ramza sit in the alley, which is surrounded by crates. Darkness has

hit the city.]

RAFA: So many are the weapons he forges and wizards he trains for his army that some call him "the Weapon King". Grand Duke Barinten has but one goal in life, and that is to sit upon Lion Throne.

RAMZA: It is to be expected, I suppose. The Duke has blood ties to the Royal Family, and I'm sure he has allies who urge him to seize the crown for himself. At very least, if both Larg and Goltana die, he would be next in line for the regency.

[Ramza looks at the ground.]

RAFA: They hunt you for a heretic, Ramza. Yet despite the danger, you still struggle against them. Why? Nay, forget the question. I think I know the answer. But even if you succeed, none shall thank you for it.

RAMZA: I did not undertake my mission to be thanked. I am a Beoulve, and my name demands it of me. That, and my own pride and honour.

RAFA: You're a poor liar. I think Ramza Beoulve simply cannot tolerate injustice or evil. And so he help others, asking for nothing in return...

[Ramza shakes his head.]

RAMZA: Nay, Rafa. I'm not so valiant... But what will become of you now? I go to Riovanes to get back my sister. But you've just escaped from there.

RAFA: I must get my brother out...

RAMZA: Why were you two quarreling?

RAFA: [pauses and sighs] We are orphans who lost our parents in the Fifty Years' War. Our village was burnt down during the war. Malak and I spent days afterwards wandering the Gareki mountains. Those memories still haunt me: the stench of death at every turn, begging in vain for food, wandering hopelessly with sore and bloody feet... And then in the depths of our despair, Barinten appeared. He took us in, and raised us. Back then, I truly believed in God.

RAMZA: The Grand Duke built many orphanages after the war. I take it you and your brother were amongst those "gifted" orphans whom Barinten selected to be trained as assassins?

RAFA: Aye... My brother and I come from the tribe of Galtenaha. We are inheritors of the secret arts passed down amongst our people for generations, the Yanas. Our magics differ from all other schools. I was taught Golokayana ("Heaven's Way"), and my brother was taught Nerakayana ("Hell's Way")... Barinten wanted them, but the elders of our tribe refused him. So he secretly ordered our village razed to the ground. I think he decided that if he couldn't have our magic, then no one could. Though he tried to erase us from the world, he was probably delighted to find us among the orphans.

RAMZA: So you escaped when you found out about this?

[Rafa nods]

RAFA: Before I knew this, both Malak and I adored Barinten. We loved him as we had loved our true father. But then...

RAMZA: ...

VOICE OF MALAK: So this is where you hide.

[Ramza and Rafa stand and look around, seeing no one.]

RAFA: Malak!

[A frog hops out of the darkness. Malak has presumably enchanted it, and has it under his control.]

VOICE OF MALAK: Hasten to Riovanes Castle, Heretic. Tarry too long, and you'll have a corpse for a sister!

RAMZA: Lay a finger on Alma and I'll see you die by inches!

VOICE OF MALAK: Rafa, you've been invited, too! Should you decline... well, you wouldn't want Ramza's sister to die on your account, would you?

RAFA: How could you, Malak? They have naught to do with me!

VOICE OF MALAK: This is a command, not a warning. Understand!?

[frog explodes.]

RAFA: Let's go, Ramza.

RAMZA: I'm sorry, Rafa. All this because of me...

RAFA: Think of it as me repaying you for saving my life. It is the least I can do.

[fade out]

Yuguo Woods - battle [Ramza, Rafa, and company, ghosts and undead]

[The forest is dark and gloomy, with undead monsters littered everywhere.]

RAFA: Those who died in the war haven't been able to rest. [to the monsters] Let go your emotions of this world, and go on to the next!!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: This forest of mournful dead... may I never need to return here.

[fade out]

[meanwhile... ]

Inside of Riovanes Castle - [Barinten, Vormav, Wiglaf, Riovanes guardsmen and knights]

[Barinten sits at a large table, with Vormav standing, watching. Wiglaf stands by Vormav's side. The other knights stand around.]

BARINTEN: [to Vormav] Welcome, good sirs! What do you think of my castle? I suppose it must look a little bleak compared to the palaces of Lesalia, but I am rather fond of it. In my most humble opinion, a castle built for war is

in so many ways more beautiful than one built for government. Indeed, Ivalice has always been ruled by the powerful, and our present war has proven that the Royal Family has lost their power. Wouldn't you agree?

VORMAV: ... May I inquire about your reasons for inviting us today, your Grace? {Translator's note: in the official translation, Vormav comes across as being brusque, even to the point of being rude. This is depicted incorrectly. Vormav is actually very courteous to Barinten up to the point when Izlude is brought out. Remember that Barinten is a powerful lord, and Vormav is a mere knight.}

[Barinten stands.]

BARINTEN: Impatient, are we? [Barinten get up and walks a little ways away, so that he stands ajar to Vormav. He glances at Vormav out of the corner of his eye.] Let me cut to the chase then... I wish for us to work together.

VORMAV: Forgive me, my lord, but I do not catch your meaning.

BARINTEN: As I said, the powerful dominate Ivalice. But, who, if I may, wields true might in Ivalice? Prince Larg and the Knights Aquilor? Or Prince Goltana and the Knights Austeron? Nay, it is you Templars, you who hold the holy stones...

VORMAV: !!!

BARINTEN: I've heard the holy stones possess great magical power. According to some of the legends, the cataclysm of ancient Murond was somehow related to them...

VORMAV: [Vormav chuckles.] Ha, ha, ha... I beg your pardon, your Grace, I forget myself. Nevertheless, I would not have thought that a man such as yourself would believe in children's tales.

[Barinten turns to Vormav.]

BARINTEN: You doubt children's stories? How very odd... rumour has it that Cardinal Delacroix's death involved ah,... complications with the stones.

VORMAV: I am given to understand that his Eminence died of illness.

BARINTEN: Then why are you after the young Beoulve? Why hunt him as a heretic?

VORMAV: The Knights of the Temple do not question decisions passed down to us by the Inquisitors, your Grace.

[Barinten raises his hand to his chin.]

BARINTEN: Dear, dear... You still say you know nothing then? Perhaps this will persuade you otherwise... Call Malak!

[enter Izlude and Malak]

IZLUDE: [to Vormav] F-father... I'm sorry.

VORMAV: ... I see.

BARINTEN: We have Scorpio and Taurus.

VORMAV: [walks to Izlude] Fool!

[Vormav slaps Izlude. Izlude reels.]

[enter a knight]

RIOVANES KNIGHT: [to Barinten] Excuse me, my lord, but we have confirmed the presence of an intruder.

BARINTEN: Malak, deal with it.

[exit Malak and the knight]

[Izlude rises. Vormav turns to Barinten.]

VORMAV: What do you want?

[Barinten returns to his seat.]

BARINTEN: As I said before, I want your cooperation. I would borrow Templar strength, both sword and magic.

VORMAV: And if I refuse?

BARINTEN: I expose the crimes of the Church to the world.

VORMAV: The stones are not proof enough.

[Barinten looks at Vormav.]

BARINTEN: Quite right. But, perhaps you've heard of the Book of Germonik? I imagine Larg, Goltana, and the Senate would be very interested in it...

VORMAV: Where is it?

[Barinten looks away.]

BARINTEN: Hm, well... I have little reason to tell you that.

VORMAV: Wiglaf, follow the wizard. I'll deal with this.

[exit Wiglaf]

[Barinten stands abruptly.]

BARINTEN: Not one false move, Vormav! The odds are against you!

[The room slowly grows darker.]

VORMAV: What have I to fear from frail humes...?

IZLUDE: Father?...

[The windows flash with lightning. Thunder roars outside]

VORMAV: You... underestimate us, Barinten. Killing you is but a trivial task...

BARINTEN: You dare defy me!?

[Knights enter, hands on their hilts.]

VORMAV: So you wish for a fight? Fine. Behold the power of the holy stones!

[Barinten runs away. The holy stone shines. Screams are heard.]

[fade out]

At the Gate of Riovanes Castle - battle [Ramza, Rafa, and company, Malak, Riovanes knights]

[A battle is about to take place at the gate of the castle. Malak stands with the Riovanes knights at the bridge, with knights atop the pillars.]

RAFA: Malak, please stop! Let's leave together!

MALAK: You know what happens to traitors! Even if we escape, we'll live in terror, hunted by our comrades. I refuse to live like that! But the Grand Duke has promised to free us after this task!

RAFA: He's lying! You be his slave for life if you don't escape!

MALAK: I trust him! We'll be free if we kill the heretic and take the Book of Germonik!

[battle ensues]

RAMZA: [to Malak] Where is Alma!?

MALAK: Hand me the book, and you may have her back.

RAFA: Ramza, don't trust him! Malak will kill both of you once he gets what he wants. Whatever you do, do not relinquish the book! Your sister is safe only as long as you possess it!

[fighting]

(If Malak is wounded before Rafa...)

MALAK: My magic fails me ....

[Malak disappears magically.]

RAFA: Malak! Running away?

[Rafa disappears, also.]

[If Rafa is wounded before Malak]

RAFA: You're right, Malak, there's no point in running. There's something I must do... farewell.

[Rafa teleports away]

MALAK: Wait, Rafa! What are you doing!?

[Malak also teleports away]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

[The door to the castle creaks open. A wounded knight stumbles out, then falls to his face.]

RIOVANES KNIGHT: H... help... M-monster...

[Lightning]

RAMZA: Rafa... Alma... please be okay...

[fade out]

[meanwhile...]

Dungeon of Riovanes Castle - [Alma]

[Alma sits on the floor in her cell. All is quiet around her.]

ALMA: Ramza... [A scream is heard outside.] What... ? [The sounds of a violent battle rage outside. Swords can be heard clashing, breaking, punctuated by screams. Alma stands up. A knight stumbles in through her door, bloody and badly wounded. He falls to the floor. Alma rushes to his side.] What an awful wound!

[The knight grasps at the air.]

RIOVANES KNIGHT: Uugh... help... a... monster...

[Alma takes the knight's hand.]

ALMA: Please hold on!!

KNIGHT: R... run... It's... dangerous....

[The knight dies. Alma places his hand on his chest, and has a moment of silence for the dead knight before standing up. Hesitating for a moment, she leaves her cell hurriedly.]

[fade out]

Inside of Riovanes Castle - battle [Ramza, Wiglaf]

[Ramza approaches a narrow hallway. Dead bodies and blood litter the floor.]

RAMZA: What's this... ?

[Wiglaf stands at the top of the ascending hallway. He turns to Ramza.]

WIGLAF: So you've come, Ramza. [Wiglaf takes a step forward.] Draw your sword. [Ramza does nothing.] No? I will, even if you don't.

RAMZA: I pity you, Wiglaf. Selling your soul to the Lucavi for the sake of vengeance... If Miluda knew, how she would mourn.

WIGLAF: Ha, ha, ha... Vengeance? Such frivolties do not concern me. What do I care about Miluda's death? My aspirations are far greater... Unto this world I shall sow pain and chaos, and reap mortal screams. What greater glory could there be? But as for you Ramza, I shall honour you by killing you myself!

[battle ensues, with Ramza facing Wiglaf in single combat]

RAMZA: The stones are evil and so were the Zodiac Braves... The legends we



believed were all lies!

WIGLAF: Ha, ha, ha, ha! So much for "God's miracles." The leaders of men have always twisted history in their own favour... But how can you blame them? After all, who is it but the people who cry for miracles? The masses are naught but milksops, whining fools as slothful as they are useless. And such is the history of humekind, doomed to repeat: the wanton shepards herd the sheep, but the sheep are satisfied being used. God is an illusion born of the weak hearts of men, but they cherish it all the same. The powerful merely give the weak the poppy that they crave; they quaff their draught, though they know it poisoned, relishing the numbness it imparts.

RAMZA: And what of you, Wiglaf, who relies on the stone instead of facing your own heart?

WIGLAF: Men are weak, and so they cling to God's miracles. So tell me Ramza, do you count yourself different? Are you confident of your own strength?  
{Translator's note: I'm at lost on how to translate this. Even in Japanese, the last two lines of conversation between Wiglaf and Ramza seem disjoint to me. It's as though Wiglaf didn't hear Ramza's question at all.}

RAMZA: I try!

WIGLAF: Then your efforts end here!

[Once Wiglaf is wounded... ]

WIGLAF: You've improved...

[Wiglaf disappears.]

RAMZA: Wiglaf, stop! [Ramza walks up the hallway, looking for Wiglaf.] Stand and face me, Wiglaf! Wiglaf!!

[Wiglaf reappears at the top of the hallway.]

WIGLAF: And now, we settle this...

[The holy stone glows, transforming Wiglaf into the monster, Belias.]

BELIAS: Sorry to have kept you waiting.

[enter Ramza's allies]

BELIAS: So you've called your comrades... we must play fair now, Ramza, hmm? Gwa, ha, ha, ha... Come, my loyal servants!

[Demons materialize.]

BELIAS: Behold thee the power of darkness, Ramza!

[battle once again ensues, with Belias as target]

[Once Belias is defeated... ]

BELIAS: No!! They're just... humes... !

[Belias explodes violently, leaving behind the Zodiac Stone, Aries. Alma's scream is heard from the back room.]

RAMZA: Alma!!

[meanwhile... ]

Riovanes Castle - [Izlude, Alma]

[Izlude lays mortally wounded against the wall. Alma stands in the doorway, looking about.]

IZLUDE: ... Uhn...

[Alma rushes to Izlude's side.]

ALMA: Are you alright?

[Izlude slowly shakes his head.]

IZLUDE: S... sword... Where is my... sword?... must... kill... him... Please... some light... So dark... I can't see a thing...

ALMA: ... Be at peace. You needn't fight any more...

IZLUDE: Tell your brother... the stones... evil... My... father... no... not... my father... the power made him... Lucavi... [Izlude coughs, sputtering blood.]

ALMA: Please, talk no more, you're gravely injured...

IZLUDE: What Ramza said... was true... Ivalice is doomed... if we don't kill him... Tell everyone... not time to fight... Must cooperate... against Lucavi... W-where's... my sword?... Fuck... Can't move... my arms...

ALMA: I saw its body in the hall. My brother defeated it. There is no more need to fight... relax...

IZLUDE: ... Really? That's a relief... The stone is... in my jacket. Give it... to Ramza...

[Alma fishes the stone out of Izludes jacket, and tucks it away in her dress.]

ALMA: I'll be sure to do that...

IZLUDE: Ugh... I'm very tired... Let me sleep for... a... bit...

[Izlude dies.]

MAN'S VOICE: Who's there?

[enter Vormav]

VORMAV: So here you are, the bastard Beoulve's sister. I'll send you to the afterlife, too.

[Alma backs away.]

VORMAV: Fear not. You won't suffer... much. [Vormav moves closer.]

[A loud groan echoes through the castle.]

VORMAV: What... Belias was killed? [He speaks again to Alma.] Your brother has the devil's luck... [He walks closer to Alma.] But as for you...

[The Virgo stone in Vormav's pocket suddenly lights up as he approaches Alma.]

VORMAV: What... Virgo is responding? You... can't... [Vormalf pauses, grabbing Alma.] Ha, ha, ha! This I would have never expected! I thought it'd take at least another century to find you! So you are the one!

[Alma struggles.]

ALMA: Stop!! Let go of me!!

VORMAV: No, I'm not going to kill you. Now, my lady, come!

[Vormav punches Alma, knocking her unconscious. Throwing her over his shoulder, he disappears. The stone which Izlude gave to Alma falls off her person as both teleport away.]

[fade out]

Roof of Riovanes Castle - battle [Barinten, Rafa]

[Rafa stands on the overhang of a window, facing Barinten.]

BARINTEN: Ingrate! This is how you repay my generosity? Why do you think you're alive? Because of me! I took you in! Or have you forgotten that already!?

RAFA: You burned the village! You killed my parents! It was you!

[Rafa draws a short sword. Barinten pulls out a gun and aims it at Rafa.]

BARINTEN: Take my life? I'm your father. I raised you! So be it, come kill your father! [Rafa stands, motionless.] Ha, ha, ha! You can't... And do you know why? Because your body recalls the terror. But fear not, my dear, sweet Rafa, it will subside in time, ha, ha, ha, ha!

MALAK: Is that true?

[enter Malak]

MALAK: [to Barinten] Is what you just said true?

BARINTEN: You turn on me, as well? Ingrates, all!

RAFA: DIE-----!!

MALAK: Rafa, no!!

[Barinten shoots, but Malak pushes Rafa out of the way and takes the bullet himself.]

RAFA: Malak! [Rafa cradles her brother's body.] Malak! Are you all right!? Speak to me! MALAK!!

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: Rafa, Malak!!

BARINTEN: So, you're Ramza... don't you dare move. Rafa, if you want to help Malak, bring the stone here. Malak should have it on him. Find it! [Rafa searches for the stone, and finds it on Malak.] Very good. Hand it to me! Fast!

[A woman appears, from behind, a woman grips Barinten by the throat.]

BARINTEN: Gya--!!

[The woman throws Barinten over the edge of the castle. Barinten screams as he falls.]

MAN'S VOICE: Please hand me the stone.

[enter Elmdor with another woman]

RAMZA: You... you are the Marquis Elmdor. How could you be here?  
{Translator's note: by this point in the game, news has spread everywhere that Marquis Elmdor has died in battle, killed by a stray arrow to the throat. For Ramza to see him here is to see a dead man walking.}

[Rafa takes the stone and hides it in her sachel.]

ELMDOR: No... hand it to me...

RAMZA: Rafa, beware!! He is no hume!

ELMDOR: So you must be Ramza, dubbed the Heretic? To my regret, I've never had the opportunity to thank you for my rescue years ago. Though it comes belated, allow me express my gratitude now, young Beoulve. Thank you... But the stone is important to me. I am a reasonable man; I do not wish to resort to violence, as Vormav did. Give it to me, and I will ask Vormav on your behalf to return your sister.

RAMZA: Where is Alma!? Release her!!

ELMDOR: Did you not hear me? First, I must have the stone.

[Rafa turns to Ramza.]

RAMZA: No.

ELMDOR: You would watch her die, and do nothing? I thought you came here to save your sister, knowing her danger...

RAMZA: ...

ELMDOR: Very well. You leave me no choice... [to the women] Celia, Lede! That girl has the stone. Bring it to me... !

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Rafa]

[Once Elmdor is wounded]

ELMDOR: I see why Cuchulainn and Belias were defeated... Celia, Lede, retreat! [to Ramza] Listen carefully, Ramza the Heretic. If you covet our stones as well, come to Limbery Castle! We'll be waiting... !

[exit Elmdor, Celia, Lede magically]

[fade out, return to scene with just Ramza and Rafa and Malak's body. The sun is dawning.]

RAFA: Malak... Brother, look... It's dawn. Remember how we used to chat all night, until this hour? We were going to go back to lands of Galtenaha after the war... Remember? Brother... Say something...

[Rafa clings to Malak's body, weeping. Ramza turns away, and glances up at the sky.]

RAMZA: [to himself] Alma...

[Suddenly, the stone which Rafa took from Malak begins to emit an eerie light.]

RAFA: What's this?

[Rafa takes out the stone, and looks at it, perplexed.]

RAMZA: [to self] It's reacting to Rafa's grief? Malak's death must be tragic for her... Wiglaf's despair and resentment summoned Belias; is it happening again!?

RAFA: You grieve his death as well? Thank you ...

RAMZA: No, Rafa, it's--! ... [Brilliant pillars of light shine down and engulf Malak and the stone. The stone glows.] What?

[Malak twitches about.]

MALAK: Ugh... ow...

RAFA: M... Malak!!

[Malak raises his head.]

MALAK: Rafa... ? Where am I... ? What happened... ?

[Rafa hugs Malak tightly.]

RAFA: Malak... Malak... I'm so glad...

MALAK: Ow! Rafa stop, that hurts! ... Hah... ha, ha, ha...

[Rafa and Malak join the party.]

[fade out]

Riovanes Meeting Hall - [Ramza]

[Ramza stands above the stairs of the hall where Izlude was slain. He recalls a conversation between Malak and himself (that must have occurred after Malak's resurrection)]

MALAK: Somebody called to me. I know not who. I've never heard the voice before... The voice said, "Return to he who is righteous of heart... "

[Ramza then proceeds to walk down the stairs, and finds the Zodiac Stone left behind by Alma. He bends down and picks it up.]

RAMZA: A holy stone... here... ?

RAMZA: It... confuses me. The stones I thought were anything but holy. I was certain they were no works of God, but infernal tools crafted by the Lucavi to access our world. But now... I know not what to think...

MALAK: Verily, none know the origins of the stones, but... maybe the stones themselves are not evil? Perhaps what's important is the intention of the user...

RAMZA: Alma...

[The player is given the choice to let Rafa and Malak join the party. Fade out.]

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Tired of the standstill, the Aquilors mobilized their knights on the frontlines, attempting to capture the Austeron stronghold of Fort Bethla.  
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---5.5        CHAPTER 4---

Inside of Riovanes Castle [Ramza, Rafa, Malak]

[The three stand where Belias had been beaten previously. Dead bodies still litter the floor.]

MALAK: The corpses were butchered by some incredible force.

RAFA: [to Ramza] Is your sister among the dead?

RAMZA: Nay, she is not.

MALAK: She was here in the castle for sure. But three Knights of the Temple were here last night as well. Beyond that, I cannot say.

RAMZA: I slayed the Templar who turned into Belias. Another Templar, Izlude, his corpse I found... Does that mean the third one took my sister away?

MALAK: Perhaps he's returned to the Grand Basilica in Murond? The Knights Templar follow the orders of Pope Funeral; I think it likely that this third knight has returned to report to headquarters.

RAMZA: I doubt that. Verily, the Pope knows nothing of the secret of the holy stones. Even Wiglaf knew nothing until Belias called to him, and I suspect that Izlude died fighting yet another Lucavi.

MALAK: What do you mean?

RAMZA: I do not doubt that the Pope means to steer the war towards strengthening the power of the Church. Neither do I doubt that he means to use the holy stones to gather the hearts of the people. But the actual persons collecting the stones for the Church are going much further than that...

MALAK: You think the Pope is just another pawn in the game?

[Ramza nods.]

RAFA: So who is this Templar who kidnapped Alma?

MALAK: If I recall correctly, he was Vormav, the Grand Master of the Temple.

RAMZA: He may be the true mastermind.

MALAK: What are your plans from here on?

RAMZA: I must go to Zeltennia to see Delita Hyral.

MALAK: Sir Hyral? The soldier who replaced Baron Grims as the leader of the Black Rams?

RAMZA: The same. I suspect the Church and the Templars also manipulate him from the shadows. I wonder if he knows the truth about Vormav?

CHAPTER 4: SOMEBODY TO LOVE

[meanwhile... ]

Zeltenia Castle - [Orlan, Orlandu]

[Orlandu stands by the window, looking outside. Orlan enters.]

ORLAN: Welcome back, father!

[Orlandu turns around.]

ORLANDU: Aye, it is good to be back. How fare you, Orlan?

[Orlan approaches Orlandu.]

ORLAN: I am well. How were the frontlines?

ORLANDU: Deplorable. Whenever my fellow commanders tired of quarrelling amongst themselves, they passed time spying on each other's plans. Ha, ha, ha, ha... with all the rumours that take flight without my knowing, my reputation must be trod into the mud by now...

ORLAN: Surely you jest... If that is so, what must they say of Prince Goltana? It's said that you're the only reason the other generals still draw breath!

ORLANDU: Loyalty unto death, respect for one's liege.. that is the doctrine of our house, Orlan. Be mindful of your words.

ORLAN: I'm sorry, father. I'll guard my tongue more closely.

ORLANDU: Good. Was there something else you wished to discuss?

ORLAN: A crystal was found in Goug a few years ago. We've also confirmed that the late Cardinal discovered another such stone in ancient ruins near Zeltennia, sometime close to the end of the war. Also, I have reports noting an unusual amount of activity amongst the Templars. We do not fully understand what they're doing, but they're clearly trying to hide their tracks.

ORLANDU: And the grass in Murond?

[Orlan shakes his head.]

ORLAN: Alas, the wind brings us nothing from them... It is distressing. Had we some proof of the Pope's machinations, there would be hope for peace...

[Orlandu turns back to the window. From inside of his robe, he draws out another holy stone.]

ORLANDU: They will find something sooner or later. And when that happens, our real war will begin...

[fade out]

Dougula Pass - battle [Ramza and company, Austeron soldiers]

[The party waits on a rocky pass, stopped by the Austeron guards.]

AUSTERON GUARD: This pass is off limits! You may not pass!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

[fade out]

The Free City of Bervenian - battle [Ramza and company, a woman named Meliadoul, sorcerers, other enemies]

[Ramza's party comes to a stop, confronted by a group of armed assailants. The woman, Meliadoul, appears to be the leader.]

KNIGHT TEMPLAR MELIADOUL: Ramza the Heretic, I am Meliadoul of the Temple! I come to avenge my brother!!

RAMZA: Why does that concern me?

MELIADOUL: Dare you deny it? Izlude was my brother, whom you killed at Riovanes! I've not come here today by order of the Pope; I've come for my brother's sake, to kill you, Beoulve!

[battle ensues, with Meliadoul as target]

RAMZA: Wait, Meliadoul! Izlude fell at Riovanes, but not by my hand. Perhaps you don't know what occurred at the castle, but I swear to you it was not the doing of any hume. Riovanes was laid to waste by a Lucavi! That is how Izlude died!

MELIADOUL: A demon appeared and killed my brother? Hah! What fool do you take me for, Heretic?

RAMZA: You're like Izlude, you simply don't know the truth! Meliadoul, we are all but puppets in some insidious plot. The holy stones are no mere relics of the Glabados faith, but possess power unimaginable. The manner of their use can vary, but there are men who would use them for evil ends! They seek the stones, and should they find them, Ivalice is lost. Do not be blinded by Vormav, your leader! He plays you false, Meliadoul!

MELIADOUL: Am I take your word over that of my lord father!? Take your



incompetent lies elsewhere!

RAMZA: You're Vormav's daughter!?

MELIADOUL: Izlude thought only of the peace and weal of Ivalice... Our plan called for violence, yes, but it is necessary for change to occur. The kingdom decays, and someone must cut away the rot: there will be pain, but it is for the patient's sake. Ivalice would wait in vain for salvation from men like you, a babe who cannot bear the fate he carries! {Translator's note: I have no idea what Meliadoul is going on about here... the official translation is much more literal.}

RAMZA: Meliadoul, you must believe me! I was not the one who cut off Izlude's life. I'm not one you must fight. The Lucavi are real! Your father, Vormav, is no long hume; he has been taken in both body and soul by a demon!

MELIADOUL: Shut up and die, Heretic!

[Once Meliadoul is wounded... ]

MELIADOUL: Ugh... you fight well, Heretic... I see how Wiglaf lost to you... But mark my words, I will cut you down when we next meet!

[Meliadoul disappears.]

[fade out]

Finath River - Battle [Ramza and company, a band of chocobos]

[The party comes to a large river, almost impassable.]

RAMZA: This river's deeper than I thought. Must be careful...

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated... ]

[fade out]

Church in Zeltennia - [Ramza, Delita, commoners]

[Ramza is kneeling in the pews, praying, or pretending to anyway. Delita enters the room, and kneels beside him.]

DELITA: A heretic visiting a house of God... I commend your bravery...

RAMZA: I have precious little time, Delita, so I'll be blunt. Why did the Pope send you to Prince Goltana?

DELITA: You hazarded the journey to Zeltennia just to ask me that? Very well then, here's your answer: I was sent to assassinate Goltana and Count Orlandu.

[Ramza looks at Delita.]

RAMZA: Wha--!?

DELITA: Shh... Lower your voice. This is our plan... The Church would ride upon the swelling wave of antipathy against the Royal Family. They foment rebellion amongst the likes of the former Death Corps, and others disillusioned with the Crown. The people are already weary of war, and so

this only breeds futher discontent. Both Princes need to send forces to quell the rebels in their provinces, but neither would dare divide their forces right now, amidst war against the other. And the ultimate effect? One or both Princes will move their troops in haste to break the stalemate and finish the war, so that they may return to keep the peace in their own lands.

[Ramza returns to prayer]

RAMZA: Then all these uprisings of late are by the Pope's design. Even as we speak, both armies march to Bethla for battle. Everything is falling into place as planned by you and your cabal...

DELITA: Aye. And the last twist in this story: during the battle, both Larg and Goltana will be assassinated. [The two exchange looks, briefly] Of courses, the other leaders on both sides must die as well: Count Orlandu of the Austerons, Sir Zalbag and Count Dycedarg of the Aquilors. With their leaders gone, neither army would be able to continue battle. At that time, a third party would suggest peace between the two...

RAMZA: The Pope. With the Church as the mediator.

DELITA: Exactly. The hearts of people would be with the Church entirely. The Church would even have a band of "Zodiac Braves" formed as mark of their divine sanction.

RAMZA: But the holy stones...

DELITA: At the moment, you, Ramza, are greatest thorn in the Church's side.

RAMZA: ... Then you, too, seek the stones I carry?

[Delita stands.]

DELITA: I am no mongrel of the Church. I will walk my own path.

RAMZA: What do you mean?

[Delita looks down at Ramza.]

DELITA: I mean that I will kill you if I must. [Delita looks away, as a Ramza returns to prayer] But worry not, Ramza. Our methods may differ, but our goals are the same. As long asthings remain that way, we will not be enemies.

RAMZA: ... Come with me.

DELITA: I'm sorry, I cannot. She needs me.

[Ramza looks up at Delita.]

RAMZA: She?

DELITA: Funeral's plan calls for a government under the yoke of the Church, with the Pope wielding the reins. Whether it is a King or Queen that sits on the Lion Throne is irrelevant to the Church, so long they wear their saddle well. {Translator's note: the original text uses the analogy of puppets, but I felt this analogy has been a little overused}.

RAMZA: Does Ovelia play some role in your own ambitions?

DELITA: I... cannot say. I do not know. But...

[Ramza stands.]

RAMZA: But?

DELITA: I'd give my life for her...

RAMZA: Delita...

[Delita looks at Ramza.]

DELITA: You must think me daft...

RAMZA: No, I believe you.

[Outside, a ruckus is heard. A gunshot is heard. A voice calls from outside of the cathedral.]

FAMILIAR VOICE: Ramza the Heretic! This church is surrounded! Come out and surrender!

RAMZA: That voice... Zalmore!?

[exit Ramza and Delita]

[fade out]

Outside Church - battle [Zalmore, Ramza (and company), Delita, enemy knights]

[Zalmo stands atop the church, calling to Ramza and Delita.]

ZALMORE: [to Delita] You are Hyral of the Black Ram! What business have you here?

DELITA: Since you've seen me here today, Inquisitor, I cannot let you live. Let's take them, Ramza!!

RAMZA: They know nothing of the Pope's scheme! If we explain it to them, I'm sure...

DELITA: Are you still so naive?... Good luck!

[battle ensues, with Zalmore as target]

ZALMORE: [to Delita] Have you lost your wits?! That one is wanted for the blackest of heresies! Any who render him help are guilty of the same! You, leader of the Knights of the Black Ram, dare oppose the Inquisition?!

DELITA: Shut up and die, I know exactly what I'm doing!

ZALMORE: What!? Godless infidel! You sin against God's holy order!

DELITA: I spit on your order! It's naught but a device of convenience for your Church, to exert control in the name of a invented God. By what right do you abuse the hearts of men?

RAMZA: Inquisitor Zalmore, say what you will about God, but all I want is for you to see the truth!

ZALMORE: You speak of your sins, heretic? The Inquisition accorded you opportunity to explain the death of the Cardinal and the theft of the holy stone, but you forsook it. You ran away, and so we judge you guilty; no words will save you now!

RAMZA: Must you force my hand!?

[sparring]

[Once Zalmore is mortally wounded...]

ZALMORE: God... punish... the wicked...

[Zalmore dies]

[fade out, return with just Delita and Ramza]

DELITA: Ramza, what are your plans hence?

RAMZA: I had two reasons for coming to Zeltennia. One was to see you. The other was to see Count Orlandu.

DELITA: The Thunderlord?

RAMZA: Aye. I would have his help in exposing the Pope.

DELITA: By what means?

RAMZA: I have evidence of the crimes of the Glabados Church.

DELITA: The Book of Germonik!

RAMZA: I met Orlan, the Count's foster son, upon the road. He said to me that if sufficient proof could be found against the Church, the Pope could be stopped, and the war ended.

DELITA: Orlan, eh?

[enter a woman]

[The woman stands beside Delita. Ramza steps back, cautious.]

DELITA: Needn't worry, Ramza, she's an ally. One of several people sent from Murond to help me.

FEMALE MAGICIAN: Huh. Rather say, to keep an eye on you.

DELITA: Come now, spare me. [to Ramza] She knows everything. She's the only one in Goltana's army whom I trust.

FEMALE MAGICIAN: So you must be Ramza, the youngest son of Beoulve. My name is Balmafula. Pleased to meet you.

DELITA: [to Balmafula] So Balma, what brings you here?

BALMAFULA: The Aquilors move out.

DELITA: Against Fort Bethla?

BALMAFULA: Aye, as do the Austerons. Lord Orlandu left for Bethla a while

ago. Prince Goltana himself is headed for Bethla with a mighty host, including your Black Rams.

DELITA: We are a step too late, Ramza... I fear that battle between them cannot be avoided.

RAMZA: No, there is still hope. I must persuade the Count to help end this senseless war before more blood is shed.

DELITA: Then I wish you godspeed, Ramza. It is farewell for us here.

RAMZA: Stay alive, Delita.

DELITA: Do the same.

[Delita and Ramza shake hands.]

[exit Ramza]

BALMAFULA: So you're letting him go?

DELITA: I know what he'll do.

BALMAFULA: He is your best friend, and yet you exploit him without compunction.

[Delita turns around quickly, in anger]

DELITA: Shut up! What do you know!?

[Balmafula turns away.]

BALMAFULA: Hysteria is unbecoming in grown men, you know.

DELITA: Be gone!

[exit Balmafula, to church bells ringing]

Bed Desert - battle [a templar named Balk, enemy soldiers]

[Balk sits atop a stone formation in the desert, watching out for intruders.]

KNIGHT TEMPLAR BALK: They've all been spread out? A goodly wind blows today. It should carry in the air for at least half a day... it's perfect.

[enter Ramza and company]

BALK: [to Ramza] My goodness... who'd have thought to see you here?

RAMZA: What are Templars doing here? You speak of the wind. What have you put in air!?

BALK: You want to know... ? Well, I suppose there's no harm in telling you. There's naught you can do, anyway.

RAMZA: Speak, damn you! What have you done!?

BALK: This!

[Balk throws a small ball to Ramza's feet. It explodes, and the entire party

is poisoned.]

RAMZA: Poison!?

BALK: That's right. The wind will carry the powder to the Aquilor Camp. Any soldier who inhales it will be too sick to fight.

RAMZA: But the Pope does not intend for Goltana to win!...

BALK: Very true. But with the entire Aquilor army ill, the Austerons will most certainly march out from Fort Bethla to crush their enemies. What better opportunity to kill Goltana and Orlandu, and Larg?

RAMZA: Madness!?!...

BALK: You ought to rejoice! The war will end! The age of nobles in Ivalice will at long last come to an end, and we will be the new centre of authority. Surely even the people wish for this!

RAMZA: That will not happen! There must be another way to end the war, and I'll find it!

BALK: So you think!

[battle ensues, with Balk as target]

BALK: What would change if you stopped short the war? Ivalice would remain putrid and corrupt. Even you must acknowledge that the kingdom needs cleansing. The rot must be excised, lest history repeat itself!

RAMZA: You're wrong, Templar, not all nobility is rotten! There still many who value honour and the welfare of Ivalice. There must be another way, a solution without violence!

BALK: As long as nobles continue to rule, they will continue to oppress the rest of Ivalice! They are the exploiters, and we the exploited. But soon the roles will reverse, and you nobles will soon suffer your own whip. I will cherish that luxury!

RAMZA: But then what would be different? Someday, those you whom you ruled would rise against you, as you do now! Does friendship and cooperation not serve us better?

BALK: Spare me your pretty words, hyprocrite!

[battle. Balk is mortally wounded]

BALK: I.. can't die... in a place like... this...

[Balk dies]

RAMZA: I must hurry...

[fade out]

[meanwhile...]

Inside Fort Bethla - [Orlandu, Austeron knights]

[The knights surround Orlandu. He appears to be confused about his sudden

arrest.]

ORLANDU: What!? I am charged with treason?

AUSTERON KNIGHT: Forgive me, my lord, but we have our orders.

[Orlandu turns to the knight.]

ORLANDU: Preposterous!

[enter Goltana. All of the knights kneel.]

GOLTANA: It grieves me, Cid, to think that you of all my liegemen should attempt rebellion...

ORLANDU: My lord, you cannot be serious! I swear to you, no thought could be further from me.

[Goltana walks to the edge of the table in the middle of the room.]

GOLTANA: I have proof. You've been plotting in secret with members of the clergy to overthrow me.

ORLANDU: Madness! Whence come these lies!?

GOLTANA: You cannot deny it. Pope Funeral has already sent word of your treachery.

ORLANDU: Your Highness, you have fallen for a trap! This is naught but the Pope's ruse!

GOLTANA: Intrigue from his Holiness? That is a ponderous accusation you lay. Have you proof to support it?

ORLANDU: Twenty years I have served you, and you mistrust me still?...

[Goltana turns around.]

GOLTANA: I cannot make war without your knights, Cid. You disappoint me...  
[to the knights] Take him away!

[The knights stand and escort Orlandu out.]

[exit knights and Orlandu]

[enter Delita and Balmafula]

[Delita and Balmafula kneel before Goltana.]

DELITA: You called for me, your Highness?

GOLTANA: Continue communications with Murond. If the Church sanctions our cause, defeating Larg will be but child's play.

DELITA: Worry not, my lord. The Pope has already decided on that issue.

GOLTANA: You've done me leal service, Delita, and your efforts will not go unrewarded... Sir Delita Hyral, I name thee Holy Knight. Hereafter, yours are the Knights of the Southern Skies. Command in my name the Austeron sword.

DELITA: My lord is too generous! I am most grateful.

GOLTANA: I entrust you with much, Delita. I have great hopes of you.

DELITA: I swear not to disappoint.

[fade out]

{Ramza has a choice at Fort Bethla whether to approach from the front (north) or from the back (south) of the fortress}

North Wall of Fort Bethla - battle [Ramza and company, Autseron soliders]

[Ramza and the party meets the enemy at the wall, with archers and such waiting on the walkways.]

KNIGHT: Aquilors attacking from the front? Cut them down!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: We must do something before the armies collide!

[fade out]

South Wall of Fort Bethla - battle [Ramza and company, Autseron soliders]

AUSTERON KNIGHT: Name yourselves! How did you enter here?

RAMZA: Sir, we come in peace! We are not Aquilors! We've come to see Lord Orlandu. Please take us to him!

AUSTERON KNIGHT: The Count? Hah, so must the sellswords the Count hired to assassinate the Prince. You've come too late. The Count has already been arrested, and you will join him in the cells! Men, close ranks, take them down!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: We must something before the armies collide!

[fade out]

[meanwhile... ]

An Area Near Bethla - [dead bodies, Dycedarg]

[Unconscious Aquilor knights and soliders lay everywhere on the rocky terrain. Enter Zalbag]

ZALBAG'S VOICE: Great Ajora, what has happened here!?!...

[enter Zalbag]

[Zalbag walks to a female knight, who is barely conscious.]

ZALBAG: Comrade, are you well?



AQUILOR KNIGHT: I-I'm fine... Just my head... hurts...

[The knight faints.]

ZALBAG: Soldier, pull yourself together! Soldier!?

[enter Dycedarg]

DYCEDARG: Mosfungus spores have been spread in the air...

[Dycedarg drops to his knees. Zalbag runs to his side.]

ZALBAG: Lord brother!

DYCEDARG: I am alright... where is his Highness?...

[Dycedarg stands.]

ZALBAG: We need find him...

LARG'S VOICE: ... Here, Zalbag... Dycedarg...

[Zalbag runs to Larg, lays against a section of battlements atop the rocks, severely weakened by mosfungus poisoning. Dycedarg follows.]

ZALBAG: Your Highness!! [Zalbag stands.] Someone get a chemist!!

[Dycedarg approaches.]

DYCEDARG: [to Larg]... How are you feeling, my lord?

LARG: My head ails me... and nausea... but, I'm alright...

DYCEDARG: Alas, my lord, that will not do...

[Larg looks up at Dycedarg.]

LARG: What?...

[Dycedarg takes a dagger from his robe and stabs Larg.]

LARG: Urrgh!! Wha.. what's this!?

ZALBAG: Dycedarg!!

[Dycedarg plunges the dagger deeper into Larg.]

DYCEDARG: Silence, Zalbag!

LARG: You... betray me!?... You killed Balbanes... not... only... to inherit... the Beoulve estate... but, to ki--... me!?

[Dycedarg gives the dagger a final twist and lets go, backing away. Larg vomits blood, and dies. Dycedarg breathes heavily.]

ZALBAG: Brother... No... Did you... this poison... ?

DYCEDARG: ... Ugh, Ugh... Nay, not me... but allies of ours, who would see House Beoulve take the lead in this game...

ZALBAG: [in shock] But, our liege... how could...

DYCEDARG: Prince Larg has died in battle... His dying wish, was that... we, Beoulves, carry on in his name...

[Dycedarg looks at Zalbag.]

ZALBAG: But... what you've done...

DYCEDARG: Place the dagger into one of their hands... they will be the Austeron assassin...

[Dycedarg collapses.]

ZALBAG: Dycedarg!!

[fade out]

In Front of Fort Bethla's Floodgates - battle [Ramza and company, various knights]

[The party comes across a blockade, set up around a giant floodgate.]

RAMZA: This floodgate; if I open it and release the water, they won't be able to fight!

[battle ensues, with the party attempting to open the water gate]

RAMZA: How do I open the floodgate? Probably by pulling the levers on both sides! I think I see them... but first I have to get there...

[sparring]

[Once one the levers is cleared...]

RAMZA: Okay... if I just pull this... [Ramza pulls the lever.] And pull that other lever, too...

[Once the other lever is cleared...]

RAMZA: This is the last one!

[Ramza pulls the lever. A huge flood of water comes from the gates.]

[fade out]

Fort Bethla, Prison - [Orlandu]

[Orlandu sits, alone, in a room filled with crates. Orlan calls from behind the door.]

ORLAN: Lord father!!

[enter Orlan, Ramza, and Balmafula]

ORLAN: Father! You're safe!

[Orlan approaches Orlandu. Ramza and Balmafula kneel before the Count.]

ORLANDU: Orlan! Skies above, it is good to see you. I'm fine... [Orlandu looks towards Ramza and Balmafula.] You must be Ramza. I recognize you, but tall you've grown...

[Ramza looks up.]

RAMZA: You've met me, my lord?

[Orlandu takes a step forward.]

ORLANDU: Of course! But you were a lad of three or four years when I saw you, so little wonder you've forgotten. You almost hurt yourself trying to lift my sword. Balbanes scolded you and you cried, ha, ha, ha... [Orlandu pauses.] Thank you to you all for coming today. Please rise, both of you.

[Ramza and Balmafula stand.]

ORLAN: Thanks to Ramza's genius, the battle was averted. The losses were minimal on both sides.

ORLANDU: Is that so? Balbanes begets a fine son, Ramza. On all our behalves I thank you.

RAMZA: There is no need to thank me, my lord. I only did what I had to do.

ORLANDU: Truly you are your father's son. You have his spirit. He would've been pleased...

BALMAFULA: [to Orlandu] Pardon my intrusion, your Excellency, but Goltana plans to execute you on the morrow. You must escape immediately.

ORLAN: Miss Balmafula speaks true, father. This is no place for you...

ORLANDU: I know. I cannot stay here with Prince Goltana as he is now. Orlan, my son, this war must end soon. I will go with Ramza. The Pope's machinations must end, no matter what the price.

ORLAN: I'll go too!

ORLANDU: No, Orlan. You must return to Zeltennia and protect Ovelia. Her Majesty is the rightful heir to the throne of Ivalice, and your duty is to serve her. Will you do this?

ORLAN: ... Yes. I will go.

ORLANDU: Are we ready to leave, Ramza?

RAMZA: Of course.

ORLANDU: Then let us depart before we're seen.

{The player is at this point given the choice to let Orlandu join the party}

Inside Bethla - [Goltana]

[Goltana stands, looking outside of a window, watching the occurrences outside.]

GOLTANA: How could this be? Who opened the floodgate!?!...

[enter Delita]

[Delita kneels before Goltana.]

DELITA: You called for me, my lord?

GOLTANA: Marshal our forces and attack!

DELITA: We can hardly move for the water in the plains, your Highness.

GOLTANA: Neither can the Aquilors; that is to our advantage! They will not expect an attack at this time, so we will crush them unsuspecting!

DELITA: I cannot do that.

GOLTANA: What-- !? [In a flash, Delita draws his sword and impales Goltana.]  
Y-you... !

DELITA: No one wants you as King! [Goltana vomits blood, collapses, and dies.] Come in.

[enter Balmafula and a man dressed as Orlandu]

DELITA: [to "Orlandu"] Understand that your death will not be in vain.

"ORLANDU" IMPOSTER: All is as guided by St. Ajora... {Translator's note: in Japanese, this dialogue is attributed to "Believer in Glabados dressed as Cid". The Orlandu look-alike is religious fanatic of some sort (or brainwashed, but that's just me speculating...). The official translation mistook "Glabados" for the man's name, and translated it as "Grevados".}

[Delita plunges his sword through Orlandu look-alike, and the man dies. Delita sheathes his sword.]

BALMAFULA: The real Count and Ramza have escaped.

DELITA: Good... I pray Ramza will take care of the rest.

[fade out]

-----  
With both the Knights Aquilor and Knights Austeron having lost their leaders, the Pope proposed that the two sides should negotiate a peace, with the Church as a mediator. But since both armies were still strong, neither side would consent to a truce.

I head for Limberry, in search of Alma...  
-----

Zarghidos Trade City - [Ramza, a flower girl (Cameo from Aeris!)]

[Ramza walks through the city, which appears to be almost deserted. A flower girl approaches him.]

FLOWER GIRL: Would you like a flower, sir? It's only one gil.

RAMZA: Oh, um... flowers?

FLOWER GIRL: Is there something wrong, sir? You've never seen a flower before?

RAMZA: Uh, no... of course I have.

FLOWER GIRL: Won't you buy?

{Ramza can choose

1. I'm sorry, maybe another day.

2. Sure. }

{option 1}

RAMZA: Sorry, maybe another day.

FLOWER GIRL: Oh? That's too bad...

[Girl exits]

RAMZA: That was mean of me...

[exit Ramza]

{option 2}

RAMZA: Sure.

FLOWER GIRL: Really!? Thank you so much! [Girl gives Ramza a flower.] Few people buy flowers around here... I wonder when is my shining knight is going to take me away from here...? [The girl remains silent, and then continues.] Oh, I'm sorry. I was wandering off again... Thank you so much for buying the flower, I'll see you again!

[exit the flower girl]

RAMZA: ... It's just the day and age...

[exit Ramza]

[fade out]

Germinas Peak - battle [bandits, Ramza and company]

[A team of bandits awaits the party atop a large mountainous structure.]

BANDIT BOSS: [to Ramza] If ya wanna pass, lay down your money. And hand off the sword if you want to live!

BANDIT: Boss! This man's wanted! Yeah... he's worth more than his weight in gold! We can kill him and get the reward, rather than merely their money now!

BANDIT BOSS: Shit, your right! I saw his face on a wanted poster. We're no bounty hunters, but what the devil... get him!!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated . . . ]

[fade out]

Poeskas Lake - battle [Ramza and company, undead creatures]

[The lake is actually a rainy ditch surrounding an old fort. Those of past battles confront the group.]

POESKAS LAKE GHOST: Who disturbs our sleep...? ...!! You have the Zodiac Stones... ? Then, hand them over...! With them, we can transcend this existence... !!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

[meanwhile... ]

Beoulve Manor at Igros - [Dycedarg, a Templar named Rofel]

[Dycedarg and Rofel sit at a table, discussing means of business. The fire burns brightly in the fireplace.]

KNIGHT TEMPLAR ROFEL: ... So you will not accept the Church's mediation?

DYCEDARG: Prince Larg dreamed of seeing Ivalice united under her true sovereign. So until the day his Majesty Orinas is recognized as king, the Aquilor sword will not rest. For his Highness' memory, we, his liegemen, could do no less.

ROFEL: Excellency, whom do you think made possible your assassination of the Prince?

DYCEDARG: You confuse me, sir... His Highness was killed by an Austeron assassin... or are you saying that there was a Templar hand involved?...

ROFEL: Your adamance is... troubling. You should reconsider, I think.

DYCEDARG: The Knights of the Temple are no match for the Knights of the Northern Skies. You would forget that at your own peril.

ROFEL: We... [pauses] Perhaps that is so. [pauses] Just in passing, your Excellency, do you recall poison that incapacitated your host?

DYCEDARG: [pausing] Mosfungus spores, I recall...

ROFEL: Just so. It is a mild poison, not dangerous unless taken in great quantities. But it is a strange plant... consistent exposure to small amounts over a course of years can be most injurious to health. Even death may result.

DYCEDARG: ...

ROFEL: Over time, the afflicted develops persistent symptoms of a cold. But by the time that the victim notices, it is often too late for him...

DYCEDARG: ...

ROFEL: On that note, your Excellency, I seem to recall that your lord father's death, too, was due to complications from a simple cold.

DYCEDARG: ... What do you wish to say?

ROFEL: It's said that Lord Dycedarg is man of many talents, including the art of the chemist. Your Excellency has a profound knowledge of medicines and poisons, so I hear.

DYCEDARG: And... ?

ROFEL: As such, I was wondering if you could answer a question of mine. I was once told that that a corpse afflicted with mosfungus affects the soil around it. The spores in the body grow out onto the grave of the deceased. Is this true? It is an interesting article of trivia, no?

DYCEDARG: ...

ROFEL: But I see my idle chatter bores you. Hmm... ah yes, I've brought something for you from the Pope.

[Rofel takes a Holy Stone out of his jacket and places it on the table. The Stone glimmers.]

DYCEDARG: What's this?

ROFEL: This crystal is a zodiac stone, from Murond. His Holiness would like for you to have it as a token of his goodwill, may it please your Excellency...

[The stone glimmers once again. The camera pans to Zalbag, who was eavesdropping the entire time outside the door.]

[fade out]

At the Gate of Limberry Castle - battle [Ramza and company]

[The party arrives at the castle, which appears to be abandoned. No one is around.]

RAMZA: [to self] Not a soul in sight... Are these ruins really deserted? The entrance is wide open... [Ramza approaches the door, which is, indeed, open.] Something's not right... This feels like when I faced Cuchulainn and Belias...

LADY'S VOICE: Welcome to Limberry Castle!

[enter Celia]

[Celia walks in from the top of a stone pillar.]

{Translator's note: not sure, but Celia and Lede seem to be mockingly flirting with Ramza}

CELIA: You kept us waiting, brave Sir Ramza...

LADY'S VOICE II: We've prepared a wonderful welcome for you!

[enter Lede]

[Lede also arrives from another pillar.]

LEDE: Please, stay with us for a while... and you can die with our flaming kisses on your cheeks...

[Monsters come across the pillars.]

RAMZA: Blast! A trap!!

[battle ensues]

[Once Lede is wounded...]

CELIA: If you want your dear little sister back, enter!

LEDE: We'll be waiting inside. Hurry!

[The monsters, Celia, and Lede disappear.]

RAMZA: Alma!!

[fade out]

[meanwhile...]

Inside of Limberry Castle - [Elmdor, Vormav]

[Elmdor and Vormav sit at a large table, with the fireplace ablaze.]

ELMDOR: Both Belias and Cuchulainn have fallen... We are the only ones left now. Adramelech and the others are still caught in the nether...

VORMAV: Worry not for Adramelech. He will soon be summoned to this side.

ELMDOR: Has a suitable host been found for him?

VORMAV: Aye, the holy stone has chosen. Just as our stones chose for us.

[Elmdor rises from his seat, and walks to the stained-glass window, gazing outside.]

ELMDOR: Indeed... Then all that remains is for us to resurrect the Bloodstained Angel... Once we do that, we may freely walk into this world, without need for the power of the stones nor mortal hosts. Has a suitable host been found for the Angel? Surely it is not the girl?

VORMAV: She is the one, make no mistake. Now that we have her, we need only find the entrance to the Dead City, wherein dwells the Angel's ghost...

[enter Celia, magically]

CELIA: [to Elmdor] He's here.

[enter Lede, magically]

LEDE: We've lured him into the castle. What would you have us do?

ELMDOR: [to himself] I've been waiting, Ramza. I would requit you for what happened at Riovanes...

[Vormav turns his head in Elmdor's direction.]

VORMAV: I counsel caution. He is a formidable opponent. Even Belias was not his match.



ELMDOR: Rest assured, I shall handle this. Go quickly, and find the Dead City.

VORMAV: Very well. Again, do not underestimate the Beoulve.

[exit Vormav, magically]

ELMDOR: Let's get going!

[fade out]

Limberry Castle Hall - battle [Elmdor, Celia, Lede, Ramza and company]

[The party encounters Elmdor's group in a hallway in the castle.]

ELMDOR: Now I shall set right the iniquities you dealt to me at Riovanes...

RAMZA: Alma... where's my sister? Where is she!?

ELMDOR: You wish to know? Defeat me first!

[battle ensues, with Elmdor as target]

[Once Elmdor is wounded...]

ELMDOR: You are a redoubtable foe, Ramza Beoulve... I had imagined such... but with this body, I can't seem to...

[exit Elmdor, magically]

ELMDOR: Underground... Come... Your sister is here...

RAMZA: Elmdor!!

Underground Cemetery of Limberry Castle - battle [Ramza and company, Elmdor]

[Elmdor kneels between two coffins.]

RAMZA: Give up, Elmdor, you cannot win this! Let Alma go!

ELMDOR: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha... Foolish hume... Did you really think that she'd be in this castle? None dwell here but ghosts of the dead... [Undead knights and spirits appear.] And here in this cemetery, you will join them!

[Elmdor takes out his holy stone, and transforms into Zarela.]

ZALERA, ANGEL OF DEATH: This ends here, Ramza Beoulve!

[enter Meliadoul]

MELIADOUL: The Marquis... a monster?!

[battle ensues, with Zalera as target]

MELIADOUL: This... This is the power of the holy stones?...

RAMZA: Now do you doubt my words?! Izlude died because he discovered the truth and fought them!

MELIADOUL: God deliver us all!... My father Vormav, does he know?

RAMZA: Vormav... he...

ZALERA: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha... So, you're Vormav's daughter then? Like Izlude, your body did not suit us... But your father proved a most perfect host!...

MELIADOUL: Then, my father is...!

ZALERA: You're father is no more, daughter of Vormav! He now is a blood-member of the Dark... but concern yourself not with that... worry for you own skin!

[battle]

MELIADOUL: [to Ramza] You spoke true, Ramza... I'm sorry...

RAMZA: It's nothing Meliadoul... Now's the time for us to avenge Izlude!

[After Zalera is defeated...]

ZALERA: Hashmallim, I'm sorry.... I leave it in... your... hands...

[Zalera explodes in a flash of brilliant light, leaving behind the holy stone. The undead monsters vanish.]

[fade out. Return with only Ramza and Meliadoul]

MELIADOUL: The secrets of these stones... Though I knew them to be relics of the Divine, I've never thought anything more than strange crystals. Never would I have dreamed that they could be capable of such wonders!

[The stone shimmers.]

RAMZA: Neither you nor Izlude were told. Wiglaf, too, knew nothing about the stone's powers till Belias called him. Verily, even the Pope is being used by Vormav.

MELIADOUL: What do they seek?

[Ramza shakes his head.]

RAMZA: It eludes me. They slaughtered the entire garrison at Riovanes Castle. Why don't they use their powers more openly, more often? There must be some reason.

MELIADOUL: Perhaps... they cannot? The Lucavi of legend were godlike demons, nigh invincible...

RAMZA: That could be right... They do not quite seem the "Undying Fiends" of lore.

MELIADOUL: Legends are wont to exaggerate. Maybe the Lucavi are simply another breed of monster, after all.

RAMZA: I hope so...

[Meliadol hands the stone to Ramza.]

MELIADOUL: I was entrusted with this holy stone, and I'm giving it to you. In

return, let me accompany you. I must find out what's become of my father.  
Moreover...

RAMZA: Moreover?

MELIADOUL: I want to know why he gave Capricorn to Lord Dycedarg...

RAMZA: To my brother? Why?

[Meliadoul joins the party.]

[fade out]

[meanwhile...]

Zeltennia Castle - [Ovelia]

[Ovelia stands beside the window, simply watching. From outside her door, the clashing of swords is heard, and screams follow.]

VOICE: Where's he escaped to!?

VOICE II: You, search over there!

VOICE III: He's wounded! He can't be far!

[enter Orlan]

[Orlan kneels before the Queen, walks to her, and falls to his knees. Ovelia rushes to his aid.]

QUEEN OVELIA: Orlan! Dear God, you're injured!...

ORLAN: Ovelia, your Majesty... I must tell you...

VELIA: Pray speak no more, Orlan!

ORLAN: Please... Please listen to me... My father Orlandu did not assassinate Prince Goltana... He was framed for the act... My father escaped Fort Bethla with Ramza Beoulve... They go together to stop the machinations of Pope Funeral, and end this war...

VELIA: I knew the Count would never commit treason... {Translator's note: Orlandu is NOT Ovelia's uncle. It's just that the character for Count has "uncle" as one of its alternate meanings}

[Footsteps are heard running towards the door, and a few loud bangs.]

VOICE: No good! The door won't open!

ANOTHER VOICE: Your Majesty! Are you alright!?

VOICE: Please! Open the door!

VELIA: [to Orlan] Then who?... Who killed Prince Goltana?

ORLAN: It was...

[The door is forced open. Two knights charge in]

AUSTERON KNIGHT: Your Majesty! Are you hurt!?

AUSTERON KNIGHT II: [to those in the castle] Here he is!!

[enter Delita]

[The knights kneel before Delita.]

DELITA: [to the knights] Knights, leave the room. I would be alone.

AUSTERON KNIGHT II: Wha...?

DELITA: I said, leave.

AUSTERON KNIGHT II: But... your Excellency...

DELITA: I will not repeat myself again.

AUSTERON KNIGHT II: Y... yes, my lord...

[exit the knights]

[enter Balmafula]

OVELIA: [to Delita] Don't hurt Orlan! Please!

[Delita crouches before Orlan.]

DELITA: That was a foolish thing you did, Orlan. {Translator's note: my guess is that Orlan attempted to assassinate Delita.}

ORLAN: You... traitor...

DELITA: Come now, Orlan, open your eyes and have a good look around you. Who laments his passing? Anyone? If you'd stop to think, I'm sure you'd find yourself glad as well. At very least, you should rejoice in your father's "death", for now none will seek his life. You should be thanking me.

ORLAN: Spare me your mummer's farce...

[Ovelia stands.]

OVELIA: [to Delita] Why, why did you do such a thing?...

[Delita stands.]

DELITA: I swore I would build you a kingdom, Ovelia...

OVELIA: Lies! You're just trying to use me!

DELITA: You don't trust me?

OVELIA: ...

DELITA: Well, Ovelia?

[Ovelia lowers her head.]

OVELIA: I want to trust you... but...

DELITA: I must speak with Orlan. Please return to your room, just for a little while.

OVELIA: Please... don't be rough with him...

DELITA: I promise.

[Ovelia walks down the stairs. She makes as if to exit, opening the exit door, but then closes it again without exiting, so that she can eavesdrop on Delita, Orlan, and Balmafula.]

ORLAN: I desired only to clear my father's name... do your worst. I care not.

DELITA: Nay, you will not die.

ORLAN: What use am I to you? Kill me and be done with it...

DELITA: On the contrary, I would have your services, Orlan.

ORLAN: Ha... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Have you taken leave of your wits, Sir Hyral?... I'd sooner die than serve you...

DELITA: You have no choice. I will soon conquer the Aquilors, and Ovelia's kingdom will be complete. [Delita turns away and walks towards the windows.] And the Pope, too, I will cut down. I am no mongrel of his. [Delita turns back to Orlan.]

ORLAN: You... you're serious?...

DELITA: A simple commoner rises to become a knight, and restores peace and order to the troubled kingdom... That is the hero whom the people long for, and that is what I will give them. It will be an expedient end to an ill-begotten war. Even you can see that my plans are for the best, or so I hope.

ORLAN: ... And so you would spare nothing and no one? All exploited to fulfil your plans?

DELITA: Is that wrong?

[Balmafula steps away, tense. Ovelia rushes out.]

[exit Ovelia]

DELITA: [to Balmafula] Something bothers you? Nay, you needn't tell me... you wish to kill me, am I right? [Balmafula draws a dagger] I've known you to be one of the Pope's assassins from the start. You're the dagger for my back if I turned upon him, correct? [Delita walks towards Balmafula. She steps back, holding the dagger tightly.] Go on, make your move! What's the matter? Kill me... lest I kill you!

[Balmafula's scream is heard.]

[fade out]

[meanwhile... ]

Cemetery: the Grave of Balbanes Beoulve - [Zalbag]

[Zalbag makes his way across the rocks to his father's grave.]

ZALBAG: This way.

[enter a chemist]

CHEMIST: Milord, please slow down...

[Zalbag turns away]

ZALBAG: Father... [to the chemist] Come. I'd like you to see something...  
[Zalbag walks up to the grave, and plucks an odd looking mushroom from the ground.] This... [Zalbag throws the mushroom to the chemist.] What it is?

CHEMIST: Aye, milord! This be Mosfungus, a poisonous mushroom. But there's little danger in it. The poison ain't quick to kill, and even then you'd have to take it in scads to be harmed...

ZALBAG: ... I see.

[Zalbag looks sadly at his father's grave. The chemist throws the Mosfungus into the surrounding pond.]

CHEMIST: Milord, we'd best be going.

ZALBAG: You look worried.

CHEMIST: Don't you know? Mosfungus only grows on corpses. A grave w'the fungus be a black omen indeed. For the dead man's family it heralds the end, so they says.

ZALBAG: Very well. You may go.

[Zalbag tosses the chemist a coin.]

CHEMIST: Heh, heh... Thanks, governor.

[The chemist tips his hat to Zalbag.]

ZALBAG: You were not here today.

CHEMIST: Oh uh, yes, milord, of course...

[exit the chemist]

ZALBAG: Father...

[fade out]

Igros Castle - [Ramza, a chocobo]

[Ramza approaches the castle. From the looks of things, it seems to be deserted. A lone chocobo waits outside of the entryway.]

RAMZA: ... No guards. Strange... [Ramza walks up to the chocobo.] This is Zalbag's chocobo... [Ramza walks in front of the gate.] That's it. [Ramza flips a switch which causes the castle gate to open.]

[exit Ramza]

[fade out]

Inside of Igros Castle - battle [Dycedarg, Zalbag]

[Dycedarg is on the floor, with Zalbag hovering over him, wielding his sword.]

DYCEDARG: Zalbag, have you lost your wits!? What is the meaning of this!?

ZALBAG: You dare call yourself a Beoulve after what you've done!?

DYCEDARG: You mean Prince Larg? He would have died anyway! Larg was an imbecile who sent better men to fight his battles for him. It was a mistake for him to start a war in the first place! Even you must see that!

ZALBAG: The Prince's murder was ill done, but what I cannot forgive is father's death... How could do something so foul!? Why did you kill father!?

DYCEDARG: What in the blazes are you talking about!?

ZALBAG: I thought perhaps that I had misheard Prince Larg's dying words... Ajora damn you, Dycedarg, why did you kill father!?

[enter a knight]

AQUILOR KNIGHT: Lord Dycedarg!!

[Dycedarg turns to the knight.]

DYCEDARG: Zalbag's gone insane!

[Several knights enter, swords ready]

DYCEDARG: [to the knights] Detain him!

ZALBAG: DYCEDARG---!!!

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: Zalbag!

[battle ensues, with Dycedarg as target]

ZALBAG: Ramza, you were right all along! Dycedarg started this war to further his own ambitions! He even killed Prince Larg! We cannot forgive this stain upon our House!

RAMZA: Lord brother!

[sparring]

DYCEDARG: Why must you persist in defying me!? None in the kingdom are the greater or more capable than our House; with the Royal Family all but fallen, why should Beoulves not take their place!? Both duty and reason demands that we rule those lesser than us. There is no nobler way for us to exert our might!

ZALBAG: Justice, Honour... do these mean nothing to you!? You betray your name!

DYCEDARG: And does Hypocrisy mean nothing to you, Zalbag!? Who put that

sword your hand? Why are you praised as hero? Because of me! I brought you to power, to all your victories! Everything that you have is because I dared to sully my hands! By all rights you ought to be thanking me, but instead you scorn me for these petty scruples of yours!? When have justice and honour ever ruled over men!?

[Once Dycedarg is wounded.]

DYCEDARG: ... Ivalice would've belonged to Beoulves... had... you fools...

[Dycedarg falls, but the holy stone given to him glimmers in his robe. It emits a radiant light and chilling moans, and transforms Dycedarg into Adramelech.]

ADRAMELECH, THE AVATAR OF FURY: Heh, heh, heh... So this is it's secret... Now I know... [The stone shines once more, and zaps away all the knights. He speaks to Zalbag.] Fool of a brother... allow me to send you on your way to the afterlife. Indeed, I killed Balbanes... we Beoulves had our chance to seize the throne, but the old man wouldn't do it! So I killed him... Even the greatest of swordsmen cannot fight poison! [The stone glows, and Zalbag is zapped away. Adramelech then speaks to Ramza.] Now it's your turn... you'll regret opposing me!

[battle ensues yet again, with Adramelech as target]

[Once Adramelech is defeated...]

ADRAMELECH: Noooo--! This cannot be!!! If only the Bloodstained Angel was here, this... would not... have... happened...!!!!

[Adramelech explodes in a burst of colour. The holy stone falls behind.]

RAMZA: It is the end for House Beoulve... all that matters is how one lives life. [pausing] Alma... I must save Alma!

[fade out]

---

The Basilica of Muround: Indoors - [Vormav, a templar wizard named Kletian, Rofel, Pope Funeral]

[The Basilica lays strewn with the dead bodies of Glabados clergy. Vormav has already stabbed Funeral. Rofel and Kletian stands by, watching.]

FUNERAL: [to Vormav] You're... betraying... me... ?

[Vormav removes his sword from Funeral's body.]

VORMAV: If you had divulged instead of resisting, this would not have been necessary. I had not intended to take such drastic measures, but I have precious little time to waste.

FUNERAL: Wha... what do you mean?

VORMAV: I have obeyed you to this point only to get the holy stones... But now that the bastard Beoulve has most of them, such cooperation is useless to me.

FUNERAL: Please... spare me...

VORMAV: The wound is deep, but not fatal. If we tend to it quickly, you'll



yet live. But if you want help, first tell me where the entrance to Murond is. It would displease me greatly for you to say "you don't know."

FUNERAL: Orbonne... sealed by magic at the bottom of the archives...

VORMALF: How do I break the seal?

FUNERAL: It's... it's in the Book of Germonik... Help...

[Vormav slaps away Funeral's hand.]

VORMAV: The Beoulve runt again! [pausing] I'm through with you.

[exit Vormav and Kletian]

[Funeral outstretches his hand.]

FUNERAL: I beg you... help me...

[Rofel, standing behind Funeral, takes a sword and stabs the Pope through the back.]

The Basilica of Murond: Precincts - battle [Templar, Ramza and company]

[The party approaches the temple, where many knights are waiting.]

TEMPLAR WIZARD: Stop! Only the Pope and his retinue are allowed in here. What business do you have at Murond? Identify yourself!!

RAMZA: My name is Ramza, Ramza Beoulve! I come here for my sister, Alma Beoulve, who was kidnapped by Vormav of the Temple!

TEMPLAR WIZARD: Heretic Ramza!! You're a fool you are to come so openly! We will carry out your sentence here and now!!

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

RAMZA: Alma... I'm coming! Just hold on... !!

[fade out]

Hallway in the Basilica - battle [Ramza and company, Vormav, Rofel, Kletian]

[Vormav stands at the end of a carpeted hallway, awaiting Ramza.]

VORMAV: So, you must be Ramza Beoulve. We meet at last... seeing we've just met, I would invite you to supper, but I've been a tad busy. Regretably, my time is too precious to waste on the likes of you, so pray forgive my discourtesy. Shall we get down to business, then? If you want your sister back, give me the Book of Germonik and all of your holy stones. If you disobey, she dies. Now, if you've understood all that, do as I say.

RAMZA: Where's Alma? Show her to me, or you shall have neither!

VORMAV: You have no choice. I repeat, hand over the book and the stones!

[Ramza slowly approaches Vormav, and takes out the Book.]

RAMZA: Only the Book! You'll have the stones only after I see Alma!

[Ramza places the book down on the floor. Rofel pages through it.]

VORMAV: Well?

[Rofel nods.]

ROFEL: ... It's here. It is a simple spell.

[Rofel puts the scriptures away in his robe.]

VORMAV: Good. We could leave, but I think Belias and the others should not go unavenged...

RAMZA: Curse you, Vormav!

[battle ensues, with Vormalf as target]

RAMZA: Why do you let Alma live?

VORMAV: What?

RAMZA: You even killed your own son. Why do you keep Alma alive?

VORMAV: None of your business!

[fighting]

MELIADOUL: Father... Are you really my father?

VORMAV: Meliadoul, of course. But my daughter, why have you joined the enemy?

MELIADOUL: You've changed...

VORMAV: What do you mean?

MELIADOUL: At Limberry, Marquis Elmdor used a holy stone to turn into a monster... Father, what happened at Riovanes? Did you kill all those people? Even Izlude?

VORMAV: What!? You say that I'm a monster!?

MELIADOUL: I feared this... my father is no more...

[Once Vormav is wounded...]

VORMAV: I won't be defeated so easily. Retreat!

[exit Vormav, Rofel, and Kletian magically]

RAMZA: Craven! Come Back!!!!

[fade out]

Basillica of Murond: Sepulcher - battle [Ramza and company, Vormav]

[Vormav stands above what looks like a sacrophagus of some sort, watching the party.]

VORMAV: I've no more time to waste on you... I would have made your death short and painless, but I doubt you're going to roll over nicely and die... Nonetheless, you breathe your last here. You will fight my servants. A tomb... just the thing for you. May you rest in peace. [Vormav's Holy Stone shimmers, summoning demons.] This man shall also be your opponent...

[Zalbag, changed into a zombie, teleports in.]

RAMZA: Lord brother!!

VORMAV: He may be your brother, but he has been reborn a member of the Dark. Will you fight him? Ha, ha, ha, ha...

[exit Vormav magically]

RAMZA: Vormav, you foul coward!!

VORMAV'S VOICE: Zalbag, kill the boy! Don't let him leave the precincts alive!!

[battle ensues, with Zalbag as target]

RAMZA: Brother! Zalbag!! It's me!!

ZALBAG: Is that you, Ramza... ? What... am I doing?... I can't feel a thing...

RAMZA: You're being controlled by Lucavi, Zalbag, fight them! You must seize free of their power!

ZALBAG: I'm... fighting... you? Why... ? Go Ramza, run, leave immediately! Or else... I might... kill you...

RAMZA: Zalbag!!

[sparring]

[Once Zalbag is wounded...]

ZALBAG: ... Ramza... Kill me... the pain... my limbs are numb, yet I ache... all over... but worse yet... my memory... it's fading...

RAMZA: You'll be okay, Zalbag!! There has to be a way! Don't give up!! Please, don't give up!

ZALBAG: ... No... it's too late... for me... hurry... kill me... the pain... I hear voices... talking... crying... calling... threatening... deliver me, Ramza... end this suffering...

RAMZA: Vormav, damn you!!

[Zalbag is critically injured]

ZALBAG: ... I'm sorry, Ramza... for all... that has happened... .. Save... Alma... You're her only... hope... go... quickly.... thank you and farewell... my brother...

[Zalbag dies, taking the demons with him.]

RAMZA: ZALBAG--!!!

Basillica of Murond: Indoors [Pope Funeral]

[Funeral lays on the ground, the sword through his back. He struggles to move.]

FUNERAL: ... somebody...

[enter Ramza]

[Ramza approaches the High Priest, and kneels beside him.]

RAMZA: A massacre...

FUNERAL: Help... hel...p...

RAMZA: Oh no! Your Holiness, hold on...!

FUNERAL: Te... Tem... plar...

RAMZA: You know where they went? Where!? Where have they gone!?

FUNERAL: Or... bonne...

[Funeral dies. Ramza stands.]

RAMZA: Orbonne Abbey...

[exit Ramza]

[fade out]

Orbonne Abbey - Underground Library Fourth Floor - battle [Rofel, various knights]

[Rofel stands beside a doorway, instructing the guards.]

ROFEL: You lot stay here and stand guard! I'm going in with Vormav.

TEMPLAR KNIGHT: Sir!

[exit Rofel]

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: What's in this underground library?

[battle ensues]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

ROFEL: [from inside the next room] Allow me...

VORMAV: [from inside the room] Very well, Rofel.

ROFEL: ... Fal... de vandar, Zoda... fe... god of time... slumb'ring void... thee now... these Gates! Dejeon!

[A brilliant light flashes from behind the door.]

RAMZA: You won't escape so easily, Vormav!

[fade out]

Orbonne Abbey - Underground Book Storage Fifth Floor- battle [Rofel, magicians, Ramza and company]

[Rofel and his group stands in the middle of the floor, which is filled with holes. Strange markings cover the bottom.]

ROFEL: I've been waiting for you, Ramza the Heretic. You've run your course! This abbey will be your final resting place!

[battle ensues, with Rofel as target]

RAMZA: This feeling... like when I fought Celia and Lede!! You're not hume, are you!?

ROFEL: No, I am not... I have transcended meager hume existence... By Vormav's power, I am now immortal! Heh, heh, heh, you cannot understand the joy!

RAMZA: What are you trying to do? What do you want?

ROFEL: Do you really want to know, Heretic? Defeat me! If you can!

[Once Rofel is wounded...]

ROFEL: I cannot... die here, I haven't finished my duty... [Rofel stands.] Ramza... I invite you to Hell... [The floor begins to glow, and an ancient Zodiac pattern shines.] ... Faluoth keuos de vandar, Zoda lamudo feorio... Zomala, god of time, guardian eternal in slumb'ring void... By ancient contract, I bind thee now... Reveal the Path, and open these Gates! Dejeon!

[Pillars of light lance up through the floor. A huge burst of light follows. Everyone disappears.]

Entrance to Murond, the Dead City - [Rofel]

[Rofel lays, wounded, on the ground. A stone platform is in the middle of the room, engraved with magical symbols. Light beams come from above, and Ramza is teleported into the area.]

RAMZA: W-Where is this?

ROFEL: Welcome... to Murond, the Dead City... [Ramza walks closer.] Now that you're here... you can never return... All I must do now is to destroy the gate... [Rofel raises his hands for a last spell, and the platform crumbles, falling into a vast pit of nothingness.] Go on... your sister is waiting, ha, ha, ha... hagh... gh...

[Rofel dies.]

RAMZA: Alma...

[exit Ramza]

[fade out]

Murond, the Dead City - battle [Kletian, Templars, Ramza and company]

[Kletian stands guard, preparing to do battle.]

SORCEROR KLETIAN: So... you've killed Rofel. I must avenge him... die Ramza Beoulve!!

[battle ensues, with Kletian as target]

RAMZA: Where's Vormav!? Where has he gone!?

KLETIAN: Vormav goes to revive our master, the Holy Angel. But revive is not the right word; when Ajora died, he fused with the Angel, and ever since she has slept in the Dead City, an incomplete entity... Vormav will soon awaken the Angel from her ancient slumber, and make her whole once more. He goes to where our master dwells: the place where St. Ajora died!

RAMZA: Where is that!? Talk!

KLETIAN: Hah! Why should I!?

[Once Kletian is defeated...]

KLETIAN: Ugh... F... forgive me... Rofel...

[Kletian dies.]

[Distant lightning flashes from deep within the city, followed by thunder.]

RAMZA: Over there!?

[fade out]

Murond, the Dead City: Lost Sacred Precincts - battle [Balk, shrine knights and monsters, Ramza and company]

{Translator's note: the official translation is very literal, and surprisingly accurate. However, I could not write about Balk's talk about "being truly human" without sounding awkward, so I've chosen to keep only the section on "freedom"}

[A huge crevice stands between Balk and Ramza. He is accompanied by a chemist and several monsters]

BALK: Ah, the bastard Beoulve. Well met, Ramza. You killed me before, but you'll not best me this time. These ruins will be your grave, Ramza!

[battle ensues, with Balk as target]

RAMZA: So you, too, have sold yourself to demons... Is that truly how you wish to live, Balk!?

BALK: Ha, ha, ha, don't scorn what you haven't tried, Ramza, this is sublime... I've never felt more free a man!

RAMZA: You've chosen a life of slavery to Lucavi, and you talk of freedom!?

BALK: No longer must I suffer you damned nobles! I am beyond death... I am beyond all humekind! This the freedom I've been given, my just reward! Finally, the field has become even!

RAMZA: Don't make me laugh! Are you blind? You were not free from the moment you forsook your pride to take up a demon's yoke. No one can give you equality and freedom, Balk! They are rights which humes must earn by their own hands, or not at all... Freedom given by a Lucavi is an illusion!

[Once Balk is defeated...]

BALK: I'm... dying?... I thought was... immortal...

[Balk dies.]

RAMZA: The holy stones are resonating. [Ramza turns.] It must be that way...

[fade out]

Graveyard of Airships - battle [Vormav, Alma]

[Alma lays on the deck of an airship, unconscious. Vormav kneels beside her.]

VORMAV: ... Why? Why isn't Virgo responding? [Vormav stands. A moan is heard.] The Angel's spirit is here... Why is there nothing...? [Vormav puts his hand on his head in thought.] Could she be the wrong one?... No, that can't be. Virgo did react.

[enter Ramza and company]

VORMAV:... So you've come.

RAMZA: No more, Vormav! Virgo will not respond! Give up and release Alma!!

VORMAV: No Ramza, it will work... I simply need more blood. Yes... more blood... Centuries of bloodshed have soaked Ivalice, but it appears that more is need... I shall need to return to the surface, and lay waste to the land... But since you've come here, you will be my first sacrifice.

[Vormav takes out the Holy Stone, and transforms into the Lucavi Hashmallim.]

HASHMALLIM, THE SUBJUGATOR: Bloodstained Angel, my master! For your resurrection this blood I offer... a living wine as hot as lava!

[battle ensues, with Hashmallim as target]

RAMZA: Alma! Please! Open your eyes! Alma!

HASHMALLIM: It's no use. You cannot wake her!

RAMZA: What have you done to Alma!?

HASHMALLIM: Her consciousness impedes our goal... it is no more. When she next awakens, will remember her mission of ages past. The Angel will summon forth our brethren, and this world will be ours...

[battle]

[Once Hashmallim is defeated...]

HASHMALLIM: Angel... master... why have you not awoken?

[Alma raises.]

ALMA: Ugh... Wh... where am I... ?

RAMZA: Alma!!

ALMA: Ramza?...

HASHMALLIM: NO! You will not interfere!!! Bloodstained Angel!! For your resurrection... my own life I offer!!!

[Hashmallim stabs himself with his own claws. He disappears in a brilliant flash of light, leaving behind the Zodiac Stone. A pillar of light transforms Alma into an old-looking person, Ajora.]

SAINT AJORA: This body... I have flesh again...

RAMZA: Alma!!

[fade out]

Graveyard of Airships Revisited- final battle [Ramza and company, Ajora]

[Ajora stands in the middle of the airship. Virgo glows.]

SAINT AJORA: Ugh... what... What is this? [Light flashes once more.] Ugh... ahh!... He . . help... Ramza...

[Ramza steps forward.]

RAMZA: Alma!!

SAINT AJORA: Ramza... Stop... Interfere... not . . Do... not... inter... fere... Do.. not... inter... !!!

[Pillars of light shine done on Ajora. Another pillar appears. Alma materializes.]

RAMZA: Alma!! Are you okay!?

ALMA: ... Brother... I'm... alright... We have to... kill... Ajora... Hurry...

SAINT AJORA: You... try to halt my... resurrection?... You will not... Come... my servants... [Four demons are summoned.] None shall interfere...!

[The airship begins to shake. With a huge explosion of light and colour, Ajora transforms into Ultima, the Holy Angel.]

ULTIMA, THE HOLY ANGEL: Prepare yourselves... powerless humes!

[battle ensues, with Ultima as target]

[Once Ultima is wounded... ]

ULTIMA: No... this cannot be... [The ground begins to shake.]... you are the descendant... of the one who killed me before?... No... you cannot win... I will not be defeated a second time! ... [Ultima disappears, and the demons disappear. The airship is bathed light as Ultima transformed into another form.] DIE!!



[battle ensues]

[Once Ultima is wounded...]

ULTIMA: More... power...

[Ultima dies in an apocalyptic explosion, destroying the airship... ]

Cemetery - [Priest, mourners]

[The priest stands over the grave, giving the last words of prayer. The mourners surround the site.]

PRIEST: ... May the blessings of God descend, and guide your body's return to the Earth. May Ajora guide your spirit's return to the Kingdom of Heaven. There you shall find peace .... Faram.

EVERYONE: Faram.

[exit a few mourners]

MOURNER I: She was so young... much too young to have died...

MOURNER II: And the siblings departed as well.

[exit more mourners and the Priest]

MOURNER III: It is sad... the youngest son, Ramza, will not even be buried here.

MOURNER IV: After three-hundred years, thus ends House Beoulve...

[exit the last two mourners]

[enter Orlan and Balmafula]

[Orlan stands by the grave, next to Balmafula.]

ORLAN: I'm sorry I'm late Alma, Ramza. I wanted to come earlier, but I didn't want to attract too much attention.

[Balmafula steps forward and places a bouquet of flowers on the grave.]

ORLAN: Delita married Ovelia. A commoner brings peace to a chaotic kingdom, marries the Princess, becoming King. His legend will be passed down for centuries to come. [Balmafula steps away from the grave.] I think you may have been right, Ramza. Delita might be a good man at heart, as you said... When Balmafula showed herself to be one of the Pope's assassins, he made as if to kill her, but then he didn't. He released her outside the city... I guess he saw himself in her, just another one of Vormav's pawns...

[Balmafula points indicating that she'll be leaving for a moment, and Orlan nods. Exit Balmafula.]

ORLAN: My father... Did Father die valiantly? In battle?... [Orlan closes his eyes and shakes his head slowly.] I'll visit again. I promise. Goodbye... [Orlan turns to leave, but looks over his shoulder and stops.] But are you truly dead? I still can't believe it... I mean... [Orlan sighs and turns away.]

[enter Alma and Ramza on chocobo-back]

ORLAN: !!

[exit Ramza and Alma]

[Orlan gives chase for a few seconds, but stops.]

ORLAN: Wait! Ramza! Alma!

[enter Balmafula]

ORLAN: He's alive, he's alive!!

[Orlan and Balmafula stare in the direction in which Ramza and Alma departed]

ORLAN: ... Thank you, Ramza.

-----  
Since then, no one has caught sight of the two.

Orlan Durai reminisces in such a manner:

Where does one find good fortune?

What possesses them to live for the present?

What treasures will they leave behind?

The only thing certain is that he is the true hero, indeed.

Years later, Orlan Durai collected his experiences over five years into a single syllabus. This collection, known as the "Durai Papers", was to be presented at Prince Clemence's meeting, during which the new possessor of the throne was to be selected.

However, the Church, fearing public disclosure of the truth, decided to arrest Durai and burn him at stake for the crime of heresy. The retrieved Durai papers were then confiscated by the church for several hundred years.

But I have uncovered the truth...

Let me now revive his honor.

Let his way of life be absorbed by the next generation.

Author of the Brave Story,

Alazlam Durai  
-----

[Credits... ]

---5.6 EPILOGUE---

Ruins of Zeltennia Castle's Church - [Ovelia, Delita]

[Ovelia stands over a brick wall, while Delita approaches her from behind.]

KING DELITA I OF IVALICE: Here you are. Everybody's been looking for you.  
[Delita takes a bouquet of flowers from behind his back.] Today's your  
birthday. These flowers... [Ovelia turns around and stabs Delita in the  
stomach.] O... velia... ?

[Ovelia steps back.]

VELIA: Everyone... you used everybody! And someday you'll abandon me as  
well, as you abandoned Ramza!...

[Delita pull the dagger out and stabs Ovelia with it. She falls down. Delita  
staggers back, clutching his wound. As he drops the dagger, he walks towards  
a corner of the ruins]

DELITA: ... Ramza, what did you get? I...

THE END.

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6       SIDEQUESTS

=====

These are mostly to do with acquiring Cloud, the FFVII protagonist, as a  
team member.

---6.1       THE DISCOVERY OF A MYSTERIOUS STEEL BALL!---

Goug Machine City - [Ramza, Mustadio, Besrodio]

[A strange, sphere-shaped object lies in the middle of room at Besrodio's  
home. The men gather around it.]

MUSTADIO: [to Besrodio] This is what you found in the drift?

BESRODIO: Yes, when I started digging last week at site #57. I tried to take  
it apart, but I didn't know what to prod where.

MUSTADIO: A steel ball. Hm... [Ramza approaches the sphere. A holy stone his  
in his vest reacts with the machine, causing it to spark. All three jump  
back.] W-what?

RAMZA: It responds to the stone?

[Besrodio crouches to inspect the machine.]

BESRODIO: What's this mark here? {Sign of Aquarius}?

[fade out]

---6.2       THE HOLY DRAGON---

Lesalia, the Royal Capital [bartender, patrons, Ramza]

[Ramza enters the bar at Lesalia and heads over to the bartender, who greets  
him. At one table, there are a group of three men, discussing events. At  
another table, a lone man sits.]

BARTENDER: Good day to you, sir! Something to drink?

RAMZA: Um, yes, of course... uh, milk, please.

BARTENDER: Ha, ha, ha, ha! That be the first time I've heard of milk being ordered in a tavern, but as it pleases you, friend! Aye, I'll wager that you've just come off the battlefield, haven't you? Ajora's bones, I can only imagine the blood that you've seen, but I guess not all men are driven to drink...

CUSTOMER 1: So, it's true about the monsters in Goland.

[Ramza turns around, and listens in the' conversation.]

CUSTOMER 2: Aye, the coal mine's been shut down for it. It be rough days ahead for the Golanders if it doesn't open again.

CUSTOMER 1: Them knights do nothing to help, in this day and age...

CUSTOMER 2: Goland's looking high and low for hunters to help, my coz told me.

BARTENDER: [to Ramza] Are you a hunter? There's good gil in it.

[Ramza turns back to the bartender.]

RAMZA: I suppose. But the money doesn't concern me too much. I try to help those in need.

BARTENDER: Aye, I'll drink to that, friend! A noble thing of you! Rough times we live in... canna help but wonder if only good Lord Balbanes was still with us...

CUSTOMER 2: But there's one nasty that no hunter has taken yet.

[Ramza turns around again, listening to the conversation.]

CUSTOMER 1: Terrible, just terrible... What manner of monster is it?

CUSTOMER 2: They called it the Holy Dragon. A queer thing, no?

BARTENDER: [to Ramza] So, you going to pay a visit to Goland?

RAMZA: Yes, I'll go have a look...

BARTENDER: Good luck, traveller.

[Ramza turns to exit. However, just as he reaches the door, the lone man stands.]

KNIGHT: If you're going to the coal mines, will you hire me?

RAMZA: [pausing] Sir, you are?...

KNIGHT: My name is Beowulf. I'm a hunter. I've been searching for this Holy Dragon. If you've need of another sword arm, I'll be helpful. What do you say?

{Ramza has two choices here

1. No.

2. Sure.}

{option 1}

RAMZA: I have reservations about that. Forgive me, but I must refuse.

BEOWULF: I see... Thank you for your time, then. Farewell.

{option 2}

RAMZA: Sure. You're company would be welcome, Beowulf. We shall go to Goland together.

BEOWULF: We can discuss my payment later. Let's go.

[Beowulf joins the party]

[fade out]

[various battles in Goland mines.]

Underground Passage in Goland - battle [various monsters, the Holy Dragon]

[The monsters are closing in on the Dragon, preparing to attack.]

SCHINOEG (MONSTER): [to the Dragon] You need not the stone... If you value your life, hand it over now!!

[enter Ramza and company and Beowulf]

BEOWULF: [to the Dragon] Reis! Hold on, I'm coming!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Reis, the dragon]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

BEOWULF: Thank you, Ramza. Thanks to you, I was able to save Reis.

RAMZA: Reis is this dragon you've been seeking?

BEOWULF: Yes. She's a friend more dear to me than life itself. You have my every gratitude. [Beowulf approaches Ramza, and hands him a Holy Stone.] Perhaps you've been looking for this?

RAMZA: How did you?...

BEOWULF I borrowed it from "them". Just like your stones.

RAMZA: Who are you?

BEOWULF: Not your enemy. Trust me.

RAMZA: Well, it never hurts to have another ally... come then, Beowulf. Let's go.

[The player may let Beowulf and Reis join the party]

[fade out]

---6.3 THE STEEL MAN MOVES!---

Goug, the Machine City [Ramza, Mustadio, Besrodio]

[Back at Besrodio's home, the three are about to try out whether the stone given to Ramza by Beowulf will work in the machine.]

MUSTADIO: Will it really work with the stone?

BESRODIO: I'm sure it will.

[Ramza approaches the machine, and place the stone inside. The machine begins to spark.]

MUSTADIO: Hey, look! It moved! [The machine turns on its side, and transforms into a fully-functioning robot.] ... No? No go?

[Mustadio approaches the robot, but its eyes flare up. Mustadio jumps back. The robot turns towards Ramza.]

ROBOT: System set up complete! All systems normal! [to Ramza] Master, what is your order?

MUSTADIO: Wow! It spoke!!

ROBOT: Master, what is your order?

MUSTADIO: Ramza, tell him to do something!

RAMZA: What, me!? Hell no! What is this thing!?

MUSTADIO: He thinks your his master, Ramza! Don't be shy now!

ROBOT: Master, what is your order?

RAMZA: Um... well... well then... uh, dance!

[Mustadio puts his hand on his forehead in disbelief.]

MUSTADIO: [to Ramza] Something else, you ninny!

[The robot begins to dance.]

RAMZA: Ah, alright... um. He's... dancing.

MUSTADIO: Hmm... if he can dance, I wonder if can do anything else? [The robot stops dancing.] I wonder what he was built for? He looks pretty tough.

STEEL GIANT: Affirmative! I am very strong.

RAMZA: Well... well then... Beat Mustadio up =) {Translator's note: In the Japanese version of the game, there's a little heart following Ramza's line. I have substituted the smiley in its place.}

MUSTADIO: [to Ramza] Eh?!

[The giant turns to Mustadio, and unleashes a fiery blast on him. Mustadio is knocked out cold. Ramza panics and becomes hysterical.]

RAMZA: Gaah! Phoenix Down! Where's the Phoenix Down!?

[the robot, Worker 8, joins the party]

[fade out]

---6.4 DISCOVERY OF THE CELESTIAL SPHERE!---

Goug, the Machine City Revisited - [Ramza, Mustadio, Besrodio]

[Ramza returns to Goug, and this time, Besrodio has stumbled across a new machine. It looks like some sort of celestial globe thing, made of intertwining rings.]

MUSTADIO: So Dad, what's this big one?

BESRODIO: I assembled it from stuff found at drift #83, but, uh... don't know, actually...

RAMZA: It looks like an astronomer's tool... maybe a celestial globe of some sort?

BESRODIO: Now that you mention it... I guess it does, hmm...

[Ramza approaches the machine, and once again, it sparks when near the Holy Stone.]

MUSTADIO: Yikes, what was that?

RAMZA: It also responds to the stone?

[Besrodio crouches to read an inscription on part of the machine.]

BESRODIO: What's this mark {sign of Cancer} mean? Another holy stone is needed, I think...

RAMZA: You want me to search for it again, don't you? Alright, fine, fine...

[fade out]

---6.5 THE CURSE OF REIS---

Nelveska Temple - battle [Ramza and company, enemy robot]

[The party comes across a scatter of ruins, of what used to be a temple. A robot appears from inside the temple.]

WORKER 7: Warning! Civilians are prohibited! You have thirty seconds to leave this area!! This is not a drill! Thirty... twenty-nine... twenty-eight... twenty-seven... twenty-six... twenty-five... twenty-four... twenty-three... twenty-two... System error! Three... two... one... Genocide Mode! Researchers, evacuate to the shelter immediately!!

[The robot flares off, and gives off a puff of smoke.]

[battle ensues, with the enemy robot as target]

[Once the robot is down...]

WORKER 7: Cannot charge energy! System down! Connecting to reserve supplies!

[The robot glows brilliantly, giving off bursts of light.]

[more battle]

[Once the robot is beaten a second time...]

WORKER 7-NEW: Self Destruct Mode! Begin countdown! Thirty... twenty-nine... twenty-eight... twenty-seven... twenty-six... twenty-five... System Error!

[The robot explodes violently, leaving behind a Holy Stone.]

[fade out]

[Return with Ramza, Beowulf, and the dragon, Reis. I suppose Beowulf has just told Ramza the story behind him and Reis.]

RAMZA: [to Beowulf] Amazing... This dragon?

BEOWULF: It's better, Ramza, that you see for yourself than listen to me talk... With Cancer, the holy stone which we just recovered... [Beowulf walks to Reis, and holds out the stone. Reis flinches, nervous] Hush now, don't be afraid. We have to try it. [Reis walks into the temple. The earth begins to shake. A huge explosion comes from within. A woman comes out from the temple.] Reis... ?

[Reis and Beowulf embrace. The holy stone removed her dragon curse and reverted her to hume form.]

REIS: Beowulf, how I've missed you...

BEOWULF: Reis, my love...

[The player may choose to let Reis joins the party]

[fade out]

---6.6 CLOUD IS SUMMONED!---

Goug Machine City [Ramza, Mustadio, Besrodio]

[Back at Besrodio's home, the men are ready to see whether or not the stone will have any effect on the new machine.]

MUSTADIO: It won't "morph" into something again, will it?

[Ramza approaches the machine.]

RAMZA: I guess we'll find out.

[Ramza places the stone in the machine. It begins to shake and whirr.]

MUSTADIO: Here it goes!!



[The machine sparks and smokes, and with a flash of light, a man appears before them, dressed in strangely futuristic garb.]

SUMMONED YOUNG MAN: What happened?... Last thing I remember was getting caught in the current...

BESRODIO: Hmm, I've read about this before, in some ancient books. It could be a "Warping Device".

MUSTADIO: "Warping Device"?

BESRODIO: It let's people travel to other worlds different from our own...

[Ramza walks closer to the man.]

RAMZA: So, he came from another world?

BESRODIO: I'd say so. Look at his clothes. Quite unusual.

SUMMONED YOUNG MAN: My... name is Cloud. Yes... Cloud.

[Ramza walks to Cloud.]

RAMZA: I'm Ramza. These are my friends...

[Cloud turns away.]

CLOUD: I don't care about your names. What I need is a battlefield. Yeah... that's it. I'm a member of SOLDIER.

[Cloud pauses, crouches clasping his head, seemingly in pain. Mustadio takes a step forward.]

MUSTADIO: Hey, what's wrong?

CLOUD: What's this? My fingers are tingling... eyes... burning... Stop... stop it... Seph... iroth...

MUSTADIO: Err... is he dangerous?...

[Cloud stands.]

CLOUD: I must go... must go to that place...

[Cloud quickly runs out of the door.]

[exit Cloud]

MUSTADIO: What was up with that guy?

[fade out]

Zarghidas Trade City - battle [Cloud, the flower girl]

[As Cloud wanders through the streets of the city, a flower girl approaches him.]

FLOWER GIRL: Buy a flower, sir? Only one gil.

[Cloud turns towards the girl.]

CLOUD: ...

FLOWER GIRL: Something wrong? Do I resemble someone?

[Cloud looks away.]

CLOUD: No... it's nothing.

[exit Cloud]

FLOWER GIRL: What's wrong with him?

[enter a group of thieves]

FLOWER GIRL: W... what...?

TOWN GANGSTER: I've been looking for you, Aeris... Selling flowers for mama?  
Good for you...

FLOWER GIRL: Ten more days... No, just wait a week, please!

[The knave grabs the girl by the throat.]

GANGSTER: Don't mess about me, girl! Your way overdue. I'm gonna get my  
thirty-thousand gil, now!

[The girl turns away.]

FLOWER GIRL: Let... go of me!

[The knave laughs.]

GANGSTER: Hey heeey, your not bad looking! I reckon that lovely face would  
sell better than flowers... or even better, what's between your legs, wench?  
Heh, heh, heh, heh!

[The rest of the thieves laugh.]

[enter Cloud]

CLOUD: Let go of her!

GANGSTER: What did you say!?

CLOUD: Didn't you hear me? Get your dirty hands off her!

[The knave lets go of the girl, and turns towards Cloud.]

GANGSTER: And who the fuck are you?

[Cloud pushes the knave, knocking him flying backwards onto the ground.]

CLOUD: [to the girl] Go... now...

[exit the flower girl]

[The knave stands.]

GANSTER: Shitface, that was a mistake!

CLOUD: Want a peice of me, punk? [Cloud crouches again, grabbing his head.]... U-uggh...

GANSTER: What, more!?

[enter Ramza and company]

RAMZA: Cloud! Are you alright?

GANGSTER: Shit, get them!

[battle ensues, with the party protecting Cloud]

CLOUD: Uhn... my head hurts...

[Cloud kneels.]

RAMZA: What's wrong, Cloud!!

CLOUD: ... Stop, stop I'm from SOLDIER! Not a puppet!

[sparring]

[Once the enemies are defeated...]

CLOUD: I've lost... a very important thing...

RAMZA: Cloud... ?

CLOUD: Ever since, I've been floundering. Who am I? What should I do? What's this pain...

RAMZA: Cloud... there's someone in your world waiting for you, isn't there? We might be able to send you back where you came from using the rest of the holy stones.

CLOUD: Let's go, Ramza. I can't be here. I must go... to the Promised Land...

=====  
7 MISCELLANEOUS STORY THINGS  
=====

Have any questions or comments? I'll give you my two cents here, for what it's worth...

Q: What happened during the Fifty Year's War, and what were its consequences?

A: (translated/adapted from <http://www.carbuncle.jp/fft/Cstory-1.html>) The Fifty Year's War was a war fought primarily between the Kingdom of Ivalice and her eastern neighbour, Ordallia. The conflict last approximately fifty years, as its name suggests. The war started when King Diwanu III of Ordallia died without naming a successor. Diwanu's de facto heir was to be Valowa VI, a distant cousin of the late King. However, King Denumunda II of Ivalice, a distant uncle of the late King, declared this unacceptable. Denumunda openly pronounced war upon Ordallia to take the Ordallian crown, by right of his blood; both Valowa and Denumunda were related to the Diwanu by blood through three generations.

In truth, however, Denumunda's claim to the Ordallian crown was merely an excuse to invade the Ordallian province of Zelamonia. Zelamonia was once a sovereign nation unto itself, but was annexed by Ordallia over a century ago. During that invasion, Ivalice had rendered help to Zelamonia in hopes of weakening Ordallia, but to no avail. A hundred years later, Zelamonia's nobles and citizens would find themselves dissatisfied by Ordallian rule, thus they once again asked Ivalice to intervene.

The Ivalican army was highly successful at the beginning of the war, at one point nearly capturing the Vula, the Ordallian capital. En route to Vula, however, King Denumunda died due to illness, leaving Ivalician forces leaderless and confused. His death came as a most fortuitously timed blessing to King Valowa and the Ordallians, affording them time to recuperate and reorganize. Soon afterwards, Ordallian forces drove the Ivalician presence out from Zelamonia. The war then entered into stalemate. But this balance was soon upset, when two years later a new force entered into the war: Romanda.

Small, but fiercely militaristic, the island nation of Romanda is strategically located northwest of Ivalice, across the Larner Channel. The rulers of Romanda were close relatives of King Valowa by blood; at his behest, they agreed to take the powerful Romanda army across the channel to invade Ivalice. Unfortunately for them, the new king of Ivalice, Denumunda IV {Translator's note: what became of Denumunda III?...}, was a both military genius and a stalwart warrior, and managed to fend off the dual invasion by Ordallia and Romanda. After a further three years of conflict, the Black Plague struck Romanda, and the island nation was forced to withdraw her troops.

At the same time, two forces in the field were increasingly turning the tides of the war to Ivalice's favour, winning many key victories over Ordallia: the Knights of the Northern Skies (Knights Aquilor), led by Count Balbanes Beoulve, and the Knights of the Southern Skies (Knights Austeron), led by Count Cidolfas Orlandu (nicknamed "the Thunderlord"). Alas, long years of war had sorely taxed the resources of both nations, whose internal administrations and domestic affairs were increasingly falling to chaos and ruin. Both Ivalice and Ordallia were beset with rebellion and unrest amongst their commonfolk, and thus increasingly needed to divert troops away from the front to maintain law and order at home. A second stalemate took hold of the war.

But this second stalemate would not last long at all: Denumunda IV soon died of illness (widely suspected to be an assassination). His successor, Omdolia III, proved an inept ruler, largely delegating his duties as king to his senior statesmen and his queen, Ruvelia. Lacking King Denumunda's firm leadership, Ivalician forces were unable to stop the advance of the Ordallian army led by Prince Ranard, heir to Valowa VI. Prince Ranard's troops swept Zelamonia clean of the Ivalician presence. Ranard would then invade and ultimately take the Ivalician province of Zeltennia, a devastating loss that was only reversed through an arduous and bloodsoaked counterstrike by the Knights Aquilor and the Knights Austeron. Only after the loss and retaking of Zeltennia did Ivalice seek peace with her foe.

Ultimately, both combatants came to see the futility of the war. It was better for both Ivalice and Ordallia to go their own ways and mend their broken kingdoms than pursue so costly a conflict. A peace treaty was signed between the two, but despite its supposedly bilateral character, the treaty was in truth a defeat for Ivalice in all but name. Between massive war reparations paid to Ordallia under the treaty's stipulations and debts from war funds borrowed from other neighbours, Ivalice's economy was crushed. And so it was that legions of knights and soldiers were discharged without pay,

left to fend for themselves in a kingdom laid barren by fifty years of war. For this reason, hatred and mistrust of the Royal Family and the nobility festered in Ivalice.

{Note, the Fifty Year's War is a reference to the Hundred Years' War fought between England and France over who should succeed to the French crown. Similarly, the Lion War is a reference to the War of the Roses, the dynastic conflict between the Tudors and Stuarts of England.}

Q: What exactly was Dycedarg's scheme to assassinate Princess Ovelia?

A: To my knowledge, there more than one interpretation concerning Ovelia's abduction conspiracy. For example, see <http://www.ffcompendium.com/h/zbtime.shtml>; I personally don't agree with ffcompendium's interpretation of these events... here is my take.

- Minister Gelwan really did conspire with Dycedarg and Prince Larg to carry out this plot. His reaction to Delita's comments seemed to suggest that he was more than merely "framed" by Delita. They plotted to have Ovelia kidnapped and assassinated by "Austerons", so that they could frame Goltana for treason and remove him from power.

- Gelwan and Dycedarg hired a band of mercenaries/thugs to perform the kidnapping, disguised in Austeron livery. However, the Knights Templar, presumably under the direction of the Church, intercepted the kidnappers, killed them all, and replaced them with their own kidnappers, including Delita. This is why Dycedarg remarks that "The kidnappers we sent were found dead in the woods near the abbey."

- Dycedarg hired Gafgarion ostensibly to escort Princess Ovelia to Lesalia. However, in truth he was hired to "see that the Princess was kidnapped safely". It is unclear how he was supposed to do that. My thoughts are Gafgarion was to distract Agrias and the Royal Guard. Thus he fought alongside Agrias in the battle, and intentionally left no one to guard the princess. Possibly he even had someone signal to the kidnapper the way to the princess (I'm assuming a famous captain such as Gafgarion would have more than two people in his company... only Rad and Ramza were shown, for simplicity in the game), or he was meant to kill Agrias and the rest of Ovelia's cortege if things went seriously awry (otherwise why hire someone as expensive as Gafgarion?).

- Dycedarg probably instructed the kidnapper of the Princess to rendez-vous with Aquilor forces at some location (enroute to Bethla, possibly), to hand over the Princess and get "paid". And indeed, a cohort of Aquilor forces would probably have arrived, to kill the kidnapper and the Princess both, and act as thorough witnesses to the fact that Goltana's men killed the Princess ("oops, they killed the princess, we tried to help, but he got her, so we just killed the bastard.")

- Gafgarion role would have probably ended there, but then Ramza decided to go with Agrias. I'm guessing Gafgarion felt uncomfortable with leaving Ramza to run around without a leash, since Ramza was a witness to everything that had happened.

- Following the abduction and the delivery of Ovelia to Prince Goltana, Delita would infiltrate into Austeron ranks as a Knight of the Black Ram. A lowly soldier is not apt to be noticed, and with Baron Grims dead and all the Black Rams slaughtered, who's there to stand witness against Delita and say he was not a Knight of the Black Ram?

Q: Whats the origin of Ramza's name as a mercenary, "Ramza Ruglia"?

A: Accoring to <http://www.carbuncle.jp/fft/lmain-1.html> (site's in Japanese, sorry), Ruglia is the family name of Ramza's mother. I don't have many references concerning this, however...

Q: What is the sociopolitical structure of Ivalice?

A: Ivalice as a whole is ruled by a monarch, who is typically male (but can be female if no male heirs are present, eg. Ovelia), and a senate comprised of major nobles. In addition, the seven former kingdoms from which Ivalice is formed are each a province, and most of these have addition provincial governments, a typically a viceroy who rules on behalf of the Crown. The Glabados Church is closely linked to the government, and also has direct jurisdiction over some areas.

Zeltennia - governed by Prince Goltana.

Fovoham - governed by Grand Duke Barinten.

Lionel - governed by Cardinal Delacroix. Cardinal Delacroix is special in that he was a secular lord prior to becoming a clergyman, so it is unclear whether he governs Lionel for the Crown or for the Glabados Church.

Limberry - governed by Marquis Elmdor.

Lesalia - under direct control of the Crown.

Gallionne - governed by Prince Larg.

Murond - under direct control of the Glabados Church. Murond is the smallest of the seven kingdoms, most of it having sunk in the ocean in anicent times.

Female warriors are commonplace in Ivalice (eg. Agrias, Meliadoul), but it appears that female leaders are either scarce or non-existent (eg. none of the nobles mentioned in to the game are female.)

Q: What is Orlan's relation to Orlandu?

A: Okay, I actually understand why the official translators Orlan's may have been confused about Orlan's relation to Orlandu. In Japanese, Orlan refers to Orlandu at "gifu", which according to WWWJDIC can mean father-in-law, foster-father, or stepfather. To me this is really bizarre, particularly because in Chinese (Japanese uses a lot of Chinese characters), the characters for "gifu" strictly means foster father. However, it's clearly state that the Orlan is Count Orlandu's adopted son.