

FINAL FANTASY TACTICS: THE WAR OF THE LIONS

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"Sword in hand, a warrior clutches stone to breast  
In sword etched he his fading memories  
    In stone, his tempered skill  
By sword attested, by stone revealed  
    Their tale can now be told."

The Kingdom of Ivalice; forever guarded by the twin-headed lions and by the sun that shone upon them...

A year following the defeat of the Fifty Years' War, the King had died from a terminal illness earlier and the prince who was to succeed him was only two years of age. This meant his guardian would reign in his stead as King.

The Queen's elder brother, Duke Larg, was designated as guardian, but fearing the Queen's oppressive reign, the parliament ousted the potential prince and appointed instead the King's cousin, Duke Goltanna, as guardian and regent.

Both Dukes Larg and Goltanna were equally proven generals during the Fifty Years' War. Though Goltanna rallied support from the powerful Nobles, disenfranchised Nobles and knights clearly rallied around Larg.

Goltanna fought under the crest of the Black Lion while Larg fought under the crest of the White Lion.

This is the beginning of the upheaval which would later be known as "The War of the Lions".



(<https://imgur.com/gallery/t5QZwwx>)  
 ([https://finalfantasy.fandom.com/wiki/Final\\_Fantasy\\_Wiki](https://finalfantasy.fandom.com/wiki/Final_Fantasy_Wiki))

PROLOGUE

"I am Arazlam, student of Ivalice's Middle Age.

You are familiar with the War of the Lions, no? It was a bitter war of succession that rent the land of Ivalice in two. Here we first find mention of Delita Heiral, a hithertofore unknown young man, the hero who would draw the curtain of this dark act of our history.

His is a heroism of great renown - a story familiar to all who dwell within our land. Ah, but what the eye sees is oftentimes a mere fragment of the truth.

There was another young man, the youngest of House Beoulve, long famed for producing leaders of knights and men.

There is no official record of the role he played on history's stage. However, according to the Durai Papers, the existence of which became known to the public only this last year - they had long lain concealed in Church archives - this forgotten young man is in fact the true hero.

The Church maintains he was a heretic, an inciter of unrest and disturber of the peace.

Which accounts is to be believed?

Join me in my search to uncover the answer."

EXT. FIELDS OF GALLIONE - DAY

A richly beautiful landscape of grassy knolls and rivers.

A young knight kneels against the edge of a creek bed.

This is DELITA HEIRAL. He dons golden-red armor and a white cape with the emblem of a black lion.

He mounts his chocobo and signals for other chocobo-mounted knights to follow.

Together they dash from the woods.

They cross an open field, traverse the remains of an ancient stone ruin, then race towards their target-

A centuries old monastery remotely situated along a river embankment.

A dark storm looms over the building.

INT. ORBONNE MONASTERY - DAY

PRINCESS OVELIA prays alone at an altar while a female knight and an elder man in holy robes look after her.

OVELIA

O Father, abandon not Your wayward children of Ivalice, but deliver us from our sins, that we might know salvation.

FEMALE KNIGHT

Lady Ovelia, it is time.

OVELIA

(still kneeling)

I'll not be much longer, Agrias.

AGRIAS

Your escort has already arrived, Majesty.

ELDER

(steps forward)

Please, heed the good lady's words, Highness. You must hurry.

Three mercenary swordsmen enter the front doors.

MERCENARY LEADER  
Still in here, are you? It's been the  
better part of an hour!

AGRIAS  
Gaffgarion, you forget yourself, ser!  
You are in the presence of the  
princess!

The two swordsmen behind GAFFGARION kneel instantly. But he remains standing, head-bowed.

GAFFGARION  
Mayhap bowed heads would less offend.  
You would do well to waste less time  
on idle pleasantries.

AGRIAS  
I see even the noble Order of the  
Northern Sky cannot rid itself of  
vulgar knaves.

GAFFGARION  
(raises his head)  
A guard captain in these rain-sodden  
hinterlands ought not expect  
chivalry. We are in the employ of the  
Order, not of it. Our pay does not  
cover trite courtesies to the likes  
of you.

AGRIAS  
Guard your tongue!

OVELIA  
(stands)  
Enough. Let us be on our way.

The two swordsmen behind Gaffgarion arise. Ovelia addresses the robed man.

ELDER  
The Father watch over you, child.

OVELIA  
And you, Elder.

LIGHTNING FLASHES the screen as an injured female knight enters. She limps towards the princess.

The Elder rushes to her aid.

FEMALE GUARD

Milady! The enemy is upon us!

ELDER

Duke Goltanna's men?

Agrias rushes outside without hesitation.

Gaffgarion appraises his men.

GAFFGARION

We are paid for this. Time to earn  
our keep. What is it, Ramza? You  
above getting paid to do a job?

RAMZA

I'm a knight no longer. Just another  
sell-sword.

GAFFGARION

Right then. To battle!

The three swordsmen follow Agrias outside.

OVELIA

Deliver us, O Lord...

EXT. ORBONNE MONASTERY - DAY

Agrias and her two female Lionsguard knights stand before a host of enemies bearing a black lion's crest.

It is raining heavily. Harsh winds and loud thunder.

AGRIAS

They bear the crest of the Black  
Lion...Duke Goltanna must be mad!  
Does he mean to start a war?

ENEMY KNIGHT

You there, wench! You cannot hope to  
defeat us! You will surrender the  
princess! If not...Well, I would hate  
to see anything happen to that pretty  
face of yours.

Gaffgarion, Ramza and LADD join the battle.

GAFFGARION

A head-on assault. These swords of  
Goltanna...lackwits one and all.

AGRIAS

In that case, we should be able to handle this without you, Gaffgarion.

GAFFGARION

Mayhap you could, but there's no money to be made in that! Ladd!  
Ramza! With me!

The battle begins. Rain pours harder.

GAFFGARION (cont'd)

Kill them all! Leave no man standing!

AGRIAS

You would have us slaughter them? Are you mad? Kill them here and you'll have played into Duke Goltanna's hands! We need only put them to rout!

GAFFGARION

I find dead men rout more easily.

The party slays every enemy to the man.

Lightning flashes over the monastery's rain-soaked roof.

A SCREAM is heard from inside.

OVELIA

Unhand me!

AGRIAS

The princess!

INT. ORBONNE MONASTERY - DAY

Ovelia struggles with an armored assailant, Delita.

DELITA

This way. Be quick! And try making a little less noise.

OVELIA

I'll not take orders from you!

DELITA

You've quite a mouth on you,  
Princess.

Delita strikes Ovelia, knocking her unconscious. She falls into him.

DELITA (cont'd)  
Forgive me. 'Tis your birth and faith  
that wrong you, not I.

Agrias bursts into the church with Ramza at her tail.

They spot Delita just as he leaves through a back door.

AGRIAS  
Hold there! Damn!

Delita escapes as Agrias attempts to cut the kidnapper off.

But Ramza remains still, captivated at the sight of the person kidnapping the princess.

RAMZA  
Is it truly him?

EXT. ORBONNE MONASTERY - DAY

Ramza sprints out of the church for the back, looking frantically on as he barely catches a glimpse of Delita.

The two men acknowledge each other as Delita carries Ovelia with him on a chocobo mount.

Delita escapes, leaving Ramza shocked; and Agrias gives up her chase.

AGRIAS  
(catches her breath)  
It cannot be...

RAMZA  
Delita. He lives? But why does he  
fight under the banner of Duke  
Goltanna?

Rain continues to fall as the two look on, helpless.

END OF PROLOGUE

## CHAPTER I - THE MEAGER

(One year earlier...)

### INT. MAGICK CITY OF GARILAND, KNIGHTS APPRENTICE ROYAL MILITARY AKADEMAY - DAY

Ramza and his friend Delita are young cadets training at the Gariland Akademay to become Knights.

Arazlam narrates:

"Records of the hero Delita first appear one year before the outbreak of the War of the Lions. The loss of the Fifty Years' War saw knights returning from the front stripped of livelihood, their fealty to the Crown and nobility abandoned.

Many became rogues and traitors, men donning the thief's cloak and plotting treason against the Crown. It was a time of great unrest for Ivalice - murder and theft were commonplace.

Many were the young adventurer and mage who stepped forward to counter this threat. Of such, the city of Gariland, too, saw its share..."

KNIGHT APPRENTICE #1  
Another wain was struck last night on  
its way to Eagrose.

KNIGHT APPRENTICE #2  
The Corpse Brigade again?

RAMZA  
I wonder where all this leads...  
Delita, what do you make of this?

DELITA  
I'm not sure. I have my guesses,  
but...

RAMZA  
I'm listening.

DELITA  
I think Duke Larg is coming to  
Gariland.

RAMZA  
Duke Larg? Why?

DELITA

Not just the duke. The marquis  
Elmdore de Limberry, too.

RAMZA

That's the first I've heard of it.  
This has not the sound of a state  
visit.

DELITA

All of Ivalice is in turmoil. The  
Order's supposed to be keeping things  
under control, but the fact is, they  
number too few.

RAMZA

And they mean to bolster their  
numbers with us?

The apprentices file in as a Knight enters the room. He takes position on a wooden dais at the head of the gallery.

KNIGHT

All right, everybody, form up! The Order of the Northern Sky has an assignment for its knights apprentice. As I'm sure you're already aware, the number of brigands roaming Gallione is on the rise. Among them, the Corpse Brigade...a seditious lot with a grudge against the Crown.

Rogues such as they must be dealt with. The Order has been commanded to undertake an operation to eliminate the Brigade - an operation of a grand scale. We will not be acting alone. The Order will be joined by, among others, His Excellency Duke Larg's royal guard, stationed at Eagrose. This will leave Eagrose Castle undermanned. Your task will be to proceed there, and support us from the rear by bolstering its defenses.

A female knight walks in, whispers something briefly to the Knight, then leaves in a rush.

KNIGHT (cont'd)

The time to take up arms is upon you, young apprentices!

(MORE)

KNIGHT (cont'd)

I've just received word that a band  
of thieves routed by our knights  
flees here to Gariland, seeking  
refuge.

We will move to stop them, and finish  
the task of our brothers. You, young  
apprentices, will accompany us. This  
is but a squall before the storm of  
battle. Prepare yourselves at once!  
Dismissed!

Apprentices file out the gallery as they prepare to head  
into their first battle.

EXT. STREETS OF GARILAND - DAY

Knight apprentices stand off against a band of thieves and  
rogues. Ramza and Delita lead the charge.

ROGUE

What have we here...Wee moppets, is  
it? Our luck's went and turned for  
the better! Aw'right, lads! Cut  
through these ones and we're good as  
fled! We'll make quick work of them!  
And don't be leaving no squealers  
behind, neither!

The rogue and his band advance on the apprentices.

DELITA

Careful, Ramza! Remember: The well-  
aimed thrust pierces the mail.

RAMZA

Don't patronize me, Delita! We  
Beoulves know our way around a  
battlefield.

ROGUE

Beouvre, was it? Heir to the noble  
House Beouvre, I'd wager. Looks like  
we have ourselves some apprentices  
from the Akademy! Well, highborn  
moppets is still moppets!

RAMZA

Lay down your arms or die clutching  
them! None will mourn your passing.

ROGUE

And you mean to make us do that,  
then? You're in far over your little  
heads!

The battle ends and the thieves are stopped.

Ramza sheathes his blade, looking somewhat callow shaking  
his head over their dead bodies.

RAMZA

Honest work would see them die old in  
bed, yet they choose instead this  
early grave. Why persist in such  
folly?

INT. BEOULVE MANSE - DAY

In the waning days of the Fifty Years' War...

Arazlam narrates:

"Barbaneth Beoultre, a great hero in his own right who had attained the distinguished title of Knight Gallant, approaches the hour of his death."

ZALBAAG, DYCEDARG, and ALMA BEOULVE surround BARBANETH'S bed. Barbaneth is ailing and his death seems eminent.

BARBANETH

What news of...of the war?

ZALBAAG

The Order has struck a great blow.  
Limberry is ours once more. We will  
be able to recall our forces in  
Zeltennia anon. All goes as planned,  
Lord Father. Be not troubled.

DYCEDARG

The envoy dispatched to Advocate  
Lenarrio has returned. He has agreed  
to your proposal, Lord Father.

BARBANETH

Good, very...good. Then the war will  
die with me.

Alma is in tears.

ALMA

Father...

BARBANETH

There now, Alma. Do you want my...my  
last memory to be of your tears?

ZALBAAG

Where is that Ramza? He should be  
here at your side!

BARBANETH

Dycedarg, Zalbaag. You are dear to  
me. But Ramza is no less so. Though  
he be not the issue of the womb that  
bore you, my sons, still my blood  
courses his veins. Watch after him.

Loud footsteps are heard. Ramza bursts into the room.

RAMZA

Lord Father!

DYCEDARG

You forget yourself, Ramza.

BARBANETH

You have come. Good. Let me...let me  
look once more on your face.

RAMZA

Lord Father...

BARBANETH

How long has it been? You've grown  
into a...a fine young man. I would  
hear of your studies. You've been at  
the Akademy since...since spring, is  
it?

Ramza grabs his father's hand.

BARBANETH (cont'd)

Hear me, Ramza. For generations, we  
Beoulves have stood foremost of those  
who serve the Crown. Ours is the soul  
of the knight. Become a knight worthy  
of your name. Tolerate no injustice.  
Stray not from the true path. You  
will know the path you must walk. A  
Beouvre can...can walk no other...

RAMZA

I will not fail you, Father.

BARBANETH

Your friend, Delita. He is a good boy. He is lowborn, but he can serve you well. I've made arrangements for him to enter the Akademy.

(chuckles)

You should have seen the look on the headmaster's face. In the years ahead you will need someone whom you can trust. You could do far worse than Delita.

RAMZA

As...as you say, Father.

BARBANETH

Take care of your sister.

(with his last breath)

And show these brothers of yours what it is...what it is to be a knight...

EXT. MANDALIA PLAINS - DAY

Delita and Ramza chance upon a young squire taken hostage by a few highway brigands.

HIGHWAY BRIGAND #1

Looks like this one's still alive.  
What do we do with him?

HIGHWAY BRIGAND #2

What do you think we do with him?

HIGHWAY BRIGAND #1

Right, then. Your luck's run out,  
knaves, if ever you had any.

Ramza and Delita approach, weapons drawn.

HIGHWAY BRIGAND #2

Blast! One of the Order's patrols.

DELITA

The Corpse Brigade...And they've a hostage in their midst.

RAMZA

Our first duty is to destroy the Brigade. The enemy stands before us - attack!

DELITA

You would stand by and watch as they  
kill an innocent?

RAMZA

I hadn't planned on giving them the  
chance. Had you?

DELITA

(somewhat surprised)

I would save him myself, if it came  
to that.

The young squire, ARGATH, seizes the chance to free himself.

ARGATH

Reinforcements...and none too soon.

The three young men defeat the brigands.

RAMZA

Are you harmed?

ARGATH

I'll be fine. It is for the marquis's  
safety I fear.

RAMZA

The marquis? The marquis Elmdore de  
Limberry was here?

ARGATH

The very same. And to whom do I owe  
my gratitude?

RAMZA

We are knights apprentice from the  
Akademy at Gariland. We may be able  
to help you. But first I would hear  
more.

Post-battle. The three introduce one other.

ARGATH

My name Argath, a knight in His  
Excellency the marquis Elmdore de  
Limberry's household.

DELITA

A knight, you say?

ARGATH

Well, truth be told, I am a knight apprentice...as are you, if I'm not far mistaken.

RAMZA

A fellow knight-in-training, then. I am Ramza Beoulve, and this is Delita Heirral, my trusted friend.

Argath's face immediately lights up.

ARGATH

Beoulve? You're not of the Beoulves of the Order of the Northern Sky, are you? What fantastic luck! A blessing in the midst of disaster!

RAMZA

What-?

ARGATH

(takes Ramza's hand)  
The Order can help me rescue the marquis! It must!

DELITA

The marquis is held captive?

ARGATH

They took him hostage, yes, but he still lives! We must act quickly if he is to remain so. Should he be killed, I will lose everything...

Again, he takes Ramza'a hand, pleading with him.

ARGATH (cont'd)

You simply must help me! Please! I beg you!

DELITA

Calm yourself. Who's to say your marquis is to be killed, anyway? The Corpse Brigade would not take a man alive save there were value in keeping him so. Of that you can be sure.

RAMZA

There's little the three of us can do to help, in any case.

(MORE)

RAMZA (cont'd)  
 If the marquis was taken hostage,  
 Eagrose will be in an uproar. You can  
 be sure of that, too.

DELITA  
 Then before all else we will report  
 in to Eagrose. Are we agreed?

ARGATH  
 Agreed. We'll start there.

INT. EAGROSE CASTLE, SOLAR - DAY

Upon arrival at Eagrose, Ramza, Delita and Argath have a meeting with Ramza's eldest brother, Lord Dycedarg.

DYCEDARG  
 I hear you were decorated for your first victory, Ramza. They sing your praise from on high. You do honor to our name, my brother - and to me.

RAMZA  
 I am glad.

DYCEDARG  
 Oh? You would not seem it.

RAMZA  
 I am - forgive me. Your words do me far more honor than I have done you. No doubt word has already reached you, but the marquis de Limberry's carriage was waylaid, and the marquis taken. What have you a mind to do?

DYCEDARG  
 I have already asked Zalbaag to dispatch a squad in pursuit. These brigands must eventually come forth to demand ransom - that is, assuming the marquis yet lives.

Argath sharply rises to attention.

ARGATH  
 I beg of you, Lord Beoule! Lend me a hundred men that I might hunt the whoresons down!

Dycedarg is obliquely silent.

ARGATH (cont'd)

Please, my lord - grant me means to  
avenge my fallen friends!

DYCEDARG

Mayhap your ears fail you. I said  
that a squad is to be dispatched. You  
are not a man of Gallione. Leave her  
affairs to those of us who are.

ARGATH

B-but...my lord!

DYCEDARG

Do not assume to beg favors of me!  
Let me remind you, Argath, lest you  
forget your place. You are but  
another sword, not yet even knighted.

Argath takes his seat again, deflated.

DYCEDARG (cont'd)

The two of you will remain here at  
Eagrose, and serve among the castle  
guard. You needn't worry. Danger is  
not like to visit these walls.

EXT. EAGROSE CASTLE, GARDENS - DAY

Ramza, Argath and Delita walk amidst manicured roses. Argath stops along a bridge, and regales in lamentation.

ARGATH

My own house was once respected as  
highly as House Beoulve, you know. At  
least, until my grandfather was  
captured during the war. He turned  
traitor, thinking to buy his freedom  
with the lives of his friends. But  
his freedom scarce outlived his  
honor. He was not a dozen paces out  
their gate when the dagger found his  
back. Killed by some common squire,  
no more a knight than I. One of the  
men he betrayed later escaped and  
spread word of his misdeeds. My lord  
father would have none of it, of  
course. But he was the only one. Our  
bannermen deserted us, our reputation  
ruined.

He bends down and picks up a small stone, tossing it into the water.

ARGATH (cont'd)  
I suppose I had best remember my place. Your lord brother has no reason to lend ear to please from the likes of me.

A comely peasant girl calls from afar, waving.

TIETRA  
Delita!

DELITA  
Tietra!

RAMZA  
Alma! Zalbaag!

Alma, Zalbaag and Delita's sister, TIETRA, stand not too far away, making their way towards the three.

ALMA  
Ramza, you've come home!

RAMZA  
It's been some time, hasn't it,  
Zalbaag?

ZALBAAG  
I heard about Gariland. They say you made short work of those brigands. Now you're truly the right to call yourself a Beouvre. Father would be proud.

RAMZA  
Thank you, Lord Brother.

ZALBAAG  
Ha! You certainly haven't changed. Gods forbid you show a bit of cheer on being praised! And you, Delita! Do not think word of your deeds escapes our ears. Your sister's been so full of pride I quite feared she might burst!

Everyone turns to Tietra.

TIETRA

Worry not, my seams have held. I'm  
glad to see you looking so well,  
Delita.

DELITA

And I you. Have you settled in at  
school?

TIETRA

Yes, the others have all been quite  
kind to me.

ZALBAAG

Would that we could speak at greater  
leisure, but there are duties that  
require my attendance. Rogues do not  
catch themselves.

RAMZA

I understand. Good luck.

Zalbaag turns to leave and waves. He barely takes a few steps before speaking back to Ramza.

ZALBAAG

We received a note of ransom from the  
Corpse Brigade.

ARGATH

What!?

ZALBAAG

Something about it sits unwell with  
me. They are anarchists to be sure,  
bent on bringing down the  
aristocracy. But they fancy  
themselves righteous, and prey only  
on the nobility and those in our  
employ. Would such as they truly  
kidnap the marquis for want of coin?

ARGATH

Why wouldn't they? They're naught but  
common footpads!

ZALBAAG

One of the men I planted among them  
has not returned. I worry he may be  
caught up in something serious, but  
there are those who do not think some  
mere spy worth a search party's  
efforts.

RAMZA

Where was he last known to be?

ZALBAAG

A merchant city named Dorter in  
eastern Gallione. Guarding a castle  
grows dreadfully dull....Wouldn't you  
agree?

Zalbaag departs. Argath also prepares to leave by another exit. Ramza and Delita say their farewells to their sisters.

DELITA

Forgive us, Tietra. It seems we must  
be leaving sooner than we had  
planned.

TIETRA

Don't worry about me - just take care  
of yourself.

DELITA

(embraces her)

I will. Mind your studies! I'll be  
back before you've even noticed I'm  
gone.

Delita leaves with Argath. Tietra sees him out.

DELITA (cont'd)

Let's be on our way.

Ramza and Alma are alone.

ALMA

Tietra puts on a brave face, but the  
truth is not as honeyed as her words.

RAMZA

What do you mean?

ALMA

She has a hard time of it at school.  
The others tease her for being  
lowborn.

Ramza is unsure how to respond.

ALMA (cont'd)

Forgive me, I shouldn't have said  
anything. I'm sure you have worries  
enough of your own.

(MORE)

ALMA (cont'd)  
Tietra will be all right. I'm here to  
look after her.

RAMZA  
Then there is naught to worry about.  
But mind your own limits. You can't  
be responsible for everything.

ALMA  
Says the brother who never fails to  
do any and all that is expected of  
him. Don't lose sight of yourself,  
Ramza. You needn't let your life be  
ruled by the fact you were born a  
Beoulve.

RAMZA  
Now you're starting to sound like  
Mother. Ha ha ha!

He leaves, and Alma is left ruminating. A sharp wind blows.

ALMA  
Ramza...

EXT. MERCHANT CITY OF DORTER, SLUMS - DAY

In a back alley corridor, two men stand face-to-face in the  
empty streets. One appears a knight donning a white cape.

SWORDSMAN  
I said I know naught of it!

He tries to flee, but the White Knight stops him.

WHITE KNIGHT  
Do not speak false to me! I know what  
you've done! Where is Gustav? I will  
have it from you, one way or another!

SWORDSMAN  
I-I don't know.

WHITE KNIGHT  
What of the marquis? Where have you  
hidden him? Tell me!

He grabs the swordsman by the collar and tosses him down a  
ways.

The knight draws his blade and aims it at the swordsman's  
throat.

WHITE KNIGHT (cont'd)  
I will not ask again. Where are they?

SWORDSMAN  
The desert! Th-they're in the desert!

WHITE KNIGHT  
...The Sand Rat's Sietch.

RAMZA (O.S.)  
(from afar)  
Hold!

WHITE KNIGHT  
(turns)  
The Order's swords. My luck turns  
foul with the weather.

The Knight flees as Ramza and his companions arrive.

ARGATH  
It seems we did well to come here.

DELITA  
Have I not seen that man before?

RAMZA  
You know him, Delita?

DELITA  
I have seen his face, I'm sure of it.  
It was at Eagrose, just after the  
war's end...

The Swordsman stands and has summoned allies to his side.

RAMZA  
You'll pardon me my misgivings, but  
this has not the look of any joyous  
reunion. To arms!

They begin to battle.

DELITA  
I've just remembered! That man - his  
name is Wiegraf! He commanded the  
Dead Men during the war - a company  
of volunteers assembled from the  
peasantry.

ARGATH  
What? But that would make him-

DELITA

Aye. The commander of the Corpse  
Brigade.

The battle ends. And the three take a member of the Corpse  
Brigade prisoner.

INT. MERCHANT CITY OF DORTER, SHED - DAY

Ramza, Delita and Argath interrogate a Corpse Brigade  
prisoner who is on one knee.

Argath stands before him, while Ramza remains off to the  
side, and Delita leans against a wall.

ARGATH

We know you're of the Brigade.  
There's no use hiding it. Out with  
it!

The prisoner remains silent with defiance.

ARGATH (cont'd)

What have you done with the marquis?  
Where are you holding him? You were  
with your commander, Wiegraf, when we  
came upon you. Where has he gone?  
(grows impatient)  
Mayhap a beating would loosen your  
tongue!

Argath kicks the prisoner to his stomach, then pulls him up  
by the hair.

RAMZA

Enough, Argath!

ARGATH

Hmph. Listen well. A great host, with  
the Order at its van, prepares a  
sweeping campaign that will bring to  
book your turncloak Brigade. You will  
die. You will be hunted down to the  
last and slaughtered like the swine  
you are, for such is brigandry's  
reward. But you, pig, are a lucky  
one. Tell us what we wish to know,  
and you may yet keep your bacon. So,  
where is Wiegraf?

CORPSE BRIGADE PRISONER

How the bloody hell should I know?

Argath kicks him again, sending him flying backwards.

ARGATH

I'll not bear your ribald tongue,  
rogue! Learn to guard it, if you'd  
not have it cut from your throat!

CORPSE BRIGADE PRISONER

I am no...no rogue.

ARGATH

Tell that to the men you've robbed!

CORPSE BRIGADE PRISONER

You nobles are...all the same. You  
think every man...born outside a  
castle's walls...less than human. We  
fought for this kingdom at peril of  
our very lives. Yet the moment the  
war was ended...you turned us out  
into the streets. What do you think  
makes you so special? Birth? Blood?  
What difference does it make?

ARGATH

You kidnap men for ransom, then dare  
ask the difference between us?

CORPSE BRIGADE PRISONER

No...The marquis's kidnapping was...  
no plan of Wiegraf's. He would  
never...hold a man for ransom.

RAMZA

Then who? Someone kidnapped the  
marquis Elmdore de Limberry.

The prisoner struggles to breathe.

ARGATH

Speak! If not you, then on whom would  
you pin the deed?

CORPSE BRIGADE PRISONER

...It was Gustav.

ARGATH

Who is Gustav?

DELITA

Gustav Margriff - lieutenant  
commander of the Dead Men.

ARGATH  
So the Corpse Brigade was behind the  
kidnapping!

CORPSE BRIGADE PRISONER  
(rises to a knee)  
No! We're not like Gustav! We fight  
to end the aristocracy, not to become  
it! To be treated as equals - as the  
men of honor we are!

Argath kicks him a third time.

ARGATH  
What do maggots know of honor?

RAMZA  
That's enough, Argath!

ARGATH  
So where is this "Gustav"?

PRISONER  
In the Sand Rat's Sietch.

ARGATH  
Sand rat?

DELITA  
You are not of Gallione - small  
wonder you've not heard of them. Sand  
rats are unique to the Zeklaus  
Desert, north of Dorter.

RAMZA  
Do any villages lie between here and  
the desert?

DELITA  
Villages? No. At least, not anymore.  
But the desertmen once had a  
settlement on the outskirts, and its  
ruins remain.

RAMZA  
Then that's where we'll find Gustav  
and the marquis.

DELITA  
Aye, like as not.

ARGATH  
How can you be so certain?

DELITA  
A "sietch" is a sand rat's burrow -  
his home.

EXT. ZEKLAUS DESERT, "SAND RAT'S SIETCH" - DAY

A Corpse Brigade unit huddles along the perimeter of their hideout.

CORPSE BRIGADE KNIGHT  
Then you've heard? About the Order?  
They mean to strike us for true.

CORPSE BRIGADE ARCHER  
Aye, I've heard. So...what's to  
become of us?

CORPSE BRIGADE KNIGHT  
I say we forget this business and  
run. There's naught for it.

CORPSE BRIGADE MONK  
Agreed. If we follow Wiegraf, he will  
lead us only to our graves.

CORPSE BRIGADE KNIGHT  
Aye, that much is plain. Gods be  
good, Gustav's ransom of the marquis  
will fatten our purses enough that we  
can quit this life for good and all.

CORPSE BRIGADE ARCHER  
The Order...they're here!

Ramza, Delita and Argath take to arms.

RAMZA  
We must silence this watch before  
they can raise the alarm!

They defeat the lookouts before more troops can be summoned.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
The sand rats are long in the  
slaying. It is well no others have  
found us while we tarried here.

INT. ZEKLAUS DESERT, "SAND RAT'S SIETCH" CELLAR - DAY

WIEGRAF, the White Knight, and GUSTAV stand opposite each other, swords drawn.

The marquis is on the floor, as are a few unknown bodies.

WIEGRAF

You've taken leave of your senses,  
Gustav.

GUSTAV

Have I? What hope does your fool  
revolution hold? Dreams do not fill a  
man's stomach or make soft the packed  
earth on which he beds!

WIEGRAF

You see naught beyond the end of your  
nose. The Crown strays, Gustav. It  
must be led back onto the path.

GUSTAV

And you think yourself the man to do  
this? More the fool you, Wiegref.

WIEGRAF

(takes a step closer)

You have spoken your fill? Then we  
are done.

Gustav readies his sword and lunges at Wiegref.

Wiegref deftly parries and pierces Gustav through the chest.

GUSTAV

Auh...ghh...

Wiegref withdraws his blade and Gustav falls to the floor  
dead. Ramza, Delita and Argath enter, fresh from battle.

RAMZA

Wiegref!

ARGATH

The marquis!

Argath makes a move towards his liege lord, but Wiegref aims  
his sword in the same direction.

WIEGRAF

No further!

ARGATH

How dare you threaten me!

DELITA

Stay yourself, Argath.

WIEGRAF

The marquis is unharmed. You are free  
to return him to Eagrose.

RAMZA

Why release him?

WIEGRAF

The marquis's abduction was ill done.  
Such craven methods serve not our  
ends. Let me walk free, and I will  
release the marquis to your care. A  
fair bargain.

ARGATH

You mock us! You are in no position  
to bargain!

DELITA

(holds Argath back)

Enough, Argath! He speaks the truth.

The three men slowly make their way to the marquis, keeping  
an eye on Wiegref as he makes for the exit, sword drawn.

MARQUIS ELMDORE

Ahh...Unh...

They turn for the marquis. Wiegref dodges out of the  
building.

Argath starts to give chase, but Delita blocks his way.

DELITA

Let him go, Argath!

ARGATH

Why do you stay me?

DELITA

The Corpse Brigade is finished in any  
case. There is naught to be gained by  
a quarrel here.

RAMZA

The marquis is well. He is weak, but  
he would seem unharmed.

DELITA

We must see him back to Eagrose.

INT. EAGROSE CASTLE, SOLAR - DAY

Ramza, Delita and Argath are met with Dycedarg who is seated, scolding them for disobeying orders.

DYCEDARG

What madness possessed you that you would abandon your posts to traipse about the desert?

(off Ramza's silence)

Silence is not the answer I seek.  
Speak, and be quick with it.

DELITA

'Twas I who forced Ramza to go.

DYCEDARG

Was that the way of it, Ramza? Delita led your better judgment astray?

RAMZA

No...I went of my own choosing. The fault lies not with him.

DELITA

'Tis Ramza's noble disposition that guides his tongue, my lord. It is not as he-

RAMZA

You needn't be false on my behalf, Delita. It was I who chose to disregard orders.

DYCEDARG

Might I pose a question, Ramza? What purpose do laws serve when even those who would enforce them choose not to pay them heed? Adherence to the rule of law is a knight's solemn duty. It falls upon us, as Beouerves, to bear the burden of example. Is your intent to live up to your name - or to drag it with you through the mire?

RAMZA

...Forgive me, Lord Brother.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I believe the point is made, is it not, Dycedarg?

A robed man with a white lion's crest on his cape enters from the back door and walks to Dycedarg's side. This is DUKE LARG, leader of the Order of the Northern Sky.

Ramza and Delita immediately kneel. Argath quickly catches on and follows suit.

DUKE LARG

You must not let the how of it steal your eyes away from the what. Their rescue of the marquis was no small feat. It is the way of young men to be impetuous in their haste to do great things. We were not unlike them once.

DYCEDARG

To coddle them is to do them disservice, Your Grace.

DUKE LARG

So, you are Lord Dycedarg's younger brother. Rise, son of Gallione.

Ramza rises. Delita and Argath remain knelt.

DUKE LARG (cont'd)

Indeed, you are the very ghost of Barbaneth. His fire burns in your eyes, I can see it. Such strength and vitality would be wasted atop the castle walls.

He glances at Dycedarg, hinting at something.

DYCEDARG

Our campaign against the Corpse Brigade draws near its end. I will permit you to join in the final stage. Coordinated strikes are to be made on a number of their dens ere long. You will lead one of those assaults.

RAMZA

Very well, Lord Brother.

Ramza nods and the three knight apprentices leave.

Duke Larg walks to a window while Dycedarg remains seated.

DYCEDARG

My apologies, Your Grace.

DUKE LARG

It was not of your doing, Dycedarg. In truth, it serves only to show the caliber of man we were dealing with in Gustav. A change in plans was inevitable, once the fool went and staged the kidnapping within our very borders. And let us not forget - they did save the marquis's life. He will now be honor-bound to acquiesce. In the end, your brother's deeds have placed us in quite the favorable position.

DYCEDARG

The king's life hangs by a thread. We must move quickly now.

DUKE LARG

Indeed, my dear friend. I trust you will not fail me.

EXT. BRIGANDS' DEN - DAY

Heavy rain and winds beat down over a ramshackle hideout.

A small group of Corpse Brigade soldiers hide away. Their leader MILLEUDA measures their losses.

MILLEUDA

Our contact with the Brigade is lost. And I fear we may be lost as well.

CORPSE BRIGADE MAGE #1

How could you say such a thing? The battle is not yet even fought!

CORPSE BRIGADE MAGE #2

We mustn't give in to despair! Not until the nobles answer for all they've wrought!

MILLEUDA

It ought not have been like this. My brother was too soft. Too indecisive.

CORPSE BRIGADE LOOKOUT

The enemy!

Ramza, Delita and Argath make quick work of this waning branch of the Corpse Brigade.

## MILLEUDA

How can you nobles live as you do and yet hold your heads so high? We are not chattel! We are humans, no less than you! What flaw do you hold there to be in us? That we were born between a different set of walls? Do you know what it means to hunger? To sup for months on naught but broth of bean? Why must we be made to starve that you might grow fat? You call us thieves, but it is you who steal from us the right to live!

## ARGATH

You, no less human than we? Ha! Now there's a beastly thought. You've been less than we from the moment your baseborn father fell upon your mother in whatever gutter saw you sired! You've been chattel since you came into the world drenched in common blood!

## MILLEUDA

By whose decree!? Who decides such foul and absurd things?

## ARGATH

'Tis heaven's will!

## MILLEUDA

Heaven's will? You would pin your bigotry on the gods? No god would fain forgive such sin, much less embrace it! All men are equal in the eyes of the gods!

## ARGATH

Men, yes. But the gods have no eyes for chattel.

## MILLEUDA

You speak of devils, not gods!

## DELITA

Ramza, is this woman truly our enemy?

Milleuda is eventually felled.

## RAMZA

Lay down your sword. Resist us not, and your life will yet be spared.

Post-battle. Ramza, Delita and Argath interrogate an injured Milleuda.

MILLEUDA

I'm no more than chattel to you, am I? So have my head and be done with it!

RAMZA

Do you truly hold us to be so foul?

ARGATH

Do it, Ramza! She fights as a Corpse. Let her become one for true! She's a foe and a traitor - an enemy of House Beoulve! The world has no place for such wretches. Her claim to life is forfeit! Spare her now, and you place your seal on the warrants for our own deaths! It's her or us, Ramza! Strike her down!

DELITA

Try as I might, Ramza, I cannot think this woman our enemy.

ARGATH

Have you lost your wits?

DELITA

(turns to Argath)

This woman is no more chattel than you or I.

ARGATH

You would turn against our cause, Delita? I ought have expected as much!

MILLEUDA

(rises)

You deny me even the mercy of an honorable death. A pox on you and your pity! So long as you bear the name Beoulve, you will ever remain an enemy to me. You'd do well to remember that.

Milleuda limps away as the three men watch her go.

RAMZA

Delita...What have we done?

Delita shakes his head in pity.

Argath takes a few steps away and crosses his arms in disgust.

ARGATH

Hmph. A pox on your pity indeed.

EXT. EAGROSE CASTLE, BEOULVE MANSE - DAY

Rain and lightning fill the skies. Thunder roars over a girl's screams.

TIETRA

No, I won't go! Release me!

A band of the Corpse Brigade flees the castle, carrying Tietra away on a chocobo.

Their unit leader, GRAGOROTH, secures their escape.

GRAGOROTH

Be quick about it!

A Corpse Brigade thief drags Alma behind him.

ALMA

Y-you're hurting me! Let go! Zalbaag!

Zalbaag rushes out sword swinging, freeing Alma and slaying the thief.

GRAGOROTH

(flees)

Hmph. Time to cut losses.

ZALBAAG

Alma, are you unhurt?

ALMA

Yes, I'm fine. But Tietra-!

ZALBAAG

Yes, I know.

Dycedarg joins them, limping in pain.

ZALBAAG (cont'd)

Lord Brother!

DYCEDARG  
W-worry not, I am fine. Alma, are...  
are you all right?

ALMA  
They did not harm me. But you -  
you're bleeding badly!

DYCEDARG  
In no fevered dream would I have  
thought the Brigade so bold to strike  
us here...They must have come for me.

ZALBAAG  
Five among our guard are slain, and  
Tietra taken.

DYCEDARG  
Find them...Search every den and  
dovecote if you must.

ALMA  
Please, Brother, you mustn't speak!

DYCEDARG  
(closes eyes)  
Bloody...rebels...

Dycedarg falls to the ground.

ALMA  
Dycedarg!

INT. BEOULVE MANSE - DAY

Ramza and Delita return to Eagrose shortly after their skirmish. They have a word with Dycedarg who lays bedridden.

Alma and Argath are also in the room.

DYCEDARG  
I'm told you handled your duties most  
efficiently. Leave the cleanup work  
in our brother's capable hands, and  
take a well-earned rest. You've done  
well. Fear not for me...My wounds are  
not as grave as they might seem.

RAMZA  
Lord Brother, what...what of Tietra?

DYCEDARG

Zalbaag will lead a full-scale assault on the Brigade as soon as their garrison is found.

Delita is taken aback.

RAMZA

But-!

DYCEDARG

The enemy is routed. Less than a score of their number remain. Their leader yet eludes us, but time grows short for Wiegaf Folles.

RAMZA

And for Tietra as well. You would leave her to her fate?

DYCEDARG

I have taken measures to ensure Tietra's well-being. The attack waits upon her safe return - such time as that may require. Tietra is as a sister to me. I would never turn my back on her.

EXT. EAGROSE CASTLE, BEOULVE MANSE - DAY

Delita storms off, enraged. Ramza catches up to him.

RAMZA

Think matters through, Delita. Where would you even go? You must calm yourself!

DELITA

Calm myself? My only sister is taken by cutthroats, and you would have me calm?

He tries to leave but Ramza stays him.

RAMZA

I would have you obey reason! We know not where to begin. To search now would be fruitless.

Delita grabs Ramza by the collar.

DELITA

Fruitless!? You speak of my sister's life!

RAMZA

(chokes to get free)

You heard...my lord brother. He said he would not...abandon her. But there's little...we can do - Delita, I...cannot...breathe.

Delita releases him. Ramza falls to the ground panting.

DELITA

Forgive me, Ramza. Are you all right?

RAMZA

I...I'll be fine...

Argath steps up from behind.

ARGATH

I'd not believe a word of that fairy tale if I were you.

RAMZA

You call my brother a liar?

ARGATH

I do. I would not go out of my way to rescue some common maid.

DELITA

What did you say?

ARGATH

I said he would be a fool to hold back an army for fear of spilling a few drops of your common blood!

DELITA

As I thought-

Delita punches Argath to the face, sending him flying. Ramza restrains Delita from landing another blow.

RAMZA

Stop this, Delita!

DELITA

Release me! Damn you, Ramza, release me!

ARGATH

(wipes his lip)

Hmph. It's as I've always said:  
Common blood, common man. You'll  
never be more than you were born,  
Delita! You don't belong in our  
world. You ought be licking our boots  
with the rest of you ilk, churl!

DELITA

That does it-!

RAMZA

Enough, Delita! And you as well,  
Argath!

ARGATH

Open your eyes, Ramza! Delita is not  
one of us! It isn't proper that you  
should mix with such as he. Surely  
you see that?

RAMZA

Delita is my friend, and a dear one.  
We've been as brothers all our lives!

ARGATH

And that blinds you from the truth!  
You're a man grown, Ramza. It's time  
you left the playthings of your  
boyhood behind. You are a son of  
House Beouvre, a birth high even  
among the highborn. Such company ill  
suits you. Your brothers see this, I  
am sure. Even if you choose not to.

Delita knocks Ramza away, but does not advance on Argath.

DELITA

Not everyone of high birth is as ill-  
bred as you. I'll trust to Ramza's  
judgment.

He turns and leaves. Ramza confronts Argath.

RAMZA

Begone from my sight! And do not  
think to return!

ARGATH

Your words cut deep, Ramza. Are we  
not friends?

RAMZA  
Remove yourself! I'll not ask again!

Argath shrugs it off and starts to leave before turning back to Ramza.

ARGATH  
The Brigade makes its base at Ziekden. Your lord brother told me himself. You've no hope of breaching the fortress from the fore. Their defenses are too strong. A rear assault is your only chance. Best of luck, my soft-hearted friend. You'll need it.

RAMZA  
Begone!

Argath shakes his head then turns to leave.

EXT. MANDALIA PLAINS - EVENING

Ramza and Delita rest along some limestone rubble, watching the sunset. A hawk circles the sky above.

The two childhood friends commiserate.

DELITA  
It's beautiful, isn't it? Do you think - do you think Tietra might be watching this same sunset?

RAMZA  
Don't worry, Delita. I am sure she is well.

DELITA  
Something's been bothering me, Ramza. For some time now.

RAMZA  
Argath's words trouble you. Am I not right?

DELITA  
(lowers his head)  
There are things beyond the power of our changing, Ramza, try though we might.

RAMZA

Do not say that. If a thing can be  
endeavored, it-

DELITA

Will endeavor grant me an army? I  
would save Tietra with these hands,  
if aught were in my power to do. But  
I cannot. 'Tis my meager lot in this  
life...

He clenches a fist, then spots a flower where his hand was  
blocking.

DELITA (cont'd)

Do you remember, Ramza? When your  
father showed us how to make a  
whistle of a blade of grass?

Delita plucks a grass blade to his lip and creates a  
whistling noise. Ramza does likewise.

The wind carries their whistling over the fields.

EXT. LENALIAN PLATEAU - DAY

Ramza and Delita and again met by Milleuda and a fleeing  
Corpse Brigade unit.

MILLEUDA

They guard this way as well. No route  
is left to us out of these highlands.

CORPSE BRIGADE KNIGHT

Then let us lower our weapons and  
raise the white banner. We gain  
naught by-

MILLEUDA

If I'm to die, I'd sooner do so  
swinging a sword than swinging from  
the gallows! I'll not be led away in  
chains!

Milleuda and her troops fight for their lives.

DELITA

Where is Wiegraf? What you done with  
Tietra!?

MILLEUDA

Tietra? That Beoulve girl Gragoroth  
took hostage?

DELITA

Tietra is my sister, no more a  
Beoulve than you! Please, she's no  
value as a hostage! Return her, I beg  
you!

MILLEUDA

As you nobles return what you take  
from us? Our lives, our dignity, and  
all else that you have claimed as  
your own? We ask nothing more than  
that you return to us what is ours by  
right. But you deny us even that! You  
take and take, until there is naught  
left. Save your highborn breath. Your  
words are wind, and no amount of  
howling will see your sister free!

DELITA

But I...I'm not-!

Delita tries to persuade Milleuda to cease fighting to no avail.

MILLEUDA

I mustn't fall! Our struggle is not  
yet won!

Ramza grows tired of what he perceives is needless fighting.

RAMZA

Why this struggle? To what purpose do  
you fight? Have we wronged you? Have  
we somehow made you to suffer? I do  
not understand what fuels your  
hatred.

MILLEUDA

It is enough that you can stand there  
before me in ignorance of the  
misdeeds done us. You may not see the  
world beyond your high walls, but  
that does not mean they mark its  
boundaries. It may well be you've  
done no wrong. It is your place in  
the world that drives my hatred on.  
You bear the name Beoulve, and that  
name is my enemy.

After a grueling battle, Milleu is slain.

MILLEUDA (cont'd)  
F-forgive me...Brother...

RAMZA  
Why? Why must it end like this?

RAMZA (cont'd)  
What am I doing? What have I become?

INT. FOVOHAM FLATS, WINDMILL - DAY

Wiegraf and Gragoroth are in the middle of a heated argument. Several of their men have Tietra bound nearby.

WIEGRAF  
Why have you kidnapped this girl?

GRAGOROTH  
We had to take a hostage - there was no other way to escape.

WIEGRAF  
Then why not release her once you were clear of your pursuers? Do not tell me this madness has taken even you!

GRAGOROTH  
I am no Gustav, if that is your fear! Think, Wiegraf. We've lost the greater part of our number, and the Northern Order draws us upon us from all sides. She is of Beoulve blood. A hundred swords - a thousand! - could not buy our freedom with such ease!

WIEGRAF  
(turns to Tietra)  
So we fly - what then? Know you some happy haven in which we may alight? If we flee, they win once more. As they have always won. We must make for our children a fairer future than the past you and I have known. They must not suffer as we do! The stone we cast might raise only the smallest of waves, but see how they crash upon the shore! Waves rich with our blood...

GRAGOROTH

Then you order us to our deaths!?

WIEGRAF

If by our deaths a single drop of noble blood should water the earth, they shall not be in vain.

GRAGOROTH

Foolishness! The only blood the earth will drink will be our own.

WIEGRAF

(shakes his head)

The remainder of our forces should yet be safe in our fastness at Ziekden. We must rejoin them - together we have the strength to strike!

GRAGOROTH

(deflates)

And if they are already dead?

A Corpse Brigade messenger rushes in and whispers something in Wiegref's ears.

WIEGRAF

Milleuda? Slain? Impossible...

Wiegref raises an ever-tightening fist.

CORPSE BRIGADE MESSENGER

The company which slew here must approach even now. Your orders, Commander?

WIEGRAF

We quit this place at once! We shall make for our fastness at Ziekden. The girl will be left here, Gragoroth.

CORPSE BRIGADE LOOKOUT (O.S.)

The Northern Sky is upon us! They attack!

The messenger rushes out. Wiegref makes a last-minute executive decision.

WIEGRAF

They waste little time. I shall hold them off here! Gragoroth, you will take the others and make for Ziekden!

Wiegraf exits the mill.

GRAGOROTH  
I will run, yes. But I do not mean to die!

He takes a long hard glance at Tietra.

EXT. FOVOHAM FLATS - DAY

Wiegraf confronts Ramza and Delita outside the windmill.

WIEGRAF  
Your faces are known to me. But I did not know that you would one day kill my sister. Milleuda deserved a better death - they did not even send proper knights to kill her!

RAMZA  
She was your sister...I am sorry.

WIEGRAF  
I will not flee before her murderers. I'll avenge Milleuda's death or die in the trying!

Wiegraf, the White Knight, is enraged as he strikes.

DELITA  
My sister, Tietra - you will set her free!

WIEGRAF  
Your sister? Then you are a Beouvre, yes?

RAMZA  
He is not. If it is a Beouvre you seek, address yourself to me!

WIEGRAF  
So, Gragoroth has erred. But surely the girl must hold some connection with House Beouvre?

RAMZA  
You draw no distinction between our house and those who deal with us?

WIEGRAF

Should I? Well, it matters not. There was no question as to her release. We make not habit of holding hostages. But first we've a score to settle. You will see her free - if you live to see aught at all!

Ramza and Wiegraf cross swords.

RAMZA

Lay down your arms, Wiegraf! What end will more deaths serve?

WIEGRAF

What end did my sister's death serve?

RAMZA

We did not set out to kill her! This quarrel need not be settled by the sword. Let us treat, and persist not in this bloodshed!

WIEGRAF

You see it not - the reason we hold fast to our steel! What advantage might I hope to enjoy at the treaty table? And who would set a seat for me there? You? Even were it in your power, your brothers would never heed any agreement we might reach!

RAMZA

My brothers do not want this fight! Set down your sword, Wiegraf, and my brothers will treat with you!

WIEGRAF

Ha! No spoony bard could spin a sweeter tale! You say your brothers do not want this fight? Tears then, for the world you see is one beyond my weary sight.

Still they fight, with neither gaining the upper hand.

RAMZA

You would have me believe my brothers plot at war?

WIEGRAF

Callow child. The hands that guide history's reins are ever black with blood. Think you Dycedarg's hand more just? A new justice is born and dies on the lips of each man who would pronounce it.

RAMZA

Do not mock my brothers!

Wiegraf falls to his knees from his wounds.

WIEGRAF

You fight well, boy. Forgive me, Milleuda! But there is too much left undone for me to lay down my life now.

RAMZA

Wiegraf, wait!

WIEGRAF

(as he flees)

Who do you think sent Gustav to kidnap Marquis Elmdore? It was none other than your lord brother, Dycedarg. With Lord Zalbaag's approval, to be sure.

RAMZA

Absurd! Why would Dycedarg do such a thing?

WIEGRAF

The Lions vie for power in the void left by the king's death. I speak, of course, of Larg, the White Lion, and Goltanna, the Black. Each hopes to learn who may be counted as friend, and who as foe. But such things are not so easily read. Easier rid yourself of those whose loyalty is uncertain, and install others to rule in their stead. I fear Gustav, fool that he was, tired of our rebellion, and was taken in by the silver tongue of your dear brother, Dycedarg.

RAMZA

Lies! No Beouvre would do a thing so craven as this!

WIEGRAF

Do not take my word for it. Judge  
their actions for yourself. Farewell,  
young Beoulve.

Wiegraf escapes the battlefield.

RAMZA

Wiegraf! Coward! You insult my name,  
and flee in the same breath!

INT. FOVOHAM FLATS, WINDMILL - LATER

Ramza and Delita rush inside the shed after the battle.

Delita searches every crate and corner.

DELITA

Tietra! Tietra, where are you!? She's  
not here. Where have they taken her!?

RAMZA

Wiegraf has lied to us! Come, Delita!  
We must hurry to Ziekden. Tietra is  
there, I'm certain of it.

DELITA

Why? Why is this happening? Why,  
Ramza? Why Tietra?

Delita falls to his knees, helpless and sobbing.

RAMZA

I'm sorry, Delita...

EXT. ZIEKDEN FORTRESS - DAY

A snow-dusted keep where a few remaining Corpse Brigade  
stragglers take refuge.

A Northern Sky unit holds its position firm around the  
perimeter.

Zalbaag and Argath stand below Gragoroth, who holds Tietra  
hostage on a rampart bridge.

GRAGOROTH

Back whence you came! Quick as  
shadows, or this one's blood makes  
crimson snow! Do not think to try my  
patience!

(MORE)

GRAGOROTH (cont'd)  
 This keep packs such a store of  
 powder as you could scarce imagine!  
 More than enough to deliver the lot  
 of you to the Father's keeping,  
 should your feet lack proper haste!

ZALBAAG  
 The Order of the Northern Sky yields  
 not before the braying of rogues!

Ramza and Delita rush to the fray just in the nick of time.

RAMZA  
 Lord Brother! Argath!

DELITA  
 Tietra!

TIETRA  
 Delita-!

GRAGOROTH  
 Withdraw at once! I'll not warn you  
 again!

ZALBAAG  
 This changes nothing, Argath. Loose  
 your attack!

ARGATH  
 Yes, my lord!

Argath nocks a crossbow, and in a surprising act, fires a bolt through Tietra's heart. She falls limp.

Delita and Ramza are taken aback. Gragoroth, confused and surprised, backs away in shock.

GRAGOROTH  
 Gods have mercy...

Argath looses another bolt, hitting Gragoroth and knocking him off his feet.

TIETRA  
 D-Delita....I'm...sorry..

DELITA  
 Tietra-!

Delita falls to his knees as another Northern Sky Knight appraises Zalbaag.

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT  
Lord Commander! More enemies scale  
the pass! Two score, mayhap three. A  
man of Wiegraf's look moves among  
them!

ZALBAAG  
Very well. We go to greet them at  
once. I leave the rest to you,  
Argath.

Zalbaag leaves with the Knight.

GRAGOROTH  
Curse the lot of you...

Gragoroth slowly backs into the keep.

DELITA  
Tietra!-

Delita shoves Ramza aside. A deep and vengeful hatred fills  
his eyes looking upon Argath.

ARGATH  
And where do you presume to go,  
Delita?

DELITA  
You whoreson dog!

ARGATH  
It is to be a fight, then? I'm only  
too happy to oblige!

RAMZA  
(still reeling)  
Zalbaag...Dycedarg...How could you?

ARGATH  
Come! I will show you that common  
blood makes naught but a common man!

Argath whistles for troops to join him.

A snowstorm rages over the battlefield as Ramza and Delita  
fight their former friend.

RAMZA  
Why did you do it, Argath? What moved  
your hand?

ARGATH

Your lord brother's orders, Ramza.  
What else? Would you have had us  
kneel before them, and offer up the  
Order's honor in exchange for the  
life of some common wench?

RAMZA

She was Delita's sister!

ARGATH

Is it not time you awoke to the fact  
that we are different from them? They  
are of lesser birth, and so meant to  
play lesser roles in life! Such is  
the nature of fate, Ramza! That  
commoner and his sister ought never  
have been here at all! Had they been  
mongering flowers on some street  
corner, she would yet live.

The fighting continues.

ARGATH (cont'd)

What of you, Ramza? Why do you now  
raise arms against us? To turn your  
blade on us is treason! You would  
turn your cloak and name yourself a  
traitor to the Order of the Northern  
Sky?

RAMZA

But - the Order would never forgive  
what you've done!

ARGATH

Does your naivety know no end? How  
ironic is fate, that one such as you  
would be born a Beoulve!

Delita furiously charges at Argath.

DELITA

Make your peace with the gods,  
Argath! You die by my hand!

Ramza struggles against the bitter cold.

RAMZA

My birth was not of my choosing!

## ARGATH

Spare me the bleating, you are no sheep! You are a Beoulive, self-chosen or not! Yours is a line of champions, of lords among men! To do great deeds is your destiny, and your duty as well. Much is there that cannot be done, save by your hand. It falls to you to see it so - to act where we cannot.

## RAMZA

I will not be made a puppet!

## ARGATH

You? A puppet? Don't be absurd! The puppets stand before you, Ramza! Long have we danced for House Beoulive, that it might reign on history's stage. A dance that serves our ends, to be sure. The Beoulive name is our shield, behind whose aegis we've long thrived. It is the way of things! People are used, and use others in turn. How do you think you came to be where you are? You are loath to be used, yet you fain use others. Even your so-called friend Delita!

## RAMZA

What do you mean?

Delita takes an injury.

## RAMZA (cont'd)

Delita, you're hurt!

## DELITA

Speak not to me! When Argath falls, my vengeance turns on you, Ramza!

## RAMZA

Delita...

Ramza and Delita valiantly stave off Argath and his troops.

Argath continues to loose bolts at them from behind cover.

## ARGATH

Do not pretend at ignorance. You know what must be done for name's sake.

(MORE)

ARGATH (cont'd)  
You made that much clear on Mandalia  
Plain, when you put orders ahead of  
aiding me!

RAMZA

I-!

ARGATH  
(fires at Delita)  
Does it grieve you, Delita, to see  
the depths of your own weakness laid  
bare? No mere commoner can leave his  
mark on history! You've not the  
power! Be glad you know enough to  
lament it. 'Tis all you can do, and  
more than you deserve!

DELITA

Is your forked tongue done flitting?  
What I'd hear from your lips are not  
words!

ARGATH  
Laughter, then? Be not so hasty,  
Delita! You'll hear that soon enough,  
when you are on your way to your dear  
sister's side!

DELITA

I'll not be told what I will do, or  
when! Not by you, nor by any other!

Together, Ramza and Delita finish off Argath and his troops.

ARGATH  
N-no...Not at...the hands of...  
milksop rabble...

Post-battle. On the rampart bridge.

Delita stands over Tietra's dead body.

Snow falls gently over them and the mood is somber.

Delita kneels to pick up his sister and holds her tightly in  
his arms.

Ramza runs up to him, standing a good distance away.

RAMZA  
I'm sorry, Delita.

An EXPLOSION suddenly rocks the keep. It knocks Ramza back, and he looks around frantically.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
What was that?

He spots black smoke billowing from a tower window and beckons to Delita.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Delita! We must away!

Delita either can't hear him or refuses to.

A second EXPLOSION knocks Ramza off his feet.

EXPLOSIONS IGNITE ACROSS VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE FORT.

Ramza crawls along the ground as smoke blows past him. He searches around the ensuing smoke and flame for Delita.

Delita still holds his fallen sister, refusing to budge-  
Ramza vaults for the rampart, holding his arm.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Delita! Delita!

An engulfing fire rips through the rampart and the entire fort.

EXT. ZIEKDEN FORTRESS - LATER

Blinding snow in every direction. Calm, serene, and grey.

Ramza limps along a ridge, crusted in blood and ash. He walks as if numb to the world around him.

RAMZA (V.O.)  
I had lived my life the only way that I had known. But when the pillars of that life came crashing down, I did not stand and watch them fall.

The screen goes black.

RAMZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I turned, and walked away.

CHAPTER II - THE MANIPULATOR AND THE SUBSERVIENT

(We are once again in the present...)

EXT. ORBONNE MONASTERY - DAY

A storm still rages following Ovelia's kidnapping by Delita.

An older battle-weary Ramza dwells over what he's just witnessed.

GAFFGARION

What's this, Ramza? Do you know him?

Agrias steps out from the Monastery.

AGRIAS

He carries the princess with him.  
They'll not be able to travel far.

GAFFGARION

You mean to give chase?

AGRIAS

What else? I will not return to the  
Crown in shame!

GAFFGARION

Well, you'll have no help from us!  
Our agreement said naught of this!

AGRIAS

I would not accept your help if you offered it! A true knight is all too eager to set right what he has let go amiss. The Lionsguard will serve the king's justice. Lavian, Alicia. We leave at once!

The Elder walks out, ignoring the rain.

AGRIAS (cont'd)

Elder Simon! You are unharmed?

ELDER SIMON

The Princess..! What of the princess?

AGRIAS

(shakes her head)

She is taken. I am sorry. But you may put your fears to rest. We go to rescue her!

ELDER SIMON

No. No, milady, you mustn't! You would only throw your own life away.

AGRIAS

Your worry will find no purchase with me. A knight is oathbound to render aid!

RAMZA

(steps forward)

Then we must lose not time. I want to go with you! I'll be no trouble to you, I swear it!

GAFFGARION

Nonsense, Ramza! This is no concern of ours!

RAMZA

I must go! I must know if it's truly him!

GAFFGARION

The boy, eh?

Ramza slowly nods. Gaffgarion turns away and steps off.

GAFFGARION (cont'd)

Well, there it is. Gods know where this path leads us.

EXT. MERCHANT CITY OF DORTER, ALLEYWAY - DAY

A Knight in Templarate robes haggles with a back-alley sellsword.

TEMPLAR

A purse of five hundred gil per head.

SELLSWORD

'Tis coin I lack, not wits. Two thousand or you can stick them yourself.

TEMPLAR

Mayhap you forget the ease with which men are branded heretics.

SELLSWORD

Threats, is it? A thousand, then.

TEMPLAR

Seven hundred. I can offer no more.

SELLSWORD

Done. Let it never be said that I was aught but a pious man.

TEMPLAR

I pray your newfound piety lends not itself to mercy. They will be here soon, and I shudder to think of your fate should any of them survive.

Ramza, Agrias, and Gaffgarion enter the alley.

TEMPLAR (cont'd)

Hmph. No sooner speak the devil's name than he doth appear. You've work to do. Best be about it.

The Templar vanishes into the shadows. The sellsword turns to his target, only to regret it moments later.

SELLSWORD

Gods be good, that's Ser Gaffgarion!  
Seven hundred a head for this!?

He whistles for mercenary reinforcements.

GAFFGARION

An ambush! This day grows lovelier by the hour.

AGRIAS

If you'd not fight, the road home lies behind you.

GAFFGARION

While I make no habit of charity, I could not well abandon so goodly a wench to rogues.

AGRIAS

Do not patronize me, ser!

They fight off the ambush.

AGRIAS (cont'd)

We cannot linger. We must find Lady Ovelia!

GAFFGARION

And how shall we do that? Call out  
her name and hope she comes running?

AGRIAS

Her captors have but one place to go.  
The impenetrable walls of Fort  
Besselat.

RAMZA

Then we must lose not time.

EXT. ZEIRCHELE FALLS - DAY

Delita and Ovelia are cornered on both sides of a bridge by a host of Northern Sky Knights above a raging waterfall.

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT

Stand aside, ser! You are defeated!  
Surrender the princess, and no more blood must needs be spilt!

DELITA

Do you so enjoy the taste of lies?  
Your orders are to see the princess dead! And once I've watched you feed the falls her blood, I'm to believe you'd let me live, a witness to your crime?

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT

What foolishness is this? We came to save the princess, not to kill her! What could we possibly gain by Lady Ovelia's death? We wish only to see her freed from the Black Lion's claws!

Ramza, Agrias and Gaffgarion arrive.

AGRIAS

Your Highness!

OVELIA

Agrias!

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT

Hmm. It seems we are no longer alone. Gaffgarion! Kill them all!

GAFFGARION

A change of plans...but a contract is  
a contract, after all!

AGRIAS

You would now betray us!?

GAFFGARION

Betray you? You have a viper's  
tongue, milady. I betray no one. I am  
in the Order's employ, and they are  
of it. My task was to see the  
princess safely abducted. And theirs,  
to see the one responsible silenced.

AGRIAS

You mean to say the kidnapping was a  
ruse?

GAFFGARION

The princess is an obstacle to the  
throne. So long as she lives, the  
threat remains that someone could  
assert her claim above Prince  
Orinus's. Two heirs are one too many!

Delita shields Ovelia.

DELITA

If her death is certain, then let it  
least not be in vain. Kill her if you  
must, but let it be held she was  
taken by Goltanna's men. Do that, and  
the stroke that fells a problem  
princess at once brings down a rival  
Lion. That was no doubt Larg's plan  
all along...Or was it his? Such a  
plot has more the feel of Dycedarg's  
thinking. Would you not agree, Ramza?

GAFFGARION

That one has the right of it, Ramza.  
Come, let us earn our pay!

RAMZA

No...not again. I will not watch as  
sacrifices are made of the weak and  
innocent. She will not be another  
Tietra!

Ramza and Delita once again fight alongside each other  
against the Northern Sky troops.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Delita! You live!

DELITA  
So I do. And you, ever your lord  
brothers' faithful hound?

RAMZA  
Are you mad? I knew naught of any of  
this! What of you, Delita? You now  
play party to their plot?

DELITA  
Surely you jape! I came to rescue the  
princess! I would not see her made a  
tool for others to use to their own  
ends!

GAFFGARION  
If you would lie, boy, at least lie  
well! You are no knight errant! You  
were paid to take the princess. Do  
not play the fool with me! Name the  
man who bought your sword!

DELITA  
I sell my sword to no one! Do not  
count me among your lot!

GAFFGARION  
Spare me the lecture, I ask for a  
name! You'd have me believe some  
bright-eyed pup caught wind of this  
plan and rescued the princess in the  
name of justice!? Who gives you your  
orders? Who told you of this plot!?

DELITA  
That is not for you to know!

Delita valiantly protects Ovelia from the Northern Sky  
Knights.

OVELIA  
Tell me, ser - are you friend or foe?

DELITA  
I am a human being, no different from  
you.

Agrias rushes to Ovelia's side as Gaffgarion closes in.

AGRIAS

Hold on, Your Highness! I am coming  
to help!

GAFFGARION

Do not be so sure of that!

AGRIAS

Have you any idea what you do? The  
path you tread leads only to  
perdition! An adopted daughter she  
may be, but a daughter of kings no  
less! To lay a finger on her is  
treason!

GAFFGARION

Of that, I am well aware. But your  
daughter of kings stands in the way  
of kings-to-be! Princess or no, her  
worth is spent. And those born of  
kings do not outlive their worth.

AGRIAS

Do you mean to mock her!?

GAFFGARION

No more than we are mocked. Have you  
once seen a man of royal blood stay  
his hand when a commoner blocked his  
way? The only difference is that  
those of royal blood are protected by  
lackwits like you, who swear fealty  
without even a thought! Even should  
the princess live, it would be only  
as a pawn in another's game. To kill  
her now is a mercy!

AGRIAS

Then it is a mercy I will not see her  
done!

Amidst the fighting, Gaffgarion is felled.

GAFFGARION

Damn it...

He escapes the battlefield, and the remainder of the Order  
flee.

Post-battle. Ramza and Delita converse atop the bridge over  
the waterfall.

Agrias keeps Ovelia behind her at a safe distance.

DELITA

Let the princess with me. She will be  
safer in my care.

RAMZA

What is this game you play with us,  
Delita?

DELITA

Game? I do no more than speak the  
truth. You've made an enemy of the  
entire Order of the Northern Sky.  
Where would you now take her? Think  
Ramza. This was Duke Larg's plan -  
and he would not act without counsel  
of the queen. You cannot trust the  
Crown. Would you then turn to  
Goltanna? No, that would be folly. He  
would only offer up your heads in  
hopes of keeping his own.

AGRIAS

And what, ser, would you propose to  
do?

DELITA

I would do only that which you, my  
lady, cannot.

RAMZA

You speak in nothings.

DELITA

So I do. But pay it no mind. I shall  
leave her with you for yet a while  
longer.

Delita turns to leave, but Ramza stops him.

RAMZA

Delita. I did not think we would meet  
again, but...I'm glad we have.

Delita looks upward at a lone hawk flying across the partly  
cloudy sky and a bright sun.

DELITA

It was Tietra.

He clenches a locket in his gauntlet.

DELITA (cont'd)  
She watched over me then - as she  
does now.

He lowers his fist. Ovelia rises past Agrias.

OVELIA  
Know that you go with my thanks, Ser  
Delita.

DELITA  
(back still turned)  
Ramza. I hope this meeting is not our  
last.

Ramza, Agrias and Ovelia are left standing on the bridge.

AGRIAS  
I owe you my thanks as well. But he's  
right. The Northern Sky will not be  
long in falling on us now.

RAMZA  
This is the path I've chosen. But  
what now? Delita spoke true. We've no  
allies to whom we can turn.

AGRIAS  
We could entreat Cardinal Delacroix  
for aid. The Church of Glabados rules  
in Lionel. Surely they would not  
refuse us.

RAMZA  
We'd be beyond reach of the Northern  
Order there as well. Very well. We  
make for Lionel.

EXT. CASTLED CITY OF ZALAND - DAY

A band of outlaws chase down a young man down the street  
into an alleyway.

OUTLAW SWORDSMAN  
You've nowhere left to run! All we  
want is the Stone - we needn't take  
your life.

YOUNG MAN  
What stone? I have no stone!

OUTLAW SWORDSMAN  
Do not play the fool with me,  
Mustadio! Do you forget that we hold  
your father? It's simple. Give us the  
auracite, and your father lives.  
Right, then. Seize him!

The outlaws charge after MUSTADIO, a young machinist. But he evades their pursuit across the rooftops.

MUSTADIO  
I have a message for your keeper,  
Ludovich! Tell him that if he lays so  
much as a finger on my father, he'll  
never see the auracite again!

Agrias and Ramza happen upon the conflict from the other side of a wall.

AGRIAS  
What trouble is this? I think that  
man is being chased.

RAMZA  
I'd sooner avoid trouble, but we've  
no choice. We must help him!

The three fight off Mustadio's pursuers.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Are you all right?

MUSTADIO  
I should be, yes. Thank you. You  
saved my life.

INT. CASTLED CITY OF ZALAND, ABANDONED HOME - DAY

Agrias keeps a lookout while Ramza helps Mustadio with his wounds.

MUSTADIO  
Street dogs running for the Baert  
Trading Company.

AGRIAS  
The Baert Trading Company?

MUSTADIO  
Ah, then you've heard of them. But  
they're no ordinary traders.  
(MORE)

MUSTADIO (cont'd)

That business is only a front for more...lucrative pursuits. Opium smuggling, slave trading - all manner of vile thing, on a grand scale.

RAMZA

What did you do to draw the attention of such as these?

MUSTADIO

I'm a machinist. Do you know the history of my trade?

AGRIAS

They say the ruins of a lost civilization lie buried beneath the streets of Goug, the Clockwork City. Relics from the age of Saint Ajora, when airships numerous beyond counting filled the skies, and men of iron walked the city streets. But the art of crafting such things was lost - if it ever truly existed at all.

MUSTADIO

But it did exist. The ground beneath Goug holds the hulks of airships, and a thousand fragments of machines the gods alone know the working of. A machinist toils to restore this lost legacy - to see these works brought to life again.

RAMZA

The device you used during the battle - is that one of these machines?

MUSTADIO

What, this?

Mustadio draws his weapon.

MUSTADIO (cont'd)

This is a weapon called a "pistol". It uses an explosive powder to propel a metal projectile toward its target. This one is of simple make. There were once pistols said to fire projectiles infused with magicks.

RAMZA

Hmm.

AGRIAS

So why do these hounds of the Baert  
Trading Company chase after you?

MUSTADIO

You said you were going to see  
Cardinal Delacroix, yes? The cardinal  
is a hero who fought in the Fifty  
Years' War. To this day the people of  
Lionel honor him as such. As does my  
father. He believes that the cardinal  
is the only man who can keep the  
realm from descending into chaos. The  
cardinal will receive you, hear your  
plea. And the princess will be safe.

AGRIAS

And what is it you want?

MUSTADIO

To go with you. I have my own reason  
for wanting to speak with the  
cardinal.

AGRIAS

That being?

MUSTADIO

To save my father! He is held  
prisoner. The cardinal is my only  
hope to free him! Alone, I am just  
another machinist - the cardinal  
would never see me. That's why I  
would join you.

AGRIAS

You still haven't answered my  
question. Why is the Baert Trading  
Company so interested in you?

MUSTADIO

(lowers his head)

I...I cannot tell you. Not now.

AGRIAS

Then you remain here.

MUSTADIO

No! I must see the cardinal! You must  
trust me, please!

Ovelia enters from an adjacent room. Agrias and Ramza immediately kneel.

OVELIA  
Very well, then. You will come with us.

MUSTADIO  
You mean it? Thank you, my lady.  
Thank you!

AGRIAS  
You stand before the princess!

Mustadio hurriedly kneels.

OVELIA  
There is no need. You may rise.

They all rise.

AGRIAS  
Then it's settled. We will trust to your word.

#### EXT. BALIAS TOR - EVENING

Ramza, Agrias, Mustadio and Ovelia stop for a brief respite on their way to Lionel Castle.

Agrias and Ovelia stand amidst some ruins and have a private word, seeing Lionel's ramparts along the horizon.

AGRIAS  
Lionel Castle, Highness. Do you see it? Just beyond those mountains.

OVELIA  
We still have a long journey ahead. Do you think Cardinal Delacroix will aid us?

AGRIAS  
The cardinal is said to be a man with utmost devotion to the Crown, Highness. Even amid this turmoil he has held the middle ground, siding with neither Duke Larg, nor Duke Goltanna. I do not think him a man to sully his honor by handing you over to either side.

OVELIA  
I pray you are right.

Ovelia walks towards a tall tree.

AGRIAS  
He has influence with the Church of Glabados. A word from him, and the Church itself will take you under its protection.

OVELIA  
Would that I were born no princess.

Ovelia picks up some leaves and drops them gently to the ground.

AGRIAS  
My lady...

Ramza notices the two deep in conversation from afar, and listens from behind a wall.

OVELIA  
My entire life has been spent behind sacred walls. The only sky I've known, hemmed in by slate and stone. Did you know, before I was sent to Orbonne, I was in another monastery? When I heard I was to be the adopted daughter of the late king, and after-ever in a monastery. It's not been such a bad life, I suppose. Only... knowing that men die, for no more reason than that I am the princess - it's almost more than I can bear.

AGRIAS  
Highness, you must not blame yourself. The fault lies with those who would use you for their own ends.

Ovelia drops another leaf.

OVELIA  
There was another girl at Orbonne. She told me she, too, had lived her entire life within the monastery halls. We joked that we two should share so strange a fate. A funny thing to laugh at, don't you think?

AGRIAS  
You speak of Lady Alma, of House  
Beoulive.

OVELIA  
My only true friend. What if Cardinal  
Delacroix makes to use me, like all  
the rest?

Agrias goes quiet.

MUSTADIO (O.S.)  
Ramza! Where have you gotten off to?  
It's almost time to leave!

Mustadio catches Ramza from behind, in the middle of  
eavesdropping.

MUSTADIO  
I didn't think to find you here. What  
are you doing?

AGRIAS  
What news have you?

MUSTADIO  
All is quiet. It would seem the  
Northern Order hasn't reached Zaland,  
for the time.

Ovelia attempts to whistle with a blade of grass to no  
avail. Ramza walks up to her and picks up his own grass  
blade.

OVELIA  
A friend once showed me how to do  
this. But I'm afraid I've never quite  
gotten it right.

Ramza whistles.

RAMZA  
Just like that - it's simple, you  
see?

OVELIA  
Like this?

She does it correctly this time.

OVELIA (cont'd)  
It's really not so hard, is it?

The wind carries their whistling over the Lionel mountains.

INT. EAGROSE CASTLE, SOLAR - DAY

Dycedarg and Gaffgarion plot at a table.

DYCEDARG

Our little mockingbird is taken wing,  
Gaffgarion, and it leaves me wroth.  
We cannot have her free. Catch her,  
crush her, and make silent her song.  
Lady Agrias's and the others' as  
well.

GAFFGARION

And Ramza?

Dycedarg rises and walks to a dresser where he pours himself a drink.

DYCEDARG

The fool. He soils our name, dogs my  
every move. I thought this a chance  
to let him learn the harsh truths of  
the world. But the boy is too  
stubborn.

GAFFGARION

Too much of his father's penchant for  
justice, that one.

DYCEDARG

Father coddled the boy too much. If  
he stands aside, more the better.  
Should he interfere, there's naught  
can be done.

GAFFGARION

And you his brother. The blood  
curdles. If the cardinal moves to  
defend the mockingbird, what then?  
Duke Larg himself could not reach  
them in the umbrage of the Church's  
wing.

DYCEDARG

Worry not. That potentiality has been  
addressed.

GAFFGARION

Ever three steps ahead. You are a  
frightening man, Dycedarg Beoultre.

DYCEDARG

Truly? Would it not be prudent, then,  
to better guard your tongue? There  
are so many frightening ways to  
silence a bothersome one.

GAFFGARION

Come now, my lord, I am your ever-  
faithful man! And not near so  
stubborn as a particular Knight  
Devout - if I might be so bold.

DYCEDARG

Be bold. But let there be no more  
missteps.

GAFFGARION

On the matter of missteps, what  
buffoon did you charge with the  
princess's kidnapping? We were beset  
in Dorter as we gave chase. Not quite  
how we'd discussed, I'm sure you'd  
agree.

Dycedarg walks to a window, looking out over the kingdom.

DYCEDARG

The men I sent were found dead in the  
woods near the monastery. Someone has  
caught wind of our plan, and seems  
intent on disrupting it. No matter.  
As long as Ovelia remains with Lady  
Agrias, we will have chance enough to  
steal back our prize.

GAFFGARION

I pray you're right, for both our  
sakes.

#### EXT. LIONEL CASTLE, GATES - DAY

Ramza, Agrias, Ovelia and Mustadio arrive at the heavily  
fortified gates of Lionel.

GUARDSMAN

What errand brings you to Lionel?

AGRIAS

I am Agrias Oaks, a knight of the  
Lionsguard. My companions and I have  
journeyed from Orbonne Monastery  
seeking sanctuary.

(MORE)

AGRIAS (cont'd)  
By the grace of Saint Ajora, I bet  
you, lay open your gate!

## GUARDSMAN

The graces of Saint Ajora are in the keeping of His Eminence here. All who seek those graces are given like treatment - the gates of Lionel stand open to them. Raise the gate!

INT. LIONEL CASTLE, STUDY - DAY

Ramza, Agrias, Ovelia and Mustadio meet with CARDINAL DELACROIX, who is seated behind a candle-lit table.

Agrias is in the midst of retelling the plot of Ovelia's kidnapping.

## CARDINAL DELACROIX

I see, Lady Agrias. In such circumstances as this, I am fain to lend whatever help I can. I shall dispatch a courier to Mullonde at once. High Confessor Marcel will have this news from my own hand. We will expose Duke Larg's misdeeds, and ensure that no harm befall you, Princess.

## AGRIAS

Your Eminence, think you the High Confessor will hear our plea?

## CARDINAL DELACROIX

Fear not, dear lady. You are in my care now. Princess Ovelia can scarce feel at ease while those tasked with her safety are vexed with such woriment. You may enjoy the comforts of the castle - wanting though they are - while we await a reply from Mullonde.

## OVELIA

You are most gracious, Eminence.  
Thank you.

## CARDINAL DELACROIX

So long as Saint Ajora is our guide, we have naught to fear, child.

(MORE)

CARDINAL DELACROIX (cont'd)

(to Mustadio)

As for you, my young machinist, I have given consideration to your troubles as well. I will send a hand-picked company of my finest men to Goug to put an end to this Baert Trading Company.

MUSTADIO

Thank you, Your Eminence.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Conditioned upon this: I would hear the reason they choose to pursue you and your father.

MUSTADIO

That is - I mean to say it's not-

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Come, come. Mayhap this will give voice to your words.

Delacroix pulls a crimson gemstone from his robes and sets it on the table.

AGRIAS

A crystal?

CARDINAL DELACROIX

You are familiar with the legend of the Zodiac Braves?

AGRIAS

In my youth, I often heard a fanciful tale of that name at mass.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

What's this? Surely, Lady Agrias, you do not aver that the Church would mislead its flock?

AGRIAS

No - no, of course not, Your Eminence.

OVELIA

Long ago, before the mountains had ceased their wandering and struck their roots into the earth, the Lucavi held dominion over the world. Twelve heroes there were, who came forward to challenge these Lucavi.

(MORE)

OVELIA (cont'd)

In a long and bitter struggle, they succeeded in driving the Lucavi to the spirit world, and Ivalice again knew peace. The Twelve each bore an auracite crystal emblazoned with a house of the night sky. And so in time, they became known as the Zodiac Braves. Ever after, when discord and strife paid visit to the halls of men, they would return to save us once more.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

You have clearly been a most apt pupil, Princess.

OVELIA

Elder Simon himself instructed me at Orbonne - which reminds me of another thing he said. Saint Ajora walked with the Twelve, and together they saved Ivalice from ruin.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

We call the crystals of the Twelve the "Zodiac Stones". The stone you see before you now is a stone from that very legend.

The stone sparkles as if enchanted.

OVELIA

Auracite - it exists? I did not think it possible.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Or that it held the sacred power to keep the Lucavi at bay, eh? I confess, I feel some power deep within, but my eyes see only a common crystal.

RAMZA

Mustadio, are you well? The color has left your face.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

You have seen a stone like this one beneath Goug, have you not?

MUSTADIO

Machines whose fires have long since guttered out lie strewn in the tunnels beneath the city. But pass that Stone near them, and you can hear them stir.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Then Baert seeks the auracite, eh?

MUSTADIO

(nods)

I do not know what power these Zodiac Stones hold. I know only that Ludovich Baert hopes to find some way to harness this power, and make a fearsome weapon. My father would not give them the Stone, so they took him instead.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Put your worries from your mind, my young machinist. The Church will see this matter is dealt with. Our forces will strike, and wrest the Stone from their hands.

MUSTADIO

Of...of course, Your Eminence.

RAMZA

I will join the company that makes for Goug.

MUSTADIO

Thank you, Ramza.

AGRIAS

We would never have succeeded in reaching His Eminence the Cardinal without you, Ramza. You have my thanks, as well.

OVELIA

I can only wish you well - small aid, I know.

RAMZA

Your words are all the aid I could ever ask.

EXT. CLOCKWORK CITY OF GOUG - STREETS

Ramza and Mustadio cautiously walk the streets.

MUSTADIO

Baert's curs are nowhere to be seen.  
Yet there's no sign of a battle with  
Lionel's Gryphons. Something's amiss.  
I'm going to see what I can find out.  
We'll meet afterward.

RAMZA

Where will I find you?

MUSTADIO

(points south)

The Goug lowtown is just down this  
road. We're not like to draw much  
attention there.

RAMZA

All right. Watch yourself.

MUSTADIO

Don't worry. I can take care of  
myself.

The two split up.

EXT. GOUG LOWTOWN - NIGHT

Ramza awaits Mustadio around a few shabby buildings.

RAMZA

Where are you, Mustadio? You  
should've been here by now.

It starts to rain.

RAMZA (cont'd)

Could he have been captured?

An ill-looking man, LUDOVICH BAERT, appears from the shadows  
with a number of henchmen.

LUDOVICH

A friend of Mustadio's, eh?

RAMZA

Who's there?

LUDOVICH  
Bring him out!

Another henchmen leads Mustadio in and forces him to the ground.

MUSTADIO  
I-I'm sorry, Ramza.

RAMZA  
(steps for Mustadio)  
Have they hurt you?

LUDOVICH  
Not a step further. Prefer to keep a little distance, if you don't mind.

RAMZA  
You must be Ludovich. Let Mustadio go. Now!

LUDOVICH  
I'm a reasonable man. I just want the auracite. Once I have it, I'll loose him soon enough. So, where have you hidden it? Tell me!

Mustadio refuses.

LUDOVICH (cont'd)  
Is that how you want to play it?  
Maybe this will hasten your speech.  
You there! Out with the other one!

Another henchmen leads Mustadio's father, BESRUDIO, bound by ropes and also knocked to the ground.

MUSTADIO  
Father! What have they done to you?

BESRUDIO  
I'm... I'm fine, Son. Don't tell them where it is.

LUDOVICH  
Show him inside.

The henchman shoves Besrudio inside the house.

LUDOVICH (cont'd)  
Well? Feeling a bit more game now?

MUSTADIO

...There's a chimney just behind  
Ramza. You'll find it there.

LUDOVICH

Bring that to us, would you? Small  
enough work to spare your friend's  
life.

Ramza checks inside the chimney. He indeed finds a sparkling  
gemstone. He walks back to Ludovich.

RAMZA

Let them go!

LUDOVICH

Give me the Stone!

RAMZA

Release them first!

LUDOVICH

Toss me the Stone - then they go  
free!

Ramza hurls the Stone at Ludovich, who catches it and  
marvels at its glow.

LUDOVICH (cont'd)

A true Zodiac Stone...At last! This  
should bring a smile to the  
cardinal's face. You've been most  
helpful, most helpful! Pity you've  
outlived your usefulness. Kill them.

Ludovich departs.

RAMZA

The cardinal was with them from the  
start!

Ramza and Mustadio fell the Baert henchmen to save Besrudio.

MUSTADIO

My father...I hope we're in time.

INT. GOUG LOWTOWN, SHELTER - NIGHT

Mustadio helps his injured father to his feet.

MUSTADIO

Are you all right?

BESRUDIO

My wounds will heal. But the auracite - they have it. Ludovich will use it to wake the machines beneath the city. In time, he may even learn to harness the sacred power of the Stone itself...I never thought the man we'd turn to for help would turn on us. There's naught we could do to foresee such treachery.

MUSTADIO

Ha. Are you sure?

BESRUDIO

What do you mean?

Mustadio pulls out a Zodiac Stone from his pocket.

MUSTADIO

I thought something of the sort might happen, so I took the precaution of readying a false stone.

RAMZA

And that's the one I gave Ludovich!

MUSTADIO

The same. By now they've probably realized. Ah, to see the looks on their faces.

RAMZA

Then Princess Ovelia and Lady Agrias are in danger!

MUSTADIO

Danger? How?

RAMZA

The cardinal was working with Ludovich to get the Stone. His gambit failed, but he may try to ransom the princess and Lady Agrias for it now instead.

MUSTADIO

That's ridiculous! He would only make an enemy of the Crown!

RAMZA

Why do you think he wants the auracite in the first place?

(MORE)

RAMZA (cont'd)

The people tire of war. They tire of these endless struggles for power. They are afraid, and they seek salvation. The cardinal means to use the legend of the Zodiac Braves to bring it to them. Only once he's gathered the Stones, he'll summon the Zodiac Braves and use their power to rule.

BESRUDIO

Just so. We cannot give the Stone to the cardinal.

RAMZA

Then we must rescue the princess and Lady Agrias!

MUSTADIO

And we will. But the roads leading to Lionel Castle will surely be blockaded. We'll never be able to approach from the fore. We go by ship, to take them unawares.

EXT. PORT CITY OF WARJILIS - DAY

Ramza arrives by ship and makes his way across the port.

RAMZA

Cogs and gulls. No hint of Lionel's Gryphons.

He spots Delita.

RAMZA (cont'd)

Delita! What brings you to Warjilis?

The two walk together alongside the port into town.

DELITA

We have ears in many places. Few things escape our hearing.

RAMZA

"Our"?

DELITA

I say this for your sake, Ramza. Return to Eagrose. Delve no deeper into matters of royal maidens...or those of sacred stones.

RAMZA

What have these ears of yours been  
telling you?

DELITA

(turns to Ramza)

You think to save a princess from a  
burning tower. In truth, you would  
but set her on a higher floor. There  
is only one person who can truly save  
her. And that is what I mean to do.

RAMZA

Just what do you imply?

DELITA

It's simple, really. Noble endeavors  
do not always reach the end that we  
desire. You cannot save the princess.  
However hard you endeavor to save  
her. You would do well to remember  
that.

Ramza appears dismayed as Delita turns away from him again.

RAMZA

What then is your end in all of this,  
Delita? I fear I do not know.

DELITA

The Dukes Larg and Goltanna, your  
brothers, and all the rest...They are  
all of them swept up in a mighty  
current - a current they cannot see  
or feel. I simply swim against it.  
Nothing more.

A flock of gulls fly over shore.

DELITA (cont'd)

We'll meet again - I should hope.

Delita continues walking away while Ramza looks on.

INT. LIONEL CASTLE, STUDY - DAY

Ludovich and Gaffgarion stand before Delacroix at his table.

GAFFGARION

You would use the princess as bait to  
regain the Stone? I would not expect  
such cunning of a man of the cloth.

LUDOVICH

You've some gall to speak, sellsword!  
It was you who let them escape!

GAFFGARION

That I don't deny, but it was not my  
task to stop them!

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Still your tongue, Ludovich. We will  
hand Princess Ovelia over to Lord  
Dycedarg as promised. That much  
serves us both. But it is no concern  
of mine if those who know the truth  
of her kidnapping live. I had no hand  
in it. Be that as it may, the thieves  
who stole the gem are now with them.  
If we use the princess to lure them  
out, we get two birds - and one  
Stone.

GAFFGARION

I won't deny the truth of it. But  
such a plan has risks.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Your reputation would not cast you so  
craven.

GAFFGARION

I am cautious, Your Holiness. A  
soldier does not live to become old  
and grey charging onto the field of  
battle unawares.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Very well. I will see that every  
possible precaution is taken. And let  
us sprinkle a trail of crumbs to  
ensure they find our snare.

GAFFGARION

A prudent move. The maid's the  
perfect bait to lure them to us. I'll  
assume responsibility for the rest.  
Far better me than him.

LUDOVICH

How dare you!

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Very well. I shall leave the matter  
to you, Gaffgarion.

LUDOVICH  
 Your Eminence, you jape, surely!

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
 Go with my blessing.

GAFFGARION  
 The Stone is as good as yours.

Gaffgarion leaves. Ludovich pleads with Delacroix.

LUDOVICH  
 Your Eminence, you cannot mean to  
 truth this to a man like that!

Delacroix stands to meet Ludovich face-to-face.

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
 I trust things to those who can be  
 trusted. Men who fail me time and  
 again are rewarded in another way.

LUDOVICH  
 Y-Your Eminence, wh-what are you  
 doing!?

Delacroix moves in and executes Ludovich.

EXT. BALIAS SWALE - DAY

Ramza works at making his way towards sneaking into Lionel Castle when he notices Agrias running from soldiers.

LIONEL KNIGHT  
 Where've you got off to, gosling?  
 Won't do to hide! There you are!

Soldiers surround Agrias.

LIONEL KNIGHT (cont'd)  
 Come along quietly know, what do you  
 say? Hrm?

Before Agrias can draw her blade, Ramza comes to her aid.

AGRIAS  
 Ramza!? What are you doing here?

RAMZA  
 I've come to rescue you. I thought to  
 breach the castle from its postern.  
 But why are you here?

AGRIAS

The cardinal betrayed us - was  
betraying us all along! He plots with  
Duke Larg! We escaped the castle, but  
the princess was retaken. I was  
returning to save her - and here you  
find me. We must hurry, Ramza! They  
are to execute her!

RAMZA

First these. Then the princess.

Together, Ramza and Agrias finish off her pursuers.

RAMZA (cont'd)

Lady Agrias, are you all right?

AGRIAS

I'm fine, but there's no time for  
that. We must hurry to the princess!  
They're taking her to the Golgollada  
Gallows. It's not far, but we've  
little time!

RAMZA

Of course. With all haste!

EXT. GOLGOLLADA GALLOWS - DAY

Princess Ovelia stands before a robed executioner while  
guards look on.

EXECUTIONER

Got any words t'leave behin', puppet?  
None, then? Just as well, I s'pose.

LIONEL SENTRY

Is that-? The enemy!

Ramza and Agrias arrive, blades drawn.

RAMZA

We are come for the princess! Stand  
down, or take her place on the  
gallows!

EXECUTIONER

Ha ha ha! And the trap is sprung!

RAMZA

Trap?

The executioner disrobes, as does the "Princess", revealing Gaffgarion and a female archer in disguise.

GAFFGARION  
Ramza, ever the gallant fool!

RAMZA  
What have you done with Lady Ovelia!?

GAFFGARION  
I've done naught with her, she's at Lionel. What of the gem?

RAMZA  
Gem?

GAFFGARION  
Might we spare ourselves these tiresome feints? I speak of the cardinal's gemstone. The one who stole it travels with you, does he not? I would have it surrendered.

RAMZA  
If you want it, come and get it.

GAFFGARION  
So the boy now thinks himself a man! Very well. Let us finish this like men!

Ramza crosses swords with Gaffgarion's soldiers.

GAFFGARION (cont'd)  
It is not too late to change your mind, Ramza! Return with me to Eagrose! Your brother Dycedarg would fain forgive what's done. He said as much himself!

RAMZA  
Then let him forgive this as well, for I'll play no part in his foul plots!

GAFFGARION  
Foul!? You would paint your brother's deeds as foul? A Beouvre must uphold the duties of his station! You of all people should know that!

RAMZA

My lord brother seeks to ignite war  
to further his own ends! If such a  
thing is not foul, ser, then pray  
tell what is!

GAFFGARION

A man does not eat an omelette  
without breaking eggs! Blood is the  
price of progress! It is the ink in  
which history's pages are writ! Look  
around you, boy! Ivalice rots from  
within! Your brother would carve out  
the root of its decay, even if it  
means his hands must needs be soiled!

Ramza refuses to yield.

RAMZA

I will not stand and watch as Lady  
Ovelia is made to be another Tietra!

GAFFGARION

Forget Ziekden! There was no avoiding  
that. You are an heir of House  
Beoulve, Ramza, and you have a duty  
as such! It is your fate to see that  
duty fulfilled!

RAMZA

As it was my fate to let Tietra die?  
No, fate had no hand in that. Tietra  
died because I could not be bothered  
to save her. I've lied to myself all  
this time. It was my own inaction  
that killed her!

Agrias who has overheard this conversation makes her way to  
Ramza's side.

AGRIAS

Ramza, you are a Beoulve?

GAFFGARION

You didn't know? Aye, this little  
whelp is a son of the great House  
Beoulve.

RAMZA

I am my father's son, but that does  
not make me the same as my brothers!  
I knew naught of the plot to kidnap  
the princess! I swear it!

AGRIAS

Do you truly think I would doubt you  
now? You have more than proven  
yourself!

Gaffgarion grows increasingly impatient and frustrated.

GAFFGARION

You truly are a fool! What is the  
life of one girl, when weighed  
against the greater good?

RAMZA

I see no good in using people! Only  
deception, and death! I will not  
stand by any longer as innocents fall  
prey to your good! I will not let you  
harm the princess!

GAFFGARION

Then you seal your fate, you stubborn  
fool!

Unfortunately for Gaffgarion, Ramza proves otherwise.

GAFFGARION (cont'd)

Curse me for a fool, I'd not thought  
you'd grown so strong! I'd best  
retreat for now.

Gaffgarion flees.

RAMZA

The castle - we must make haste!

INT. LIONEL CASTLE, DUNGEON - DAY

Ovelia is on her knees with only a plate of food at her side. Delita stands before her.

DELITA

You've not touched your supper. A  
princess cannot live on pride alone.

Ovelia silently refuses.

DELITA (cont'd)

Do you think to starve yourself? None  
would weep, you know. There are many  
who would be gladdened by your  
passing. Stop being stubborn and eat.

OVELIA

You were in league with the cardinal all along, weren't you? What do you mean to do with me? If you'd not give me over to Larg, then what is your intent?

DELITA

To put you where you truly ought to be.

OVELIA

So, you would manipulate me as well. I'll not do it, you know. I'll not bend to your whims.

DELITA

You will. If you wish to survive, you have no other choice.

OVELIA

What do you mean?

DELITA

I mean-

Delita is interrupted when Delacroix enters with the robed Templar seen earlier in Dorter.

TEMPLAR

So, this is Lady Ovelia...

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Do your spirits find you well, Your Highness? If you would be but a tad more tame, there would be no reason to keep you in so cheerless a place as this.

TEMPLAR

These seem lavish enough quarters for a false princess.

Ovelia blanches. All eyes turn to the Templar.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Ho ho ho...The girl does not yet know, Lord Folmarv.

FOLMARV

Truly? How pitiable.

OVELIA  
Tell me of what it is you speak!

FOLMARV  
(steps forward)  
Very well. You are not Ovelia  
Atkascha.

OVELIA  
What...?

FOLMARV  
The true princess died years ago. You  
are her double.

OVELIA  
That's absurd!

FOLMARV  
It is neither absurd nor untrue. You  
are not Ovelia. You are a straw doll  
placed in an empty crib by Council  
members who bear no love for the  
queen. It was their intent that you  
would someday succeed the throne and  
relieve Queen Louveria of her power.  
They placed you in the royal family  
after assassinating the queen's two  
eldest sons, attributing their deaths  
to malady.

The deception was complete, and your  
ascent all but sealed. King Ondoria  
was sickly, and seemed unlike to  
father another son. But against all  
odds, another prince was born.  
Whether he is in truth of Ondoria's  
seed is highly suspect, of course.  
Like as not, Duke Larg found some  
other sire to ensure his sister's  
place as mother to the king.  
Regardless, all of the Council's work  
was made for naught the moment Prince  
Orinus drew his first breath.

Ovelia, crestfallen by this revelation, lashes out.

OVELIA  
You speak false! I'll not believe  
you!

FOLMARV

Believe what you like, child. It is  
of little enough consequence. You may  
be born a butcher's daughter for all  
it concerns us. We hold a trump card  
in our hands. The stock from which it  
was cut matters not.

OVELIA

What is it you wish of me, then? What  
would you have me do?

FOLMARV

Naught at all, sweet child. We only  
wish that you be our princess, as you  
always have.

OVELIA

I am a daughter of House Atkascha!  
I'll take no orders from you!

FOLMARV

Oh? Then what will you do? Let  
yourself fall into Duke Larg's hands,  
and you'll have a noose in place of a  
crown. We only wish to help you claim  
the throne that is yours by right.

OVELIA

...Who are you?

FOLMARV

We are no friends of Duke Larg, nor  
do we sit in Goltanna's camp. Think  
of us simply as...allies.

CARDINAL DELACROIX

Lord Folmarv, let us leave our  
princess to collect her thoughts.  
When she comes to see the reality of  
her situation, she will doubtless  
wish to be our ally as well.

FOLMARV

Indeed, let us give her time to stew.

The two men leave.

FOLMARV (cont'd)

Come, Delita!

Delita follows, leaving Ovelia to ruminate in solitude.

EXT. LENALIAN PLATEAU - DAY

Wiegraf, the fallen White Knight, kneels in front of a grave. A broken sword stands upright in its mound.

## WIEGRAF

Milleuda...pray forgive me. I thought to deliver swift vengeance, yet here I am before you, my own blade sheathed beside me as yours lies sheathed within the earth. I have failed at much, but I shall not fail you. Your killers will know vengeance! In this, at least, I shall not be disgraced.

## MAN'S VOICE

You speak of a thing beyond your doing.

Wiegraf stands to attention and instantly draws his sword.

## WIEGRAF

Show yourself!

A man in similar Templarate robes to Folmarv walks up to Wiegraf. This is LOFFREY, Folmarv's right hand.

## LOFFREY

Put aside your sword. I've no wish to cross blades with the leader of the Corpse Brigade, even if the Brigade itself is no more...My apologies. My words salt wounds still fresh, and that was not my intent. Your men died valiantly.

## WIEGRAF

Make your purpose plain!

## LOFFREY

My name is Loffrey, and I come at another's behest. My purpose is a simple one: to find you. We'd hoped you might be persuaded to work with us toward our common goal.

## WIEGRAF

Common goal? Ha! What jest is this? Claiming the bounty on my head is no goal of mine! But that is what you seek, am I not mistaken?

LOFFREY

Pardon my presumption, but I do not think the tears upon your cheek those born of laughter.

Wiegraf's bitter expression returns.

LOFFREY (cont'd)

It is not coin that we desire. It is our wish to rebuild Ivalice - to uproot her foundations, and see that she is not twice made slave to nobility. And that is what you seek, is it not?

WIEGRAF

You have my ears.

Loffrey takes a step closer.

LOFFREY

Our ideals are not so very different. A fire burns in you, as it burns in us. Your strength, your passion - your spirit! We would welcome these to our cause.

WIEGRAF

You mean to use me.

LOFFREY

To every coin there are two faces. Do you not consider the other? Join us, and our power becomes yours to wield. Have you, alone, the strength to avenge Milleuda? Have you, alone, the power to grasp the reins of Ivalice?

Wiegraf sheathes his blade, turning his eyes back upon his sister's grave.

#### EXT. LIONEL CASTLE, GATES - DAY

Ramza has silently breached the castle gates from its postern. Agrias and company await below.

RAMZA

Wait there. I'll open the gate.

GAFFGARION

Rather let it remain shut!

Gaffgarion appears from the shadow.

GAFFGARION (cont'd)  
You made your way into the castle  
well enough, but you overlooked the  
ambush.

RAMZA  
We're surrounded!

GAFFGARION  
It's you and I now, Ramza. Shall we  
be about it, then?

Ramza duels Gaffgarion one-on-one.

He slays Gaffgarion at last.

GAFFGARION (cont'd)  
I feel...cold.

RAMZA  
We must reach the princess before  
reinforcements arrive!

EXT. ZEIRCHELE FALLS - DAY

Meanwhile, Delita has escorted Ovelia far from Lionel.

DELITA  
Your pace has slowed. Are you weary?  
We'll never make Zeltennia at this  
rate.

OVELIA  
Arriving sooner will no more make me  
a princess than arriving later. That  
day you saved me at these falls seems  
so distant now. Your promise to cut  
me free from the strings of those who  
manipulate me - it was an empty one,  
wasn't it?

DELITA  
Empty or no, you've no choice but to  
follow me. The hounds are loosed. No  
bolt-hole is left to you. Run, and  
you'll still be hunted down as the  
princess who stands in the way of the  
throne.

OVELIA  
Why must you say such things!?

Ovelia breaks from him, before noticing some strange men.

OVELIA (cont'd)  
Ah-!

NORTHERN SKY SCOUT  
Hmph. I'd not thought to find the lady princess here. That thrice-betrayed Gaffgarion must have failed yet again. The man is naught but boasts and swagger. Our orders are to kill on sight. The princess does not leave this place!

DELITA  
Fools! If it is your wish to die here, then so be it!

Delita protects Ovelia from the Northern Sky soldiers.

DELITA (cont'd)  
Was that enough to lift the gauze from your eyes? Bathe the earth in bitter tears, and it will still be all too content to drink your blood. Bemoan your fate and wait for it to claim you, or take my hand and live. The choice is yours.

OVELIA  
It appears...I have no choice.

INT. LIONEL CASTLE, CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Ramza and company reach Delacroix's chambers, only to realize that Ovelia is no longer in the castle.

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
I see Gaffgarion's sword was no match for his words. Then again, perhaps the fault lies with his adversary. Beouvre blood is not given to spill easily. Even when thinned with that of a courtesan, it would seem.

Delacroix steps up to the dais.

CARDINAL DELACROIX (cont'd)  
But enough is enough. Your intrusions  
overstay their welcome. Leave the  
auracite, and then leave Lionel. A  
generous offer, and my last.

RAMZA  
Where is Lady Ovelia?

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
You mean to free her? What then?  
You've turned your back on your  
house. A man cannot prosecute a war  
alone. Forget this bootless struggle.  
Think you mere will enough to see you  
victorious? Even will needs force,  
and you have none.

RAMZA  
Tell me where the princess is!

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
Gone to Zeltennia. Her Highness has  
chosen to accept our hand in aid over  
yours.

RAMZA  
You lie!

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
Her Highness has taken her first step  
toward the throne. But she will need  
a steady hand to guide her, and yours  
falters. Who better, then, than us to  
stand at her side? She saw this - why  
not you? There's no reason you should  
not join us as well. The thought of  
besting your brothers holds no  
allure? We care no less for this  
world's fate than you. Together we  
can change Ivalice for the better.

RAMZA  
I have no wish to change the world.  
But nor can I stand by while men  
suffer and die on the whim of some  
select few. Do you truly believe you  
can change the world? Not even I am  
so naive as that.

CARDINAL DELACROIX  
Ha ha! Nescient humility from one  
possessed of such an artefact.  
(MORE)

CARDINAL DELACROIX (cont'd)  
 That Stone you hold can twist the  
 very weave of nature, to say nothing  
 of the world. Yet I fear my words are  
 wasted on you. Actions speak louder,  
 yes?

Delacroix draws a Zodiac Stone from his robes. An amber aura  
 fills the room and engulfs him in a burst of lightning.

In a flash, he is transformed into a large hellish beast  
 with fangs over its stomach, CUCHULAINN, the Impure.

CUCHULAINN THE IMPURE  
 You take no pains to hide your  
 wonderment. How I shall delight to  
 watch you die. Each excruciation  
 ecstasy!

The transformed Delacroix charges after Ramza but is slain -  
 not even the power of the auracite can protect him.

CUCHULAINN THE IMPURE (cont'd)  
 How strange that I, Undying, here  
 should die. A death come early, ere  
 my master could return...

Delacroix explodes in the same rays of amber light, leaving  
 behind only the Zodiac Stone.

INT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, KEEP - DAY

A robed man with a black lion's crest on his cape is  
 surrounded by his advisors. This is DUKE GOLTANNA, leader of  
 the Order of the Southern Sky.

Delita enters slowly and kneels before him.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
 My advisors tell me you are the one  
 who rescued Princess Ovelia. I would  
 have you tell me more.

DELITA  
 I am Delita Heiral, a Blackram  
 lieutenant in the service of His  
 Excellency the Baron Grimms. His  
 Excellency dispatched me to rescue  
 the princess. And so I did, disguised  
 as one of your own - a sheep in  
 Lion's clothing. Now I have returned.

CHANCELLOR GLEVANNE  
Heiral, you say? That is a name I've  
not heard before.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
I thought Baron Grimms and his  
Blackrams felled in battle against  
the Eye of a fortnight past.

DELITA  
Indeed. That dark news spurred me to  
return with all the greater haste.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
How is the princess?

BISHOP CANNE-BEURICH  
She is weary yet from her long  
journey. She sleeps as if among the  
dead.

COUNT ORLANDEAU  
Is it not true you brought a  
prisoner?

DELITA  
(rises and turns back)  
It is. Bring the prisoner forth!

A man in chains is brought into the room. A Southern Sky  
knight follows close behind. The bound man falls to his  
knees in front of Duke Goltanna.

DELITA (cont'd)  
Let us hear the reason for your  
attempt on the princess.

NORTHERN SKY PRISONER  
'Twas to stain Duke Goltanna's name,  
and keep him from Lesalia. We thought  
to deny him the regent's seat.

DELITA  
Who gave you the order? Duke Larg?

NORTHERN SKY PRISONER  
No...a close adviser of Duke  
Goltanna's seeking to curry Duke  
Larg's favor.

Chancellor Glevanne bristles at the prisoner.

CHANCELLOR GLEVANNE

Madness! None among us would fain  
betray our duke! Silence this man, he  
knows not of what he speaks!

DUKE GOLTANNA

I would hear it nonetheless.

DELITA

Who was it? Name the one who gave the  
order!

NORTHERN SKY PRISONER

I'd have our protection?

DELITA

On my honor as a knight. Speak!

NORTHERN SKY PRISONER

'Twas the man who stands before me.  
Chancellor Glevanne.

CHANCELLOR GLEVANNE

What!? How dare you! I do not even  
know you, knave!

DELITA

Who put you to it? The queen?

CHANCELLOR GLEVANNE

Stop this mummer's farce, I've naught  
to do with this!

DELITA

To betray your liege lord is an  
unpardonable crime, Chancellor.

Delita draws his blade. Count Orlandeau readies his; and the  
few other men in the room draw back.

CHANCELLOR GLEVANNE

It was not I! I know naught of it!

Delita plunges a blade into Glevanne who dies on the spot.

DELITA

Forgive me if I presume overmuch,  
Your Grace, but now is not the time  
for bandied words. The Order of the  
Southern Sky must march on Lesalia at  
once, and you with it!

(MORE)

DELITA (cont'd)

Give your enemies but a moment to collect themselves, and they will pin the chancellor's sedition on his lord. Your Grace must strike before they are given the chance! Deny the prince's claim, and set the princess on the throne!

EXT. OUTSIDE FORT BESELAT - DAY

A gruesome battle unfolds. Southern Sky and Northern Sky troops slay each other by the thousands.

Arazlam narrates:

"Following his sack of the royal capital of Lesalia, Duke Goltanna banished Queen Louveria to Besselat for her hand in the conspiracy, and crowned Princess Ovelia queen.

But Duke Larg, insisting that Prince Orinus was the true and rightful heir, at once crowned the child-prince and declared himself regent. Moving then to free the queen, Duke Larg dispatched the Order of the Northern Sky to Besselat in the name of the new-crowned king. Duke Goltanna in turn set the Southern Sky to march in Ovelia's name.

The curtain had risen on what history would one day record as the War of the Lions."

END OF CHAPTER II

CHAPTER III - THE VALIANT

Arazlam narrates:

"Three months had passed since the beginning of the War of the Lions. The conflict grows fiercer by the day, and the forces of Dukes Larg and Goltanna grow increasingly weary of the endless battle..."

INT. FORT BESELAT - DAY

Duke Goltanna sits with his generals:

Count Orlandeau (the "Thunder God"), the BARON OF BOLMINA, marquis Elmdore de Limberry, and VISCOUNT BLANCHE - all of whom appraise Duke Goltanna of the grim situation.

## BARON OF BOLMINA

This past eventfall, the count stood at twenty thousand-forty if both sides be counted. Alone, we've sustained, ah, two hundred thousand wounded, as well.

## MARQUIS ELMDORE

The number of casualties does not concern me. Nor does the depletion of our stores - these were to be expected. No, it is this drought that threatens us. The markets are empty and tax collections fall short. With prices as they are, we can lay in supplies for another half year, at best.

## VISCOUNT BLANCHE

Duke Larg must surely face like difficulties. It rained unceasingly in Gallione this season. The grain rotted in the fields before it could be harvested.

## COUNT ORLANDEAU

The real trouble lies in war's wake. There is no work. Whole villages have been displaced. Orran tells me over one hundred thousand have already fled to Lesalia, and more pour in by the day.

VISCOUNT BLANCHE

Ha! I see no trouble in this! Let  
Larg struggle to feed the mewling  
maids and his soldiers both!

COUNT ORLANDEAU

It is no laughing matter! Should the  
conflict spread, we may find  
ourselves no better off. Think you  
Zeltennia proof against such fate? I  
assure you, we are not! Has not the  
time come to chart a course to peace?

DUKE GOLTANNA

Your fears are well founded. But we  
cannot yet end this war. We shall  
treble the rate of tax, and keep a  
close watch on those who hope to  
profiteer in these trying times. As  
for those seeking refuge outside the  
castle walls, we shall tighten our  
patrols at the Limberry border to see  
they are turned back.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Duke Larg suffers, as do we. What  
better time to treat to peace?

DUKE GOLTANNA

You talk in circles, Orlandeau. There  
can be no peaceful end to this.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

The kingdom cannot exist without her  
people, Excellency! No more than can  
we. In the Fifty Years' War, who bore  
a greater burden than they? Would you  
thank them now with higher taxes? And  
it is not only the people. Our  
soldiers are made to fight on rations  
that would scarce feed a child at his  
mother's skirts. We cannot long  
sustain this war. It is a matter of  
resources and resolve.

DUKE GOLTANNA

Resolve? Have you any? These are the  
words of a coward.

## COUNT ORLANDEAU

The Fifty Years' War was fought to  
drive back an invasion of our  
sovereign soil. We were honorbound to  
fight!

## DUKE GOLTANNA

And in this war you do not feel so  
bound? You were never one given to  
hypocrisy, Orlandeau. Show leniency  
now, and they will only strike the  
harder. This fight is not only for  
ourselves, but for our people in  
equal measure. The Crown cumbers them  
with its every act. We fight to free  
them of such tyrannies.

## VISCOUNT BLANCHE

His Grace has the right of it.  
Besides, why lay down the sword with  
victory so near? Your title is ill  
earned, "Thunder God" Cid. Your  
gentle words would sooner stir a  
breeze.

## COUNT ORLANDEAU

Is victory so near? My ears are deaf  
to its approach. What see you in our  
plight that portends victory? Or have  
you forsaken the use of your eyes?

## VISCOUNT BLANCHE

(rises)

I will not sit here and tolerate such  
insults!

## DUKE GOLTANNA

Enough of this! You disappoint me,  
Orlandeau. Pray you do not disappoint  
me further.

Count Orlandeau silently takes a seat.

## DUKE GOLTANNA (cont'd)

I will say this but once. Any man who  
cares not for the course I've chosen  
had best remove himself now. I will  
brook no further doubt, Orlandeau!

Ramza narrates:

"Delita once told me he was swimming against some unseen current. If this current rushed towards war, and the world with it, what hope did I have to fight it?

I made for Lesalia to tell my Lord Brother someone dictated this war from the shadows - and to test my legs against the current."

EXT. MINING TOWN OF GOLLUND - DAY

Snow falls incessantly over rooftops, crusted in black ice.

Ramza heads towards Lesalia and chances upon a man who has apparently stumbled upon a thieves' den.

ANGRY VOICES

Where is he? Where'd the shuffler  
steal off to? Hear that? He's on the  
roof!

A gang of bandits encircle the man, ORRAN.

ORRAN

I'm trapped...

The bandits' leader makes his way to the roof before Orran.

BANDIT LEADER

It don't do to have strangers  
sticking their noses in our little  
hideaway.

ORRAN

Then mayhap you might hang a  
signboard above the door, so we would  
know this place for a den of thieves!

BANDIT LEADER

Ha! The cull's got brass. Too bad  
it's steel he'll be wanting.

Ramza also stumbles upon the brigands.

RAMZA

Something is amiss here.

BANDIT LEADER

A lot of visitors today. Small  
matter. Stick 'em all and be done  
with it!

Ramza fights off the bandits and saves Orran.

RAMZA

Are you hurt?

ORRAN

I am fine, thank you. My name is  
Orran Durai. And yours?

RAMZA

I am Ramza. Ramza Beoulve.

ORRAN

(taken aback)

Ramza Beoulve!?

RAMZA

What of it?

ORRAN

'Tis naught...Forgive me. Might I  
inquire as to the direction of your  
travels?

RAMZA

I make for the royal capital. And  
you? You are welcome to accompany us  
if our paths are the same.

ORRAN

A gracious offer, but I fear my road  
leads away from Lesalia.

RAMZA

I see. Fortune be with you, then.

ORRAN

And with you as well.

Orran extends a hand, and Ramza grasps it. Orran then turns  
to depart.

ORRAN (cont'd)

Gods willing, we may meet again. Try  
to keep yourself alive in the  
meantime.

RAMZA

I will do the best I can.

INT. ROYAL CAPITAL OF LESALIA, STUDY - DAY

Ramza enters Zalbaag's study where he is clearly busy at a  
table with a book and pen in hand.

ZALBAAG

Sit, won't you? You surprise me,  
Ramza. I did not think to see you in  
Lesalia. Alma is here, you know. I'm  
sure she'd be delighted to see you.

RAMZA

Brother...I-

ZALBAAG

Yes?

RAMZA

Can you not end this fighting?

ZALBAAG

What nonsense is this?

RAMZA

What purpose can it serve? We  
Beoulves have ever fought to defend  
the people - not simply the Crown.  
And now we fight for no more than our  
own glory.

ZALBAAG

You speak of things you do not  
understand, Ramza!

RAMZA

It is you who do not understand,  
Brother! All of this, this...war, has  
been plotted to some unseen purpose,  
Dukes Larg and Goltanna only puppets  
in some shadow play.

ZALBAAG

A shadow play? Pray tell how it ends.

RAMZA

I...I do not know. Our lord brother  
planned the princess's abduction to  
prevent Duke Goltanna from becoming  
regent. But someone intervened.  
Princess Ovelia lives, and is now in  
Goltanna's care. Had the  
assassination succeeded, the Crown  
would surely have named Duke Goltanna  
a traitor and rallied its banners  
against him.

ZALBAAG

(sharply rises)

Do you stand here accusing our brother of having some hand in this business with the princess? You think a man of your own blood capable of such a thing?

RAMZA

So you knew naught of this, Zalbaag?

ZALBAAG

Enough! Who have you become, that you do not trust your own family? Begone from my sight! Return to Eagrose and trouble me no more!

RAMZA

You speak of trust, Zalbaag, yet you show me none in kind!

ZALBAAG

What have you ever done to inspire my trust? The mistake was my own. Until today I had looked on you as a true brother. But your mother's common blood forever stains you common. You are not fit to bear the Beouvre name!

Ramza is visibly taken aback.

RAMZA

You cannot mean that.

A Northern Sky Knight rushes in and addresses Zalbaag.

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT

Forgive me, Lord Commander, but I've urgent news. The Thunder God has broken through our lines at Dugeura Pass.

ZALBAAG

Impossible! He was supposed to be at Besselat! Summon the War Council - all of them! I go at once!

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT

Milord!

The Northern Sky Knight leaves with Zalbaag close behind.

EXT. ROYAL CAPITAL OF LESALIA, GATES - DAY

Ramza decides to depart without saying goodbye. But Alma stops him just as he exits the castle gates.

ALMA

Ramza, wait!

RAMZA

I'm sorry, Alma.

ALMA

Did you think to leave without so much as a word?

RAMZA

(turns away)

I...I've never been good at goodbyes.

ALMA

(lowers head)

You won't be coming back, will you.

RAMZA

Delita lives, Alma.

ALMA

What? But how?

RAMZA

He helped them kidnap the princess.

ALMA

Helped who?

RAMZA

At first I thought it Duke Goltanna - that Delita had sided with him to spite us. But now I fear he may be working with people far more dangerous still. It is they who wanted to thwart the plot to assassinate Princess Ovelia.

ALMA

Is it true that Dycedarg planned her abduction?

RAMZA

It is. I am sure he had his reasons, but I cannot see them for the blood.

ALMA  
Then Tietra-?

RAMZA  
-did not share her brother's luck.

Alma cups a hand to her mouth.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Listen to me, Alma. I know not who guides Delita's actions, only that they are to be feared. I know not what evil lies at the end of this plot.

ALMA  
And Delita serves these people?

RAMZA  
I cannot be sure. I am sure only that Delita has his reasons as well. If only I could know them.

ALMA  
You mean to fight them, don't you.

Her fear for her brother's life is palpable.

ALMA (cont'd)  
I'm coming with you.

RAMZA  
Are you mad? That's out of the question!

ALMA  
I want to help you prove the truth of your words!

RAMZA  
No. Not like this.

ALMA  
I would not want my daughter to meet the same fate Tietra has.

RAMZA  
Alma, please...

MAN'S VOICE  
Ramza Beoulve, if I am not mistaken.

The two Beouvre siblings are interrupted by a robed man, CONFESSOR ZALMOUR, a member of the Church. He is trailed by a quartet of knights and mages.

## CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

Ah, but I have you at a disadvantage. I am Confessor Zalmour Lucianada of the Holy Office of Inquisition. I come to bring you before the Office on charges of the murder of Cardinal Delacroix and suspicion of heresy. You will come with us. Should you resist, you admit your guilt, and will be executed as a heretic.

## RAMZA

If I go with you, I only prolong my death!

## ALMA

You must run, Ramza! Quickly!

## CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

Then your choice is made! Put this heretic to the sword!

Ramza is forced to fight Zalmour, a holy man who refuses to listen to reason.

## CONFESSOR ZALMOUR (cont'd)

Your violence against us is as violence against the gods! But it is not too late! Repent of your sins! Repent, and be spared!

## RAMZA

You name me a heretic, but why? What have I done?

## CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

So you pretend ignorance? You slew Cardinal Delacroix to gain the auracite he held and offer it to whatever hellspawn you profane to call a god!

## RAMZA

You could not be more wrong! The legends of your holy auracite are lies! The Stones are magicite - they hold in them power for evil. The cardinal used this power, and it perverted him into one of the Lucavi!

CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

Is it not enough that you murdered  
Cardinal Delacroix? Must you now  
slander his name as well? More's the  
pity. You will only see the name  
Beoulive washed away in tears.

The fighting lingers on. Alma puts herself at risk to protect her brother.

ALMA

Flee, Ramza! You must! Those summoned  
before the Office do not return!

RAMZA

I will not flee while you remain,  
Alma! I would not see them name you  
traitor with me! In staying you risk  
your own life!

ALMA

I will not leave you to fight this  
battle alone!

Ramza and Alma defeat Zalmour's henchmen and wound the holy man to his knees.

CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

Heretics who profane the gods must  
still face their justice! You will  
yet meet yours!

Zalmour flees.

Post-battle. Alma checks on Ramza.

ALMA

Ramza, you're all right!

RAMZA

As are you. I'm glad. None of this  
makes sense. How could the Office of  
Inquisition have learned of the  
auracite? Could the Church of  
Glabados be the ones supporting  
Delita? What do they hope to gain?

ALMA

Ramza? You mentioned auracite. Have  
you truly seen the Stones from the  
legend? If auracite is real, then - I  
think I may have seen it once, too.

RAMZA

What? Where!?

ALMA

First you must promise that you'll  
take me with you!

RAMZA

(turns away)

You persist in this? Do you think I  
would risk putting you in such peril  
again? I will not take you with me!

ALMA

(also turns away)

Then I have nothing more to say.

RAMZA

Do not act the child! Your very life  
is in danger!

ALMA

I should think it is. I've acted  
against the Office of Inquisition.  
Surely I am a heretic in their eyes.  
They will come for me as they do you.  
And when they do, do you think  
Dycedarg will protect me? He would  
never do anything that might endanger  
House Beoulve.

RAMZA

(considers)

No, I'm sure our dear brother would  
not. But you cannot come with me. The  
danger is too great! You must explain  
everything to Zalbaag and beg the  
forgiveness of the Church.

ALMA

The one I saw - it was in Orbonne. A  
crystal, engraved with the likeness  
of a virgin maid.

RAMZA

Virgo...I must reach it before they  
do. Thank you, Alma. Now go to  
Zalbaag, and do as I have said.

ALMA

And just how do you think to enter  
the monastery?

(MORE)

ALMA (cont'd)  
You're a heretic, remember? Do you  
think you will be welcome at Orbonne?

RAMZA  
Ah...

ALMA  
So, you need me after all.

RAMZA  
Fine, but only until we reach  
Orbonne. When it is done, you will  
come home.

ALMA  
I promise.

RAMZA  
I will hold you to it.

The two siblings depart for Orbonne Monastery.

INT. ORBONNE MONASTERY, UPPER VAULT - DAY

Alma leads the way downward where Elder Simon has collapsed  
to the floor, as are a few priests.

ALMA  
Elder Simon!

She rushes to him as Ramza enters behind, also coming to  
Simon's aid.

ALMA (cont'd)  
Elder, speak to me!

ELDER SIMON  
(slowly rises)  
Uhhn...Lady Alma...? What...what are  
you doing here?

ALMA  
Never mind that. What happened here?

ELDER SIMON  
You...you must leave this place at  
once, child. It is not safe. Men have  
come...come seeking the Stone.

RAMZA  
A Zodiac Stone? Then it is as Alma  
said!

ELDER SIMON

The Virgo Stone is one of...one of  
the crown jewels of Ivalice. It was  
given into our keeping when Lady  
Ovelia was brought here for her  
fosterage...as proof of her royalty.

RAMZA

And the ones come to take it - who  
are they?

ELDER SIMON

You are...Alma's elder brother?  
Ramza, was it not? I beg you, my  
son - leave them be. Block their way,  
and they will only cut you down.

Voices and loud screams are heard from the floors below.

FIRST MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Where's the bloody Stone!?

SECOND MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Patience! It's here somewhere. We  
need only look harder!

THIRD MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Come, this leads to the lower vaults!

RAMZA

I am branded a heretic and hunted by  
the Church. Am I to assume the Stones  
I now possess are the reason? Who are  
these men? Please, I must know!

ELDER SIMON

...Very well. High Confessor Marcel  
and his followers seek to restore the  
Church to prominence. As a first  
step, they have set Dukes Larg and  
Goltanna against one another to  
whittle down their military might.  
The longer the fighting lasts, the  
weaker the dukes become - and the  
more the people lose their faith in  
the Crown.

RAMZA

And by gathering these Stones, and  
reviving the Zodiac Braves? What do  
they hope to gain from such a show?

ELDER SIMON  
The support of the people, of course.

RAMZA

Truly? The cardinal used his Stone to infuse himself with the strength of the Lucavi. If such is the power of the Zodiac Stones, it is a power to rival that of any army. Is that strength not what the High Confessor seeks?

ELDER SIMON

You are unlike your brothers. You remind me a great deal more of your late lord father. You - you may well have what is needed to put a stop to their ambitions.

Simon wavers as Ramza stands.

RAMZA

Wait here. I am going after them.

ALMA

And I with you!

RAMZA

We cannot leave Elder Simon here alone. Find a safe place to hide. Wait there with him until I return!

ALMA

Very well.

Ramza hands Alma the Zodiac Stones in his possession.

RAMZA

I shall leave the auracite with you, lest the worst befall me. If I fail to return, cast it into the Bugross Sea.

ALMA

It pains me that I can do no more at times like this. How I wish I'd been born a man like you.

RAMZA

Don't be ridiculous! Who would I ever turn to if I didn't have my little sister?

ALMA

Ramza...

RAMZA

Take Elder Simon to safety!

Ramza pursues the voices heard earlier, into the lower vaults of the monastery.

INT. ORBONNE MONASTERY, LOWER VAULTS - DAY

Ramza descends a level lower where he comes face-to-face with a Templar Knight, ISILUD, one of the men heard moments earlier.

ISILUD

The mongrel follows our scent! Mayhap it is for the best. Heretic! I shall have the Stones you carry!

RAMZA

You will have an offer of mercy, and naught more. Lay down the Stone you've taken and you may flee with your lives.

ISILUD

I've no more need for your mercy than for you. If you want the Stone, come and claim it!

Ramza and Isilud cross swords.

ISILUD (cont'd)

Why do you persist in this fool resistance, Ramza? You are a Beouvre! Why do you not heed your brothers' counsel? Why!?

RAMZA

It is because I am a Beouvre I do not heed them! The Beouvre name stands for truth and justice! It is not a tool to be used for selfish gain! My lord father fought and died defending our people against Ordallia in the Fifty Years' War. House Beouvre cannot now turn on its purpose and fight for the interests of a corrupt Crown and self-serving aristocracy!

## ISILUD

Then let it fight for ours! What we wish for is the same! Hear me, Ramza!

The Church of Glabados envisions a world devoid of class divides - a world where all men can live as equals! Saint Ajora spoke of such a utopia. It is the Promised Land he foretold! Fear and doubt worry the hearts of the people, leaving small room for fealty. You see this! Ivalice lists, Ramza, and threatens to founder! Should we fail to right her course, this storm will claim her!

## RAMZA

It is you who churn the waves! You orchestrate this entire conflict! You claim war to be the proper course for Ivalice!?

## ISILUD

Change does not come without cost! Revolution requires martyrs, and we require revolution! The Crown is rotten, the nobility corrupt. They must be made to pay! The people deserve their justice! Help us deliver it to them, Ramza! Join us, as your once friend Delita has!

Ramza remains unconvinced.

## RAMZA

Were it justice you desired, I would gladly help you see it done. But what you truly want is power. Power beyond that of any army. You would free the people only to enslave them anew with the demonic power of the Stones!

## ISILUD

Demonic power? The Zodiac Stones are vessels for the gods! We would use their divine miracles to guide the people to greater glory! There is nothing demonic in that!

## RAMZA

Few would consider it divine miracle when a man is made a demon.

(MORE)

RAMZA (cont'd)  
 Or do you pretend not to know that  
 their power transformed the cardinal  
 into a Lucavi?

## ISILUD

What nonsense is that? The only demon  
 I see stands before me! Was it not  
 you who murdered the cardinal for the  
 Stone he possessed? Not that he would  
 have long lived gathering the Stones  
 behind our backs as he was!

Ramza strikes Isilud down to his knees.

## ISILUD (cont'd)

I will not be bested by this heretic!  
 But nor will I risk death for honor  
 here. Delivering the Stone is of far  
 greater import. Know this, Ramza! The  
 day of our next meeting will be your  
 last!

He flees.

## RAMZA

Isilud, wait!

INT. ORBONNE MONASTERY, UPPER VAULT - DAY

Ramza gives chase, returning to the upper vaults of the  
 monastery. It is here that he spies a familiar face.

## ALMA

Let me go!

Wiegraf, now donning Templarate attire, stands before Isilud  
 with troops at his beck and call.

## WIEGRAF

Isilud, I will secure the monastery.  
 Take the girl and go.

## ISILUD

C'mon, no need to struggle!

## ALMA

Ramza! Help me!

Isilud leaves with Alma, while Wiegraf looks on as Ramza  
 reaches the upper level.

## WIEGRAF

So, Ramza Beoulve is here. Do not be deceived by his youth. He is a worthy foe. Gird yourselves well for battle!

Wiegraf whispers a prayer as he draws his blade.

## WIEGRAF (cont'd)

Milleuda, you will soon be avenged.

Ramza halts in disbelief at seeing Wiegraf.

## RAMZA

Wiegraf! You live?

## WIEGRAF

I have lived for this, Ramza. How long has it been since we last met?

## RAMZA

Then, you were a warrior who fought to make your dream reality. Now, you are only a thrall of the Church.

## WIEGRAF

What troubled sleep have you known, to speak of my dreams? No matter how sweet, a dream left unrealized must fade into day. Only with power can dreams be made real! I see the truth of it now. What good, dreams, without that power? You think me a thrall? So be it! Your envenomed words succor me, for when at last you yield - as you must - their poison will consume you!

Ramza spars with Wiegraf, trying to reason with him.

## RAMZA

I pity you, Wiegraf. Even as a man of broken dreams, you might still have been remembered fondly. Your ideas lifted the people, showed them the cracks in the age-old facade of the aristocracy. You acted on your convictions, and so ennobled those actions! But what would the people think now? What would Milleuda and your fallen friends think of this barter you've struck? Dreams built on borrowed stone are defiled before they are made!

## WIEGRAF

What have you done that did not rely  
on the labors of others? From birth  
you have wanted for nothing! You can  
not know what it is to live the  
meager life we do. Reason may trick  
you to believe you do, but your heart  
can never know! Harsh is the world in  
which we live. Harsher still than you  
can imagine. You have neither right  
nor reason to pour scorn on me!

Wiegraf has grown strong, but Ramza has grown stronger. And the White Knight twice succumbs to his wounds.

## WIEGRAF (cont'd)

Do not think you've...won! I hold the  
Zodiac Stone...Aries. I will not...  
fall so...easily!

Wiegraf flees outside.

## RAMZA

Damn you, Wiegraf!

EXT. ORBONNE MONASTERY - DAY

Isilud is already mounted on his chocobo with Alma in tow.

Wiegraf crawls along the ground, a trail of blood behind him.

## ISILUD

Wiegraf, you're wounded!

## WIEGRAF

Go! Do not...tarry here for me.

Ramza bursts from the monastery.

## RAMZA

Alma!

## WIEGRAF

Go...Isilud...

## ISILUD

Forgive me, Wiegraf.

Isilud speeds away on his chocobo. Ramza cannot give chase.

RAMZA  
Isilud, wait!

WIEGRAF  
(final words)  
Is this...how it ends...? I have...  
failed Milleuda. Failed them all. A  
bitter draught...So much left...  
undone.

Cold rain pours over howling winds and thunder.

The Zodiac Stone, Aries, falls from Wiegref's robes as he collapses.

It suddenly rises as if levitating. A deep voice echoes from the gemstone, speaking directly to Wiegref.

THE STONE  
God Stone bearer, with me now do  
treat.

RAMZA  
The auracite...it speaks?

THE STONE  
God Stone bearer, with me now do  
treat. Your spirit and my flesh as  
one shall merge. Life undying yours  
forever more.

WIEGRAF  
Is this the Stones' great secret?

THE STONE  
Your ire and despair, their call I  
heed. And so once more I ask: With me  
do treat.

RAMZA  
Wiegref, no! It means to deceive you!

WIEGRAF  
Help me...I beg you...

A spiraling light similar to the one that summoned Cuchulainn engulfs Wiegref.

He transforms into a four-armed monster with a ram's head.

THE STONE  
The Gigas Belias have I been named.  
Your plea to answer now my only wish.

BELIAS THE GIGAS  
Is this the wonder of the auracite?

RAMZA  
Wiegraf!?

BELIAS THE GIGAS  
Magnificent, the pow'r of the gods!  
Nay, not only pow'r - so much more.  
Sights unknown I see. My mind a  
vessel filled with wisdom of a  
thousand years.

Ramza draws his sword.

BELIAS THE GIGAS (cont'd)  
Ha! You hurry towards your end, alas  
too soon. Such power...Such power!

Belias teleports away.

Elder Simon stumbles from the monastery and falls into Ramza's arms.

RAMZA  
Elder! What - what are you doing?

ELDER SIMON  
I...I had to bring you this.

He hands over to Ramza an old leather tome.

RAMZA  
A book?

ELDER SIMON  
Written by a man named Germonique...  
one of Saint Ajora's disciples. It  
was lost for a great many years. Only  
recently did I discover it among the  
stacks of our reliquary beneath the  
monastery. It chronicles the true  
tale of the Zodiac Braves - no detail  
is omitted.

RAMZA  
Please, Elder, you'll tire yourself.

ELDER SIMON  
I am already...so very tired...I have  
lived a life of sin. All these years  
I have turned a blind eye as the  
Church rotted with corruption.  
(MORE)

ELDER SIMON (cont'd)  
With this book, you can expose their  
misdeeds! You can win...Alma's  
freedom...

RAMZA  
Please, Elder!

ELDER SIMON  
Ahh. It is done. My mind is now at  
ease. The rest, Ramza...depends on  
you. You...you really are the very  
image of Barbaneth in his youth...you  
know...

Elder Simon dies in Ramza's arms.

RAMZA  
Elder Simon, no!

EXT. MERCHANT CITY OF DORTER, ALLEYWAY - DAY

It is raining and the townsfolk rush to get indoors.

Ramza makes his way through the same alleyway where he was  
once ambushed, only to be stopped by a foreign mage.

OUTLAND MAGE  
You are the heretic Ramza, yes?

RAMZA  
What have you done with Alma?

OUTLAND MAGE  
If you want your sister back, you  
will come to Riovanes Castle. And you  
will bring the Scriptures of  
Geronique with you.

RAMZA  
What importance is the book?

OUTLAND MAGE  
Surely you have read the Scriptures?

RAMZA  
No, I haven't read them yet. I assume  
they contain something of importance?

OUTLAND MAGE  
A blithe response. There are many who  
would kill you for that book, and you  
do not even now what it is you carry.

Ramza lowers his head.

OUTLAND MAGE (cont'd)  
Well, we have an understanding, then?

The mage turns and leaves.

[Note: A transcription of "The Scriptures of Germonique" is included at the end of this document]

EXT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, RUINS - DAY

Ovelia is sitting in a courtyard amongst a number of doves.  
Delita walks towards her.

DELITA  
So here you are. They've been  
searching high and low for you.

He stops just short of her and feigns a bow.

DELITA (cont'd)  
I do hope this day finds Your Royal  
Highness in better spirits than those  
past.

OVELIA  
(tempered)  
Do not mock me! Please. I could not  
bear it.

DELITA  
That was cruel of me. I am sorry.

OVELIA  
What do you mean to do with me? I am  
not Ovelia! There can be no value in  
holding me. No value even in my  
living.

She lays her head in her hands and sobs.

DELITA  
You are right. You are not the  
Princess Ovelia. We do not even know  
your rightful name. Whether even you  
be highborn, or low.

## OVELIA

I had oft wondered. Of the royal family, why must I alone be confined to a remote monastery, so far removed from the seat of our Crown? Even this I thought a burden light enough, if it meant the kingdom would know peace.

She gazes fondly overhead at a number of doves flying freely across the sky.

## OVELIA (cont'd)

I played my part, yet still Ivalice runs red with blood. All this suffering and solitude. For what?

Delita stares contemplatively at an empty fountain just beyond her.

## DELITA

It has been the same for me. I was given the wardrobe of a nobleman, and so I played the part. A puppet, ever dancing for the amusement of patrons unseen. This wretched world does not reward endeavor. It is the patron and his troupe who are receipt - maggots grown fat on endeavor's corse. Most men but play the part they're given. Most live and die not knowing they play a part at all. But I am past all that now. I am their unwitting puppet no more. No more...I will exact from them the price of their gluttonous feast!

## OVELIA

And just what is it you plan to do to them?

## DELITA

(turns to Ovelia)

I will burn down this kingdom, and from its ashes build for you a new one - a kingdom worthy of you. I will show you a world where your light will outshine the sun! A world that will know no darkness.

He kneels and sets his hand on Ovelia's shoulder.

DELITA (cont'd)  
And you will have no more need of  
tears.

OVELIA  
Such a world...is it possible?

DELITA  
I will not fail you in this. On  
Tietra's soul, I swear to you.

Ovelia embraces him. Delita appears initially shocked, but accepts and returns her embrace.

DELITA (cont'd)  
Dry your tears.

EXT. GROGH HEIGHTS - DAY

Ramza is met by a group of Southern Sky deserters in these rain-sodden hinterlands.

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
Pursued even yet, when we are fled so  
far? Have the gods no mercy?

RAMZA  
Is that a scouting party from the  
Order of the Southern Sky?

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
We're through fighting! You will not  
force us to return! We're going home!  
Better to live in the streets than to  
die in them! We've had our fill of  
blood and death!

RAMZA  
I do not pursue you! Pray heed my  
words! It is not my wish to fight!

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
Aye, that much I'll believe. Better  
to strike us down cleanly when our  
backs are turned! Do not think us so  
green as to fall for your tricks!  
We've seen our share of those as  
well!

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #2  
That man...Does he not have the look  
of the one on the handbill?

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
What of it?

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #2  
It's him - the heretic! I'm certain  
of it! If we returned with him, might  
they not pardon our desertion?

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
You'd return to camp?

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #2  
Consider it! The capture of a heretic  
is near as grand a feat as the  
capture of an enemy commander! If we  
delivered them his head, do you not  
think they would reward us with leave  
to return home?

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
The men who captured that general  
were dismissed honorably...

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #2  
If we are to return to our homes, let  
us do so with our heads held high!  
Were we to return now, it would be to  
a life of skulking in the shadows.

SOUTHERN SKY DESERTER #1  
You speak true. Let us return with  
him! Or at least with his head. It's  
not long for those shoulders anyway.  
He is a heretic, after all! Come, let  
this be our final battle! Our freedom  
is bought with this godless man's  
blood!

Once again, Ramza is forced to fight and kill desperate men  
who would gladly see him dead.

RAMZA  
I understand the need to hold one's  
own life dear. But to hold it so far  
above all others...

Post-battle. Ramza stands atop a blood-soaked hill over the  
bodies of the men he's just slain.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Father...What would you have done?

A unit of knights approach from the base of the hill.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Is that...?

It's Orran, riding a chocobo. Four knights flank him.

ORRAN  
We meet again.

He rides up to Ramza.

RAMZA  
I see the Black Lion sits upon your  
breast. You are of the Order of the  
Southern Sky, then?

ORRAN  
I am. And it would seem we have you  
to thank for dealing with our  
deserters. Ha! I must admit, I'd  
never thought I'd see the day a  
Beoulve lent his aid to our order!

RAMZA  
(lowers his head)  
The fight was not of my choosing.

ORRAN  
I know. You do not wish to shed  
blood, but it cannot always be  
avoided. We're no different. Do you  
think we hunt these men down out of  
enmity? Craven they may be, but  
they've not wronged us.

RAMZA  
You knew who I was all along, didn't  
you?

ORRAN  
I did. I'd seen your name and face  
upon a bill. Inexpiable heresy, was  
it not? My mind reels at the thought  
of what you must have done!

RAMZA  
Have you a mind to turn me in?

ORRAN  
Why would I do that? Our orders are  
to capture deserters. They say  
nothing of heretics already hunted  
mercilessly by their own.  
(MORE)

ORRAN (cont'd)

If I were one of those, I think I'd  
get moving before the lions at my  
heels thought to feast upon me as  
well.

Ramza proceeds to leave in the other direction, but turns back to Orran.

RAMZA

Why do you still fight?

ORRAN

So long as your brothers point their swords at our throats, we must.

RAMZA

If the White Lion lowered his claws,  
the Black would follow suit?

ORRAN

No, I do not think it like he would.

RAMZA

Could you deliver a message to Count Orlandeau, if you should chance to meet him? There are men behind the curtain who goad the dukes for their own gain. We are all but puppets, dancing as they pull our strings. It is those men we ought be fighting.

ORRAN

I can deliver the message. But why to the count?

RAMZA

My father once told me Count Orlandeau was the only man he could truly call friend.

ORRAN

I am the count's adopted son. I will tell him what you've told me.

RAMZA

Then you believe me?

ORRAN

I do not know the reason these men seek the Zodiac Stones. If it is for the benefit of the people, I see no reason to raise protest.

(MORE)

ORRAN (cont'd)  
But if they seek to use the legend  
for their own gain, I can assure you  
my stepfather will not sit idly by.  
It was not for quiet complacence he  
was given the name "Thunder God".

RAMZA  
You know of the High Confessor's  
plot?

ORRAN  
Of it, yes. But we have no hard  
evidence. Our spies are working  
tirelessly, but I suspect you know  
more than they.

RAMZA  
If you did have evidence of the plot,  
would you then be willing to lay down  
your swords?

ORRAN  
Such evidence exists?

RAMZA  
The Scriptures - no, it matters not.  
I simply wish to know.

ORRAN  
Whether or not it would the end of  
this conflict, I cannot say. But my  
father, for one, would surely sheathe  
his blade.

SOUTHERN SKY KNIGHT  
(from afar)  
Lord Orran! We must press onward!

ORRAN  
(turns)  
Very well. Let us resume our march!  
Farewell, Ramza. See that you keep  
your head about your shoulders.

Orran bids Ramza farewell as he rides back to his knights.

ORRAN (cont'd)  
Never think yourself without allies!  
You do have friends - friends who  
would gladly lay down their lives  
fighting beside you! And I count  
myself among them!

Orran and his men ride off.

RAMZA  
Thank you, Orran.

EXT. WALLED CITY OF YARDROW - DAY

Ramza happens upon a sibling quarrel that has taken a turn for the worst.

The man, MARACH, is the same outland mage Ramza ran into earlier at Dorter; and the woman, RAPHA, wears the same foreign attire.

MARACH  
Are you blind to the treason of your words, Rapha!?

RAPHA  
Me? It is you who cannot see! He uses us, Marach! We are instruments of murder to him, naught more! To stay would be to live out our days as the grand duke's cat's-paws, killing so he might keep his own hands clean! Come, let us run away together while we yet can!

MARACH  
Have you forgotten who it was who saved us when we had lost our parents to the war? Grand Duke Barrington opened his heart and home to the both of us. You would repay that kindness now with treachery? We owe him a debt of allegiance. We'd have died a beggar's death were it not for him!

Try as she might, Rapha cannot make her brother see reason.

RAPHA  
Feed us he did, Marach, but we were supped on lies! I know the truth of it now. It was the grand duke himself who set fire to our village, his hand hidden by the smoke of war! And do you know why - why he killed everyone we ever knew? It was for our gifts! You and I possess power, and power is all he craves.

(MORE)

RAPHA (cont'd)  
He burnt down our entire village that  
he might claim the sacred power of  
our mantras for his own! Opened his  
heart, you say? The man is not  
possessed of one! It is you who need  
open your eyes, Marach!

Marach slaps his sister hard across the face.

MARACH  
I'll not abide your ill-mannered  
tongue!

RAPHA  
You know, don't you? You know of  
the...the thing he did to me. You are  
my brother, you know of this, and  
even yet you-

MARACH  
Speak not another word! You stir a  
rage in me, Rapha. I am your brother  
and your elder, and I will not have  
you question me!

A Riovanes soldier stumbles upon the argument.

RIOVANES SOLDIER  
There you are, Marach. The heretic  
Ramza draws nigh.

MARACH  
I am well aware, and long since made  
prepared.

RAPHA  
Marach...

They spot Ramza entering the city.

RIOVANES SOLDIER  
That's him!

Rapha uses this chance to flee her brother.

MARACH  
Rapha!

RAPHA  
Pray lend me your aid!

Only moments after the battle does Ramza recognize Marach.

RAMZA

You're the man from Dorter! Did you  
not say you'd await my coming at  
Riovanes!

MARACH

I did but deliver the grand duke's  
message as asked. I do not need the  
Templarate's swords to slay some  
petty knight apprentice!

Further into battle, Marach's soldiers grow increasingly confused.

RIOVANES SOLDIER

What is the meaning of this, Marach?  
Has Rapha betrayed us?

MARACH

Pay my sister no heed! I will put an  
end to her defiance! The only slaying  
you need concern yourself with is  
Ramza's! Leave Rapha to me.

RIOVANES SOLDIER

But how will you explain her death to  
Grand Duke Barrington?

MARACH

Did I not just tell you that is none  
of your concern? Breathe word of any  
of this to the grand duke, and that  
breath will be your last!

RAMZA

This girl is his sister? He would  
kill his own kin!?

Marach falls in battle.

MARACH

Damn it! Do the gods favor a heretic  
over me?

He teleports away as the remainder of his forces are felled.

RAMZA

Are you all right?

RAPHA

Y-yes, I'm fine. Thank you. I-

RAMZA

We will not be safe here should they return. Let us find a quiet place to hide!

EXT. WALLED CITY OF YARDROW, ABANDONED HOME - DAY

Ramza and Rapha take a respite from their wounds.

RAPHA

Grand Duke Barrington has eyes for one thing: the throne of Ivalice. They call him King already - King of the Forge. He fashions ever more and stronger arms, and trains mages enough for all the realm.

RAMZA

His actions are guided from the shadows. There are others - men who promise to eliminate the dukes Larg and Goltanna, and dub the grand duke regent.

RAPHA

And you fight these men, when fighting them means you must be labeled a heretic? Why would you do such a thing? No, that is a silly question. I know the answer. But surely you must realize your efforts will earn you no thanks.

RAMZA

I do not fight for gratitude. I am a Beouvre. I fight for the honor of my name.

RAPHA

I'd not believe that for a moment. You strike me not as the sort of man to fight for things so trite. No, you see evil and injustice before your eyes and cannot turn away. You do not even think to seek reward.

Ramza is flattered yet humbled.

RAMZA

You mistake me for a better man. But we have spoken enough of me. What will you do now?

(MORE)

RAMZA (cont'd)

I must make for Riovanes. They hold  
my sister there. What of you, now  
that you've escaped?

RAPHA

I cannot leave. Not without my  
brother.

RAMZA

There's a quarrel between the two of  
you, is there not?

RAPHA

He refuses to accept the truth. We  
were orphaned in the war, you see. We  
lost our parents, our home - all but  
our lives. The memories haunt me even  
now. Climbing mounds of rubble in  
search of any scrap of food, the air  
ever thick with death's foul  
stench...That was the life from which  
the grand duke spared us. At the  
time, I thought it sure the gods had  
sent him.

RAMZA

You were not alone. He erected a  
great many orphanages in the war's  
wake. It was a noble gesture of less  
than noble intent. He wanted  
assassins. The orphanages gave him a  
pool of willing young minds, allowing  
him to select the very best to groom  
and train. He must have seen some  
promise in you and your brother.

RAPHA

We Galthenas are the keepers of a  
sacred art, passed down through the  
generations. My brother and I are  
conduits, I of the heavens and he of  
the nether. We channel their power  
through mantra. Grand Duke Barrington  
desired that power for his own. When  
our elder refused him, the grand duke  
put our entire village to the torch.  
All is grist that comes to that man's  
mill. If there is a thing he cannot  
have, he thinks it better that it not  
exist at all. To imagine the joy he  
must have felt when he discovered the  
two of us among the other orphans -  
it turns my stomach.

RAMZA

So when you learned of all this, you  
tried to flee...

RAPHA

My brother and I loved the man as  
though he were our father. But even  
that did not stop him from...from-!

RAMZA

For a man of his high station to so  
prey upon the weak - it is not meet.

MARACH'S VOICE (O.S.)

I would have thought you fled  
farther.

A shadowy silhouette appears nearby. Ramza stands and turns,  
as does Rapha.

RAPHA

Marach!

A frog bounces forward. Marach uses the enchanted creature  
as a mediator.

MARACH'S VOICE

Heed my words, heretic! Spare no  
haste on your way to Riovanes! Tarry  
here, and you next meet your sister  
in the afterlife!

RAPHA

Harm a hair on her head, and I'll  
have you there for company!

MARACH'S VOICE

Rapha! You will accompany Ramza. Run,  
and the death of his sister hangs on  
your shoulders.

RAPHA

You play a craven game, Marach! This  
has naught to do with them!

MARACH'S VOICE

I play no game! I trust you know what  
awaits should you try my patience any  
longer!

The frog explodes as Marach's final message is delivered.

RAPHA

Come, Ramza. Let us make for  
Riovanes.

RAMZA

Forgive me, I did not mean to draw  
you into this.

RAPHA

You didn't. This madness is none of  
your doing.

INT. RIOVANES CASTLE, DINING HALL - DAY

Inside Riovanes Castle, DUKE BARRINGTON and a few of his men welcome the two Templarate knights, Folmarv and Wiegraf.

BARRINGTON

Ah, a warmest welcome to you both. I do hope you've found my halls to your pleasure. They may lack the grandeur of Lesalia's, but I find they make up for it in other ways. Castles built as seats of governance are so dreadfully plain. Would you not agree? There is such greater beauty in a fortress built for war. Ivalice herself would seem to be in agreement. Ever has she been ruled by men with power. Some might take this latest upheaval as a sign that the Crown - in its austere seat - has lost the strength to keep her under rein.

FOLMARV

Your summons spoke of matters more pressing than the style of Lesalia's keep.

BARRINGTON

Must everyone be in such haste?

(rises)

Very well, I shall ask you outright. Will you not join your strength with mine?

FOLMARV

I am afraid your meaning escapes me,  
Your Grace.

## BARRINGTON

As I said a moment ago, it is power that rules Ivalice. Who do you think now holds power? Duke Larg, and the Order of the Northern Sky? Duke Goltanna, mayhap, with the Southern Sky's swords at his beck and call? No, I can assure you it is not they. The ones who hold true power are the ones who hold the Zodiac Stones - the Knights Templar.

## FOLMARV

You think us the greatest power in Ivalice?

## BARRINGTON

The Stones are said to possess a phenomenal magick. If legend is to be believed, they were responsible for the cataclysm that laid waste to Mullonde in bygone days.

## FOLMARV

(chuckles)

Ah ha ha! Oh, forgive me. I forget myself. It's just - I would never have expected a man like yourself to believe in such utter fantasy.

## BARRINGTON

You mean to tell me that you do not? Curious. I had heard that the cardinal's death was somehow connected to the Stones.

## FOLMARV

Truly? As I had it, the cardinal had taken ill.

## BARRINGTON

Is that so? Might I ask, then, the reason you seek that young Beoulve? I can only imagine what he must have done to earn the label of heretic.

## FOLMARV

The inquisitors do not share with us the reasons for their decisions.

## BARRINGTON

So, you know nothing at all. How terribly convenient!

(MORE)

BARRINGTON (cont'd)  
 Still, I wonder if there could not be  
 some detail you are simply  
 forgetting. Marach!

Marach ushers a bound Isilud into the room.

ISILUD  
 Father...F-forgive me.

FOLMARV  
 Hmph. Your meaning becomes clearer.

BARRINGTON  
 I've taken Scorpio and Taurus for  
 safekeeping.

FOLMARV  
 You worthless fool of a son!

Folmarv slaps Isilud to the floor.

Another of Barrington's guards enter.

RIOVANES KNIGHT  
 Pardon my intrusion, Your Grace, but  
 your long-awaited guests are at our  
 gate.

BARRINGTON  
 Marach, would you kindly see to them?

Both the guard and Marach exit. Isilud struggles back to his feet.

FOLMARV  
 What is it you wish, Barrington?

BARRINGTON  
 (sits back down)  
 Cooperation. I said as much a few  
 moments ago. It would be a mutually  
 beneficial arrangement, I assure you.

FOLMARV  
 And if we were to refuse?

BARRINGTON  
 Then I suppose I'd be forced to  
 unmask the Church's plot for what it  
 is.

FOLMARV  
 Stones alone prove naught.

BARRINGTON

In that you are correct, ser. But it would be hard to say the same of the Scriptures of Germonique. I dare contend they might generate something more of a stir. Duke Larg, Duke Goltanna - even the Council is like to raise an eye at those.

FOLMARV

Where are they?

BARRINGTON

Oh, who could say? You of all people must know how easily such details can elude the mind's grasp.

FOLMARV

Wiegraf, see to the mage who left a moment ago. I shall attend to matters here.

Wiegraf leaves as Barrington stands to arms.

BARRINGTON

Do not think to threaten me! This is a battle you cannot hope to win.

FOLMARV

No, it is one we cannot hope to lose. Who is there to oppose us, save you feeble-bodied humans?

ISILUD

Father...?

Thunder crashes outside and the sky turns dark.

FOLMARV

You misjudge the strength of your enemy, Grand Duke Barrington. There will be no sport in killing you.

BARRINGTON

You would raise arms against your host under his own roof?

Guards enter the room and prepare to draw their weapons. But Folmarv simply bows his head.

FOLMARV

The hospitality of your hall grows cold.

(MORE)

FOLMARV (cont'd)  
I fear I shall have to take my leave,  
once I've shown you the power of the  
Stones!

A golden light shimmers from Folmarv.

The screen goes BLACK as a wave of bloody screams are heard.

EXT. RIOVANES CASTLE, GATES - DAY

Meanwhile, Ramza and Rapha are met at the gate by Marach and a host of sentries.

RAPHA  
Please, Marach, heed my words! We can leave this place together!

MARACH  
Death is the price for disloyalty.  
You know this as well as I. The grand duke sees all debts paid in kind.  
Turncloaks are set upon by their once friends, hunted relentlessly until the end. To flee this day is to live your rest in fear, ever wondering when the knife will find its mark.  
Such is not a life I choose to lead.  
If we but finish this one last task for him, the grand duke will release us both from his service. He swore as much to me!

RAPHA  
Swore it on what? His honor? Do not tell me you believed him! The man's words are honeyed poison. I'd sooner deal with a devil. They make not such effort to conceal their lies!

MARACH  
The grand duke would not lie to me!  
We need only kill that man and take the Scriptures from his corpse, and then our chains are cut!

Ramza is once again caught between the siblings' quarrel.

RAMZA  
What have you done with Alma?

MARACH

You fear for the life of your sweet  
sister, Ramza? Hand over the  
Scriptures of Germonique, and you  
both may yet live.

RAPHA

His words are false, Ramza! Do not be  
taken by them! He will tell you  
whatever you wish to hear, and kill  
you both when he has what he desires!  
Surrender the Scriptures, and you  
forfeit your only leverage. So long  
as you hold that book, your sister's  
life is guaranteed!

Rapha and Marach injure each other equally during battle.

RAPHA (cont'd)

What you say is true, Marach. There  
is no point in simply running. These  
chains that bind us must be cut by  
our own hands!

RAPHA (cont'd)

Rapha, wait! Do not be foolish!

The two teleport from the battlefield.

Once the battle promptly concludes, the gates of Riovanes opens slowly and an injured guard makes his way out.

RIOVANES GUARD

Claws...and fangs...Gods have  
mercy...

Lightning flashes overhead.

RAMZA

Pray let them be safe. Alma...and  
Rapha, too.

INT. RIOVANES CASTLE, DUNGEON - DAY

Alma sits sobbing in a corner when she catches wind of a deathly scream outside.

ALMA

What is happening!?

The sound of swords clashing and soldiers shrieking as their bodies are torn apart fills the cell.

A wounded knight stumbles in and collapses at Alma's feet.

ALMA (cont'd)  
Those wounds are terrible! What...  
what did this to you?

RIOVANES GUARD  
A beast...beast with - oh gods, my  
limbs grow cold!

ALMA  
Be strong, ser!

RIOVANES GUARD  
B-begone...from here, my lady. There  
is...only death here...

He dies. Alma reels in horror, hearing more fighting outside.

She escapes her cell.

INT. RIOVANES CASTLE, HALLWAY - DAY

Ramza stumbles upon a corridor littered with dead guards. Wiegraf stands at the end, his back to Ramza.

RAMZA  
By the gods...

WIEGRAF  
So, you've come. Draw your sword,  
Ramza.

He turns to face Ramza.

WIEGRAF (cont'd)  
Not in the mood? I hope you will not  
object to me drawing mine.

RAMZA  
I pity you, Wiegraf. More than you  
can know...What must Milleuda think,  
to see you now? You would sell your  
soul to the Lucavi to slake your  
thirst for revenge.

WIEGRAF  
Revenge? You think that is what  
drives me? I have no such petty  
concerns. I do not fight to avenge  
Milleuda's death.

(MORE)

WIEGRAF (cont'd)

I sow the seeds of chaos in the world  
of men, and reap the anguished cries  
of the weak. But worry not, Ramza.  
Yours is a special case. I shall kill  
you myself!

Ramza and Wiegraf duel alone.

RAMZA

Auracite is the work of demons, not  
gods - the Zodiac Braves, their  
unholy knights. Heroes of a false  
legend!

WIEGRAF

(chuckles)

All such tales of gods and their  
miracles are false. Those who would  
lead prefer that history suit their  
needs, and rewrite it to see that it  
does.

And why shouldn't they? The fault  
lies not with them. The reeking  
masses yearn for gods and miracles.  
It is their opiate, and they consume  
it greedily. The people do not  
endeavor towards greatness, but  
rather mire themselves in their petty  
strifes - shackles on the feet of  
man. Their leaders give them no more  
than that for which they clamor.

It is history's oldest and most oft-  
repeated tale. Do men exploit this  
weakness to dominate their fellows?  
Mayhap they do. But they succeed only  
because the people are eager to know  
such dominion. Gods are only  
illusions born of man's fear. It is  
they who see this charade for what it  
is and join in the pageantry who are  
to blame.

RAMZA

And you? You did not conquer your  
fear. You turned to the auracite to  
find your miracle.

WIEGRAF

It is because I am weak, because I  
fear, that I turn to the gods.

(MORE)

WIEGRAF (cont'd)  
Can you claim to be free of weakness  
and fear?

RAMZA  
No, but I endeavor to be so!

WIEGRAF  
Your endeavors are soon ended!

Ramza strikes Wiegraf down with all his might.

WIEGRAF (cont'd)  
You are...stronger than I had  
thought...

Wiegraf teleports away.

RAMZA  
You cannot run, Wiegraf! Show  
yourself!

Wiegraf reappears at a distance.

WIEGRAF  
This has gone on long enough.

An azure light spirals around him and he transforms once again into Belias the Gigas.

BELIAS THE GIGAS  
I am come. The battle is now joined,  
Ramza Beouvre! Behold for true fell  
pow'r of the Dark!

Ramza is once again pitted against a creature of the netherworld and he is once again victorious.

BELIAS THE GIGAS (cont'd)  
Unnnhaahhh! Brought down by hand of  
mortal man!

Belias screams as he disintegrates in the same azure light. He leaves the Stone behind and nothing else.

But Ramza does not mourn Wiegraf's loss this time.

He hears an indistinct scream.

RAMZA  
Alma!

INT. RIOVANES CASTLE, DINING HALL - DAY

While escaping, Alma finds a numbered of dead soldiers strewn across the hall.

One of them, Isilud, is just barely alive. He is bloodied and calls out to her.

ISILUD

Ugh....ahhh...

ALMA

(tends his wounds)

You're going to be all right.

ISILUD

My...my sword. Where is...my sword? I must stop him. Stop it...Won't you fetch...a taper, to kindle some light? It is so dark here...

ALMA

It's all right. You needn't fight any longer. Rest yourself.

ISILUD

Your brother...tell him for me. The auracite...a foul work. Evil...My father...nay, that was no longer...my father. Transformed by the auracite. One of the Lucavi!

ALMA

You should not speak.

ISILUD

Ramza was right...It must be stopped. It could destroy...all of Ivalice. Such power...You must tell them. Tell them all. They must cease their fighting. Together they must face a...greater threat. Where is my sword? My arm does not heed me...

ALMA

Be still now. I saw...its body in the hall. My brother slew it. It is done.

ISILUD

It is dead? Slain? Then I might rest...In my doublet. There is a piece of auracite. You must give it to your...your brother for me.

Alma reaches inside his doublet and retrieves the stone. It sparkles in her hand.

ALMA

I will.

ISILUD

Thank you. My eyes are weary...heavy  
with sleep. Let me rest them for...  
for a little while...

He lowers his head and dies.

Folmarv walks in and notices Alma.

FOLMARV

Whose voice is that? Ah, so here you are. I shall speed you to join the others.

(steps for her)

You needn't fear. Your death shall be quick.

He takes another step but stops abruptly, heeding a clairvoyant voice from the nether.

FOLMARV (cont'd)

Belias? They've defeated him. Your brother is ill luck for us. Come, we're leaving.

As he grabs Alma, the Zodiac Stone he possesses gleams.

FOLMARV (cont'd)

What's this? Virgo stirs. You? Could it really be?

(grabs her)

Mayhap our luck turns! I should not have thought to find our quarry here! I had feared we might search another century or more and still not find you!

ALMA

What are you talking about? Release me!

FOLMARV

Do not worry, your life is safe. Now, come!

Folmarv knocks Alma out cold and teleports her away on his shoulder.

Unknown to Folmarv, the Zodiac Stones given to Alma by Ramza for safekeeping drop beside Isilud's corpse.

EXT. RIOVANES CASTLE, ROOFTOP

Rapha stands face-to-face with Duke Barrington.

BARRINGTON

After all I've done for you, you now repay me with betrayal? You owe me your life, you ungrateful wretch! You would not stand here today were it not for me! Did you prefer digging through sordid heaps of rubble? Or have you already forgotten that?

RAPHA

Oh, I recall that quite clearly. It was after you burnt our village, was it not? Shortly after you murdered my mother and father and everybody else! It is not with betrayal I repay your deeds! It is with vengeance!

Rapha draws a blade and advances on him. Barrington in turn draws a pistol and aims it at her.

BARRINGTON

Vengeance? You truly believe that you are capable of exacting vengeance on me? I am your father, Rapha - the man who raised you from a girl! You cannot kill your own father. Though you are welcome to try!

Rapha hesitates, trembling.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)

(chuckles)

You cannot do it. Do you know why? The flesh remembers, Rapha. It remembers fear, cold and trembling. But it will not always be so. In time, your fear will blossom into another flower - and I shall have that one as well.

MARACH

(from afar)

It's true, isn't it?

Marach joins the two on the rooftop.

MARACH (cont'd)  
You meant the words you spoke just  
now!

BARRINGTON  
You turn on me as well, Marach? You  
truly are an ungrateful lot.

RAPHA  
I'll kill him, I will!

MARACH  
Rapha, no!

Just as Barrington fires a bullet meant for Rapha, Marah  
rushes in to take the hit.

He shoves his sister out of the way and falls dead.

RAPHA  
Marach! Speak to me, Marach! Oh,  
Father, no!

Ramza has also made his way up to the rooftop.

RAMZA  
Rapha! Marach!

BARRINGTON  
You must be Ramza. Move no further!  
If you wish to help your brother,  
Rapha, bring me the auracite he  
carries. It should be on his person.

Rapha checks Marach's robes. She indeed finds a Stone.

BARRINGTON (cont'd)  
Yes, that is it! Bring it to me!  
Quickly now! I grow impatient!

A strange woman appears behind Barrington, catching him by  
surprise as she grabs him by the collar and tosses him off  
the rooftop to his death.

She's joined by another strange woman and the marquis  
Elmdore.

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
I wonder if you would not relinquish  
it to me instead.

RAMZA  
Marquis Elmdore? I thought you felled  
in battle-

Rapha pockets the stone.

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
No, dear. This is not a game of hide-the-Stone. Bring it here.

A ghostly wind blows around Elmdore and his two female assassins, CELIA and LETTIE.

RAMZA  
Guard yourself, Rapha! Those are no humans!

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
You must be the heretic, Ramza. I suppose I owe you my thanks. Forgive me for not expressing my gratitude sooner. I would have you know I am not a violent man like Folmarv. Will you not yield the Stone of your own accord? I do so hate to see blood spilt needlessly. Spare me the struggle, and I shall be glad to ask Folmarv to return your young sister.

RAMZA  
What have you done with her!?

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
Mayhap I did not make myself clear. I would have the Stone, if you would speak more of that.

RAMZA  
(to Rapha)  
I cannot let worry sway me. It must not go to him.

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
An adoring brother you must be, to trade your sister for a stone! After all you've faced in coming here, you leave her to her fate?

RAMZA  
I have no words for you.

## MARQUIS ELMDORE

Indeed, it seems the time for words  
is past. Celia, Lettie! The girl  
carries the auracite. Take it from  
her corpse.

Ramza fights to protect Rapha from the reincarnated marquis Elmdore whose life he once saved, and his two assassins. Together, Ramza and Rapha manage to send them into retreat.

## MARQUIS ELMDORE (cont'd)

So...this is the strength that felled  
the Gigas - and Cuchulainn as well.  
Celia! Lettie! Come, this night is  
lost. If you wish to claim the  
auracite I hold, Ramza, you had best  
make your way to Limberry. I shall  
await your coming there with bated  
breath.

The three foes teleport away, leaving Ramza, Rapha and a fallen Marach.

## RAPHA

Oh, Marach...

EXT. RIOVANES CASTLE, ROOFTOP - DAWN

As the sun rises, Rapha remains vigilantly beside her brother's corpse. Ramza stands nearby, moved by her loss.

## RAPHA

Look, Marach! A new dawn is risen!  
Can...can you see it? So often we sat  
together talking, waiting for the  
coming of the first light. We'd talk  
of the journeys we wanted to make  
together, wouldn't we? How when the  
war ended, we would go back and visit  
our old village. You remember,  
Marach, don't you? Don't you? Tell me  
you do! Tell...tell me you'll still  
go!

She buries her head in Marach's arms.

Ramza turns towards the sun.

## RAMZA

(to himself)

Wait for me, Alma.

The Zodiac Stone in Rapha's possession emanates a faint cry.

RAPHA  
What's this?

RAMZA  
The auracite cries with her. It resonates with the grief in her heart. Wiegraf's heart was full of sorrow as well...and despair. And those feelings summoned forth-!

RAPHA  
(to the Stone)  
You grieve for him as well? Thank you.

RAMZA  
No Rapha! You must not listen to that voice!

An crimson light engulfs Rapha and a pillar descends upon Marach's body which miraculously comes back to life.

RAMZA (cont'd)  
Do my eyes deceive me?

MARACH  
Uh....uhn....

RAPHA  
Marach!

MARACH  
Rapha...? Wh-where are we? Why...why am I here?

Rapha embraces her brother.

RAPHA  
Oh, Marach! Thank the gods, you're alive!

MARACH  
Ow! Do you mean to suffocate me? Ha ha ha...

INT. RIOVANES CASTLE, DINING HALL - DAY

As dawn wanes, Ramza walks one final time through Riovanes Castle's halls in search of his sister.

He spies Isilud's body nearby, and the Zodiac Stones that Alma dropped earlier.

MARACH (V.O.)

A voice called to me in that land of pure white light, though whose it was I cannot say. "Return," it said to me. "Return to the side of the valiant - the one whose heart beats true."

Ramza retrieves the Stones from the ground.

RAMZA

Another Zodiac Stone? But why would it be here?

Ramza narrates:

"I'd thought auracite a product not of godly fashion, but an issue of hands far fouler - a gateway of sorts for Lucavi into our world."

MARACH (V.O.)

I know not by whose hands it came to be, but I do not think its evil inherent. I believe it is the wielder who gives its power shape.

Ramza inspects the Stone in his hand.

RAMZA

I shall save you, Alma. Come what may.

EXT. RIOVANES CASTLE - NIGHT

The flames of war lit across Riovanes dim into the night.

Arazlam narrates:

"Frustrations with the stalemate growing, the Order of the Northern Sky recalled its full force from the war's now expansive front. They marched on Fort Besselat, with plans to turn the tide of the war."

CHAPTER IV - IN THE NAME OF LOVE

(Final chapter...)

INT. RIOVANES CASTLE, HALLWAY - DAY

Ramza, Marach and Rapha stand among a myriad of dead bodies, grasping at clues.

MARACH

I have not seen such slaughter. There are corpses at every turn.

RAPHA

But your sister was not among them, was she?

RAMZA

No, she's not here.

MARACH

They had her in the castle, I'm sure of it. They must have taken her elsewhere during the fighting. Three men from the Templarate arrived not long after you. Three and no more.

RAMZA

One became a Lucavi. I killed him myself. Another, Isilud, was slain in the melee. This third must have taken Alma.

MARACH

No doubt he means to bring her to Mullonde. Mullonde is the seat of the Church's power, and they act in High Confessor Marcel's name. Where else would he go?

RAMZA

I wonder. I do not think their High Confessor knows the true power of the Stones. Consider this. Wiegraf did not know their secret until he had struck his bargain with Belias. And by the look of things, Isilud died fighting the Lucavi.

MARACH

What are you getting at?

RAMZA

By inciting this war, the Church hopes to broaden its power. Clearly this is the High Confessor's ambition. But he only wants the Zodiac Stones for their symbolic power. To sway the minds of the people.

MARACH

Do you imply that someone is using the High Confessor's ambition to some other purpose?

Ramza nods.

RAPHA

This third man in the Templarate's party. Who is he?

MARACH

I cannot say for sure, but I believe it was Lord Folmarv, commander of the Knights Templar.

RAMZA

He is the key.

MARACH

What will you do?

RAMZA

I travel to Zeltennia. Delita is there, and I must see him.

MARACH

He succeeded Baron Grimms in leading the Blackram Knights, did he not?

RAMZA

The Church and the Knights Templar manipulate Delita from behind the scenes. With luck, he can shed some light on who this Lord Folmarv is, and what he wants.

INT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, STUDY - DAY

Count Cidolfus "Cid" Orlandeau, the "Thunder God", stands at a window overlooking the fray of battle.

Orran, the count's adoptive son, enters the room.

ORRAN

Welcome home, my lord.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

(turns)

Yes...home. You are well?

ORRAN

I am, thank you. What news of the war?

COUNT ORLANDEAU

None good, as you know well enough. War is a dirty enough affair when you know who your enemies are, but this...ha! Would my good name were our only casualty.

ORRAN

I should think Duke Goltanna's name in greater peril. They say his other lords bannermen remain here only because you do.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Leave such foolish talk to fools. When a member of House Orlandeau pledges his lord fealty, he honors that oath, though it cost him his life.

ORRAN

I'm sorry. I spoke overmuch.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Words are wind. Now, this errand I set you to. I would hear of it.

ORRAN

The reports are true, my lord. The crystal discovered beneath Goug, the Stone the late cardinal found in the ruins of Zeltennia-both auracite for true, by all accounts. The Knights Templarate, too, are passing busy, though the object of their labors I cannot say.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Do our ears in Mullonde hear nothing?

## ORRAN

Hear perhaps, but dead men tell no tales. If only we had some evidence of the High Confessor's plot, we might use it to compel a peace.

Count Orlandeau produces a Zodiac Stone from under his cloak.

## COUNT ORLANDEAU

This shall not long remain hidden from their gaze. And then the storm will be upon us.

EXT. FREE CITY OF BERVENIA - DAY

Ramza enters the holy city only to be met by a slew of female soldiers, led by a female Knight Templar, MELIADOUL.

## MELIADOUL

You slew my brother, and I will have satisfaction of you!

## RAMZA

Your brother? Who are you?

## MELIADOUL

Do not play games with me! I am Meliadoul Tengille. You killed my brother Isilud at Riovanes! And now you will die! Not by any order of His Holiness. I do this for Isilud!

Ramza can neither reason nor coerce this woman. And another battle ensues.

## RAMZA

You say Isilud was your brother. But I am not your brother's killer! Do you not know what happened at Riovanes? The murder done there was not done by the hand of any man. An abomination - a Lucavi killed your brother!

## MELIADOUL

A Lucavi? So the Lucavi again walk among us, killing for their own delight? Ha! A splendid tale! But a lie less fanciful might better persuade.

## RAMZA

They keep the truth from you as they did your brother. You are puppets, dancing on strings you can or will not see! The Zodiac Stones are much more than holy crystals to be revered. They hold real power, the power to work wonders. A power in itself neither good nor evil, but the purpose your masters would put it to is plain enough. Open your eyes, Meliadoul! Let Folmarv deceive you no longer!

## MELIADOUL

Do you think to convince me with this prattle? You are a fool indeed! My father would never deceive me so.

## RAMZA

Lord Folmarv is your father!?

Meliadoul fights to her last breath, but refuses to perish in this battle.

## MELIADOUL

You fight well. Small wonder Wiegraf fell to you. Hear me, Ramza. When next we meet, your blood will soak the earth!

She teleports away and the battle is won.

INT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, RUINS - DAY

Delita mourns his sister in silence.

## DELITA

Tietra...

He hears an odd noise nearby. It's Ovelia, attempting to whistle with a blade of grass, just near the fountain.

## DELITA (cont'd)

You know that trick, also - making a whistle of a blade of grass?

He picks up a blade of grass himself.

## DELITA (cont'd)

Here - like this.

Delita whistles. Ovelia tries and fails, but he shows her once more and she succeeds.

OVELIA

I did it!

Delita's pendant flashes and catches Ovelia's eye.

OVELIA (cont'd)

A pendant?

DELITA

I keep it as a remembrance of my sister, Tietra. She...she was caught up in this fighting and died.

OVELIA

I'm sorry.

DELITA

She died for the nobility's convenience. They used her and cast her away, and for that I cannot forgive them.

Turning to Ovelia, Delita sees his sister's ghost.

DELITA (cont'd)

I shall not let them deal to you the same fate they dealt to her. I will protect you from aught and all who would use you.

OVELIA

Delita...Thank you.

INT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, CHURCH - DAY

Ramza is in the middle of prayer before a well-lit altar. Delita enters and strides towards Ramza.

DELITA

A heretic at prayer in a church.  
Passing bold, Ramza.

RAMZA

(head down)

I shall ask it plain. Why has the High Confessor planted you amongst Goltanna's men.

## DELITA

I see no harm in telling you. Duke Goltanna and Count Orlandeau. I am to assassinate them.

Ramza lifts his head in shock as Delita kneels alongside him reaching the altar.

## DELITA (cont'd)

(faces forward)

Groups such as the Corpse Brigade, ill-contented with the Crown and the nobility, are in no short supply. The Church only fans rebellion's flame. The people tire of war, and their disdain for the Crown waxes with each passing day.

INSERT

A BATTLEFIELD UNDER A BRIGHT SUN. HUNDREDS OF MEN AND DOZENS OF FLAGS WAVE ACROSS FORT BESELAT, WHICH HAS BECOME A TESTING GROUND TO BREAK AN IMPASSE BETWEEN THE ARMIES.

THE SKY BURNS ORANGE WITH WAR'S FLAMES FROM WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE PREAMBLE TO A GRUESOME BATTLE.

## DELITA (cont'd)

Of course, Goltanna and Larg want to put down the rebellion at home, only they lack the troops to do so. To break the impasse, they seek to bring an end to the conflict for good and all. Even as we speak, their armies mass at Fort Besselat to that purpose.

## RAMZA

Then these months of rebellion and unrest - it all goes as the High Confessor had planned.

## DELITA

Yes. But it will not end as they have hoped. Larg and Goltanna will be assassinated once the battle begins. Cut off one head, and two more spring forth, so naturally their closest allies must die with them. Count Orlandeau of the Order of the Southern Sky, Zalbaag of the Northern. And of course, Lord Dycedarg.

(MORE)

DELITA (cont'd)

With their leaders gone, the fighting will cease, and they will have no choice but to embrace the peace we offer.

RAMZA

A peace? Or surrender on the Church's terms?

DELITA

The people will proffer to the Church the role of mediator with hands upraised. What's more, the Church will have the Zodiac Braves.

Delita rises and walks towards the stained-glass window above the altar.

DELITA (cont'd)

One thing yet remains between the Church and the auracite. The heretic, Ramza Beoulve.

RAMZA

(disbelief)

Is that it? You've come to fetch the auracite for your masters?

DELITA

(bangs his fist)

I am no hound heelng at the Church's skirts. I answer to no one but myself.

RAMZA

Meaning what?

DELITA

Meaning I would not think twice of killing you, Ramza, should the hour come. But not this day. Though our methods be different, our goals are not. As long as they remain so, you are no enemy of mine.

Ramza remains kneeling at the foot of the altar, while Delita hovers over him like a regal figure, basking in the sunlight.

Ramza rises as Delita turns to leave. The two stand back to back with one another.

RAMZA

Delita. Let us fight this together.

DELITA

I cannot join you. She needs me - far too much to leave her now.

RAMZA

The princess?

DELITA

Prince or princess, the Church cares not. It craves only power. A puppet state, with the High Confessor at its strings. This is their grand plan for Ivalice.

RAMZA

(turns to Delita)

And you? Do you not use Ovelia to fulfill your own ambitions?

DELITA

(turns away)

I cannot say. I am sure only of this. To save her life, I would gladly give my own. You must think this strange.

RAMZA

No, I understand only too well.

From outside the church, a BOOMING VOICE makes itself known.

CONFESSOR ZALMOUR (O.S.)

I address the heretic, Ramza Beoulve! You are besieged! You will surrender yourself to us at once!

RAMZA

I know that voice. Confessor Zalmour!

Ramza rushes from the church. Delita follows.

EXT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, CHURCH - DAY

Zalmour stands atop the church's bell tower with a number of guards. He notices Delita alongside Ramza.

CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

The Blackram Knights' Delita Heiral?  
Yours is an unexpected sight!

## DELITA

He has seen me. He must not live to tell of it! We must fight them, Ramza!

## RAMZA

They know nothing of the High Confessor's plot. They serve him blindly. If we explain what has happened, they may well listen.

## DELITA

Hear your words, Ramza! Reasoning with their ilk is folly, even you must see this. But you have leave to try!

Ramza and Delita fight against Zalmour and his soldiers.

## CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

You realize what it is you do? This man is a heretic! You that do abet him shall share his fate! I did not think to find the commander of the Blackram Knights a traitor to our cause!

## DELITA

My choice is made. If it means I must slay each of you to the man, so be it!

## CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

You should tremble with fear to mock the Heavens so! To slay a man of the cloth is to wound this fair land's peace, and turn your back on the natural order the Father has bestowed on us! It is to turn your back on the gods!

## DELITA

Wound the peace? Ha! You hide behind this peace only as it suits you! You invoke the name of the gods to subjugate the weak. This peace you hail is a vile farce! Men such as you profane the gods to speak their names!

The battle rages on. Though Ramza attempts to end it with as little bloodshed as possible.

RAMZA

It is not the gods that concern me,  
but the truth!

CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

Truth, you say? Do you name the charges against you false? Our Holy Office offered you a forum in which to clear your name, to absolve yourself of the charges of murder and theft that dog you. But you discarded this chance like so much night soil. You fled, and in so running proved your guilt! You have been tried and found guilty, Ramza Beoulve! Your only absolution now is in death! The hour of your plea comes too late!

RAMZA

Then you force my hand!

Zalmour falls against Ramza's blade.

CONFESSOR ZALMOUR

Great Father, strike these sinners, that they...may feel your wrath...

Post-battle. Ramza and Delita steer clear of the ensuing commotion.

DELITA

Where will you go now, Ramza?

RAMZA

Two errands brought me to Zeltennia. The first was to meet with you. The second is to speak with Count Orlandeau.

DELITA

The Thunder God?

RAMZA

I mean to enlist his aid in exposing the Church's intrigues.

DELITA

How?

RAMZA

I have powerful evidence of the Church's misdeeds.

DELITA  
The Scriptures of Germonique!

RAMZA  
I spoke with the count's adopted son,  
Orran, not long past. He pledged  
their aid should I bring hard  
evidence against the Church.

DELITA  
Orran, eh?

A female mage, VALMAFRA, joins them.

DELITA (cont'd)  
It's all right. She's with me.  
Mullonde has provided several others  
to help me carry out my task. She is  
but one.

VALMAFRA  
Help you? I was sent to keep watch on  
you.

DELITA  
And a fine job you're doing of it.  
Only she knows our plans in full. I  
trust no other in Goltanna's army  
more.

VALMAFRA  
You're the youngest Beouvre, Ramza,  
am I right? My name is Valmafra.

DELITA  
I take it you did not come for idle  
chat?

VALMAFRA  
The Northern Order moves.

DELITA  
They make for Besselat?

VALMAFRA  
Count Orlandeau himself has departed  
for the same only just now. Duke  
Goltanna is like to join them soon.  
At the head of your Blackram  
Knights, no less.

DELITA

Then we're too late. The fighting  
will continue.

RAMZA

Do not give up yet. I might still  
convince the count to avoid this  
needless bloodshed.

DELITA

Then our paths part once again.

RAMZA

Be safe, Delita.

DELITA

And you, Ramza.

Delita steps towards Ramza and the two shake hands. Ramza departs.

VALMAFRA

You mean to let him go?

DELITA

He acts as I expected he would.

VALMAFRA

Even your friends are only pieces to  
be played.

DELITA

Mind your words! You know not what  
you say!

VALMAFRA

(shrugs)

Such outbursts ill become a man.

DELITA

Haven't you somewhere else to be?

The church bell tolls as she leaves.

EXT. BEDDHA SANDWASTE - DAY

Along the way to Fort Besselat, Ramza is met by BARICH, a Machinist in Templarate attire, with a long scar down the side of his face. He plots at something vile.

BARICH

That's the last of it. The winds bear it onward now. And fair winds they are. They should keep it airborne for a half-day if they hold - more than time enough.

Ramza appears in time to catch wind of Barich's plans.

BARICH (cont'd)

Now there is a creature I had not thought to find in these wastes!

RAMZA

One might say the same of a Knight Templar so far from the Church. What is it you scatter to the wind?

BARICH

Oh, that? I suppose there's no harm in your knowing. There's naught you can do to stop it now.

RAMZA

Stop what!?

BARICH

This.

Barich pulls a leather satchel from his robe and lobs it at Ramza. The satchel explodes into a cloud of green dust.

Ramza falls to his knees coughing.

RAMZA

Poison!

BARICH

Yes. Ground into a fine powder and cast upon the winds toward the Northern Sky. The toxin will not kill the men who breathe it - but it will wither their constitution, rendering them unable to fight.

RAMZA

But why? The High Confessor stands to gain naught by handing victory to Goltanna!

BARICH

Nor does he think so. The moment Goltanna hears of the Northern Order's plight, he will send his armies against them. With his own stronghold unguarded, Goltanna will be an easy target for assassination, and Count Orlandeau with him. But do not think Duke Larg will escape this scourge - his is the easy death to achieve. Amidst the coming chaos, who could say how Duke Larg might meet his end?

RAMZA

You're inhuman!

BARICH

You ought rejoice! This will mean an end to war and bloodshed. And with that end, a new beginning. The Church's hand shall rule. Such is the will of the people. They clamor for change - an end to groveling at highborn heels.

RAMZA

The war will end, but not like this.  
There is another way!

BARICH

I expected you'd say as much - no matter!

Barich launches an assault against Ramza using a gun infused with magicks.

BARICH (cont'd)

Once you've put a stop to this fighting, what then? How do you propose to purge Ivalice of her corruption? Her fever will not cease to rage till her festered limbs are cut and seared! Even you must see that now!

RAMZA

You would cut away the pure flesh with the foul. There is corruption, yes, but there are also good men in Ivalice, and they are not few!

(MORE)

RAMZA (cont'd)

There are ways to heal a festered  
wound without the knife. The poison  
can be drawn!

BARICH

Pray tell what poultice might draw  
the nobles from this land! So long as  
you blight it with your existence, we  
must bow to your whims. A man alone  
might know equality. Two men, never!  
One will ever seek to exploit the  
other. And I will not be exploited! I  
will claim your seat, and take what  
is my due. I should think I have at  
least that right!

RAMZA

You think to cure the realm's  
corruption by becoming part of it?  
What then when another comes to claim  
your seat? You care not for Ivalice's  
suffering - you care only for your  
own!

BARICH

Such righteous words! More the  
greater your hypocrisy!

Ramza mortally wounds Barich.

BARICH (cont'd)

No! I was not...not to die like  
this...

He perishes. Ramza looks onward to Fort Besselat.

RAMZA

Gods give us haste.

#### INT. FORT BESELAT - DAY

Count Orlandeau finds himself surrounded by a host of  
Goltanna's guards.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

I, plotting against the duke? Are you  
mad?

SOUTHERN SKY KNIGHT

Please, my lord. Do not make this  
harder than it must be. We have our  
orders.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Why in the name of all that's good  
would I wish to unseat my liege lord?

Goltanna enters and the knights kneel.

DUKE GOLTANNA

You ask the very question that vexes  
me. I am gravely disappointed in you,  
Cid.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Surely you cannot mean that, Your  
Grace! I am no turncloak! I am your  
most loyal man!

DUKE GOLTANNA

The proof speaks otherwise. It seems  
you have been in league with members  
of the Church, working secretly to  
see me ousted from my rightful seat.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

That is absurd! From what lying  
blackguard did you hear such  
reverie!?

DUKE GOLTANNA

Even yet you deny it? My information  
comes from the High Confessor  
himself. You can imagine his distress  
upon learning of the plot.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Your Grace, the High Confessor  
deceives you! It is he who schemes in  
the shadows!

DUKE GOLTANNA

The High Confessor? Now there is an  
august claim! Have you any evidence  
of this?

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Twenty and more years of loyal  
service, and still you require  
evidence? Words fail me, Your Grace.

DUKE GOLTANNA

As you fail me. I cannot hope to  
fight a war without your Order's  
forces.

(MORE)

DUKE GOLTANNA (cont'd)  
Still, it seems I am left no choice.  
A lamentable situation for us both.  
Take him from my sight!

The knights rise and escort a bound Orlandeau out of the room.

Delita then enters alongside Valmafra. Both kneel.

DELITA  
You summoned, Your Grace?

DUKE GOLTANNA  
I want you to maintain your contact with Mullonde. Once the Confessional rescript is in my hands, Larg is as good as defeated.

DELITA  
Fear not, Your Grace. The High Confessor's mind is most firm on that account.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
Hmm. He had seemed somewhat indifferent to me. There is another matter as well. I am placing the Order of the Southern Sky under your leadership. Henceforth, you are a Knight Devout.

DELITA  
You grant me honor far beyond my due.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
I expect I shall not regret it. I place my full and utter confidence in you, Delita - you, and you alone.

DELITA  
Your Grace.

Meanwhile-

EXT. FORT BESELAT, SOUTHERN GATES - DAY

Ramza enters the fort from the south, determined to stop the eventual outbreak of war.

SOUTHERN SKY SENTRY  
Who are you? How did you breach the fortress?

RAMZA

We are not of the Northern Sky! We come under white banner to meet with Count Orlandeau. We must see him at once!

SOUTHERN SKY SENTRY

So, the count has visitors! I wager you're the rabble he found to assassinate the duke. You fools! We hold Orlandeau in a cell behind these very walls! Not to worry. There's room enough in the dungeons for you and the count both!

Ramza quickly silences the sentries.

He scans the distance where two armies are preparing to collide - a war seems both imminent and inevitable.

RAMZA

We must act quickly if we are to stop this battle!

EXT. FORT BESELAT, BATTLEFIELD - DAY

On the opposite side of Fort Besselat, the Order of the Northern Sky has taken a heavy blow.

Zalbaag arrives to find poisoned bodies scattered about.

ZALBAAG

What's happened here?

He finds a barely conscious female knight struggling to stand.

ZALBAAG (cont'd)

You are unwell. What's wrong?

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT

(coughing)

It is only my...my head. I'll be... fine.

She collapses.

ZALBAAG

Can you hear me? What ill magick is this?

DYCEDARG (O.S.)  
They have befooled the air. A poison  
extracted from mossfungus spores.

Dycedarg appears from behind as he falls likewise to his knees. Zalbaag braces him.

ZALBAAG  
Lord Brother!

DYCEDARG  
(holds his head)  
I will be well. I worry only for the  
duke. Where is he?

ZALBAAG  
Would that I knew. My search has  
yielded naught.

DUKE LARG  
(from above)  
Zalbaag...Dycedarg. I am here.

Duke Larg lies in a corner atop a parapet, coughing and ailing. The two Beoulve brothers rush to his aid.

ZALBAAG  
Excellency, are you harmed? Someone!  
Summon an apothecary at once!

DYCEDARG  
How do you feel, Your Excellency?

DUKE LARG  
My head...it is as though it were  
split in twain. But I do not think it  
serious. I just need...some time.

DYCEDARG  
Most unfortunate.

DUKE LARG  
What?

Dycedarg draws a dagger and deftly stabs Duke Larg in the chest.

DUKE LARG (cont'd)  
Urgh...What...have you done?

ZALBAAG  
Dycedarg!?

DYCEDARG  
(twists the knife  
deeper)  
Be silent, Brother!

DUKE LARG  
You...you've betrayed me? You killed  
your father to...to gain control of  
your house. And now you have killed  
me.

Dycedarg draws back, panting heavily. Duke Larg collapses  
and dies.

ZALBAAG  
Is this poison your work as well?

DYCEDARG  
No...No. It is a gift from those who  
would see House Beouvre take center  
stage.

ZALBAAG  
Why do this?

DYCEDARG  
Duke Larg was slain in battle. It is  
now left to House Beouvre to carry  
out his wishes.

ZALBAAG  
This...you go too far.

DYCEDARG  
This dagger. Place it among the  
corpses. They were assassins. Sent by  
the Southern Order. You understand  
me...yes?

Dycedarg collapses as well from illness.

ZALBAAG  
Dycedarg!?

EXT. FORT BESELAT, SLUICE - DAY

Back on the other side of the Fort, Ramza approaches the  
garrison's floodgates. He hatches a plan.

RAMZA

Of course! The sluice! With the  
sluice open, the lake's waters will  
flood everything downstream. Battle  
will be impossible.

He fights through Southern Order troops to open the sluice.

He succeeds. And the water gushes forth, quickly flooding  
the surrounding land.

INT. FORT BESELAT, DUNGEON - DAY

Orran, Valmafra and Ramza enter the dungeon where Count  
Orlandeau is held.

ORRAN

Count Orlandeau, we've come! I pray  
you've been kept well, my lord.

Ramza and Valmafra kneel.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Well enough, as you can see. And this  
must be Ramza. How you've grown, boy!  
Still, I recognized you at once.

RAMZA

Have we met, Excellency?

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Yes, though I can't say I'm surprised  
you've forgotten. You were only a  
child of some three or four years at  
the time. You gave us all quite a  
fright, trying to lift my sword. Your  
father gave you a scolding that left  
you in tears, but at least you  
weren't hurt. Ha ha ha. And now here  
you've come to rescue me. I thank  
you. There's no need to kneel.

They rise.

ORRAN

The battle is ended, with only light  
casualties on either side. This, too,  
thanks to the help of Ramza and his  
companions. We've managed to hold the  
fires of war at bay, for a time.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

I see. You are a worthy son of Barbaneth, young Ramza. There are many who owe you their thanks, and I give it now in their stead. And mine with it, to be sure.

RAMZA

I do only what must needs be done.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

I see your likeness to Barbaneth is more than skin deep. Your deeds honor him, boy.

VALMAFRA

Pray forgive my interruption. But Duke Goltanna means to execute Your Excellency on the morrow. We should waste no time in fleeing.

ORRAN

It is as she says, my lord. We should continue this elsewhere.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Yes, yes. It won't do for me to remain here with Goltanna in this ill temper. Orran, the hour of this war's end will not be long in coming. Until it does, I mean to travel with Ramza. We must put a stop to the High Confessor's plans.

ORRAN

Then I will go with you, my lord!

COUNT ORLANDEAU

No. You will return to Zeltennia and see to the safety of Lady Ovelia. She alone is the rightful heir to the throne. You must see that she comes to no harm.

ORRAN

I understand.

COUNT ORLANDEAU

Well, Ramza, you've no objections, I trust?

RAMZA

None at all, my lord.

COUNT ORLANDEAU  
Then let's away before we're found.

INT. FORT BESELAT - DAY

Looking from the window, Duke Goltanna contemplates the current dire circumstances.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
How has the sluice been opened? I suffer a plague of fools!

Delita enters and kneels.

DELITA  
You called for me, Excellency.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
You are to gather a company of soldiers and move against the Northern Sky at once!

DELITA  
The water from the sluice makes movement difficult enough, let alone fighting.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. This is an opportunity we cannot let pass! They will not be expecting an attack. If they slip away now, who can say how long this war may drag on?

DELITA  
I must refuse.

DUKE GOLTANNA  
Refuse!?

Delita quickly draws his sword and lunges it into Goltanna's chest.

DUKE GOLTANNA (cont'd)  
How...how dare you?

DELITA  
No man would wish to see you king!

Blood gushes forth as Delita withdraws his blade.

Duke Goltanna falls dead to the floor in an instant.

DELITA (cont'd)  
(towards the door)  
Come!

Valmafra and a man dressed as Count Orlandeau enter.

The Orlandeau doppleganger, a devout member of the Church, kneels before Delita.

DELITA (cont'd)  
Know that your death is not in vain.

GLABADOS DEVOUT  
The vanity would be in living, when  
Saint Ajora calls me to His side.

Delita swiftly executes the man.

VALMAFRA  
The real Count Orlandeau has escaped  
with Ramza.

DELITA  
Then we can but hope that Ramza does  
not fail us.

#### EXT. FORT BESELAT, BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A completely flooded Fort Besselat holds the two armies' dwindling front lines at bay.

Ramza narrates:

"High Confessor Marcel came forward with his offer to mediate a peace between the camps, but though their leaders had been lost, their capacity to make war had not. The High Confessor's offer fell on deaf ears.

I made for Limberry. For Alma..."

#### INT. EAGROSE CASTLE, SOLAR - DAY

The Knight Templar, Loffrey, sits down with Dycedarg. A fire is lit nearby, and one of the doors is slightly ajar.

LOFFREY  
So, you are unwilling to compromise  
on your position.

DYCEDARG

Ivalice's reunification under its rightful king was His Grace's most fervent wish. We've no intention of laying down arms until Prince Orinus sits the throne that is his birthright. You will not steer the helm of Ivalice at your own pleasure. Not so long as this house stands.

LOFFREY

Do you not know who made your assassination of the duke possible?

DYCEDARG

I mislike the question. Larg was felled by a Southern Sky assassin. Or do you mean to say that you were the ones who sent him?

LOFFREY

I'll not play at this fool's game. There is to be no convincing you, then?

DYCEDARG

Were it our desire, we could crush the Templarate like an overripe grape. Of that I am quite convinced.

LOFFREY

Pray remove that fine white cloak beforehand. Burst grapes oft leave a fearsome stain. Tell me, this poison employed at Besselat - do you know what it was?

After a moment of silence-

DYCEDARG

I believe it was an extract of mossfungus spores.

LOFFREY

So it was. An insidious thing, mossfungus. It takes a great quantity to kill a man, but the toxin never leaves the blood. The smallest, most undetectable of doses will prove lethal, if repeated oft enough.

Dycedarg remains quiet.

LOFFREY (cont'd)

Even a learned eye might confuse the symptoms with those of common affliction. Oft as not, the person being poisoned is never even aware. And should they become so, it is almost invariably too late. Your late lord father was taken by malady, was he not?

DYCEDARG

Do you make some implication?

LOFFREY

I'm told you yourself have some knowledge in poisoncraft.

DYCEDARG

What of it?

LOFFREY

I recently learned an interesting fact. I had wondered if you might be aware of it. Mossfungus poisoning leaves spores in the body. When a victim is buried, they say toadstools sprout above the grave.

Dycedarg goes quiet again, longer than before.

LOFFREY (cont'd)

Forgive me, I digress. Ah, yes, there was another matter - a gift from High Confessor Marcel.

Loffrey pulls out Zodiac Stone from his doublet. It glimmers as it's set upon the table.

DYCEDARG

A gemstone?

LOFFREY

It is a Zodiac Stone - a blessed crystal from Mullonde. The High Confessor wished for you to have it. Please accept it as a symbol of the Church's good faith.

Its glimmer catches a figure in the hallway just outside the door.

Zalbaag has been eavesdropping the entire time.

EXT. LIMBERRY CASTLE, GATES - DAY

Ramza reaches the gates of Limberry Castle. He walks cautiously towards the entrance, but sees no one.

RAMZA

Not a soul to be found. Could the castle truly be abandoned? The door stands open...

A strange premonition returns.

RAMZA (cont'd)

I mislike this. There is something familiar - yes. The battle with Cuchulainn and Belias...

Celia, one of Elmdore's assassins, makes her presence known.

CELIA

Guests! Guests come to Limberry! I'd begun to think you'd never arrive.

Lettie also appears from another height of the gate.

LETTIE

Such a waste that would have been. We've such a warm welcome planned. A kiss, to see you to your grave.

A number of disfigured horned beats join the women and surround Ramza.

RAMZA

We've walked into a trap!

Ramza slays the beasts and fends off the female assassins.

CELIA

If you would see your sister again, you must fight your way to her!

LETTIE

I await within. But I've so little patience...Best be quick!

The two teleport away.

RAMZA

I am coming, Alma!

INT. LIMBERRY CASTLE, CHAMBER - DAY

Marquis Elmdore and Folmarv sit inside Elmdore's chamber at a table.

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
Belias and Cuchulainn...defeated. We are all that's left - we and Adrammelech, who waits trapped in the Rift.

FOLMARV  
Do not worry over Adrammelech. He will join us ere long.

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
You've found a host?

FOLMARV  
Not I. The Stone. The Stone chooses the flesh, as it was with us.

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
Of course. Then all that remains is the revival of the master. Once that is done, we will have no need of auracite - nor of these vessels. We will come and go as we please. Do we have a host for the High Seraph? Do not tell me it is that girl.

FOLMARV  
There is but one host fit for the High Seraph. The girl is the chosen. Now we need only find the way to the necrohol, and the High Seraph's soul.

Celia and Lettie teleport into the chamber, kneeling.

CELIA  
He is here.

LETTIE  
I've drawn him into our web. What would you now have me do with him?

MARQUIS ELMDORE  
Ah, Ramza. So long you kept us waiting. We have a score to settle from Riovanes.

FOLMARV

Do not take light of him. He is a worthy foe. Not even Belias could stand before him.

MARQUIS ELMDORE

You needn't worry about me. I shall deal with him. You've matters of far greater import. You must find the gate to the necrohol.

FOLMARV

Be at ease. I will not disappoint you.

Folmarv rises and teleports away.

MARQUIS ELMDORE

See that you don't. Now fly!

INT. LIMBERRY CASTLE, HALLWAY - DAY

Ramza reaches the hall of Limberry where marquis Elmdore and his assassins await.

MARQUIS ELMDORE

At last, the hour of my retribution is come.

RAMZA

Where do you hide my sister!?

MARQUIS ELMDORE

Questions are the right of the victor, Ramza - not that of a man about to meet his end!

Ramza is again forced to fight a man whose life he once saved.

During this battle, Celia and Lettie also transform into monstrous beasts, both of whom Ramza also kill.

MARQUIS ELMDORE (cont'd)

You are strong. There...there is no denying that. It is more than I can overcome...so bound within this fragile shell of flesh.

Marquis Elmdore teleports away.

MARQUIS ELMDORE (O.S.)  
 I await you in the undercroft. It is  
 there your darling sister sleeps.

RAMZA  
 You will not escape me!

A familiar voice stops him.

MAN'S VOICE  
 You'll not enter the undercroft on my  
 watch. The way is shut.

RAMZA  
 Who speaks? Reveal yourself!

MAN'S VOICE  
 Naive as ever, I see.

Argath teleports into plain sight - now a ghostly version of his former self.

ARGATH  
 Ha! To think my luck so fair that we  
 would chance to meet again!

RAMZA  
 Argath! How did - I thought you for  
 dead!

ARGATH  
 Dead? Oh...Ramza...Your mind's as  
 common as your friends! I did not  
die, I was reborn! Chosen by a  
 greater power! I did not fall before,  
 nor shall I here. That fate belongs  
 to you!

Ramza fights his former friend turned foe once again for the last time.

RAMZA  
 So, your soul is bartered as well.  
 Your grandsire would be proud.

ARGATH  
 How dare you! You, pampered and  
 coddled from your earliest days! What  
 do you know of our affairs? Of being  
 made to toil for another's pleasure,  
 near without reward?

(MORE)

ARGATH (cont'd)

Being tred upon even by peasant  
filth, struggling endlessly to rise  
back to your feet - what do you know  
of this? I'll purge this kingdom of  
all who once dared look down on me!  
There is no place in the world for  
the meager!

RAMZA

You'll do nothing of the sort!

ARGATH

How do you intend to stop me? You who  
cannot even defend his own sister? A  
son of House Beouvre, and meek as a  
butterfly all the same! Ha ha ha!

RAMZA

Guard your tongue!

ARGATH

Worry not, I'll soon send your dear  
sister beyond the veil to be with  
you! Just as I did Delita's!

Argath, despite his best efforts, falls to Ramza a second time.

ARGATH (cont'd)

M-Mother...Help...me...

RAMZA

I'm on my way, Alma!

INT. LIMBERRY CASTLE, UNDERCROFT - DAY

Marquis Elmdore awaits in meditation for Ramza amongst bony corpses and stone coffins.

RAMZA

Elmdore! You fight a battle already  
lost! Release Alma, and end this vain  
struggle!

MARQUIS ELMDORE

How could I release what I have never  
held? There are but ghosts within  
these walls.

Ghostly Knights and skeletal creatures arise from their tombs.

MARQUIS ELMDORE (cont'd)  
 But far be it from me to turn away  
 the one Beoulve to grace us with his  
 presence!

A magenta light engulfs him similar to Wiegraf and Delacroix, turning him into a Lucavi.

He is the winged beast, Zalera, the Death Seraph.

ZALERA THE DEATH SERAPH  
 Here dying, join my legion of  
 undeath. Your blood, the roses on  
 unhallow'd graves!

Meliadoul enters the undercroft just in time to see the transformation.

MELIADOUL  
 The marquis is made a demon!? What  
 devilry is this?

Zalera unleashes its magickal attacks against both Ramza and Meliadoul.

MELIADOUL (cont'd)  
 This...this is the work of the  
 auracite?

RAMZA  
 Do you now believe me? Your brother Isilud learned this foul truth, and died fighting it!

MELIADOUL  
 You...you speak true? My father, Folmarv - does he know of this?

RAMZA  
 I...I tried to-

ZALERA THE DEATH SERAPH  
 (cackles)  
 Before me stands the seed of Folmarv's loins? So much alike with brother Isilud, both heirs of father's numen unpossess'd. The sire's flesh, a vessel without flaw!

MELIADOUL  
 My father is host to a demon!?

ZALERA THE DEATH SERAPH  
 Truth dawns within this child's  
 naivety. Who once was hers, now kin  
 to naught but woe. Let not such  
 trifles weigh upon you now. Ere long  
 you shall know darkness deeper still!

Ramza and Meliadoul fight off the Death Seraph together,  
 shoulder-to-shoulder.

MELIADOUL  
 Forgive me, Ramza. I took your words  
 as false. I thought you for an enemy.

RAMZA  
 I might have done the same in your  
 place. But now let us avenge your  
 brother's death!

Zalera is no match for Ramza and Meliadoul's combined  
 strength.

ZALERA THE DEATH SERAPH  
 Hashmal...bring order here...where I  
 have failed.

Zalera disintegrates in the same magenta light, leaving  
 nothing but the Stone behind.

Post-battle. Meliadoul speaks with Ramza, holding the Stone  
 in her hand.

MELIADOUL  
 My mind reels to think such evil  
 power lay concealed within this tiny  
 crystal. These holy relics of the  
 Church...I'd thought them no more  
 than strangely colored stones. I knew  
 not that they sought to work true  
 miracles through them.

The stone glimmers.

RAMZA  
 The truth was kept well guarded, from  
 you and Isilud alike. Even Wiegraf  
 knew naught of their true nature  
 until he became a Lucavi. It is as I  
 thought. Lord Folmarv guides even the  
 High Confessor's scheming to their  
 ends.

MELIADOUL  
What is it they wish?

RAMZA

I cannot see their ends. If we are to judge from Riovanes, they possess power enough already to drive an army to its knees. Yet still they do not use it, or even flaunt it openly. There must be a reason, and that reason is our answer.

MELIADOUL

Surely they stay their hands for something. The Lucavi are cruel and wicked, and cannot be felled by men. Every tale and legend paints them the same.

RAMZA

So they do. But I have seen these monsters slain. They do not appear to be the undying demons of which the legends speak.

MELIADOUL

Legends are but stories, embellished with each new telling. Mayhap the Lucavi are no more than ordinary fiends.

RAMZA

Let us pray that you are right.

Meliadoul passes the Stone over to Ramza.

MELIADOUL

I trust the auracite to you. But I ask a favor in return. Take me with you. I must know what made my father as he is. And...there is another thing I would know as well.

RAMZA

What is that?

MELIADOUL

My father did a puzzling thing. He gifted the Capricorn Stone to Lord Dycedarg. But I cannot begin to fathom why.

RAMZA  
He gave a Zodiac Stone to my brother?

INT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, OVELIA'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Ovelia stands by the window, hearing a clash of swords outside.

GUARDSMAN #1  
He disappeared!

GUARDSMAN #2  
Search the eastern half!

GUARDSMAN #3  
He was injured when he sprung his cell! He couldn't have run far!

Orran tumbles into the room. Injured, he closes the door behind him and kneels.

OVELIA  
Orran! What's happened!? You're bleeding!

ORRAN  
Lady Ovelia...there is something... something I must tell you...

OVELIA  
You mustn't speak!

ORRAN  
I beg you...hear my words. The man who murdered Duke Goltanna was not... not my father, Count Orlandeau. My father, he...he was framed for treason. He escaped from Fort Besselat with...Ramza Beouvre. He fights now to frustrate the High Confessor's plot.

OVELIA  
I did not think the count a man who would plot at rebellion.

GUARDSMAN #1  
(from outside)  
The door won't open!

GUARDSMAN #2  
Lady Ovelia! Are you safe?

GUARDSMAN #1  
Please open the door, my lady!

OVELIA  
(to Orran)  
But if not your father, then who?

ORRAN  
It-

Guards break down the door and rush in.

GUARDSMAN #1  
Princess, has he harmed you!?

GUARDSMAN #2  
We found him! He's in here!

Delita enters, wearing a noble robe. The guards kneel before him.

DELITA  
Leave us.

GUARDSMAN #1  
My lord?

DELITA  
Stand up, turn, and walk out the door behind you!

GUARDSMAN #1  
B-but, Lord Commander-!

DELITA  
It was not a request.

GUARDSMAN #1  
As...as you command, my lord.

The two guards leave. Delita walks to Orran as Valmafra enters behind him.

OVELIA  
I beg you, hurt him no further!

DELITA  
This is a foolish thing you've done,  
Orran.

ORRAN  
Traitor...You have no right to speak to me.

DELITA

You act as though you did not wish  
for what I did. Look around you. Do  
you see any earnest tears? You were  
not alone in praying for his fall. I  
even made your father out for dead.  
You should thank me. No one pursues a  
man known slain.

ORRAN

I am in no mood for japes!

OVELIA

Why would you do such a thing,  
Delita?

DELITA

I told you, didn't I? I work to see  
you made a queen for true.

OVELIA

Naught you do is for true! You wish  
only to use me like the rest!

DELITA

You do not trust me?

She doesn't know how to answer.

DELITA (cont'd)

You trust me or you don't, Ovelia.  
Which is it?

OVELIA

I...I want to trust you. I do. But...  
it is not such an easy thing.

DELITA

Return to your chambers. I need have  
words with Orran.

OVELIA

Please, do not hurt him.

DELITA

I won't. You have my word.

Ovelia walks off and opens the door to her room, leaving it  
ajar enough to eavesdrop on their conversation.

ORRAN

What I meant to do is done. I only  
sought to clear my father's name.

(MORE)

ORRAN (cont'd)  
Go on. I only ask you make it clean  
and quick.

DELITA  
Stop your whimpering. I do not mean  
to kill you. That would be a waste.

ORRAN  
What use could you possibly see in  
me?

DELITA  
Your loyal service.

ORRAN  
Ha! Again you jape! I would die  
before I bent my knee in your  
service!

DELITA  
No. No, you would not. I am going to  
bring down the Northern Sky. And when  
that Sky falls, the land of Ivalice  
will again be made level. Then I  
build a new kingdom for Ovelia. The  
High Confessor will face judgment as  
well, of course. I am not the  
Church's hound.

Both Orran and Valmafra turn sharply to Delita.

ORRAN  
Are you mad?

DELITA  
You know what I do is right. It is  
undeniably so. A commonborn squire  
takes the reins of a knightly order,  
and leads a wayward kingdom from the  
midst of chaos. The masses yearn for  
a hero. I give them what they wish.

ORRAN  
Using aught and all to forge your  
legend?

DELITA  
Is that so wrong?

Ovelia gasps over what she's heard. Valmafra, similarly  
shocked, draws a knife, preparing to advance on Delita.

DELITA (cont'd)

What? Do you mean to kill me? I know full well the High Confessor sent you to keep watch on me. Your orders are to kill me at the first sign of betrayal, no?

He walks around Orran to face Valmafra, her dagger still drawn.

DELITA (cont'd)

Do it, then. Stab me with that dagger. I stand before you unarmed! Strike me down! If you will not, then do not blame me for this!

The screen goes BLACK as Delita charges Valmafra.

A woman's deathly scream echoes the chamber.

EXT. BEOULVE MANSE, CEMETERY - DAY

A grassy hillside. Zalbaag walks a slope and turns.

ZALBAAG

It's just over here.

An HERBALIST follows close behind.

HERBALIST

Beg pardons, my lord! I cannot keep your pace!

Zalbaag continues towards a large grave.

ZALBAAG

Lord Father...I need you to take a look at something over here.

He plucks something growing off the side of the grave and tosses it to the herbalist.

ZALBAAG (cont'd)

Catch. Can you tell me the name of that mushroom?

HERBALIST

(inspects it)

Of course. It's mossfungus, my lord.  
Not the deadliest of poisons, but not  
something you'd want in your stew,  
either. The stuff gets you in the  
end.

ZALBAAG

So I hear.

Zalbaag lowers his head in the direction of the grave.

The herbalist tosses the mushroom into the water.

HERBALIST

I, uh - do you not think we should be  
getting back now, my lord?

ZALBAAG

What has you so terrified?

HERBALIST

Don't you know, my lord? Mossfungus  
grows only on corpses. And, well -  
they say it's a right bad omen to  
find it growing on a family grave.  
The house falls as the cap rises...or  
so they say.

ZALBAAG

On your way, then.

He tosses a gold coin to the herbalist

HERBALIST

Heh. Kind thanks, my lord.

ZALBAAG

Your fee is as promised. The rest  
should help you forget what you've  
seen.

HERBALIST

Forget what?

The herbalist turns and leaves. Zalbaag again bows his head  
to the grave.

ZALBAAG

Forgive me, Father...

EXT. EAGROSE CASTLE, GATES - DAY

Ramza makes a long overdue return to his home. The gate is empty save for a lone chocobo.

RAMZA

No guards. Passing strange.  
 (inspects the chocobo)  
 Zalbaag's mount. Now to get inside...

He opens the gate and enters.

INT. EAGROSE CASTLE, HALL - DAY

Zalbaag stands atop a staircase one step higher than Dycedarg, blade in hand. Dycedarg cowers along the ground.

DYCEDARG

Have you taken leave of your senses,  
 Zalbaag? This is madness!

ZALBAAG

After what you've done, you think  
 yourself fit to lead our house?

DYCEDARG

That business with the duke? Larg was long dead ere my dagger found its mark. Think, Brother. He was a weak man, who relied on others to fight where he could not. More fool he for starting a war he could not stomach.

ZALBAAG

Our liege lord's murder bothers me not half so much as our father's! How could you dirty your hands with his blood? What manner of son are you?

DYCEDARG

I am my father's son! I know naught of his murder!

ZALBAAG

Duke Larg's dying words. I could scarce believe my ears, but there was no mistaking what he said. Why did you kill him, Dycedarg? Why!?

A guard enters the hallway.

NORTHERN SKY KNIGHT  
Lord Dycedarg!

DYCEDARG  
Zalbaag is taken with some madness!

More guards enter and surround Zalbaag. Dycedarg rises and draws a blade taken from one of the knights.

DYCEDARG (cont'd)  
Seize him!

ZALBAAG  
Lord Brother!

Ramza enters just in time.

RAMZA  
Stand your ground, Zalbaag!

Ramza and Zalbaag fight together against their elder brother.

ZALBAAG  
Ramza! It is all as you've said!  
Dycedarg enkindled this war and slew  
the duke. All to feed his own  
ambition. He has sullied our name,  
brought scorn upon our house - he  
must be made to pay!

RAMZA  
He shall, Lord Brother!

Blades clash. Dycedarg grows increasingly frustrated.

DYCEDARG  
You fools! Why will you not follow  
where I lead? Why do you turn against  
me? The powerful must rule the weak!  
It is our duty! The Crown once held  
such power, but no more! See how fate  
has brought it low? Why should we not  
rule in its stead? We must wield our  
power and seize the reins of Ivalice!  
Why will you not see this?

ZALBAAG  
You feast on power, Brother, but  
leave no place at the table for  
justice. The name Beouvre befits  
brave men who raise their swords in  
justice's name. You are no Beouvre!

## DYCEDARG

Justice? I'd die of shame to hear the word from my own lips! Such lofty ideals cannot rule a people so common. Who has earned you the right to wield your sword of justice? To be hailed as hero? Is it not I? I, who have dirtied my hands to keep yours clean? All that you are you owe to me! You ought be on your knees thanking me, yet here you stand in judgment!

Zalbaag lands a killing blow on Dycedarg.

## DYCEDARG (cont'd)

You've ruined...everything. Ivalice was to be...to be ours. You fools... what have you done?

The Capricorn Stone on Dycedarg's person emits an emerald aura and Dycedarg transforms into Adrammelech, the Wroth.

## ADRAMMELECH THE WROTH

So this is what it is to be a god.  
 (to Zalbaag)  
 Fool of a brother! Heed well these words, the last your ears shall hear. Slain by my hand, our father, Barbaneth. This war had brought our house its chance to rule. He would but watch as hist'ry passed us by. His due I granted him, no more, no less. No sword yet wrought can parry poison's kiss.

Adrammelech unleashes a powerful pillar of light that teleports Zalbaag from the battlefield.

## ADRAMMELECH THE WROTH (cont'd)

And so on you, Ramza, my gaze alights. Now know regret, a traitor's recompense!

Ramza slays his brother who has become a Lucavi.

## ADRAMMELECH THE WROTH (cont'd)

Too soon this mortal coil did I assume! Angel of Blood, High Seraph...come too late.

Adrammelech disintegrates, leaving behind the Stone.

RAMZA

House Beoulve is no more. But what does it matter? We are the sum of our deeds, not our names.

Alma...I will find you, Alma.

INT. MULLONDE, HOLY OFFICE OF INQUISITION - DAY

Dead priests cover the ground.

Loffrey, Folmarv and a Templarate Mage, CLETIENNE, are assaulting HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL. It is Folmarv that delivers a sword strike to the High Confessor's stomach.

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL

I did not...think you capable of such treachery.

Folmarv withdraws his blade and blood spews forth.

The High Confessor falls to his knees.

FOLMARV

Had you made your confession willingly your life might have been spared. I should have preferred to employ measures less...extreme, but there's no time for that now.

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL

I don't...understand.

FOLMARV

I had hoped to enlist your aid in gathering the auracite. But the boy holds most of the Stones now. Your aid is no longer required.

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL

Help me...please...

FOLMARV

Your wound is deep, but it is not mortal. Treated soon, you will live. But you must earn your life. Tell me: Where is the entrance to the necrohol?

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL

Orbonne. The vaults beneath the monastery.

(MORE)

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL (cont'd)  
In the lowest levels, there is a  
glyph bound by a magicked seal.

FOLMARV  
And how does one break this seal?

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL  
I know not. The Scriptures may hold  
some clue...I cannot say.

FOLMARV  
At every turn, the boy!

Folmarv gestures at Loffrey, who takes a closer step.

FOLMARV (cont'd)  
Good-bye, Funebris.

Folmarv and Cletienne leave.

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL  
Do not...leave me like this. I beg  
you...

Loffrey hefts his blade and thrusts it into the High  
Confessor's back, then follows Folmarv out.

EXT. MULLONDE - DAY

Just outside the Cathedral, Ramza parries against the  
church's guards.

GLABADOS MAGE  
Halt! None save members of the clergy  
are permitted within these walls!  
State your name and title, and let  
your purpose in coming here be known!

RAMZA  
My name is Ramza Beouvre! I petition  
the release of Alma Beouvre, whose  
person is held unlawfully by the lord  
commander of the Knights Templar!

GLABADOS MAGE  
Ramza Beouvre!? You are fool enough  
to present yourself before us? We  
will carry out your sentence where  
you stand!

Ramza defeats the Glabados church's host of knights and  
mages.

RAMZA

Be strong, Alma! It will not be long now!

He enters the cathedral.

INT. MULLONDE, CATHEDRAL - DAY

Ramza and Meliadoul enter a hallway where Folmarv, Loffrey and Cletienne await him.

FOLMARV

Ramza, at last we meet! Pray forgive me. I ought to have called upon you sooner, but I have been ever so busy of late. I fear I remain so even now, so let us make this brief. If you would see your sister returned alive, you will relinquish the Scriptures and all the auracite you possess. Refuse, and she dies ere the word leaves your lips. Are we of an understanding? My patiences is grown thin.

RAMZA

I have what you desire. Where is Alma? I surrender naught until she is brought before me.

FOLMARV

Did you not hear a word I said? I offered no negotiable terms. Forfeit the Scriptures and the Stones, or forfeit your sister's life.

Ramza takes a measured step forward, and produces the Scriptures of Germonique.

RAMZA

Here are the Scriptures. The Stones I hold until I see that she is safe.

He sets the book to the ground.

Loffrey picks it up and leafs through it.

FOLMARV

Well...?

LOFFREY

...It is written here. A surprisingly simple incantation.

He closes the book and places it in his robes.

FOLMARV

Excellent. Then we have all we need of them. Of course, I suppose propriety dictates that we avenge Belias and the others while they're here.

RAMZA

We are deceived!

Ramza parries their attack.

RAMZA (cont'd)

Why did you not kill Alma?

FOLMARV

What do you mean?

RAMZA

You took no pause in slaughtering your own son. Why keep my sister alive?

FOLMARV

Our affairs are not for you to know!

In the midst of battle, Meliadoul shares some choice words with her father as she's forced to draw her blade on him.

MELIADOUL

Are you truly the father I've always known?

FOLMARV

Of course I am, child! Why do you fight on their side? When did you turn against your own kin?

MELIADOUL

When my own kin ceased to be the man he once was.

FOLMARV

Whatever do you mean?

MELIADOUL

The marquis Elmdore de Limberry was made some sort of fiend when he used a Zodiac Stone. And at Riovanes - the monster who killed Isilud and all the others was you, wasn't it?

FOLMARV

Monster? You think us monsters!?

MELIADOUL

Then it's true! You are not my father.

Meliadoul lands a crushing blow that sends Folmarv to his knees.

FOLMARV

Hmph. We will serve our vengeance another day.

The three Templarates teleport away.

RAMZA

They are even more craven than I'd thought!

INT. MULLONDE, UNDERCROFT - DAY

Ramza pursues Folmarv into a holy burial site beneath Mullonde.

FOLMARV

I fear I've no more time to waste on you. Would that I could bid you farewell here, but I suspect you'd not part ways so easily. I suppose you must be returned to the Father after all. My thralls will delight to guide you to His keeping. This sanctuary even holds a sarcophagus. It's as though Fate lends her hand!

Folmarv uses his Zodiac stone to summon a slew of beasts.

FOLMARV (cont'd)

Of course, death is sooner served by steel. I shall let this one be your foeman as well.

A pillar of light summons Zalbaag, made undead just as Argath was through arcane magick.

RAMZA

Zalbaag!

FOLMARV

Once he was your brother, but he is reborn unto us now. You're a heretic already. Why not a kinslayer?

Folmarv teleports away.

RAMZA

Ever the coward!

FOLMARV (O.S.)

Zalbaag! Deliver me the head of that young man before you! He must not leave this cathedral alive!

Ramza is forced to fight his brother to save his own life.

RAMZA

Lord Brother, it is I! Do you not know your own blood?

ZALBAAG

...Ramza? Is that you? What...what is this place? It is so dark, and I...I cannot see. Am I - what am I doing? Do I stand? Sit? I have no...no sensation. It's as though I...had no limbs.

RAMZA

You are being controlled by Lord Folmarv - a Lucavi!

ZALBAAG

Am I...fighting you? Why...why would I do such a thing? Ramza...flee. Flee, or...or I may strike you down.

RAMZA

Lord Brother! Heed not the false feelings in your mind!

But Zalbaag is unable to stop. So Ramza does what he must.

ZALBAAG

F-forgive me, Ramza. I have...have caused you pain. Alma...Please... save Alma. You are her...only hope. F-farewell, my brother. And...thank you.

Zalbaag explodes in a burst of lightning and fire.

RAMZA  
Zalbaag-!

INT. MULLONDE, HOLY OFFICE OF INQUISITION - DAY

The High Confessor lies at the foot of the stairs with a sword driven into his back.

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL  
Someone...please...!

Ramza enters, none too shocked at the apparent blood bath that had occurred earlier.

He notices movement from the High Confessor, the very man who had branded him a heretic.

RAMZA  
Gods have mercy!

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL  
(reaches for Ramza)  
Help me! Father help me...please!

RAMZA  
Be strong, Your Holiness!

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL  
The knights...of th-the t-  
Templarate...

RAMZA  
You know where they've gone? Tell me-  
you must tell me where!

HIGH CONFESSOR MARCEL  
Or...Orbonne...

The High Confessor perishes at last.

Ramza rises solemnly to his feet.

RAMZA  
Orbonne Monastery.

INT. ORBONNE MONASTERY, LOWER VAULTS - DAY

Ramza enters the lowest level of Orbonne's vault, when he hears an incantation echo just ahead.

LOFFREY (O.S.)  
Faol...cheo...de...anda! Zorda...  
mu...feo...mal, Reeve of...oath unto  
you...bound. Time...cross you...  
vastness...Throw...Her...that we...  
pass!

A bluish aura fills the croft.

LOFFREY  
We've waited for you, Ramza. How very  
far you've come, but no farther! Your  
bones will rest here in the darkness.  
The stones of the monastery make an  
ironic cairn for a heretic such as  
you!

After moments of intense fighting.

RAMZA  
There is something familiar in this.  
Something reminiscent of our battle  
with Celia and Lettie. You are no  
mortal man.

LOFFREY  
No, that I am not. I am something far  
greater. Folmarv has made it possible  
for me to leave behind ignorance, the  
frailty of the flesh. I am given the  
gift of life eternal. A joy you can  
never know.

RAMZA  
What drives you to do what you do?  
What is it you seek?

LOFFREY  
Questions...so many questions. But  
your search for answers is in vain.  
They wait beyond me, forever beyond  
your reach!

Loffrey is slain.

LOFFREY (cont'd)  
It is not...my time. So much  
remains...to be done.  
(stands)  
For you, Ramza...I shall cast open  
the very gates of hell.  
(MORE)

LOFFREY (cont'd)

(incantation)

Faolos cheos de vanda! Zorda ramud  
feolio...Zomal, Reeve of Time, by  
oath unto you am I bound. Timeless,  
cross you now the vastness of Time's  
gulf. Throw wide Her gates that we  
may pass!

A geyser of light erupts from the center of the floor,  
filling the room with an unholy blinding darkness.

EXT. NECROHOL OF MULLONDE - DAY

Light returns.

Ramza is transported onto a heraldic glyph inscribed on  
stone. Loffrey is wounded and lying against a nearby wall.

RAMZA

What is this place?

LOFFREY

The necrohol of Mullonde. Never again  
will you see the skies of Ivalice.  
Without the glyph...the gate...there  
can be no return.

Loffrey raises his hand and invokes a final incantation.

The stone upon which Ramza arrives collapses into the abyss.  
Ramza barely escapes being drawn into the void.

LOFFREY (cont'd)

There is...no turning back now. Go.  
Your sister...awaits.

Loffrey dies.

RAMZA

Alma is near.

Ramza ventures further into the necrohol.

EXT. NECROHOL OF MULLONDE, DESOLATE PLAINS - DAY

Awaiting Ramza is Cletienne, the Templarate Mage, seen with  
Folmarv and Loffrey earlier.

CLETIENNE

So, Ser Loffrey is defeated. Then it falls on me to stop you, if I would do no honor to his noble sacrifice!

The battle rages. Sword and sorcery collide.

RAMZA

Where is Folmarv gone!?

CLETIENNE

What manner of question is that? There is but one place he would go. Our purpose in coming here is solitary. We seek to resurrect our lord and master, the High Seraph. Or rather, to awaken him from the imperfect state in which his former host's death has left him. Lord Folmarv makes for the place our master's soul now dwells - the place where Saint Ajora met his end.

RAMZA

Where!?

CLETIENNE

Were I you, I would concern myself with my own fate, not that of Saint Ajora!

Cletienne perishes just as Loffrey did before him.

CLETIENNE (cont'd)

Loffrey...Forgive me...

Just as he expires, a light flashes in the distance.

RAMZA

That flash of light - he must be there!

#### EXT. NECROHOL OF MULLONDE, LOST HALIDOM - DAY

Making his way towards the flash of light, Ramza is yet again met by the Templarate, Barich, and a horde of fiends.

BARICH

Truly, it is a joy that we should chance to meet again.

(MORE)

BARICH (cont'd)

I once suffered defeat at your hands,  
but it will not happen twice. This  
dead city will be your final resting  
place!

Barich and his unholy minions unleash their attack.

RAMZA

So you've become the pawn of the  
Lucavi, also. Was such your fear of  
death, that you would sooner bend  
your knee to demons?

BARICH

You are a naive child who speaks of  
things he does not understand. Only  
now am I made truly human!

RAMZA

How does selling your soul to demons  
make you human?

BARICH

I stand above all other men now. I  
have transcended death itself! No  
longer must I bow my head in coy  
attempts to curry favor with you  
highborn nobles! I've bought my  
freedom. I am a human at last - no  
longer something less!

RAMZA

You think freedom a thing bought and  
sold? What value, a freedom you have  
not earned? A man who's lost his  
pride can never be free. You  
surrendered your own freedom the  
moment you bowed your head to someone  
undeserving! Freedom and equality  
cannot be bartered. They are rights -  
rights earned with sweat, and toil,  
and blood! Freedom is no raiment of  
Lucavi weave! They tell you you wear  
cloth of gold, but in truth you stand  
more naked as before!

Barich once again falls against Ramza.

BARICH

How can I die...? I thought I had...  
transcended...

The Stones in Ramza's possession glimmer.

RAMZA  
The Stones resonate. We draw near.

EXT. NECROHOL OF MULLONDE, AIRSHIP GRAVEYARD - DAY

Ramza encounters Folmarv who has Alma before him. She is unconscious on the ground.

FOLMARV  
I do not understand. Why does Virgo not awaken? The spirit of the High Seraph lingers in this place, I am sure. What could be amiss?  
(ponders)  
Mayhap you are not the vessel of Saint Ajora after all. No. No, it cannot be that. Virgo stirred at your presence. You must be the one.

He catches Ramza approaching.

FOLMARV (cont'd)  
They have come.

RAMZA  
It is over, Folmarv! You will not rouse Virgo! End this! Release my sister!

FOLMARV  
Of course...It is but a matter of blood! You see, do you not? She wants for blood. The Angel of Blood must slake her thirst ere she rise again. The land has drunk deep of blood in the chiliads since Saint Ajora's death. Yet still she covets more. So be it. Once more to the world light, there to steep the earth in blood's sweet rain. Worry not. You will not live to see the storm.

Folmarv conjures the Libra Zodiac Stone and transforms into Hashmal, the Bringer of Order, a lion-like Lucavi.

HASHMAL BRINGER OF ORDER  
Angel of Blood, in all things you I serve. No wine more deep, no searing coal more hot than this, the crimson blood for you I spill!

Ramza charges forward, blade drawn.

RAMZA

Alma, I'm coming! Wake! Cast off this sleep!

HASHMAL BRINGER OF ORDER

She will not waken to your vile speech.

RAMZA

What have you done to her?

HASHMAL BRINGER OF ORDER

Her will intact, our plans come to naught. When next she wakes, her sacred task made clear. Unto this world our brethren must she call.

And yet again, Ramza emerges triumphant.

HASHMAL BRINGER OF ORDER (cont'd)

My lord and master...still you do not wake...

The Virgo Stone sparkles and Alma awakens.

ALMA

Wh-where...where am I?

RAMZA

Alma!

ALMA

Ramza! Is it...truly you?

HASHMAL BRINGER OF ORDER

Too far we've come...to taste now of defeat...Angel...of Blood. That you should rise...my life I gladly give!

Hashmal pierces himself with his own claws. His body disintegrates, leaving only the Libra stone behind.

It shimmers and reacts with the Virgo stone.

Alma screams as she's transformed into the Holy Visage of Saint Ajora.

SAINT AJORA

I am come once more.

RAMZA

Alma, no!

A pillar of light emanates from Saint Ajora. It seems to struggle with her reincarnation.

SAINT AJORA

What....is this? What happens to me?  
Unghhh...Ramza...please. Help me...

RAMZA

Alma!

SAINT AJORA

Ramza...No! You cannot-! You must  
not-! NO!

A blue flame engulfs Ajora and separates Alma from the demon. She appears relatively unharmed.

RAMZA

Alma! Are you all right?

ALMA

I...I will be. But Ajora - you must  
kill her...quickly...

SAINT AJORA

To thwart my coming...you would dare  
assay? No. It shall not be. Loyal  
minions...heed my call - to me!

Ultima demons materialize. The entire graveyard trembles.

SAINT AJORA (cont'd)

I suffer spite...from neither lord...  
nor serf!

A blinding light reveals a transformed Ajora, the High Seraph. She floats over the battlefield in enchanted crimson dress and white wings.

SAINT AJORA (cont'd)

Your defiance reaps you naught but  
death's embrace!

Ramza and Alma battle the High Seraph.

They narrowly survive just after landing a finishing strike.

SAINT AJORA (cont'd)

Impossible...this end to meet...I see  
it now, too late. In you...his blood,  
my vanquisher in times...long past.  
But not so soon...shall I accept  
defeat...

A rising tempest whisks Saint Ajora away, and a massive blue bolt of light transforms her into the Arch Seraph, ULTIMA, which has a skeletal frame and soulless face.

ARCH SERAPH ULTIMA  
Your shroud itself shall not escape  
my wrath!

The final battle ensues. But Ramza and Alma pull off the impossible and slay Ultima.

ARCH SERAPH ULTIMA (cont'd)  
Had I but...more power...

The Arch Seraph disintegrates in a heavenly spire of light, taking the entire graveyard of airships along with it.

EXT. BEOULVE MANSE, CEMETERY - DAY

A half-dozen or so mourners in black surround a burial plot where a Glabados Priest conducts the last rites.

GLABADOS PRIEST  
Blessings of the Great Father  
descend, and guide your body's return  
to the earth. May the grace of Saint  
Ajora lead Alma's soul to the eternal  
shores of Paradise. There she shall  
find peace. Faram.

MOURNERS  
Faram.

The Priest makes a holy gesture. Mourners slowly disperse.

MOURNER #1  
She was so young.

MOURNER #2  
For all the children of the house to  
be taken at once - the gods are  
cruel.

MOURNER #3  
And the youngest son, Ramza, denied  
even a burial - such tragedy.

MOURNER #4  
For three centuries House Beoult  
stood, but no more.

Orran and Valmafra enter as mourners leave.

## ORRAN

Ramza, Alma...forgive me. I am late  
in paying my respects. I would have  
come sooner, were not so many eyes  
upon me.

Valmafra lays flowers on the unnamed grave.

## ORRAN (cont'd)

Delita and Ovelia are wed now. A  
commonborn youth restores peace to  
the realm, and now together with a  
princess, he forges a new kingdom. A  
tale of heroism not like to be soon  
forgotten.

I believe Delita may be just the man  
you said - pure of heart, in the end.  
When Valmafra revealed herself for an  
agent of Mullonde, he made it appear  
as though he'd killed her, then let  
her run. I think he must have caught  
a glimpse of himself in her - a tool  
manipulated by Lord Folmarv.

Valmafra leaves Orran to his grief.

## ORRAN (cont'd)

My father...Did...did he die bravely?  
I'll visit you again. Be at peace.

He glances back just as he leaves.

## ORRAN (cont'd)

Are you truly dead? I still cannot  
believe you are gone. After so  
much...

Again as he turns, he sees what appears to be Ramza and Alma  
in the distance on the backs of chocobos.

## ORRAN (cont'd)

Could it be-?

The two Beoultre siblings ride off into the woods.

## ORRAN (cont'd)

Ramza, Alma! Wait!

Valmafra returns to check on Orran.

ORRAN (cont'd)  
They're alive. They're both of them  
alive!

Valmafra and Orran both peer in the direction where Ramza  
and Alma rode.

                  ORRAN (cont'd)  
Thank you, Ramza...

END OF CHAPTER IV

EPILOGUE

"Ramza and his sister were not seen again.  
Orran Durai was left to ponder the mark they  
had left on history's page.

"I know not what brings men joy.  
Of what drives them to great deeds,  
of what legacies they hope to leave,  
I know less yet."

"But I do know this:  
The true hero of this tale was  
the man forgotten."

Orran would spend the next half-decade  
assembling an account of all to which he had  
borne witness. His work complete, Orran  
presented this account, the Durai Papers,  
before the Clemensian Council, then convened  
for the selection of a new High Confessor.  
However the Church, fearing above all else the  
revelation of the truth, seized Orran as a  
heretic and burnt him at the stake.

The pen that inked them forever stilled, the  
Papers then lay hidden for long centuries,  
forgotten even by the church that had  
concealed them.

But I have found the truth, and so lay it for  
all to see. That his deeds might guide  
generations to come that his name might  
receive the honor it's due."

Arazlam Durai  
Author of the Zodiac Brave Story

EXT. ZELTENNIA CASTLE, RUINS - DAY

A final scene of Ovelia, once more in the chapel ruins.

A regal Delita dismounts a chocobo and heads for her.

DELITA

I thought I might find you here.  
Everyone has been looking for you.

He produces a bouquet of flowers.

DELITA (cont'd)

Today's your birthday, is it not? I  
brought you-

Without a moment's notice, Ovelia lunges at Delita with a dagger, stabbing him in the abdomen.

DELITA (cont'd)

O-Ovelia?

OVELIA

How could you? You...you used them,  
and all the others! And someday  
you'll cast me aside, just as you did  
him!

Delita dislodges the dagger, then stabs Ovelia, who collapses unconscious.

He limps away, drops the knife, glancing up at the heavens.

DELITA

Did you get your end in all of this,  
Ramza? I...I got this.

He remains kneeling from a deep wound.

THE END

THE SCRIPTURES OF GERMONIQUE

(This narration is from Ramza's POV):

I opened the Scriptures of Germonique, entrusted to me by Elder Simon, and began to leaf through the pages.

The words before my eyes were writ in a holy script of the ancients. Several illustrations were scattered throughout, but many pages were missing or damaged, and the script was exceedingly difficult to decipher. I was deeply curious as to what knowledge lay within.

As I was turning pages, faintly penned letters in modern Ivalician script occasionally caught my eye. Notes of an explanatory nature had been added here and there throughout the book. I wondered who might have written them.

Judging by the faded ink, some entries were more than a decade old, while others seemed to have been penned only in the last few days. As I touched my finger to one of them, the writing smeared. The ink had yet to fully dry. Every note was written in the same hand -- Elder Simon's, I suddenly realized. He must have devoted a significant portion of his life to deciphering these Scriptures, line by painstaking line.

I relied heavily on his fragmentary notes as I continued reading. Apparently the holy script had been recorded by Germonique, a disciple of Saint Ajora.

Germonique...That name struck a familiar chord. Half-forgotten history lessons rose unbidden in my mind.

And then I remembered. Germonique was the disciple who had betrayed his master, turning him over to the Holy Ydoran Empire.

I was astounded that a libram penned by the same Germonique from my history lessons now rested in my very hands.

I could hardly contain myself as I turned the pages. And then I was assaulted by a shock far greater than the realization that I held a priceless historical artefact.

Originally I had thought the book to be no more than a collection of Saint Ajora's teaching, as recorded by Germonique. How unprepared I was to learn what it truly contained.

This tome served as an account of Saint Ajora's life. The Saint Ajora described within was of a considerably different nature than the man about whom we have all been taught.

I had always known that Saint Ajora was no ordinary mortal. My faith in the Church of Glabados was not as profoundly complete as that of my lord brother Zalbaag, yet I did believe that Saint Ajora was a child of the gods, descended from the heavens to deliver humanity from its self-inflicted chaos.

Or should I say, I had believed. All I had thought immutable was shattered upon reading the Scriptures.

Saint Ajora's birth came in the midst of a golden age of technology, when airships yet plied the skies. He was born in Lesalia, in the city of Bervenia. Moments after his birth, he rose to his feet and approached a well. Upon reaching its base, words of prophecy poured forth from his infant lips:

"A calamity shall soon befall this well. Seal it up at once, that none may drink of it."

Some days later, the Black Death visited the town of Bervenia, and all those who drank the well's tainted water succumbed to the plague and perished. Only those families who heeded the prophetic words of Saint Ajora were spared from death and malady. After the incident with the well, the people came to revere Saint Ajora as a portent of miracle and child of the gods.

But it was not until he reached the age of twenty that Saint Ajora would become the savior of Ivalice, and take his place among the gods in Paradise.

Ivalice was not always united as it is today. Long ago, the realm was divided into seven kingdoms: Fovoham, Lionel, Limberry, Lesalia, Gallionne, Zeltennia, and Mullonde. Each warred with the others in a never-ending struggle to expand its own territory.

This conflict had continued for centuries, until an ambitious young king rose to power in Mullonde. This young monarch dreamt of united all of Ivalice under his hand, but the road to victory was a difficult and dangerous one. The king turned to ancient tomes and the dark magicks found within, summoning a demon from the netherworld to do his bidding. But once unleashed, the demon slew the king and set out to destroy the very world itself.

To combat this monstrosity, a great hero set out on a quest. Together with his twelve disciples, he collected the Zodiac Stones that had been scattered throughout the world, and the Zodiac Braves were born again. The Zodiac Braves soon defeated the creature's minions and banished the demon back to its infernal plane, for this becoming known as the saviors of our world.

The story is now a well-known legend. The Zodiac Braves have since appeared whenever the world balanced on the brink of catastrophe, only to vanish just as quickly once the crisis has been averted.

Similar catastrophe threatened the world in the time of Saint Ajora. The king of Limberry summoned a demon in hopes of seizing control of all of Ivalice, and once again plunged the world into chaos. And just as in the legend, Saint Ajora collected the twelve Zodiac Stones. And once again the Zodiac Braves rose to defeat the marauding demon. However, the sovereigns of any age have small tolerance for the interference of well-meaning "heroes".

Fearing the charismatic saint's growing influence, the Holy Ydoran Empire dispatched soldiers to capture him and his devoted followers. Pharism was the prevalent religion in that day, and its priests feared Ajora's growing influence.

Ultimately, Germonique, the thirteenth disciple, was tempted by the sordid coin, offering vital information that led to his master's capture. The saint was executed upon the gallows of Golgollada soon thereafter.

But lest we forget, Saint Ajora was a child of the gods. The wrath of the heavens was swift and terrible. Immediately following the execution, Mullonde, the center of Pharist teachings, was visited by a terrible cataclysm and sank into the sea.

Saint Ajora then ascended to Paradise to take his rightful place among the gods.

This was the legend with which I was familiar -- the very same tale told to every child of Ivalice. But the Saint Ajora described within the Scriptures of Germonique was a different man altogether.

Ajora was no child of the gods. He was a mere mortal, no more divine than you or I. He was a revolutionary, who fought to realize his own ambitions.

He was no lover of peace -- no hero who would sacrifice himself for the good of humanity.

Germonique wrote of him:

As the founder of a new religion with a rising number of followers, Ajora was seen as no more than a nuisance to the empire. But Ajora was apparently more than just a religious founder. He was a saboteur who infiltrated enemy states to collect information and sow disorder. Ajora was a spy, dispatched to the Holy Ydoran Empire by a rival state. Whatever he claimed to be, it was fact that the empire began to fear this upstart's growing influence.

Germonique was employed to collect evidence that would allow the empire to arrest Ajora as a spy. The thirteenth disciple was in reality no more than the empire's instrument in a play to uncover Ajora's true intentions.

It seems that Ajora indeed attempted to reassemble the Zodiac Braves. Germonique confirmed in his writings that Ajora even discovered some of the Stones. But what was his purpose in seeking them?

I do not know if the young king of Limberry actually summoned a demon. At the very least, I have failed to encounter even a single line within the Scriptures that records the event. Yet catastrophe did indeed befall Mullonde at the time of Ajora's death. According to the Scriptures, the bulk of the city sank into the sea.

The footnotes provided further enlightenment. They expressed a different view, no doubt the personal opinion of Elder Simon.

"Although many spoke of their existence, none had ever set eyes upon these Scriptures of Germonique.

Some might say they are fraudulent, written with the sole purpose of discrediting Saint Ajora. But I know this tome to be authentic."

"When I served as an inquisitor for the Church, many others in the Holy Office feared the existence of this work. And the same is no doubt true for the High Confessor. They were all fearful of these writings, for everything contained within them is fact."

"After Saint Ajora's death, the Church, which had capitalized on his considerable influence to seize power for itself, had only one task: to conceal his true nature as a human being. This one fact had to be erased from the annals of history. They needed to ensure that Saint Ajora be remembered as a child of the gods."

"Their use of the Zodiac Braves, a legend believed throughout Ivalice, was a stroke of genius. It was a simple feat to convince the people that Saint Ajora had led the Zodiac Braves to defeat a demon. A demon that never existed..."

"I realize now that I had lost my faith the moment I began to read these Scriptures. And yet I feel no sorrow. Thinking back, I now know that my desire to know the truth was stronger than my faith had ever been."

"But I have committed one great sin. I failed to condemn the Church for lying to our flock all these years. And why? I knew that if I were to share this book with the world, my precious library would be taken from me."

"And to me there could be no pain greater, for this library is the only means of slaking my endless thirst for knowledge. My curiosity eclipsed my will to do what was right."

Elder Simon wrote that Saint Ajora's demon never existed. But I have seen the dark power of the Zodiac Stones with my own eyes.

There is an evil presence at work -- something  
much more sinister than even the High  
Confessor and his twisted plots.