



An accordion's music drifts through the winding, cobbled streets. It is evening, and the block is filled with activity - diners drink fine wine and talk excitedly, just blocks from an old temple.

A pushy group of theatre-goers are storming out of their local cinema, loud and incensed. Their behaviour is more than odd - as you watch, a woman covers her mouth with her hand and leans conspiratorially to her friend, before screaming at the top of her lungs. Everyone is shouting, yelling - it is chaos.

As you scan the area amidst the noisy crowd, you spot a peculiar device poking out from underneath a bright red Vespa. Could this have been tossed away by one of E.V.I.L.'s operatives just moments ago? You stare at the screen and begin to decipher...

