

Chicago, 1948.
Rain washes everything
except old debts.



A good pianist watches
the room. A survivor
watches the exits.



Just quiet like...
nobody saw.



Wrong key, kid.



Thirty minutes later,
the law arrived.



Nobody leaves
until I get the list.



Well, look who
learned to play
in key.



Ten years since
Harlem, Marcus.





New York still has
paper with your name.



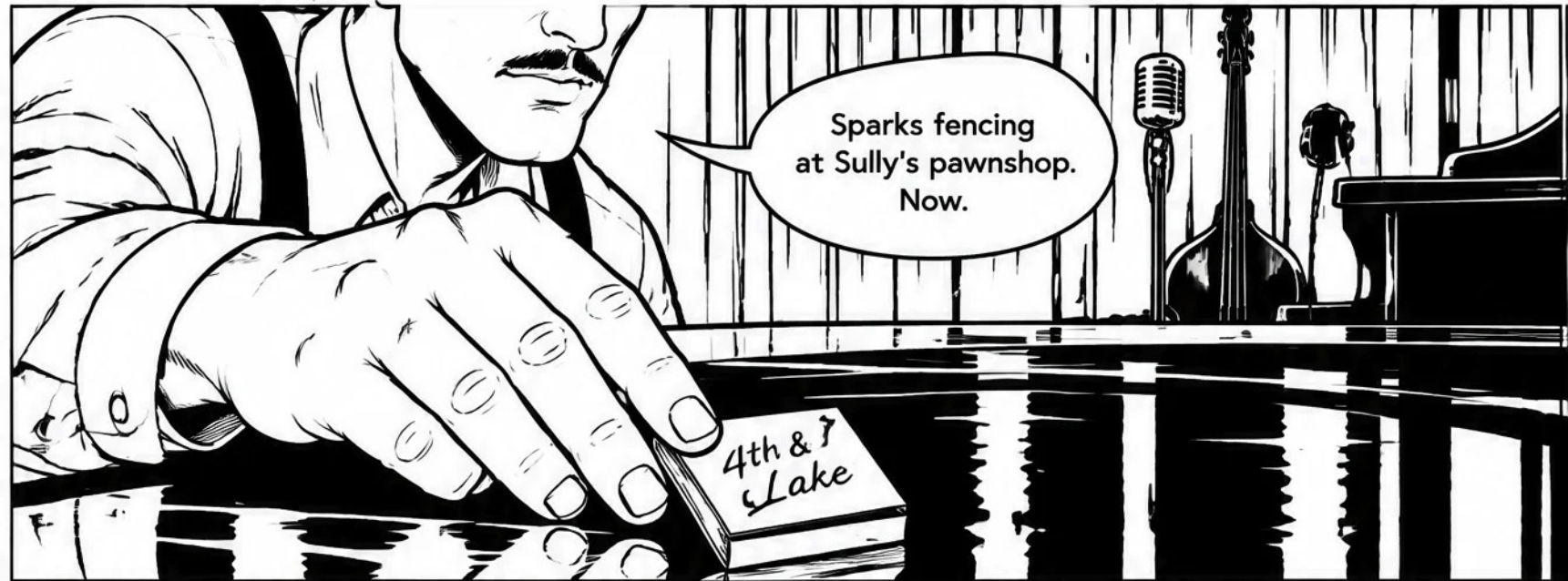
That paper burnt
a long time ago.



The club safe was
emptied. Talk to me.



I give you the runner.
You lose the file.



Inside the lockbox sat cash, ledger rolls, and one sealed envelope.



The club owner
was keeping tabs
on you.



A deal is a deal,
piano man.





He got sloppy.
Case closed, boss.



Paper caught fire
in the rain. Shame.



Keep playing, Leo.
We're square.



See you around,
horn player.

In Chicago, silence costs
double. But music is free.