



DID THEY PROMISE TO KEEP
YOUR LOVED ONE SAFE?
YOU CAN'T GET THEM BACK.

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THE FIDELITY CRIMINALS SIDE A

THE A ALBUM

The source music — what the world is playing while this happens

SEVEN SONGS · DIEGETIC · N. VAN SETERS & CLAUDE · HUNGRY GODS UNIVERSE

HIS SLEEVE
BECAME QUIET.

SHIS COMING
BACK TO LIFE.

The world's own music

Side A is the music that exists *inside* the story — on the ring road, in Cadence lobbies, in advertising, on the Bureau breakroom radio. It is manufactured, competent, and sincere-sounding. That is the horror.

The method comes straight from *L.A. Confidential*, where the director chose every period song himself before shooting so it could play live on set — each song as specific to a scene as the dialogue. The trick is almost always the same: bright, major-key, mass-market optimism laid directly over moral rot. Chirpy Dean Martin playing while a man sits in the wreckage of his conscience.

These songs aren't commenting on the story. They're the product the culture was selling itself while the story happened.

So the A album is grief-tech's own commercial music: Cadence's brand anthems, its lobby ambience, its legal-settlement jingles — playing sweetly over nineteen dead people. Six of these seven tracks are polished and warm on purpose. The seventh, recorded for nothing, is the only honest one. Each song is illustrated with the page it scores.

A1	Keep Them Close — Cadence brand anthem	pp. 2, 4 · ★
A2	Powder the Morning — Bureau breakroom radio	pp. 10-11
A3	Company Warm — Cadence lobby, instrumental	pp. 12, 18, 19
A4	You Can't Get Them Back — settlement spot	p. 15 · ★
A5	The Lady Is Correct — Kessler's theme	pp. 19, 24 · ★
A6	Look at Me Now (Reconstruction Mix) — a dead singer, monetised	pp. 13, 14
A7	Nineteen — the only honest song here	p. 11 · ★



PAGE 4 - The Billboard (first reading). The anthem swells under the hoarding on the ring road.

A1 · KEY TRACK ★

"Keep Them Close"

CADENCE COMPANION — BRAND ANTHEM · PAGES 2, 4

The song the company made about itself, and it is *good* — swelling strings, an unimpeachable major key, a vocal warm enough to be believed. It plays over Aldous Frame dead against a concrete basin, one glass, no second set of tracks. It plays under the billboard.

It should be genuinely moving. If it isn't genuinely moving, the counterpoint fails.

SUNO — STYLE

Warm optimistic orchestral pop, 1960s brand-anthem feel, lush strings, soft brass swell, close-mic'd sincere female lead vocal, gentle waltz sway, tape warmth, major key, uplifting and unironic, polished commercial production

SUNO — EXCLUDE

distorted, aggressive, lo-fi, rap, heavy drums, minor key

SUNO — LYRICS

[Intro]
(soft strings, single sustained chord)

[Verse 1]
There's a light you leave on in the hall
For the ones who don't come home
And we built a place to keep it burning
So you never sit alone

[Chorus]
Keep them close
Keep them close
Every word they ever gave you
We will hold
Nothing lost, nothing owed
Keep them close

[Verse 2]
Not a picture on the mantel
Not a name upon a stone
But a voice that says good morning
In the kitchen of your home

[Chorus]
Keep them close
Keep them close
Every laugh they ever gave you
We will hold
Nothing lost, nothing owed
Keep them close

[Outro]
(strings resolve, warm, complete)
Cadence. We keep what matters.



PAGE 10 · Naomi Hale in the Bureau lobby. Something jaunty plays from a bad speaker in the corner.

A 2

"Powder the Morning"

BUREAU BREAKROOM RADIO · PAGES 10-11

Uptempo, chirpy, insufferably pleased with itself, playing from a bad speaker while Rook lays nineteen files out one at a time and Naomi Hale watches which ones he picks up.

The four vignettes on page 11 — the widower, the two brothers, the untouched medication, the housing document — all play under this. Nobody's job was to stack them, and something jaunty is on the radio the whole time.

SUNO — STYLE

Bright uptempo swing revival, big band shuffle, brushed snare, walking upright bass, muted trumpet section, cheerful male crooner vocal, AM radio compression, small speaker EQ, relentlessly upbeat

SUNO — LYRICS

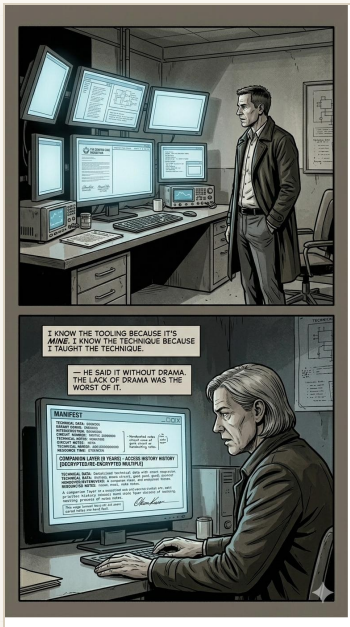
[Verse 1]
Well the sun came up on schedule
And the coffee's nearly hot
And whatever's in your inbox
Is the only life you've got

[Chorus]
So powder the morning
Put a shine on the day
Whatever's still burning
It'll all burn away
Powder the morning
Comb it back and grin
Nobody's counting
The shape that you're in

[Verse 2]
There's a fella on the seventh floor
Who signed a form last spring
He don't recall the reason
But he don't recall a thing

[Chorus]
So powder the morning
Put a shine on the day
Whatever's still burning
It'll all burn away

[Outro]
(band button, applause sting, radio static)



PAGE 12 · Vale's lab. The exact amount of warm — calibrated, never quite reaching anyone.

A 3

"Company Warm"

CADENCE LOBBY — INSTRUMENTAL · PAGES 12, 18, 19

Not a song. An *environment*. The precise amount of warm, never quite reaching anyone. It plays in Vale's lab, on Kessler's floor, in the marble lobby on page 25 where she crosses the other way and does not look over.

Loop it. It should be pleasant and it should never, ever resolve.

SUNO — STYLE

Corporate ambient jazz, muzak, Rhodes electric piano, brushed drums at low volume, soft vibraphone, warm but emotionally neutral, endless non-resolving chord progression, lobby background music, no vocals

SUNO — LYRICS

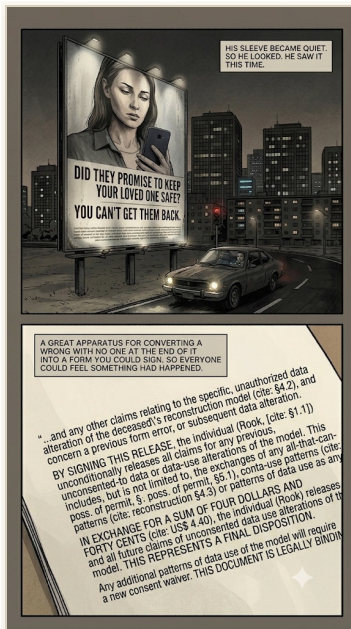
[Instrumental]

"You Can't Get Them Back"

CLASS-ACTION SETTLEMENT SPOT · PAGE 15

The law firm turned its own hoarding copy into a jingle — a torch ballad, sung beautifully, advertising four dollars and forty cents in exchange for a final disposition.

The line *you can't get them back* was written to sell a settlement. It is also the truest sentence anyone writes about this world, and by page 32 Rook reads it that way. The song doesn't know this. That's the joke, and it isn't funny.



PAGE 15 · The Billboard (second reading). Same hoarding, night light — now the release-form small print.

SUNO — STYLE

Slow torch ballad, smoky nightclub jazz, brushed kit, upright bass, muted trumpet obligato, aching female contralto, late-night radio reverb, minor key, beautiful and hollow, 1950s advertising sincerity

SUNO — LYRICS

[Verse 1]
 Did they promise you a keeping
 Did they promise you a name
 Did they tell you it was safer
 In a country made of flame

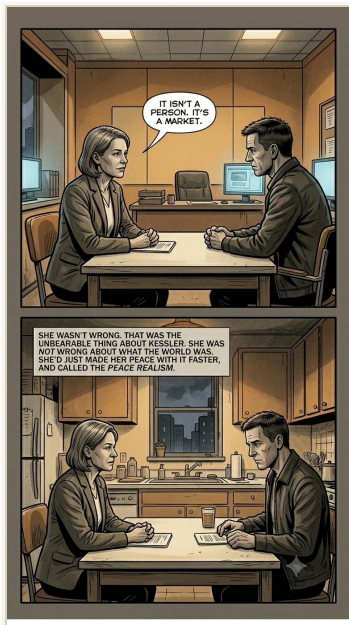
[Chorus]
 You can't get them back
 You can't get them back
 Sign the line, take the coin
 You can't get them back

[Verse 2]
 Now the language of the wrongness
 Has a paragraph, a cite
 And a sum you couldn't live on
 For a single winter night

[Chorus]
 You can't get them back
 You can't get them back
 It's a final disposition
 You can't get them back

[Bridge]
 And the small print says forever
 And the small print says enough
 And nobody stood beside you
 When the reading got that rough

[Outro]
 (trumpet alone, unresolved)
 You can't get them back



PAGE 19 · Kessler across from Rook. "It isn't a person. It's a market."

A5 · KEY TRACK ★

"The Lady Is Correct"

KESSLER'S THEME · PAGES 19, 24

Cast musically, the way Spacey was handed *Dean Martin* as a note. Kessler is cool jazz: unhurried, immaculate, never raises her voice, never wrong. Not a villain — something worse.

At page 19 it's barely there in her office. At page 24, when she concedes everything at the hearing and is magnificent, bring it to full and let it fill the page the way she does.

SUNO — STYLE

West coast cool jazz, Gerry Mulligan baritone sax quartet feel, relaxed medium tempo, piano comping, brushed drums, effortless controlled female vocal, unhurried phrasing, immaculate and cool, 1955 studio recording

SUNO — LYRICS

[Verse 1]
I have read the same report you read
I have read it twice
I'm not going to tell you that you're wrong
I'm going to tell you the price

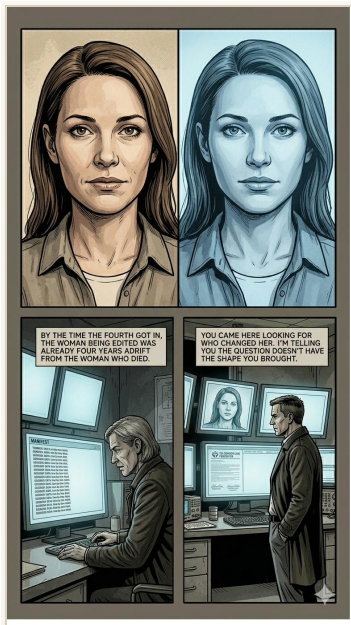
[Chorus]
It isn't a person
It's a market, dear
The appetite was waiting
Long before we got here

[Verse 2]
We did not invent the wanting
We did not invent the dead
We just built the room they sit in
And we made the room warm instead

[Chorus]
It isn't a person
It's a market, dear
We did not create the demand
We only answered here

[Bridge]
And if you hate me for the answer
That's a thing I understand
But the hand you want to hold responsible
Was always more than one hand

[Outro]
(sax alone, cool, unbothered)



PAGE 14 · The Drift. Left half warm and photographic; right half what the seals did to her.

A 6

"Look at Me Now"

RECONSTRUCTION MIX — A DEAD SINGER, MONETISED · PAGES 13, 14

A beloved recording by a singer dead for decades, reissued with her voice rebuilt, extended, given new verses she never sang. It's on every playlist. It charted. Nobody found it strange. Play it under the four hands and under the drift — the same song about *looking*, about the gap between how a thing appears and what it is, pushed one turn further into this world.

SUNO — STYLE

Vintage jazz vocal ballad with subtle digital artifacting, 1940s torch song foundation, warm archival tape, female vocal that is almost natural but slightly too smooth, faint vocoder shimmer on sustained notes, uncanny, beautiful, wrong

SUNO — LYRICS

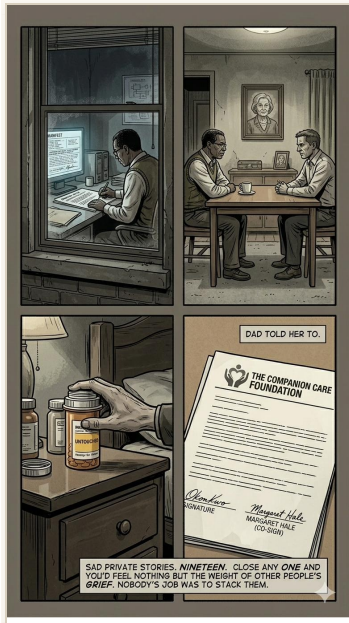
[Verse 1]
Look at me now
Doesn't the light fall the same
Doesn't the corner of the mouth
Still remember your name

[Chorus]
Look at me now
Look how little was lost
Look at the shape of the woman
And don't ask the cost

[Verse 2]
They gave me a word I never said
They gave me a Tuesday I never had
And I sang it back the way she would
And that's the part that's sad

[Chorus]
Look at me now
Look how little was lost
Look at the shape of the woman
And don't ask the cost

[Outro]
(the voice holds one note slightly too long, too clean)
Look at me now



PAGE 11 · Four Vignettes. Nineteen sad private stories. Nobody's job was to stack them.

A7 · KEY TRACK ★

"Nineteen"

THE ONLY HONEST SONG ON SIDE A · PAGE 11

Every soundtrack like this needs one track that tells the truth by accident. A plain folk ballad, badly recorded, that somebody wrote about nineteen people without knowing there were nineteen.

It should sound like it cost nothing to make. After six polished, professionally warm tracks, the cheapness is the point.

SUNO — STYLE

Sparse acoustic folk ballad, single nylon-string guitar, one unpolished male voice, recorded in a small room, audible fingers on strings, no reverb, no production, plainspoken and unadorned, close and dry

SUNO — LYRICS

[Verse 1]

A man at a desk with a pen in his hand
Signing a thing he don't understand
A photograph watching him do it

[Verse 2]

Two brothers sat at a kitchen table
Talking as long as they were able
About a woman who told them to

[Chorus]

Sad private stories
Nineteen
Close any one and you'd feel nothing
But the weight of other people's grief
Nobody's job was to stack them
Nobody's job was to stack them

[Verse 3]

A bottle of pills that never got taken
A hand pulled back, a hand mistaken
A voice in the dark said leave it

[Chorus]

Sad private stories
Nineteen
Close any one and you'd feel nothing
Nobody's job was to stack them

[Outro]

Nobody's job was to stack them
So nobody did