

FLATTOP approaches TRACY with a mischievous grin.

FLATTOP

Nothing like a eulogy to get the family back together.

TRACY

You? This was all you.

FLATTOP

No Tracy. This all happened because of you. You did such a fine job. Cleaning the streets, making peace. Never stopped to realize that peace is only an illusion of war. The consequences of your actions not only affected you but also dried up my line of work. How can I kill for the mob when there are no more mobs?

TRACY

You're out of line Flattop. Even for a scumbag like you.

FLATTOP punches TRACY across the face with viciousness.

FLATTOP

Do you know what its been like Tracy? Huh! I was on top, people knew my name; they were afraid of it. And now! How am I supposed to be remembered? You and I were interwoven with each other. I never realized just how much until it was gone. When you got all righteous. Don't you get it Tracy? They papers stopped writing about you, so they stopped reading about me?