

FRANK: [*to all of them*] Oh yes, I'm good enough for you when it's raining, when the buses are on strike. I'm good enough for you when your shoes hurt and you want someone to get you from A to B. When I offer you the privilege of hearing about *my* life, *my* times, *my* soul... you just smirk... You know, maybe taxi drivers are capable of telling a good story—

TESS: You bet!

FRANK: Maybe we do have something valuable to say—

TESS: Yes, sirree—

FRANK: Maybe we are capable of being intellectual giants who change the literary landscape for the rest of time.

TESS: Don't push it, Frank.

FRANK: You could be looking at the next—

He stops to think.

TESS: Tolstoy—

FRANK: The other one—

MARGOT: Dostoyevsky—

FRANK: The other one—

BRYAN: Trollope.

FRANK: Watch it, buddy! [*Suddenly remembering*] *Dan Brown*. Ever think about that? Huh?

BRYAN: Dan, let's just talk it through, man to man.