



definitely should've ignored the metaphorical boner I got every time Evan flexed his muscles in front of me. Trying to write a script that stayed true to my book was going to be hard. Trying to write a script with a man that could give a nun a complex and keep it strictly professional was going to be even harder. In the interest of self preservation, you'd think that I'd try and avoid getting to know the man behind the larger than life persona; especially after I found out the real reason why he wanted to use my book as his directorial debut. But since befriending a man basically turns a woman into a masochist, I didn't and now my life is a total \$#!T show.