



***Beauty and the Beast* reimaged as a modern rom-com, by New York Times best-selling author Jasmine Guillory.**

- The second title of a new series that reimagine the Disney Princesses as heroines in delightfully modern romantic comedies. Also available: *If The Shoe Fits* by Julie Murphy.
- Jasmine Guillory is a *New York Times* best-selling author.
- Features empowering messages of self acceptance and not judging a book by its cover.
- Disney Plus has 87.6 million paid subscribers globally, with an additional 50.1 million paid subscribers for Disney Plus Hotstar. In the UK, Disney Plus has 7.5 million subscribers, which is up 21% from 2021.

then there had been the midnight screening matches he'd gotten into during and after his father's funeral, they'd been over the table.

Almost immediately after the funeral, Marta had given him a glossy book deal for his memoir. But well over a year ago, Beau Torres had basically disappeared. He was definitely still alive; his agent periodically sent emails reminding Beau was working on the book, though his deadline had long since passed. But Marta had told her to email him regularly to check in, so she sent him an email every other Monday at 9:45 like clockwork. He never emailed her back, but she'd stopped expecting a response long ago.

She read the email that day's one two weeks ago. When she'd first started reading these emails, they'd been polite, professional, earnest queries asking him to check in with her, or with Marta, or to reach out if he had questions, or offering to set up conference calls with potential ghostwriters—all basically ways of saying, "Please, please, please email me back!" without actually saying those words. But after many months of making the message with an expense, and as everything in her job got more and more stressful, she'd craved.

Now she had fun with them, since she was certain no one but her and Beau—over Beau Torres, not his agent, and not Marta, whom she always called—

By Beau Towers  
CC: Marta Wallace, John Moore  
From: Isabelle Wallace

Hi, Towers,  
Happy February! February is the shortest month of the year, along with being Book History Month, American Heart Month, National Day Reading Month, and National Snack Food Month. I know about the last two, but not the second two—we were something

She wanted to leave the office, go outside to scream or cry, but it was too cold outside, and she couldn't cry in the bathroom where everyone could hear you. Instead, she clicked over to her travel itinerary. That made her smile for real. She needed some sunshine, she needed an adventure, she needed an escape. Even though she was only going to California for a few days, she would do everything she could to make them count.

new every day! I hope the rep didn't go to a new month's is better you want I just wanted to reach out again to check in and say I hope the writing is going well and that if you need any assistance on your work on your memoir, you shouldn't hesitate to email or call me. Please let me know if there's a way to help you with anything at all.

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

By Beau Towers  
CC: Marta Wallace, John Moore  
From: Isabelle Wallace

Hi, Towers,  
How do you need any good books lately? I've read a number of excellent celebrity memoirs in the past few months—Michael J. Fox, Jimmy Fallon, and Gwyneth Paltrow. All have fantastic memoirs out. People tend to go back to books for Christmas, even though I work in a space where books literally fall out of the sky, but I didn't have any of those books before and I was surprised and delighted to find that I was interested by them, just in case you're struggling with anything in your memoir. I thought

maybe you could read one of those for inspiration? I'm happy to recommend more books to you of any time, or other you any other assistance that you need. I've been reading Obama's for too long, though Michelle's is great! But really, would you want to edit or format something? Looking forward to talking to you soon!

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

## CHAPTER TWO

Izzy and Priya walked into their hotel room and turned to each other with huge grins on their faces. There were palm trees and sunshine, right outside their hotel room. When Izzy had seen the Pacific Ocean out the window of the airplane as they'd descended into Los Angeles, she'd determined that she was going to enjoy this trip, no matter what.

Izzy unzipped her suitcase, and Priya laughed. "You know we're only here for four days, right? I thought I packed a lot!"

Izzy shrugged. "I like to be prepared." Okay, sure, she'd definitely overpacked, but still, she liked to have options! Clothes for the conference, all her favorite pairs of pajamas so she could truly enjoy this hotel room, the workout clothes she knew she wouldn't wear but had packed anyway, a few sundresses out of sheer optimism that she'd get outside and have a chance to experience LA weather and not just hotel-ballroom air conditioning, the notebooks that she brought everywhere out of habit, even though she hadn't written in them in months, a few pairs of flats, and . . . yeah, nope, she was definitely not going to work out, she'd forgotten to pack her sneakers. Oh well.

Izzy looked around the room and sighed a little. She wished she'd had her own hotel room. She loved Priya, but after living with her parents for the past three years, she just wanted a place for at least a few days where she wasn't sharing space—or a bathroom!—with anyone.

After an afternoon where they'd both run back and forth and back and forth across a convention center at least a dozen times, Izzy and Priya returned to their room to change for the conference cocktail party.

As Izzy swiped some lipstick on, Priya grinned at her.

good—and when it came to that, Izzy had no idea. She tried to remind herself every day that Marta was brilliant, that she'd worked so much from working her and listening to her, that she was lucky to have this job. But while that was all true, it was also true that Marta was hard to work for—often cruel, not at all friendly, not particularly encouraging, and she rarely, if ever, gave out compliments. What Izzy wanted was to get promoted to assistant editor, and then, eventually, to editor. Not immediately, but someday. After all, Garcia had been promoted after two years, and her own two-year anniversary was fast approaching. But Marta hadn't dropped a single hint as to that position was in the cards.

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

reliable, always there for her. Now reading that bit of homework, it was a way that she never had back when she was in school. Now she felt guilty when she read for pleasure, because she knew there was always something else she should be reading, always another manuscript out there, always something Marta was waiting on, an author was waiting on, an agent was waiting on. It made reading stressful, when it used to be fun.

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

reliable, always there for her. Now reading that bit of homework, it was a way that she never had back when she was in school. Now she felt guilty when she read for pleasure, because she knew there was always something else she should be reading, always another manuscript out there, always something Marta was waiting on, an author was waiting on, an agent was waiting on. It made reading stressful, when it used to be fun.

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

Kind regards,  
Isabelle Wallace  
Editorial Assistant to Marta Wallace

She almost laughed out loud at the last line. She didn't think that she'd ever talk to Beau Torres, let alone one. She'd probably be reading him progressively more and more satirical emails every two weeks for years to come.

The thought of that made the smile drop from her face. How much longer could she do that?

Her first year at TANYA had been hard, but she still was, writing, editing, every day to work with books all around her. But as certain parts of her job got easier, other parts got harder and more overwhelming. Marta gave her more and more work to do—more deadlines to manage, more manuscripts to read, more authors to talk through their work with, clients up, or get to sleep. And all these new responsibilities were great, and she felt like she was good at most of them, but they were all in addition to her regular work, and sometimes she felt like she was drowning. And since she was one of the few employees of public here, on top of everything else, she was always getting pulled in to give advice about diversity this or inclusivity that or to meet that one Black author who was insisting that day. She had to go to work on her own and do it all, but it was exhilarating.

Plus, what really mattered was whether Marta thought she was

Pub Date	<b>21/07/2022</b>
Pub Price	<b>£8.99</b>
ISBN	<b>9781800784529</b>
H x W	<b>198 x 129mm</b>
Binding	<b>Paperback</b>
Author	<b>Jasmine Guillory</b>
Extent	<b>320pp</b>
Word Count	<b>87500 words</b>
Rights Available	<b>Disney Territories</b>