

# 10 steps to marrying a millionaire

"Show me the money," says Cosmo's Kate Faithfull, as she hops on a budget flight to Cannes in her quest to pull a playboy



La Croisette, the main street in Cannes, has plenty of attractions

Looking truly star-like on the beach follows and 'hanging' with writer/writer Ian



Clickbait from top: Kate lounges around with other guests at the uber A-list Nikki Beach club; a lady of leisure on her very own millionaire's yacht, filling with style (and wealth) and, finally, as a guest aboard the main man's boat, Swiss of easyCruise



all day, because playing prospective men candy really is a full-time job.

## REDACTION STEP #2

### Grasp every opportunity

As I put the finishing touches to my look by painting my nails on the plane (it's all in the detail), I plan my attack. Optimistically, I imagine convincing doormen of posh clubs I'm a VIP! My daydream is rudely interrupted by the air hostess telling me off for using nail polish in the cabin (noxious fumes or something). Oops. The guy sitting next to me stifles a giggle and we get chatting. He's good fun and not bad-looking either, he could be Bruce Willis's younger brother. But then I remember my mission (I'm on a

budget flight, so the likelihood of this guy being a playboy is pretty much nil. Still, he tells me he's going to Cannes too, but doesn't divulge why. As we part at baggage reclaim, he asks for my mobile number (I give it to him. Well, you never know), then waves me off into the sunshine.

## REDACTION STEP #3

### Follow the money

I decide the route to success is to hang around where rich people go. The main street in Cannes, La Croisette, is lined with designer shops, but there only seem to be women inside, so I head to the harbour instead. I put my nerves to one side and, armed with a big smile, stop beside two men having a fag break next to a boat and ask if I can

they ask what films I've been in. Ha! They think I'm important! But I'm also a rubbish fan. Struggling to maintain the facade, I make my excuses and quickly escape. Mysterious obviously works: I just need to wait to keep my mouth shut so I don't get caught out by my own little white lies.

## REDACTION STEP #7

### Be a good listener

I hear easyJet tycoon Stevie Haj-loannou is in town and, as I know he's a certified millionaire, I've got to meet him. (Cosmo only said I had to find a millionaire; they didn't say he had to look like Brad Pitt.) So I manage to beg my way onto a little boat heading out to his bright orange yacht. He's a little surprised to see a lady stranger on board, but is charming nonetheless. He talks non-stop, mainly about his boat — in fact I don't think he's even remotely interested in me.

"I think the hot tub is going to be a lot of fun, don't you?" he chuckles, as we chat on the cocktail deck. I raise an eyebrow but, 15 minutes later, he's still talking about the boat. Would he even notice if I threw myself overboard? Nice as he is, there's quite clearly no chemistry between us.

## REDACTION STEP #8

### Let him do the chasing

As I ponder whether swimming is the only way to get back onto dry land, my phone rings. It's the guy from the plane, asking if I'm free for a drink. It's a relief to speak to someone normal and I decide to take time out from my mission and have a drink with the one person I've found genuine since arriving. I explain I'm stranded on Stevie's boat so will call when I've escaped. He tells me to wait where I am and literally minutes later I hear someone calling my name from the water below. It's him! On a very smart launch boat, too — I assume he must work for someone very important.



From top: Strolling along La Croisette; another acquaintance made; with doctor/financier David, and Neilson Morosoff on-founder Paul Allen's yacht



chiro-chad guy is a gaggle of shoving women. I don't stand a chance, so I console myself with free champagne.

## REDACTION STEP #6

### Be mysterious

All this millionaire hunting is wearing me out. I apply weary-eyed and apply vast amounts of Touche Eclat. I have to succeed today, as I need to look my best. I decide to jock with yesterday's laid-back attitude but perhaps add a touch of intrigue, too. Everyone I've met so far has been keen to share how special they are and I want people to think the same of me. Down at the harbour I get chatting to Ian and Gerald, producers from London, who tell me the gorgeous Christian Bale from *Barnum* (Ripost is reading their script, he vague about what I'm doing in Cannes and they suddenly seem more interested. I feed them a line about being in the film industry and, although they're clearly not convinced,

rest my sore feet with them. They offer me a seat and jokingly suggest a foot massage, but despite my heavy brows ("So, what's it like? I've never been on a yacht before..."), they don't invite me on board. Did I act too desperate? Did they notice I was more interested in their yacht than them? Rumbled. More discretion in future.

## REDACTION STEP #4

### Let him come to you

After the harbour, I head for the Nikki Beach club, the uber A-list hang-out that's apparently teeming with the great, good and, umm, seriously loaded. But one look from the doorman tells me I don't have a hope in hell of getting past the red rope; disheartened, I sit at a nearby table, feeling seriously Z-lit. Then, out of nowhere, a smart Italian comes over and strikes up conversation. Magic! After a whole morning trying to get noticed, minding my own business seems to be the key. Fabio is a forty-something businessman from Milan. He gives me his card and, with one little word from him, the doorman steps aside and I'm welcomed inside the club. Result. But then he dashes off to an urgent meeting shortly afterwards. Oh well, at least I'm in with the right people.

## REDACTION STEP #5

### If in doubt, laugh

What woman hasn't been at the receiving end of a cheeky chat-up line? On the Côte d'Azur, though, it reaches new depths. David, a doctor/financier (his description, not mine), sits down next to me and seems unable to remove his eyes from my chest. "Are you an actress? You are 18, isn't it?" Instead of saying, "26 actually," I giggle and try to ignore what he's said. I'm pretty sure David is a millionaire — he's from Monaco and says he's met Princess Grace — but when he asks me if I'd like to go to his apartment and see his film, I politely decline.

Next step is the self-journaled-for-a-factlet MTV party at La Pârae Oriental, La Tejo's former holiday home. Hanging around outside trying to look cool, I meet Fabrice, 31, who falls on the floor in front of me saying, "My queen, my princess, I've found you!" I giggle (I'm getting good at it) and stoop past the bouncers on his arm, convinced my prize lies within. But I soon realise late-night parties are not the place to bag millionaires unless you look like Claudia Schiffer. The competition is seriously stiff. Around every eligible >

## REDACTION STEP #9

### Appreciate the good life

We moor up at an enormous gin palace, with five decks, a library, a cinema and on-board jet skis. As we get on board, I ask where his boss is and whether they'll mind. He looks slightly embarrassed and says it's his boat. Serious wealthy stuff. It's just us. Well, except for his eight staff, who bring us champagne and canapés. I'm dying to ask how he got out-of-the-world wealthy, but I hold the power of speech. After all that, I actually met my millionaire before I'd set foot in Cannes.

The guy seems comparatively shy. Talking about money is not his thing, he refuses to have his picture taken and, I realise, I don't even know his name. I gangle my feet at the Jacuzzi (which is big enough to do legs in) while he watches me with undigested curiosity. Just then, I hear a band strike up *Hotel California*. It's Joe Cockler performing a private gig on the yacht across the water.

## REDACTION STEP #10

### Give him something no one else can. Normality

I'm not sure how to act around him so I decide to forget everything I've learnt and chat to him as if he were someone from my local. I find out we've genuinely got things in common. We're both middle children. Translation: shoppy teens who hate not getting their own way, we're excessively competitive at card games, and we hate fish so much we pretend to be allergic to it. He tells me his home-cooked steak is the best in the world and asks if he can cook one for me sometime. Grinning, I say no, as it'd be a pain to fly to New York, only to find he was at his LA pad or Aspen chalet. He offers to come to me instead. Tell him I'd need to check with my flatmates. After all this game-playing, I realise nothing has worked better than just being me. And he might actually fit in quite well at my local...

## LOOK LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

Here, style consultant Patrick Swan shares his secret tips to dressing for seduction

Wear heels to get noticed, as they'll make you feel much more confident. Go for wedges as the beach as they work well on sand.

Test yourself to a pedicure — most yachts have a on-board

policy, and business and chopped nail polish is not a good look.

Keep your makeup simple yet sexy — your mission will be a 24-hour one. Think fresh skin, defined eyes and glossy lips.

For sex, your style icon is Charlotte from *Sex* (Playboys are starved by full-on fashion).

Opt for large Jackie O shades and you'll look like a somebody — and they'll lend you mystery. ☛