

MY ISLAND

film by Pierre Megos



SYNOPSIS

Anna is camping on a Greek island with Alex. She heads out alone at sea to photograph the sunrise. When she returns, he's waiting in a field of daffodils where he has set up a picnic. Everything seems perfect: they kiss, laugh, make love in an idyllic setting. The young couple decides to explore the island, but their boat is swept away. Alex suggests they reach the village on foot. Anna follows him through a dizzying landscape that turns into an open-air labyrinth, where each step pulls her further away from herself.

TRAITMENT

The sun rises. It reflects on a calm sea. A white rowboat moves slowly across the mirror of water. The oars dip in with a steady rhythm. The sun is halfway above the horizon. Breathing quickens as the boat approaches. A seated figure appears.

A woman with long black hair, wearing a white dress, rows toward a crack in the rock. The boat slips into the dark passage. A brief flash lights up the shadows.

Anna, 30, lands on a sandy beach. She looks tiny in front of a massive cliff wall. She frames the scene with her camera. She clicks. Crows suddenly fly up. A man's voice calls out, "Hey." She looks up toward the top and smiles. She puts the camera away.

Anna climbs a steep path. She stumbles on stones. The wind pushes her hair across her face. She brushes it back with her hand, catches her breath, and keeps climbing.

She stands in front of a field of white daffodils. The wind sways the flowers. A white sheet is spread on the grass. Cups, fruit, and an open hiking bag lie nearby. Alex, 35, is crouching, picking flowers. She runs and jumps into his arms. He kisses her passionately.

The white sheet covers half their naked bodies. Their heads are hidden underneath. A hand slides along a hip. They laugh. The sheet shakes more and more. "Ouch." Anna pushes it away and lies on her stomach. Alex slowly lifts his head. He picks a flower, bends the stem, and loops it around her wrist. "For better or worse." He rolls his eyes, touches his throat, and falls back, pretending to die. She bursts out laughing. He opens one eye. She jumps on him.

They walk one behind the other on a winding trail. Cicadas sing. Alex has a backpack. Anna wears the flower bracelet. The heat is heavy. Alex stops at the edge of a ditch. He jumps across and holds out his hand. Anna hesitates. She looks down, takes a deep breath, and jumps. He catches her.

A cave open to the sky forms a ring of rock around turquoise water. Anna is taken in by the scene. She takes out her camera. Alex drops his backpack, takes off his clothes, and dives in. Anna photographs the cave opening, undresses, and gets into the water. Alex swims around her underwater with one hand raised above his head. He nibbles her feet. She startles. He grabs her hand and pulls her under.

Their naked bodies swim through the turquoise water. Anna tries to come back up. Alex presses his mouth to hers. They float there a moment before heading toward a dark opening. They emerge inside a sea cave. Their breathing echoes. Alex shouts, "Hey." Anna answers louder. He laughs. "Do you love me?" His voice echoes. Anna shouts, "Yes." He pushes her against the wall. They make love.

Anna sunbathes on the sand. Alex sits on a rock. Open sea urchins are scattered around them. He picks one up and turns it slowly between his fingers. "Did you know it moves with suction cups?" Anna barely listens. He stabs the urchin with a knife, scoops out the flesh, and places it on Anna's lips. She swallows it. He grabs another. The blade slips and cuts his finger. "Ow." Anna brings his finger to her mouth. Her eyes widen. "The boat." Alex turns around. The boat is drifting away. He runs full speed through a maze of white rocks and dives off a cliff. Anna reaches the edge. He disappears beneath the waves. She panics. The boat floats farther out to sea. He bursts out of the water.

Anna is curled up on the cliff. Her hair sticks to her face. She stares at the sea. Alex arrives with the backpack. He takes out the white sheet and lays it over her. "We can get to the village by land." Anna pulls the sheet tight around her. He insists: "It's not that far, but we have to go now." He takes out their trekking clothes. Anna hesitates. He holds out her things again. She takes them, folds the sheet quickly, and gets dressed in silence.

Anna and Alex carry their bags above their heads. They wade through a gorge filled with water. Their bodies are submerged up to their chests. A rock falls from the cliffs. Alex pulls Anna to the side. The rock splashes into the water. Anna presses herself against the wall. She looks up warily. Alex signals her to move. She nods. They keep going.

A river lined with palm trees. Birds sing. Anna looks around. She sets down her bag and walks to the edge. Alex helps her down. She steps slowly into the cold water. He dives and splashes her. She screams and splashes him back. He retaliates. The water fight escalates. He dunks her. She comes up gasping, climbs onto his back, and tries to dunk him. Alex laughs and resists, then carries her to the shore.

Anna straddles Alex. His hands slide over her hips. She grabs his wrists. Their bodies tense. Then they release. Anna rolls to the side. She looks up at the light filtering through the palm trees. She runs her hand across Alex's chest. They lie still in silence. Alex presses his lips to her neck and sucks her skin. Anna tenses. He gets up abruptly. "Me Tarzan, you Jane. We eat now." He makes a loincloth with his T-shirt and disappears into the trees. Anna stays lying down. She brushes her neck. A dragonfly lands on her knees. She slowly sits up. The insect flies off. She picks up her camera.

Alex is crouched by the river, carving a fishing rod with a knife. Anna clicks the shutter. He pulls a fish from the water. Anna takes another photo. He comes back with several fish in his hand. She raises the camera. He covers his face. She lowers the camera slowly. He throws the fish on the ground. "We can spend the night here if you want." She clicks again. He glares at her. She gives him an innocent look. He rolls his eyes and stabs a fish with his knife. She frames the guts. He cuts off the head with a sigh. Anna walks away between the palm trees.

Night has fallen. Anna struggles to brush her hair while Alex eats a fish near the fire. Her comb is stuck in the tangles. She groans. Alex kneels behind her and takes the comb from her hands. "Let me do it." Anna lowers her head to help. He untangles her hair. A knot resists. "It's too long." He grabs his knife and cuts a lock. She snatches the comb back. "Let me do it." Alex kisses her. She rolls her eyes. He gets up, pours water on the fire, and lies down. Anna combs her hair in silence. The full moon lights up her face. Insects buzz in the dark.

The sun rises. The couple walks through a narrow rocky passage. Alex leads. Anna follows at a distance. Her hair is tied in a bun. She closes her eyes and slides her hands along the stone walls. "Hurry up. It's still far." The walls open onto vast gorges. Anna is struck by the sight. She spins slowly. A smell stops her. A buzzing comes from behind a pile of rocks. She approaches. Flies swarm over decaying sheep carcasses. She stares at them and instinctively opens her camera bag. "Touch." Anna jumps. Alex runs past her, sticking out his tongue. She chases him. He falls, pretending to be hurt. She leans over to help. He jumps up and runs toward a wooden footbridge. Anna realizes he tricked her and follows. He disappears behind a rock wall. She gets her foot stuck between two planks. She pulls, scrapes her leg, and starts running again.

A forest appears beyond the rocks. Anna looks around. "Hey." Her voice echoes. She hides behind a tree. Branches crack. She turns around. A black wolf stares at her, mouth slightly open. Anna freezes. It moves closer. She bolts into the woods. Growls follow. She trips and gets back up. The growls start again. She runs, slips on leaves, hides behind a tree. The wolf jumps out and bites her arm. She falls, screaming. Alex bursts in. He tackles the wolf, grabs its jaws, frees Anna's arm and drives the animal away. The wolf vanishes into the forest. Alex lifts her without a word.

Alex lays Anna down in a cave. He tears his shirt and presses it to her arm. The fabric fills with blood. He pulls out a bottle and pours water over the wound. Anna shuts her eyes. He wraps another cloth around her arm and tightens it. Anna groans in pain. Alex sits against the wall, looking at his scratched hands. He lowers his head. "I'm sorry." Anna slowly opens her eyes. She moves closer and rests her head on his shoulder. Rain falls outside. She drifts off. Alex slowly pulls away and steps out. Water trickles down the rocks. Anna jolts awake. She checks that her bag is still across her shoulder, takes out her camera, wipes the lens, and clicks the shutter. The flash echoes. She feels reassured. Alex comes back, soaked. He takes clothes from the bag and helps her into a coat. "Let's go." She zips it up with a sharp motion.

A crumbling stone bridge spans a river. Exhausted, Anna stops in the middle. The bridge's reflection forms a perfect circle in the water. Her gaze fixes on it. A stone hits the surface. She turns her head. "We're almost there." Alex gestures for her to move. She grabs his arm, gritting her teeth, and follows him in silence.

Anna and Alex face a lake surrounded by mountains. The cloudy sky reflects in the water. Anna dips her hands in the lake, washes her face, and drinks in big gulps. Alex picks up a stick, climbs a mound, scans the area, comes back down, walks along the shore, and heads off in another direction. Anna looks up. "Is it still far?" Alex draws a crude map in the grass. Anna stares at her reflection in the water. "Maybe we should turn back." He stops abruptly, grabs his bag, and leaves. "Alex! Alex!" He storms back. "You're the one who let the boat drift away." Anna stares him down. "You're the one who wanted to come here." He lowers his gaze to the camera. Anna takes a step back. He grabs the strap and opens the case. She jumps on him. He pushes her away. She falls. He takes the film out. She gets up and slaps him. Alex stays impassive. He throws the camera into the lake and walks off. Anna picks up the film. Her hands shake. The strip is blank. She sits facing the lake. Her wound has reopened. She takes off the bandage and cleans the blood. The cold water makes her shiver. She presses the cloth against her arm, ties it with her teeth, and stands. The film falls at her feet.

Anna walks alone among dry mountains. The wind stirs fine dust. Alex is far ahead. She looks around. He suddenly turns behind the rocks. She hesitates, then takes another path. Fog sets in. She climbs a ridge, then stumbles down a steep slope. The fog thickens. She starts going in circles. Alex's voice echoes. "Where are you?" Anna jumps. She presses against a rock. "I'm sorry." She starts to run. "I found the path." She slips on stones. Her hands and knees are scraped. "Come." Anna, out of breath, lies on the ground. She clenches her fists, pushes herself up, and turns back.

They walk side by side in silence. Snowflakes fall. They speed up. "Are we almost there?" Alex says nothing. Anna repeats the question. Alex pulls her into his arms. The snow thickens. Anna presses against his chest. He warms her with his hands. They keep walking. Their bodies sink into the snow. Anna collapses. "Are we almost there!" Her breath shortens. She pounds the snow with her fist, repeating the same words over and over. Alex grabs her arms. She struggles. He grabs her by the throat. She loses consciousness.

The storm has passed. Anna's body lies in the snow. Her eyelids slowly open. She touches her throat and struggles to sit up. She's alone in the white expanse. Footprints lead uphill. She looks down the slope, brushes snow off her body, and rushes toward the summit.

Alex is sitting on a rock. The sun is setting. He stares ahead. Mountains stretch out as far as the eye can see. Anna approaches, holding a stone. They look at the island. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes." She raises the stone and strikes the back of his head. He falls to the side. The snow turns red. She hits him again. She drops the stone and collapses beside him. Night falls.

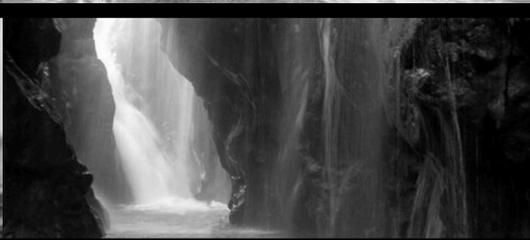
Day breaks. Anna trudges through a salt desert. Her coat hangs open over her white dress. She carries Alex's backpack. The ground cracks beneath her feet. She passes a patch of daffodils without stopping.

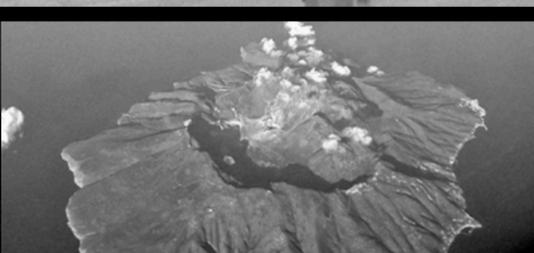
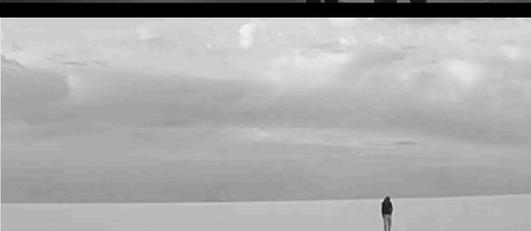
Anna reaches the beach. The wind blows through her hair. She looks at the horizon, throws her coat and bag onto the sand, and walks into the water. The waves swallow her. She shouts, "Hey."

Anna sits at the front of a fishing boat. She wears a life vest. A dog lies at her feet. An old bearded man sits in a small cabin. He turns on the radio. A Greek song fills the space. The dog jumps on Anna. She strokes him. The boat moves across the calm sea. Anna watches the island fade into the distance. She raises her hands, frames the shot, and clicks the shutter.

Black.

VISION BOARD





INTENTION

My Island is a contemporary drama that confronts the myth of Echo and Narcissus with the structure of the narcissistic cycle:

Idealization: the narcissist holds up a mirror to the other, seeking an idealized reflection of themselves. An intense fusion takes place, fueled by the love they provoke, building the illusion of a perfect double.

Devaluation: the mask starts to slip. The first criticisms appear, along with micro-aggressions, ambiguity, and growing mental confusion.

Abandonment: the narcissist abruptly cuts the connection. The breakup—sudden or silent—comes without explanation, avoiding any responsibility. The victim is left stunned, drained, and emotionally dependent.

Return: addiction sets in. Either the narcissist reinitiates the cycle with renewed seduction, or the victim, trapped in their longing, comes back on their own to recover the initial illusion.

This cycle repeats as long as the relationship lasts. With each loop, it becomes faster, more violent, more destructive. This spiral structures the film's narrative by revealing the mechanisms of manipulation that allow psychological control to take hold. It often remains invisible and misunderstood from the outside. It builds slowly through confusion—a mix of warmth and coldness that distorts perception and keeps the victim under control. The film conveys the many facets of this dynamic by placing the viewer at the protagonist's side.

My Island is constructed as an open-air huis clos in which a couple's relationship unfolds in a mental labyrinth shaped by confusion, isolation, and disorientation. This remote setting symbolizes the logic of control: the further you go, the tighter the trap closes. I chose to place the story in a raw, natural, minimalist environment to focus the direction on the core of this toxic relationship. The film follows the protagonist's internal shifts, while the title refers to an intimate space where each viewer can project their own story.

Anna is free, intuitive, and independent. She wants to love and be loved. She is chosen for what she embodies—her light, her empathy, her energy. She represents what the other lacks. She takes photographs not only to keep a record, but also to understand what she feels. The camera becomes a tool of resistance. It filters reality, captures what escapes, and questions what's at play. It reflects Alex and defines Anna's gaze. Destroying it is a direct attack on her identity.

Alex operates with a double mask. The first is radiant: he attracts with light, seduces with humor, generosity, intensity. He builds the illusion of a unique love to establish trust. But as soon as Anna begins to exist independently, to see him more clearly, to photograph him directly, he sees it as a threat. The mask becomes heavier. Alex tries to control Anna in order to exist through her. He can only love within chaos, lies, and domination.

Their story is a romantic **illusion** in which Anna tries to survive while facing disintegration. The search for the village symbolizes an idealized shared future—a promise of normalcy that exists only to maintain control. This mirage lays the groundwork for emotional violence, which gradually turns physical. The film explores how a relationship grounded in narcissistic cycles leads inevitably to a radical break. Anna has no choice but to kill Alex to survive. This act allows her to reclaim her gaze. She frames the horizon without a filter.

The direction is based on visual compositions using natural landscapes. Each scene is built as a living tableau where the narrative unfolds first through image—settings, actions, gestures, glances. Dialogue reinforces the visual storytelling. I imagine a direction alternating between fixed shots, barely edited, to anchor the present reality, and handheld shots at key moments during the “village” sequence to mark the cracks in idealization. Some scenes, like the river or the wolf encounter, borrow from more identifiable cinematic codes, with a sharper visual treatment. Each scene should find its own form, aligned with its position in the cycle of control, and extend Anna’s inner experience. My cinematic references include *La Cicatrice intérieure* by Philippe Garrel for its raw poetry, *Gerry* by Gus Van Sant for the staging of wandering, *The Tree of Life* by Terrence Malick for the way nature, interiority, and narrative interact, and *Fando y Lis* by Jodorowsky for the impossible quest. For certain scenes, I imagine fixed shots with almost no editing, as in *Force Majeure* by Ruben Östlund.

Sound supports this sensory approach. A musical theme could recur with variations at key moments. Sound atmospheres would accompany each tableau. Natural sounds may be used as they are or altered to create perceptual shifts. Sound follows the protagonist in constant dialogue with her inner state. I also imagine treating Anna’s photographs differently in both image and sound. Here, my reference is *Pierrot le Fou* by Jean-Luc Godard, with its potential for dissonance between image and voice. It also echoes *The Tree of Life*, where voice-over and image overlap like thoughts, memories, or sensations. These ideas offer a dual reading between body and mind, and root the island as a sensory, living space.

I would like to shoot the film in **black and white** to create purified, timeless compositions. This palette allows for a play on contrast and light to build a charged atmosphere. It also opens up a more graphic approach to the mental labyrinth, as in *The Trial* by Orson Welles. Black and white echoes the characters’ duality and the binary logic of control: light and shadow, illusion and collapse, attraction and destruction. This visual contrast can be reinforced through casting, the physical presence of the actors, their hair or skin color, and the evolution of costumes and props throughout the film. This color scheme could also support occasional digital effects if needed and unify the different locations into one continuous visual territory.

PRODUCTION

This film is conceived as an open-air huis clos, led by two actors and set entirely in natural landscapes with no built sets. I would like to begin with off-site rehearsals to work closely with the actors and develop the couple's dynamic and the emotional stakes of each scene. I also want this project to rely on a light, flexible production setup, able to adapt to the shooting conditions and keep the direction focused on performance and storytelling. The crew will be kept small to maintain this flexibility. Both image and sound equipment will be designed for natural light and direct sound capture. Certain sequences will require specific technical preparation, in close dialogue with the terrain and production constraints.

The setting plays a central role in the narrative. It structures the film into three visual movements: bright white landscapes for idealization, enclosing rock formations for control, and empty expanses for survival. These spaces mirror Anna's internal shifts. Their singular geology and visual treatment give them the quality of a mental landscape. As someone from the Greek islands, I wanted to anchor this story in a familiar insular environment—one that extends the mythological figures while allowing for a sensory approach to *mise en scène*. The shoot will take place outside the tourist season to limit accommodation and transportation costs. It may be spread across three distinct periods to capture the meteorological evolution specific to each act.

The reference locations are spread across three main regions: Milos (Sarakiniko, Sikia Beach), Vikos (Vikos Gorge, Zagori, Lake Tymfi), and Crete (Agia Paraskevi, Preveli, Samaria, Sarakina, Kourtaliotiko, Pachnes mountains). Two secondary locations are also considered: Limnos (daffodil field, salt lake) and Santorini (Vlychada Beach).

Ideally, I envision a co-production between Belgium and Greece. This dual grounding would allow for a mixed crew, organized according to the different phases of the production—preparation, shooting, and post-production. The team could adapt to each region, technical need, and role. It would also reflect my identity as a Greek-Belgian artist and the way I build bridges between the two cultures.

BIOGRAPHY

Pierre Megos is a Greek-Belgian artist, actor, director, filmmaker, and writer. He graduated in dramatic performance from INSAS in Brussels and also trained in directing at the New York Film Academy and SAE Brussels. His work, at the crossroads of theater, cinema, and visual arts, reflects an approach where his position inside or outside the frame allows him to create both live and filmed images.

He has developed a personal artistic practice as a writer, director, and filmmaker for the stage. His projects, supported by the Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles, confront Greek mythology with contemporary narratives. With *12 Works*, he created a visual piece blending visual arts and performance, where the story was told exclusively through living images—like a film without sound. He expanded this exploration with *Vision* and *#Odyssee*, two feature-length films shot in miniature sets, into which actors were inserted using chroma key. Once out of post-production, these films were projected in real time before a live audience, with Pierre Megos performing the main role on stage, allowing viewers to witness both the projection and the live making of the films.

He founded **Stardust asbl**, a production platform dedicated to his interdisciplinary projects, as well as **Atelier 1060**, his creative studio used for the pre-production of his film work.

My Island is the natural continuation of his path. This debut feature marks his full transition into cinematic language. His writing explores the archetypes of Greek mythology by transposing them into contemporary stories. Mythology offers him a narrative framework through which he expresses personal experiences in a universal form. This film deepens that research by exploring the mechanics of psychological control in a more intimate way. It brings his artistic vision into a tangible, real-world form.

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