

## ANDREA'S WORLD

### Short Film Treatment

Sixteen-year-old **Andrea Refuge** arrives in Boulder, Colorado, under a sky dulled by wildfire haze. Her family calls it a fresh start. Andrea feels it as exile.

The apartment building looms old, sagging, breathing heat like a living thing. Giant moths cling to its walls, feeding on warmth bleeding from inside. Lightning bugs rise from the pavement and form a glowing path toward the entrance, responding to Andrea as if they recognize her. She feels something stir beneath her skin. Something clicking. Something waiting.

Andrea's younger brother, Jack, senses it too. The place smells wrong. Time behaves strangely: snow falling in July, shadows lagging behind bodies, reality flickering like a damaged signal. Andrea tries to steady herself, medicating Jack with a strange, foaming secretion from her mouth that instantly restores his warmth. What should horrify him feels natural to her. This is not new. This is not accidental.

Their parents, **Carson** and **Nancy**, are brittle with unspoken grief. Hovering over them is **Dr. Philip Evilton**, a polished rehabilitation specialist whose calm reassurance hides something predatory. He reminds Andrea to take her medicine. He promises that everything will feel normal again once she forgets.

As the family settles in, the world fractures further. Praying mantises tower at the edge of the property, watching in synchronized stillness. Cockroaches the size of televisions crawl the lobby walls like shedding memories. Heather, Andrea's older sister, flickers between human and insect shapes when no one else is looking. Jack briefly sprouts moth wings—then loses them, like a memory forcibly erased.

Andrea's perception becomes unreliable. Or perhaps it always has been.

Through flashes of a graveyard, broken bodies, and beetles crawling over stone, the truth begins to surface: something violent happened before Boulder. People died. Andrea was responsible—or at least involved. Her family isn't here to heal her. They're here to contain her.

Dr. Philip tightens his grip, insisting that the insects aren't real, that Boulder is safe, that Andrea's mind is inventing monsters to avoid responsibility. But the insects continue to respond to her body. The building groans as if alive. Time itself pauses when Philip confronts her with the final accusation: *Remember what you did to your family.*

Reality freezes. Insects hang motionless in the air. The ground splits open beneath Andrea like a molting seam.

Andrea must choose: swallow the medication and accept a fabricated normalcy—or descend into the truth of what she is, what she's done, and the monstrous world that has been growing around her all along.

The apartment waits.

The insects wait.

Andrea remembers.