

(Rod Serling voice)

Come with me if you will and imagine a 1970s American living room, the parents are out (Captain's Cabin at the Holiday Inn) and the eight children are left to entertain themselves. Tonight, it is the TV which catches and holds their attention. The room is dark and the children are variously spread out on the floor or on the various pieces of suburban furniture. Sprinkled amongst them are two boxers and a cat. Among the eight lies Timmy, the youngest; just began kindergarten, innocently, blithely, eagerly joining in with older kids, thinking he has settled into the loving embrace of his siblings.

But, he has entered, The Twilight Zone (yes, I know it was actually Night Gallery but this is more dramatic).

Pouring forth in an incandescent glow is tonight's offering, 'Last Rites for a Dead Druid.' Mild mannered Bill Bixby (don't make him mad! You wouldn't like him when he's mad) plays an equally mild-mannered suburban husband. His wife has a shopping companion, and today they have been shopping at TW Zone and have brought to their placid household a statue. Of a Monk. A Franciscan Monk (foreshadowing). Just a stone statue. A lifeless stone statue. A harmless, lifeless stone statue. But every time we see our mild-mannered husband come into close proximity of the monk, he becomes less so and does questionable and evil things. (Little Timmy has been moving closer to one of his 'loving' older brothers to seek solace and protection). The husband becomes concerned and tells his wife, whose girlfriend is (always) standing close to her, that he wants to get rid of the statue as he knows that it is a bad influence on him. The wife almost acquiesces but her girlfriend dissuades her and the statue stays. And continues to be a very bad influence; even causing said mild mannered husband to hold the cat (who looks a lot like Pookah-the family cat, who, in fact actually was evil) over the grill and almost fries the feline. (Timmy is right next to his older brother, seeking courage and protection-he is spooked as only a 6-year-old can be!).

Becoming increasingly concerned for his life and moral well being husband decides to destroy the statue despite the women.

He reaches into his tool shed.

He grabs a crowbar.

He raises it to strike the monk.

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He turns into a statue and the monk goes free under the watchful eye of the witch sent to supervise the transfer!

Little Timmy is trembling and hugging his brother tightly! Near incoherent.

Time for bed! He is only six after all.

Bedroom is dark. He sleeps alone.

'Turn the light on!!' pleaded the near shrill, high pitched six year old voice.

'Go to bed you baby!!' answered back two of his older brothers.

'TURN THE LIGHT ON!!'

'GO TO BED YOU BABY!!'

'TURN THE LIGHT ON!!'

'OK' Answered three of his older brothers.

Light goes on.

Sweet, little, scared to trembling Timmy sees right in front of his face a statue of a Franciscan monk. Just like the one on tv that scared him so much. Which the third brother had retrieved from the garden.

Loud, high pitched scream emanating from six-year-old child who has levitated himself to the ceiling in a corner of the room. Coming in waves.