

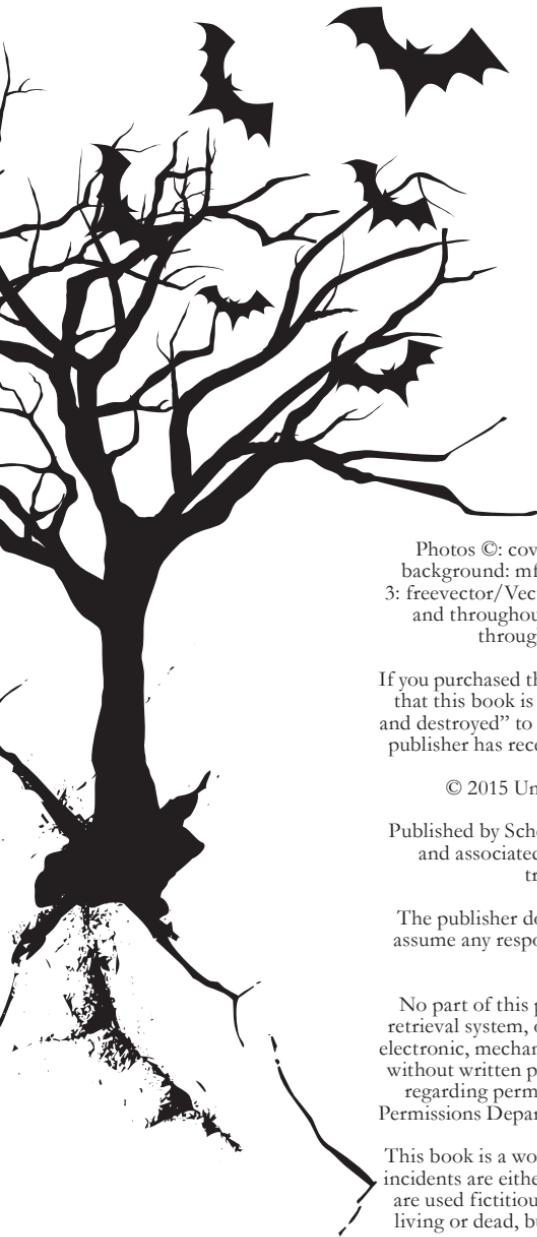
R.L. STINE'S
MONSTERVILLE

**CABINET
OF SOULS**

INTRODUCED BY R.L. STINE

**ADAPTED BY JO ANN FERGUSON
FROM A SCREENPLAY WRITTEN BY
BILLY BROWN & DAN ANGEL**

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CHAPTER

1

ONE YEAR LATER ...

Kellen Huston strolled along Danville's main street. There were little white lights strung between the red and orange and yellow leaves in the trees.

It was Danville's harvest festival, and everyone in town had gone all out. Little kids were dressed in costumes of all sorts. A bumblebee and a cowgirl and a spaceman ran from shop to shop, looking up at the gruesome masks hung on racks waiting for older kids who might dare to put them on.

The street had been transformed into a parade of booths. Food and crafts were for sale everywhere Kellen looked. The gazebo in the town square was decorated with pumpkins waiting to be lit as soon as the sun set. Mayor Smith had been the one and only judge for the pumpkin-carving contest. Unsurprisingly, the winning pumpkin looked more caring than scaring. Mayor Smith wasn't what you'd call a risk taker.

Kellen could understand that. He'd never been one to take a risk, either. He was the safe guy. The guy next door. The one who wasn't ugly, but wasn't really handsome, either.

Not like Beth Hooper. She was beautiful. Her hair was blonde. Her eyes twinkled whenever he made her laugh.

He was just Kellen. Good-old, safe Kellen . . . who was too scared to tell her how he really felt about her.

Tonight, that was all going to change . . . he hoped.

"Hey, Kellen!"

He looked over his shoulder. It was Luke Brody, his best friend. Luke had a goofy sense of humor. Most of the time Kellen thought he was pretty funny, but not tonight. Tonight he wanted to see Beth. Where was she? She'd said she'd be here.

"I got gummy bears and churros," called Luke as he hurried to catch up with Kellen. He'd stuck four or five gummy bears into the churro he held.

Luke was always hungry and always up for adventure—at least when it came to food. "Combo bite."

Kellen grimaced. "That's gross."

"What's so gross about it?" Luke asked, around a mouthful of churro. A gummy bear dribbled from his lower lip as he spoke.

Kellen grinned. That was Luke for you.

Kellen's phone chirped. He pulled it out of his jacket and looked at the screen.

Where are you guys?

A text from Beth. Okay!

"Who are you texting?" Luke asked, elbowing Kellen as he craned his neck to look at the screen.

"Dude . . .," Kellen said, tilting his phone away.

"What?"

"Geez . . ." He walked away, texting his answer back to Beth. He wasn't going to lose his nerve this time.

Not again.



Beth leaned against the sink in the ladies' room and waited for a reply to her text. She didn't have anything else to do while she waited for Nicole to finish putting on her makeup. Not that Nicole needed much. She was pretty, with long, black hair and a wide smile.

Nicole worried about how she looked all the time. Sure, Beth liked to look good, but she wasn't obsessed like Nicole. She liked to dress comfortably and casually, and she didn't mess much with her blonde hair.

Her phone buzzed. It was Kellen.

At the candy apple stand.

“Hurry up, Nicole. They’re waiting for us.” She typed a quick answer.

Be there in two minutes.

Nicole gave her one of those looks. The kind that said Nicole knew so much more than Beth did about the world—especially when it came to how boys think. “C’mon, Beth. You know it’s always better to make boys wait.”

Beth rolled her eyes at Nicole. But it wasn’t worth arguing over, so she sent another text.

Make that five minutes.

Beth was psyched for the festival. She hoped something exciting would happen soon. Something more exciting than watching Nicole put on mascara . . . again. After all, it was only a few days until Halloween. Beth wanted something creepy. A good old-fashioned scarefest.

Beth sighed. What were the chances of that happening in Danville?

CHAPTER

9

KELLEN AND LUKE STOOD IN FRONT

of the harvest festival's dunk tank. Luke held three balls. He bounced one in his right hand, preparing to let it fly.

Kellen edged back a step and looked around for Beth. Then he reminded himself that he'd better keep his eye on the ball . . . and Luke. Even when Luke aimed, the ball could land pretty much anywhere.

Kellen had two candy apples held carefully in his hands. The first apple was decorated with orange candy and looked like a pumpkin. The other was a classic—complete with sugary, sticky red covering. He hoped Beth would say yes to one . . . and to a date with him.

No chickening out tonight.

He heard a cackle. A green-faced witch—Ms. Sarkosian, their history teacher—was perched on a stool above the tank. If anyone hit the target bull's-eye to her left, that seat would collapse, dropping her into the water.



“C’mon, spaghetti arm,” Ms. Sarkosian taunted.
“Throw it.”

Luke threw the ball. It went high, hitting the tarp behind the target.

“I curse your lousy aim,” Ms. Sarkosian called in her witchiest voice.

Kellen ignored her. He had more important matters on his mind.

“Hey, listen . . .” He looked Luke in the eye. “When Beth gets here, maybe you can sort of not hang around for a little bit.”

“What do you mean, ‘not hang around?’” Luke asked.
The witch called, “Throw the ball, bozo.”

Luke threw again. And missed again.

As Ms. Sarkosian cackled, Kellen gave Luke a *get a clue* look. “Dude . . .”

“Are you kidding me?” Luke’s smile disappeared. For once, he was as serious as a stomachache.

“What?”

“You’ve been planning on making your move ever since Beth moved in next door. That was, like, ten years ago, right? But you chicken out every time.”

Kellen frowned. “Maybe this time I won’t chicken out.”

Luke gave him a look that said *yeah, right*. Then he looked back at the witch as she shouted, “Throw it before it hatches!”