

In the spirit of the Silver Moon packaging black and white, silent era screen films... I bring you this...

INTERIOR KITCHEN. *Late at night.*

A copywriter stands with her spoon held high in the air. She has waited all day to retrieve her package of ice cream from her downstairs neighbor, secretly harboring doubts that he hasn't already devoured the entire thing and made a run for it.

Her husband, a man who cannot actually eat dairy opens the first container for her. It is Crème de Menthe chip and it is divine. Slowly she savors the glorious blend of cool crème de menthe and delectable chocolate chips. She notices that her husband is already on his second spoonful, making her wonder if he has been lying about his dairy allergy or if the sweet siren song of Silver Moon has simply seduced him over to the cooler side.

Next up is the Coffee with Brownie Bits. A truly addictive concoction that has the copywriter wondering if this isn't just the ideal thing for those long days at her desk...coffee... chocolate...and alcohol...the three things essential to the survival of any good writer. She pries the container away from her husband's hand, tells him to take it easy. This is the good stuff. He has to pace himself.

Claiming that sorbet doesn't have any dairy, the husband pulls out two more containers...Mojito Ice and Strawberry Daiquiri. For a moment the copywriter forgets all about her tired eyes and stiff shoulders and is transported to some fabulous shindig, by the cool as ice, but twice as nice Mojito goodness. The limey concoction and refreshing mint give her a second wind and she feels like celebrating with Strawberry Daiquiri. This one's a party and the fresh strawberries, lime and rum have her dancing in no time and puckering up for another spoonful.

At last, the Praline Irish Cream comes out of the freezer. Intoxicated by the truly outstanding flavors and stunned by her good fortune to work on such a unique and delicious project, the copywriter actually gives her husband the first spoonful.

He smiles at her lovingly.

But once she tastes it for herself, she realizes that those loving looks are not for her, but for the mad genius who dreamed up these flavorful flights of fancy!!

She is not jealous. She understands. If she could marry this ice cream... she would.

The End

by Gina Sorrel