

TV Show 95

Chapter 95: Utter Terror

****On the Airplane****

Ding!

A flight attendant picked up the intercom and began an announcement.

"Attention, everyone. Due to overbooking by two seats, we are looking for two volunteers to take the next flight. As a token of our appreciation, we will provide each volunteer with a ticket to any destination of their choice."

Inside the cabin, passengers looked at each other in silence.

Even with the compensation, no one was willing to volunteer.

Christmas was just around the corner, and flights were fully booked. Everyone was in a hurry to reunite with their families for the holidays. Any delay would be a huge disappointment.

Who would risk that for just a free ticket?

"Are there any volunteers?"

The flight attendant repeated the announcement. When no one responded, she sighed and continued, "Since no one is volunteering, we will randomly select two passengers to deplane and take the next flight. If selected, please cooperate with the crew. Thank you."

"Damn it! Not again!"

Adam's mom, Amy, muttered irritably.

In the U.S., airlines often overbook flights to maximize profit and avoid losing revenue from cancellations or rescheduled tickets.

However, this leads to a serious problem: during peak seasons and holidays, the mathematical model used to calculate overbooking doesn't always match the actual number of passengers, leading to overbooked flights.

Since a plane can't fly over capacity, the airline has to ask some passengers—who booked, paid, and are already seated—to voluntarily give up their seats in exchange for vouchers or other compensations.

They call it being a "volunteer."

This is standard procedure and happens frequently when flying.

Most of the time, someone who isn't in a hurry is willing to volunteer, especially if compensation is offered.

"Don't worry, Mom," Adam reassured her. "You're pregnant and traveling with three minors—Charlie, Teddy, and Gaby. They wouldn't dare to pick you or Dad."

"But what if they pick you?" Amy asked anxiously. "We're traveling as a family. We have to stay together—no one gets left behind."

Adam grinned confidently. "Don't worry. They won't pick me."

Unless the crew was heartless, there was no way they'd choose him.

The flight attendant hung up the intercom and began walking down the aisle, looking for passengers to select.

There was a murmur of unease as everyone worried about being chosen.

"You two ladies, please come with me. You'll be rebooked on the next flight," the flight attendant said, smiling as she approached two Asian women.

"What?!"

The two women, who appeared to be a mother and daughter of Southeast Asian descent, were taken aback. The short but plump middle-aged woman exclaimed, "Why us? Do you know who my husband is?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the flight attendant maintained her professional smile. "Please cooperate with us."

"No way!" the woman shouted. "This is racial discrimination! I'm going to sue you! My husband is Dr. Rubinstein from Beverly Hills!"

The flight attendant's expression tightened. Doctors from Beverly Hills are influential and not to be offended easily. But with all the passengers watching, she couldn't back down, or it would cause a scene.

Besides, the woman could be bluffing. If her husband were truly that influential, they'd be flying first or business class, where overbooking isn't an issue.

"I apologize, ma'am, but we're following standard company procedures," the flight attendant replied firmly.

"No! I'm meeting my husband, and we bought tickets. We have every right to be on this plane! You can't force us off!"

"Actually, ma'am, we do have the right," the flight attendant responded more sternly. "This is company policy. Please cooperate, or I'll have to call security to enforce it."

"Mom," the teenage daughter, who appeared to be about 18 or 19, tugged at her mother's sleeve. "Let's just get off. The airline does have the right to do this. We can file a complaint about discrimination, but it won't change the outcome."

"No! I'm not getting off!"

The middle-aged woman was adamant.

She was the eighth wife of Dr. Rubinstein from Beverly Hills and a proud immigrant success story. Everywhere she went, she was treated with respect. Being forcibly removed from the plane would be a huge humiliation she couldn't accept.

"Security!"

After one final attempt to persuade her, the flight attendant called for security when it was clear the woman wouldn't budge.

"What do you think you're doing? If you dare lay a hand on me, I'll have my husband ruin you!" the woman shouted, fear evident in her voice as the burly security guards approached.

"Please cooperate with us," the security guard said, grabbing her by the arm to escort her out.

"Aah!"

The woman screamed, clinging desperately to her seat as she was forcibly removed.

It wasn't just about pride.

She was rushing to meet her husband in Palm Springs, the place where they first met. Spending Christmas there would be a romantic dream come true.

If she didn't get there in time, who knew what might happen? Her husband, a renowned plastic surgeon, was surrounded by temptation—sunshine, pools, and beautiful women.

The thought of him having a "chance encounter" with someone else terrified her.

After all, she had been in that very position once, climbing her way up by creating her own "chance encounter."

"Ma'am, let go!"

The security guard shouted. When she refused, more guards stepped in.

Together, they pried her off the seat. In the struggle, her face slammed into the armrest, causing her nose to bleed. She was dragged along the floor, kicking and screaming, as she was hauled out of the plane.

The scene was shocking.

Her daughter tried to intervene but was blocked by another security guard.

"That's enough!"

Adam stepped in, stopping the guards. He helped the woman up and turned to the flight attendant. "I'll volunteer, along with my brother. They can have our seats. Is all of this really necessary during the holidays?"

"Are you sure, sir?"

The flight attendant looked relieved. When Adam nodded, she quickly agreed, "Alright, please follow me."

"Yay!"

Gaby cheered, thinking he didn't have to go to Palm Springs.

"Nope! Gaby stays with us. Teddy goes with you," Amy said, swapping Gaby for Teddy. She was proud of Adam but didn't want Gaby causing chaos. Sending Teddy, who was more mature, put her mind at ease.

"Aww..."

Gaby groaned in disappointment.

Just then, the woman's daughter spoke up, "I'll go with you."