

We go back through the streets of Los Angeles and we see a scruffy basketball court, packed with “ballers,” some of these players could have been professionals and gone to college if they hadn’t been caught up in the gangster, drug-dealing lifestyle. As we walk through the barbwire gate, we look over and see money being placed into a hat, all of the players put twenty dollars in each; the money is shared between the winning team.

As we scan across the court we see teams of three warming up, to be ready for the big tournament, every team believes it can win, but the favourites to win are a group of three who have been together since the little leagues. The team call themselves the Compton Three because that’s what their teacher in junior high called them. The team captain is arguably the best player on court today, his name is CJ Styles, he’s a six foot seven, Afro-American and a bit of a show-off on court but when he is not playing ball he’s very shy and quiet. The playmaker of the team is white with brown hair and brown eyes, his name is Steve Ross and he was brought up just round the corner from the court. The defensive player of the team is Samuel Rodrigues. He’s a tall dark Hispanic Californian, who’s had a very tough life his dad left before he was born to go back to Mexico, and his mum died when he was twelve, Steve and CJ have been like family to him since his mum died. Basketball is now Sam’s life.

The Compton three find out they’re playing the dark horses of today’s competition the Long Beach Crew or the LBC as it say’s on their vest. All three of their players are around six foot six, Rastafarian looking gangsters. They carry guns every where they go, apart from when they’re playing. The boys from Compton aren’t worried about the fact they are gangsters, because they’re from L.A. everyone’s a gangster, a player or a dirty hustling drug dealer. Steve and Sam aren’t worried about it they know they are the best, on their day they could wipe the floor with anyone.

Half an hour latter the teams have finished warming up, and they are just getting some vital water on board before they start playing in the blazing ninety degrees sun. The Compton three and the LBC are ready to start. CJ is standing in the centre waiting for the tip, giving his opposite number a murderous stare; you could cut the tension with a knife. Steve is standing around ten yards away from the centre although he doesn’t feel nervous his legs and arms are like leaves shaking in the wind. Sam is standing under the

net waiting, waiting, it seemed to take forever but he was ready to fulfil his defensive duties. Styles wins the tip and slaps the ball back to Steve, he takes the ball up with every intention of scoring, but then Sam makes a late burst into the key. Steve fakes the shot and passes the ball off to Sam, he takes it to the hole and dunks the ball home. The whole game goes Compton's way and they win. The Long Beach Crew stoop off, get into their metallic black Lexus and speed off down the backstreets.

The boys get some good news, one of the players from another team got injured in their last match, so the Compton three get a bye to the final. Sam is already thinking about what he's going to spend his winnings on, "I'm gonna buy a new pair of Jordan Sixteen's, they're so cool."

The Compton three has to play the L.A. Vets. the second best team there, they've been playing on this court for twenty years. CJ gives Steve and Sam some advice on the game, "These lads get tired easily, let's just pass the ball around and get 'em chasing, eventually they'll get tired and we can put them away."

The game did not go to plan at all, the old boys were level twenty, twenty they both needed one point to win. Steve who's nickname is "the white baller," because he is the only white person who play's in the tournament every week, gets the ball and has an open shot on the basket but he chooses to be flash and take the ball up for a two handed reverse dunk. The spectators look on with amazement, the whole place is silent and then whack! The worst sound Steve wanted to hear, the ball had bounced off the back of the ring and dropped into one of the veterans hands. He passed the ball up to the other end, Sam used all of his defensive qualities but it wasn't good enough the veterans had too much experience and finished the game with a simple lay up.

Samuel and CJ go home saddened, but Steve stays and practices the fundamentals of his game. He doesn't practice the dunk he missed he practices his jump shots and his lay ups. He knew he could do the flashy stuff but he also knew he could win games by playing it cool and simple.

The next week the team get to the final again but this time the Compton three keep their cool in the midday sun killing the veterans who were looking to win two weeks in a row. The boys won by five whole points. Sam could now buy his trainers for real.