

SAMIR PATEL // SANTINO ARTURO // AN-TIM NGUYEN



FINAL DALLAR

AARON ANCHETA // KIRSTIN ANDREWS // LESLEY ATLANSKY // MARCELA BOLIVAR // BERNARDO BRICE // BRADLEY CLAYTON // SAL V CLOAK // ALECIA DOYLEY
EVAN EVANS // SAM GUSHUE // CONSTANCE HOUANG // JOHN KONRAD // RIDGE LOWIS // SAL MONACO // RAJ NATTAM // DILLON SNOOK // ESTHER WU

FINAL DALLAR

2022

Project Leads

Santino Arturo - Writer, Art Director
An-Tim Nguyen - Project Director
Samir Patel - Producer

Additional Art

Aaron Ancheta - Character Concepts
Marcela Bolivar - Book Cover
Bernardo Brice - Letters
Sal V Cloak - Storyboards
Raj Nattam - Vehicle Concepts

Chapter 1

Kirstin Andrews - Page Art
Dillon Snook - Cover Art

Chapter 2

Sal V Cloak - Cover Art, Page Art

Chapter 3

John Konrad - Cover Art, Page Art

Chapter 4

Ridge Lowis - Cover Art, Line Art
Lesley Atlansky - Colors

Chapter 5

Aaron Ancheta - Cover Art, Line Art
Lesley Atlansky - Colors

Chapter 6

Constance Houang - Line Art
Evan Evans - Flats
Sal Monaco - Colors
Esther Wu - Cover Art

Chapter 7

Bradley Clayton - Cover Art
Alecia Doyley - Page Art
Sam Gushue - Final Page

Special Thanks

Michael Allar
Garrett Austin
Faith Lee
Don Mancha
Cy Metzger
Rob Robbins

Printing

Mixam Print

What is the value of a single fuck?

The most valuable commodity in the games industry is not time, but the amount of fucks anyone gives.
We game developers made the error of trying to assign value to it.

Dollar was a mistake. It was a cryptocurrency, once a fully functional blockchain, to keep track of how many fucks one gives (which was only slightly better than exposure.) The question was not whether Dollar had value, but whether all other blockchains were just as worthless.

Dollar lives on as a meme and as a community that tries to support other creatives in it.

To give a DAL was to give a fuck.

The content and setting of this story are open source, granted under the MIT License as part of the Dollar project on GitHub.
<https://github.com/dollar-project>

The art, character designs, story, Jack Python, and even Dollar are all open source.
Discover what remains of Dollar at <https://dollar.org>



Letter From The Producer

The Dallar comic project comes to a close with this final volume. Originally Dallar started off as a cryptocurrency made by game developers who were curious about how magic internet money worked. While the technology behind cryptocurrency is interesting and has potential, it was rapidly discovered just how much of a bullshit scam the concept of cryptocurrency actually is.

Blockchain is a tool and currently it is mostly being wielded by people fueled by their own greed and willingness to exploit others. Non-fungible tokens are a prime example of how our love for artists has been warped and twisted against us, feeding a beast that will only further leech from the things we care about.

Our collective societal guilt from acknowledging artists' contributions while not providing them enough to thrive is being exploited by people who never gave a fuck in the first place. Instead we are pitched a get-rich-quick scheme with a side of synthetic artist love to help the message go down. NFTs and similar technology's motivations of "support artists" falls apart upon the most minute of scrutiny, especially if you ask, "wait... why don't we just pay them with the money we have now?"

I joined the Dallar comic project shortly after An-Tim and Tino had started planning the second volume. Initially I was just giving some advice about how to set up a project schedule and eventually I just kind of fell into the project. With the second book I mostly stood back and I focused on making sure progress matched the deadline. For this book I took a much more involved role.

Coming from game development there are a lot of things that I've seen slow down teams; one of the largest contributors being leadership. In games we conflate seniority with leadership potential, the result is an entire industry full of people who were good at their craft but awful at managing a team. Even though I'm a producer I do not like approaching team management from a methodology

standpoint but rather understanding individuals and creating a space that works for them. Tracking and reporting a team's progress is critical to success but even more critical is if people are enjoying the work.

We asked ourselves a lot of questions in the realm of what we wanted from our projects and their management. A lot of our answers revolved around wanting to feel a genuine connection to our work be it for a faceless giant corporation or a group of friends working together. We walked back from our answers and established our roles and responsibilities from there. This gave us a structure that enabled us to hold one another accountable while creating as little friction as possible.

Diversity was also a big motivator for us. As two Asian men and a Mexican man of various sexualities we have countless stories of how we have cloaked our true natures to accommodate industries that are dominated by straight white men. Everything from our lexicon to our behavior on this project is the closest our true selves have come to our professional selves.

Diversity is played up to be some sort of difficult and impossible to solve problem where microscopic progress forward is disproportionately celebrated and crushing societal backslide wipes any progress made. For the groups of people who are supposed to benefit from this, they are forced into a state of saccharine gratefulness or they will continue to suffer whatever socioeconomic plights our predecessors locked them into.

In reality, Diversity is just a byproduct of civil rights movements finally making their way into our luxury careers. Our industry struggles to succeed at diversity because many of the folks in charge don't understand the true depth of the problem. All of this can be solved if we take an economic-first mindset.

With Final Dallar we had a line of artists wanting to work on it. Some even had portfolios stuffed with well-recognized work on top of just being amazing people. It would have been easy to just stack our team with known names and produce something of quality. Instead we took the time to contact artists that were diverse and many of them were honest and upfront about their hesitation to join the project because it was out of their wheelhouse, but they really wanted to try. That's all we needed.

At an academic level we acknowledge the effects of systemic discrimination. We see how things like red-lining and segregation can cast a shadow over a person's life and family. We often hear how minorities will work twice as hard for half the credit. Story after story of an individual persevering in the face of overwhelming adversity. Yet, when it comes time to lift these people up we throw them against standards that were built specifically to maintain the status quo.

There's a hard truth that needs to be accepted; minorities in general will not have the same traits as straight white men in our industries. Good leaders know how to leverage the strengths of their team and build support structure to cover the rest. Some of our artists had zero experience in making comics but were hungry to try and learn. Since we as leaders said we wanted diversity that also meant that we were responsible for their success and failures regardless of what it stems from. This meant paying them the rates they asked for because in good conscience we could not expect a person to care about their work if we didn't show that we cared about their time.

Diversity requires not just financial investment but also personal investment and this is where our industries completely fall apart. Passing on knowledge and experience is nearly as critical as paying minorities well. This requires leadership to spend the most

valuable resource of all, their personal time. Many minorities can recount dozens of tales of sitting down with powerful white folks to talk about diversity resulting in some personal progress for the white person. Yet when it comes time for the leader to lend their time and knowledge they are nowhere to be found.

Leadership and executive teams will read and recommend book after book to support kicking the can down the road and accepting glacial progress because, "it's better now than it's ever been!" while completely ignoring the potential that was sacrificed to maintain a camouflaged status quo.

Often times we joke that the value of Dallar is directly tied to how much of a fuck we give. While this is a fun tongue-in-cheek joke about the self-serving nature of cryptocurrency advocates, it is also a question for us to ponder.

What if we gave a fuck?

From the whole team to you, thank you for your attention and we hope you enjoy these pages as much as we enjoyed making them.

Samir Patel

Welcome to Prison City

After the great floods of the 2040's, this prison was built on the foundation of a destroyed San Francisco.

Made by mega-corporations and corrupt government officials. Not using hard cash, but using their new currency:

The Almighty Dallar.

Prison City acts as a place for America's worst criminals. From political prisoners and would-be rebels, to corporate rivals and influencers. All these miserable souls are sent here to rot in the decay of a city gone to hell.

In here, the only thing that matters is having power, strength, or a really cool jacket.

And if you got all three?

You're probably Jack Python.



CAST OF CHARACTERS



JACK PYTHON

Ex-D.R.H. Assassin sent to Prison City by Whiteman.



SLOAN MILLER

Jack's best friend and pretty nice dude in general.



THE DOC

An Australian scientist who made Jack into a cyborg.



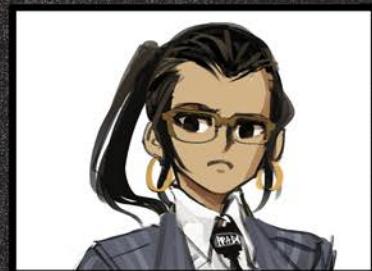
MAX, THE DOG

A dog. Also a cyborg. Is a very good boy.



MOMMA JACKIE PYTHON

Jack's mom. Went to Prison City to see how Jack is doing.



SOFIA MARTINEZ

Current Vice President. Jack killed her predecessor.



PRESIDENT WHITEMAN

Pronounced "Wit-Man". President of the U.S.A.



THE DEVIL'S RIGHT HAND

President Whiteman's Black Ops Govt. Cabinet.



PRISON CITY INMATES

A bunch of prisoners who love the shit out of Jack.

PREVIOUSLY IN DALLAR...

Jack Python was once the president's best hired gun. Perfect at eliminating targets, saving and protecting assets, you name it.

Eventually after getting tired of the low stakes missions from the president, Jack was sent to Prison City as punishment for telling him to go fuck himself. After a prolonged stint of staying under the radar in Prison City, one thing led to another and his generosity earned him enemies. After eliminating them, he rose higher and higher in the social ladder. Jack became the ruler and king of Prison City.

A couple months into his reign, reluctant as it was, he became the target of an attack from the Devil's Right Hand, the government black-ops unit he used to run with.

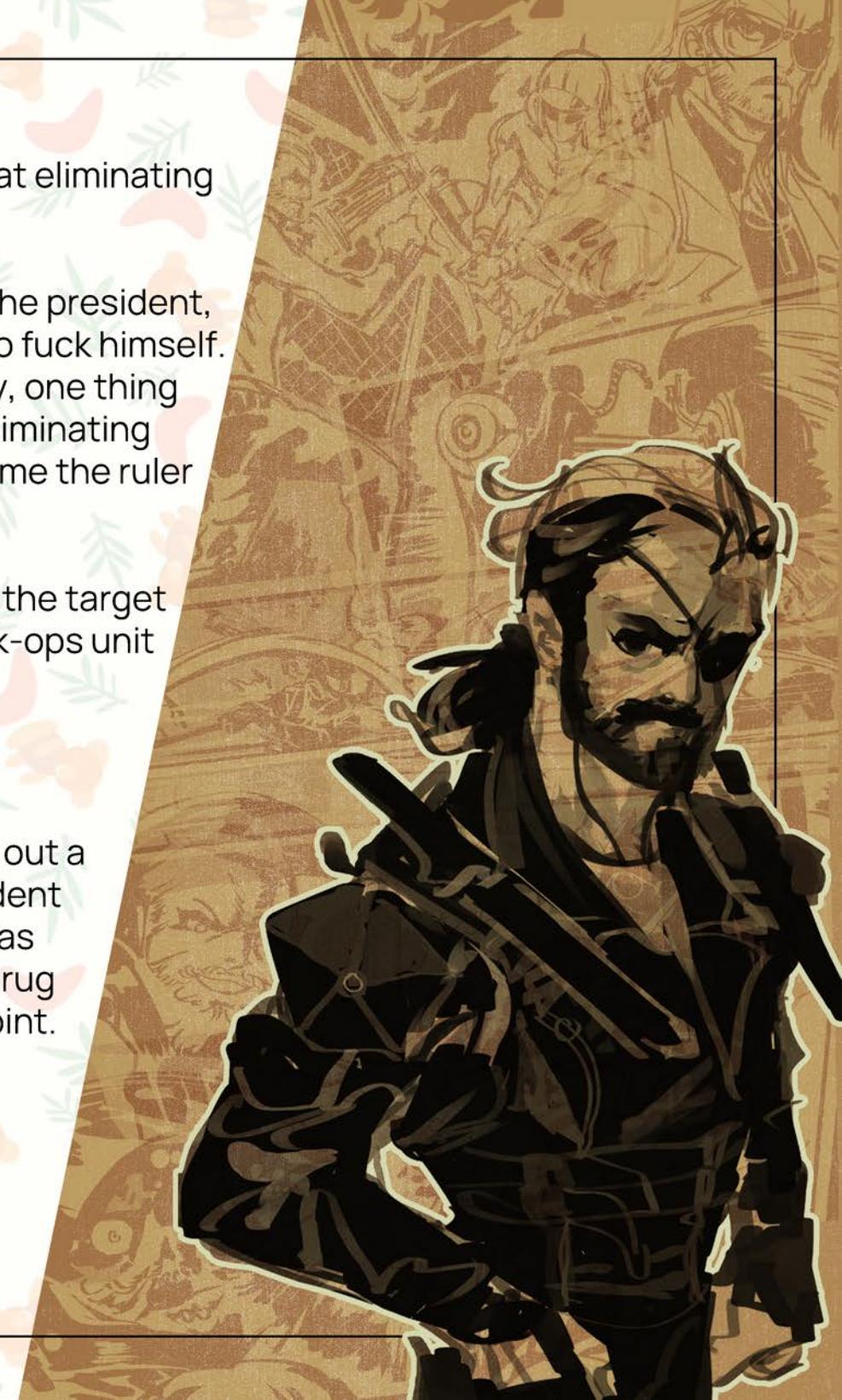
The whole thing was a shit show.

Jack got his secret robot eye/bomb stolen and his dog thrown out a window, an Australian turned him into a cyborg, the vice president got a bunch of prisoners addicted to a mutagenic drug known as "S.W.A.G.", his mom showed up, Jack fell INTO the mutagenic drug known as "S.W.A.G."—That's totally going to be a future plot point.

And then he killed the vice president of the United States.

And now? He's taking a long and well deserved rest.

For now...



CHAPTER 1 : FAMILY ROAD TRIP

Cover Art by Dillon Snook

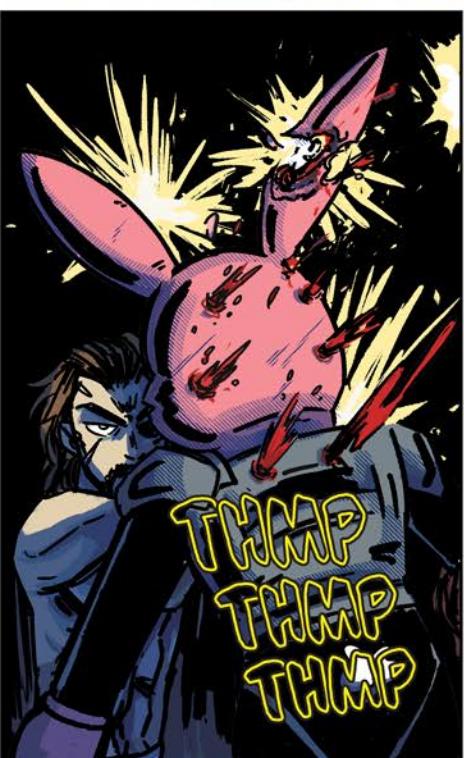
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Letters by Bernardo Brice

Layouts by Sal V Cloak

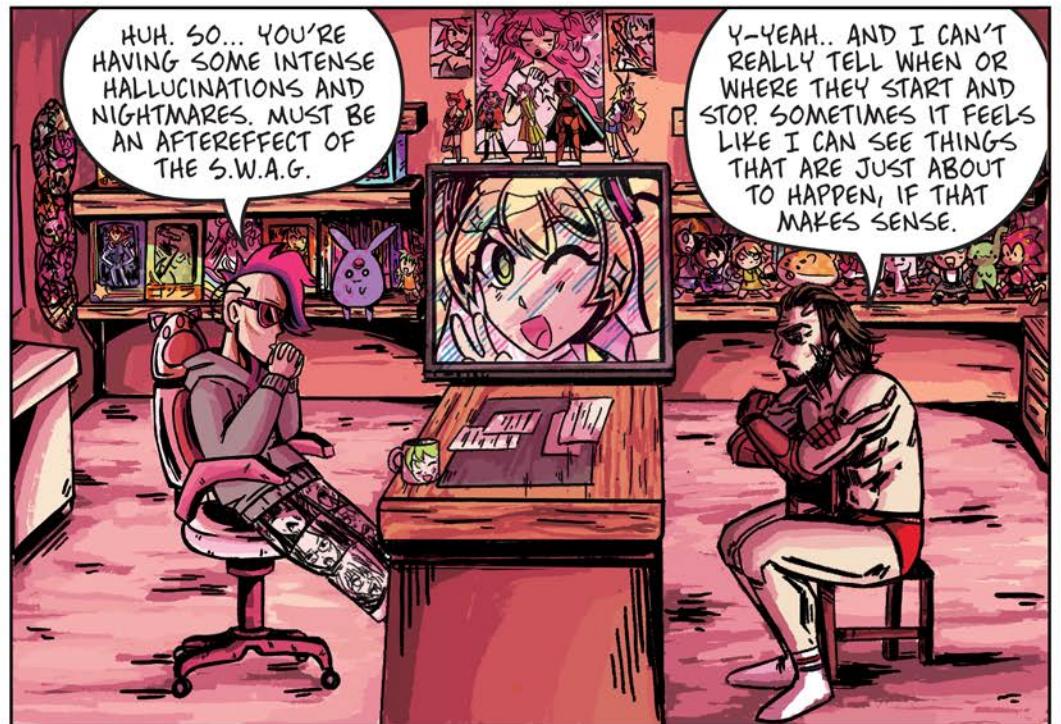
Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.













THE NEXT MORNING AT THE PRISON CITY DOCKS.

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE HELP, GUYS. I KNOW THIS IS A LOT TO ASK.

YOU KIDDIN'? I HAVEN'T BEEN OUTTA PRISON SINCE I BLEW UP THE 99 PIRATES DALLARAPP COMPOUND!

WELL, I GOTTA MAKE SURE MY BOY IS EATIN' RIGHT! 'SIDES, A FAMILY ROAD TRIP SOUNDS FUN!

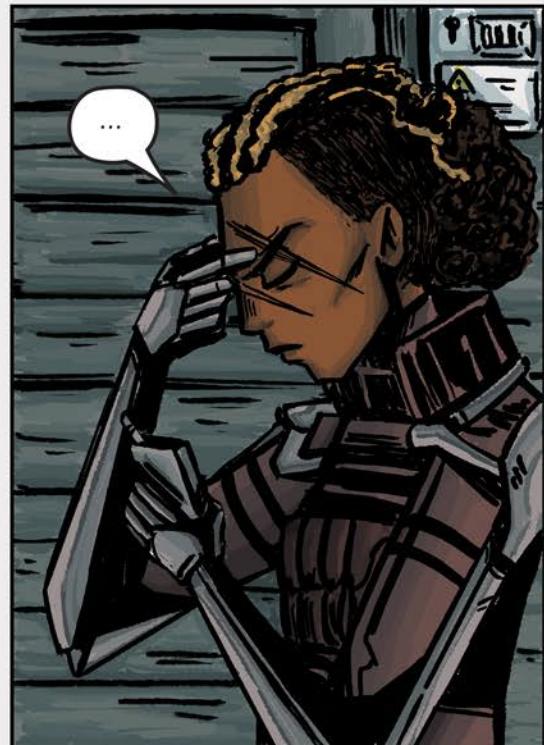
-BARK- EATING RIGHT NOW SOUNDS GREAT!

QUIT YER JABBERIN', ALL YOU. WE STILL GOTTA MAKE IT PAST THA TOWER GUARDS.

DOC, WHY THE HELL IS MAX'S NEW ROBOT BODY SO DAMN HUGE?

COZ I LIKE 'EM THICC.

THICC BOI!



WARNING! PELIGRO! UWAGA! BUGGER OFF! DANGER! PISS OFF! POZOR! VÁYASE A LA CHINGADA! DÉGAGE! ACHTUNG! CAUTION! AVERTISSEMENT!

CHAPTER 2 : AREA 51 IN THE MOJAVE DESERT

Cover Art by Sal V Cloak

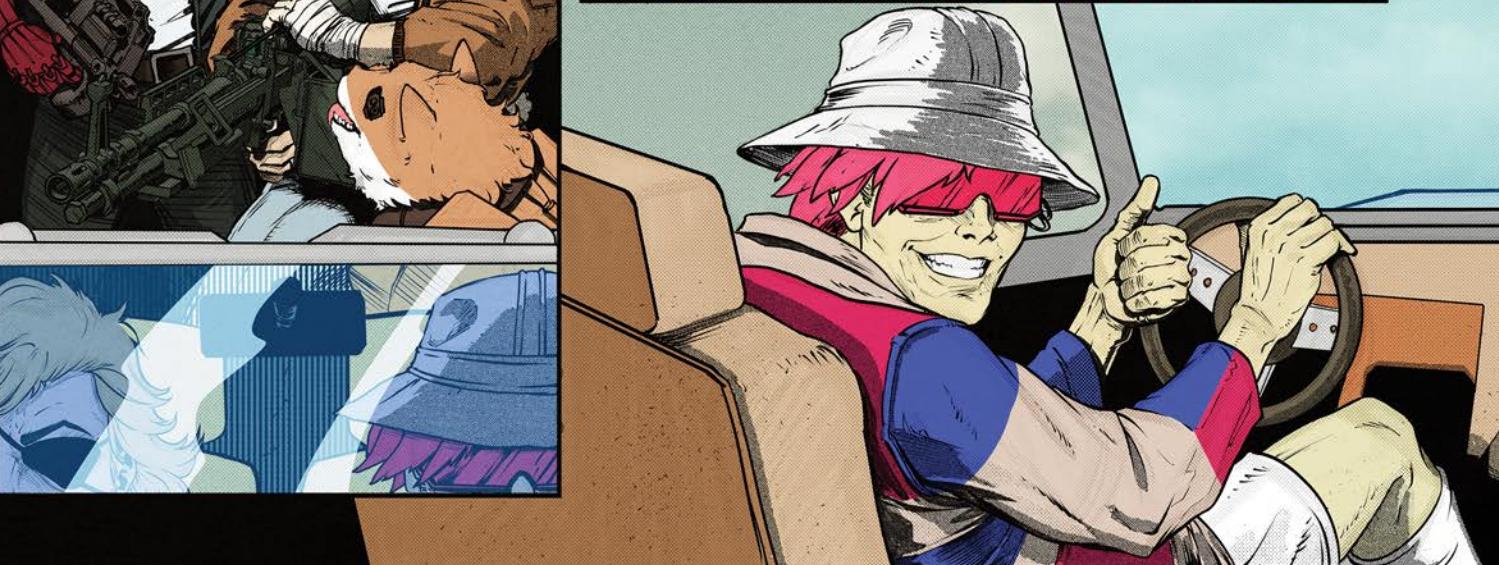
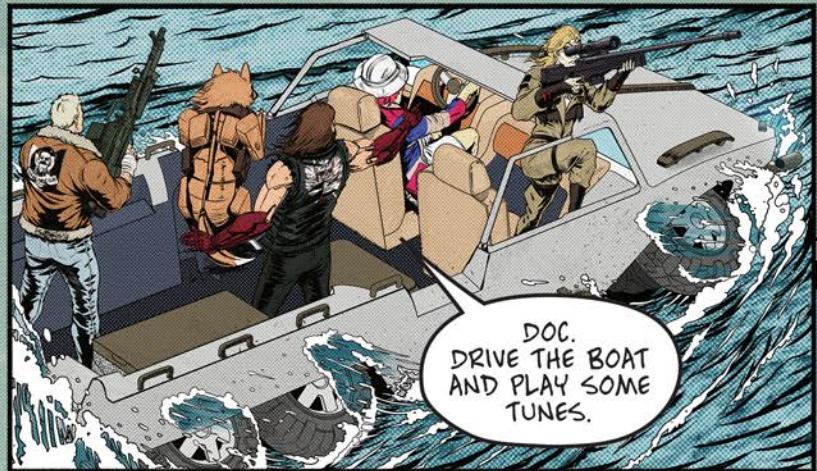
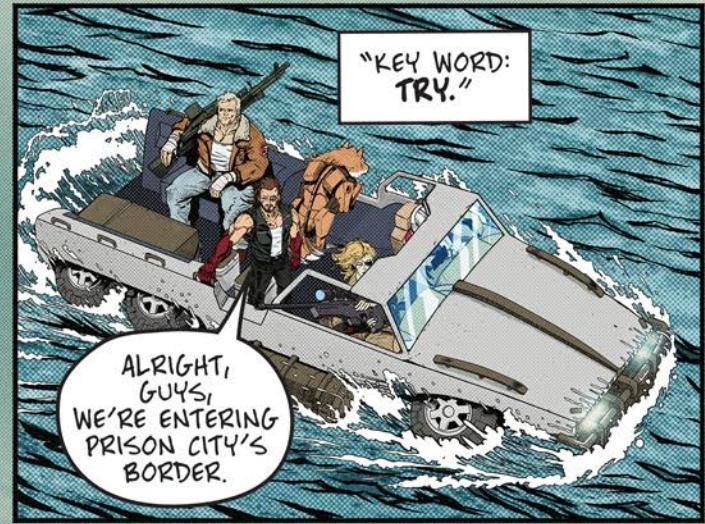
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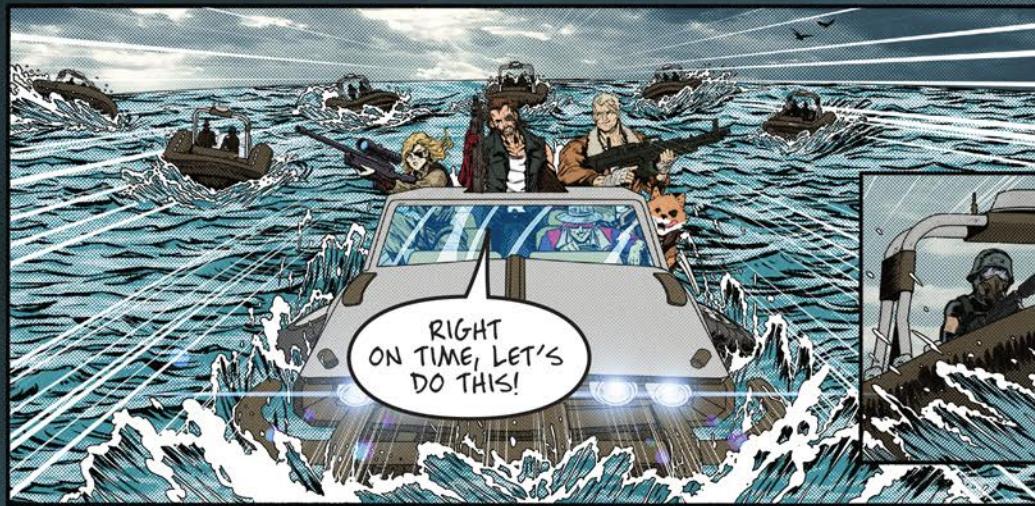
Letters by Bernardo Brice

Layouts by Sal V Cloak



Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.







TWO HOURS
LATER.

HAHAHAHA

WELL, THAT
WENT SMOOTHER
THAN EXPECTED.

YEAH!
CONSIDERING
THE CYBER-
SHARKS THEY
SENT AFTER
US!

I
THOUGHT
WE WERE
GONERS!

GOOD
THING THAT
GIANT WHIRLPOOL
OPENED UP OUT
OF NOWHERE.

EXCELLENT
DRIVING BY
THE WAY,
DOC!

HAH...
COULD YOU
BELIEVE I'VE
NEVER DRIVEN A
BOAT IN MY
LIFE?

HAHAHA

HAHAHA

HAHAHA

HAHAHA

=WHEEEW=
WELP, BREAKS
OVER, LET'S
GET GOING TO
AREA 51!

MILLIONAIRE'S CLUB

DINE YOUR RESERVATION TODAY
MANSFORD
HOTEL & RES

8

WARNING:
UNAUTHORIZED
ENTRY WILL BE
BEATEN OFF

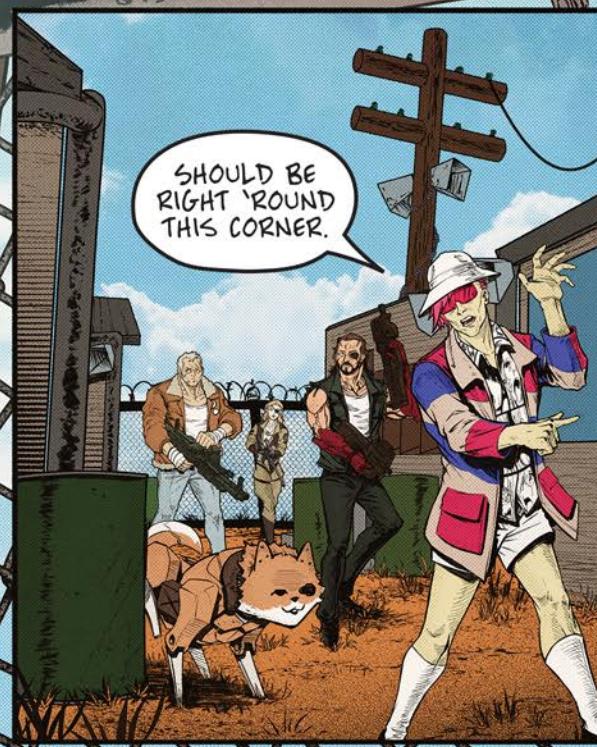
LOCATION: AREA 51,
MOJAVE DESERT.

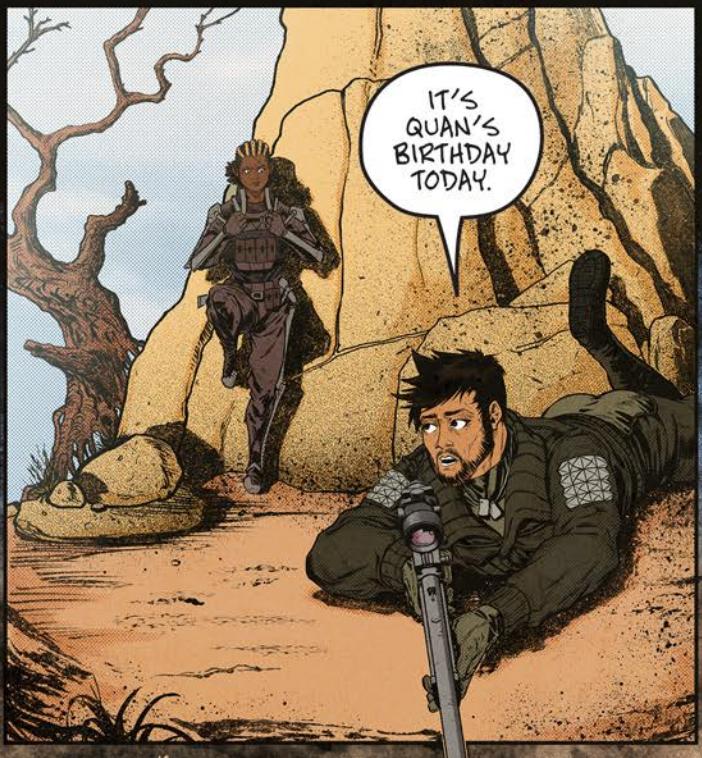
HERE
WE ARE...
AREA 51, IN
THE MOJAVE
DESERT.

AREA 51
AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL
ONLY

SHOULD BE
RIGHT 'ROUND
THIS CORNER.

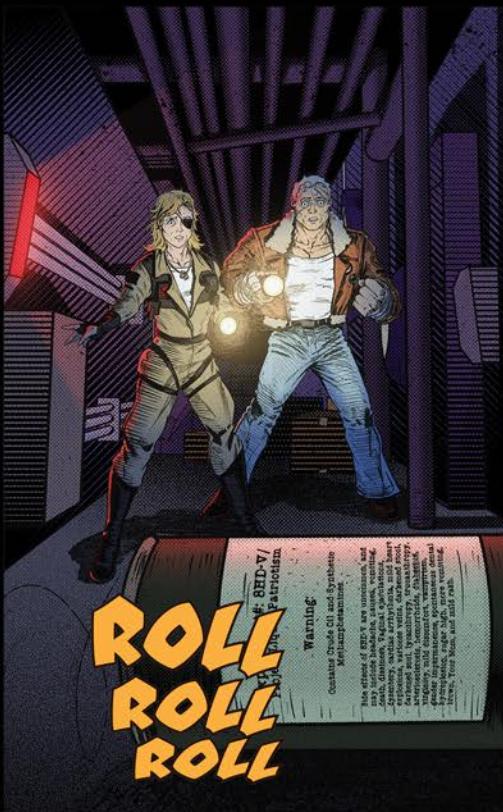
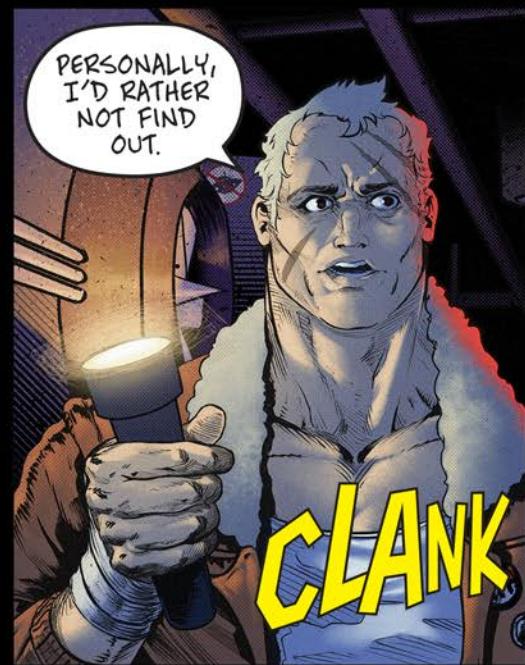
IT'S
RIGHT 'ERE.
HIDDEN NEXT
TO THE
SHITTER.



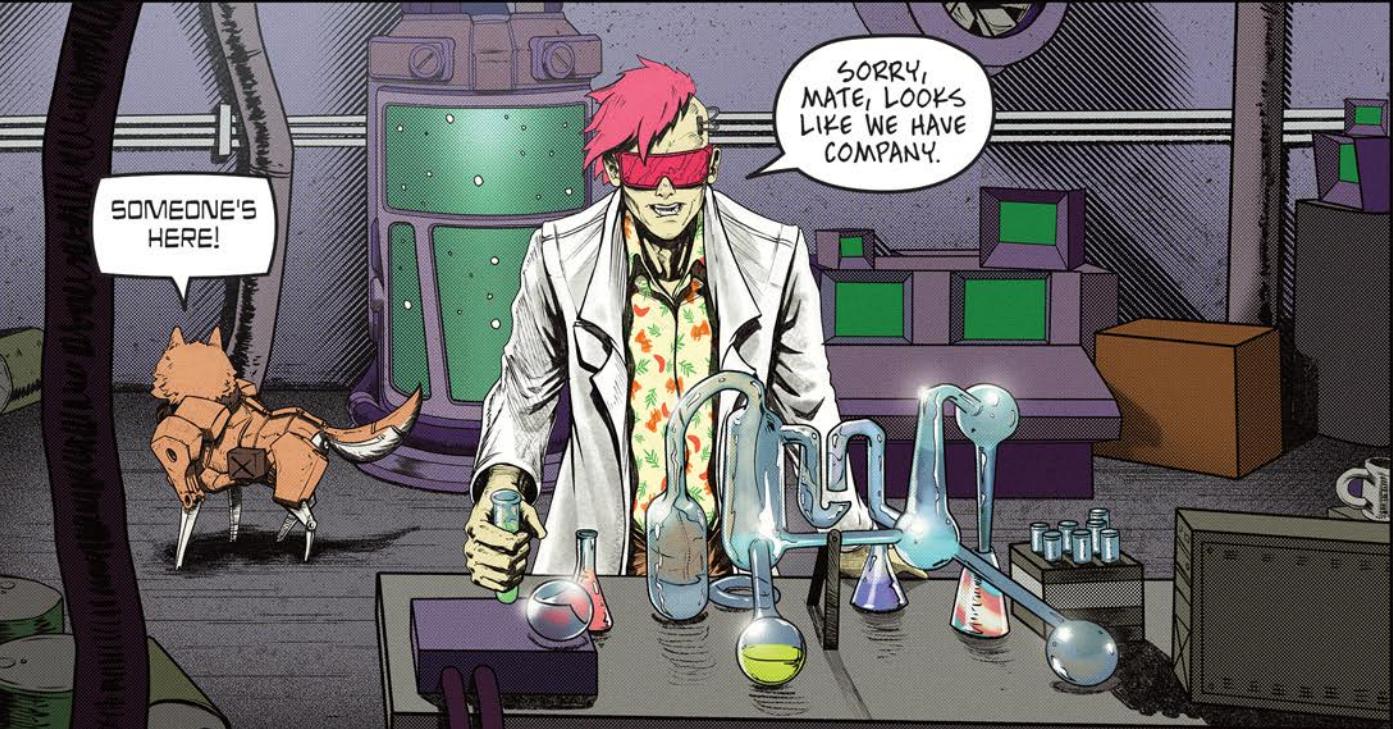




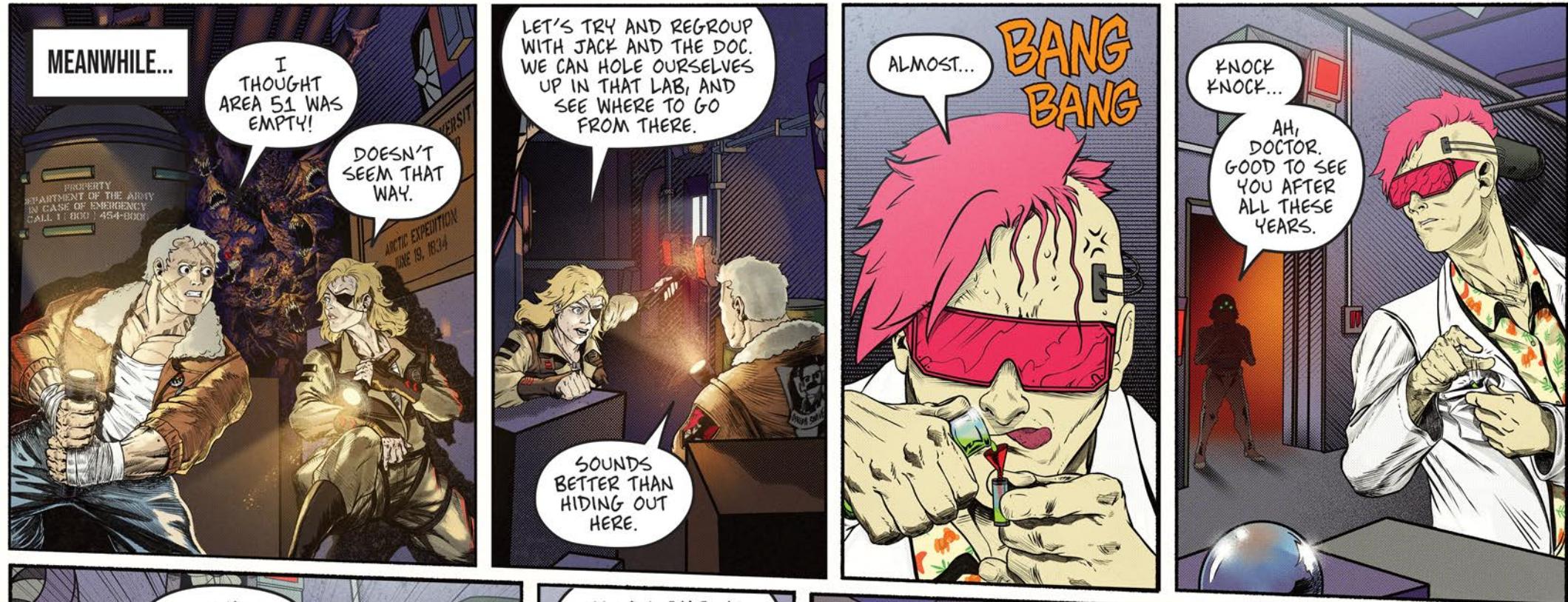


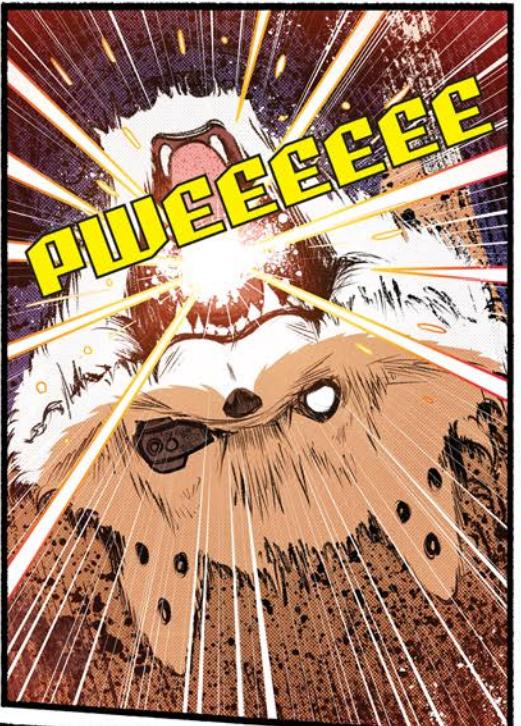


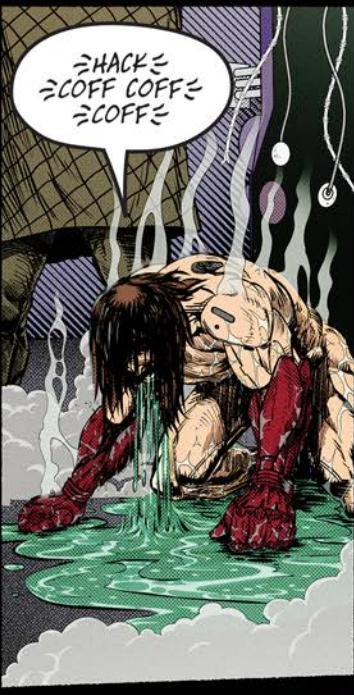
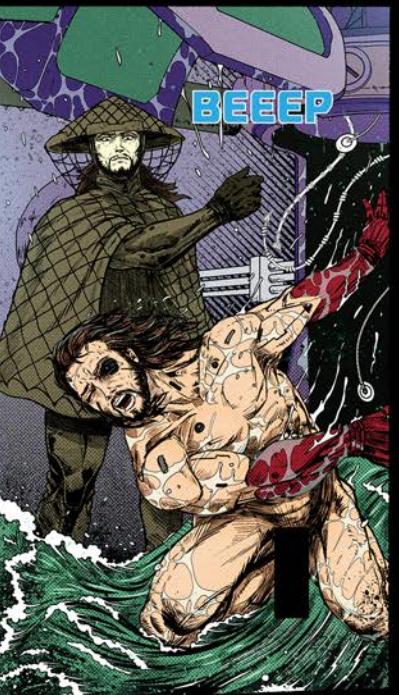












CHAPTER 3 : WELCOME TO THE CLUB

Cover Art by John Konrad

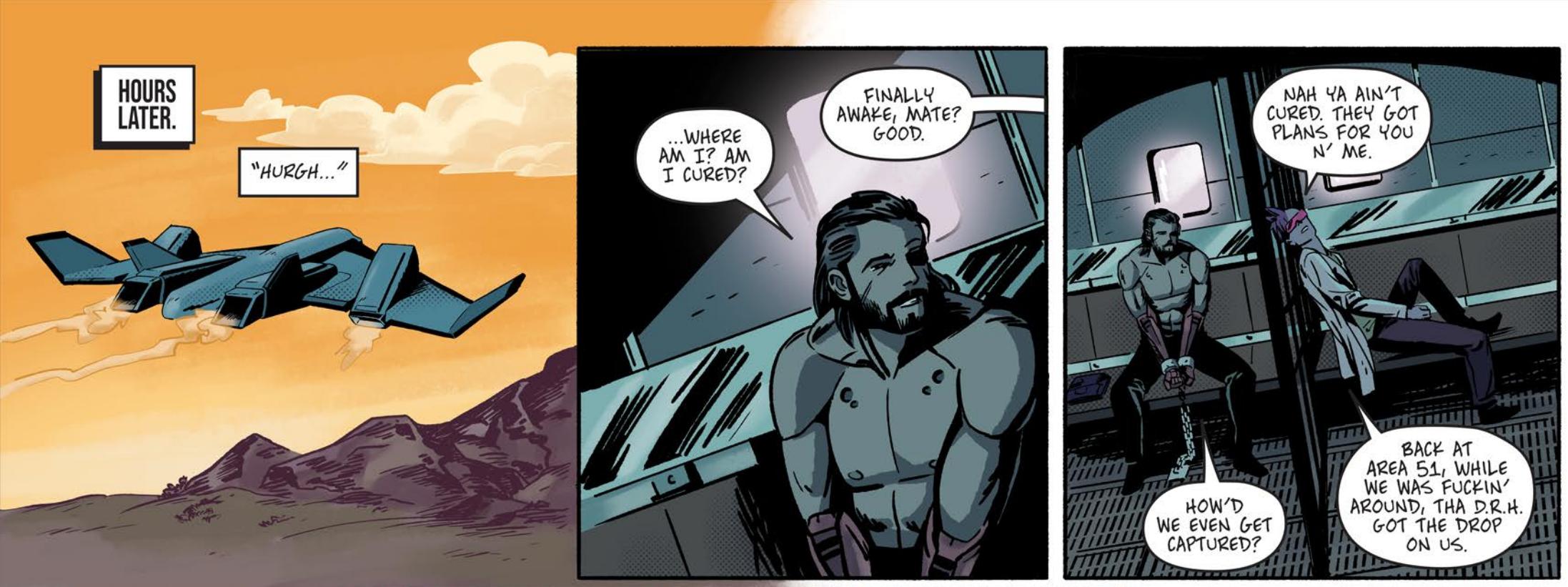
Page Art by John Konrad

Letters by Bernardo Brice

Layouts by Sal V Cloak

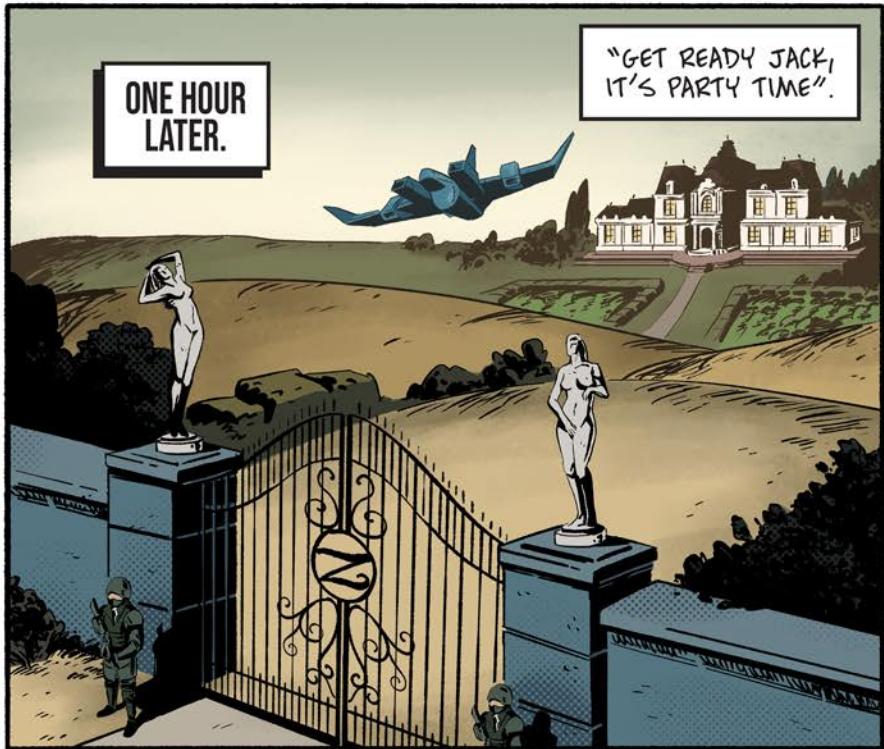


Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.



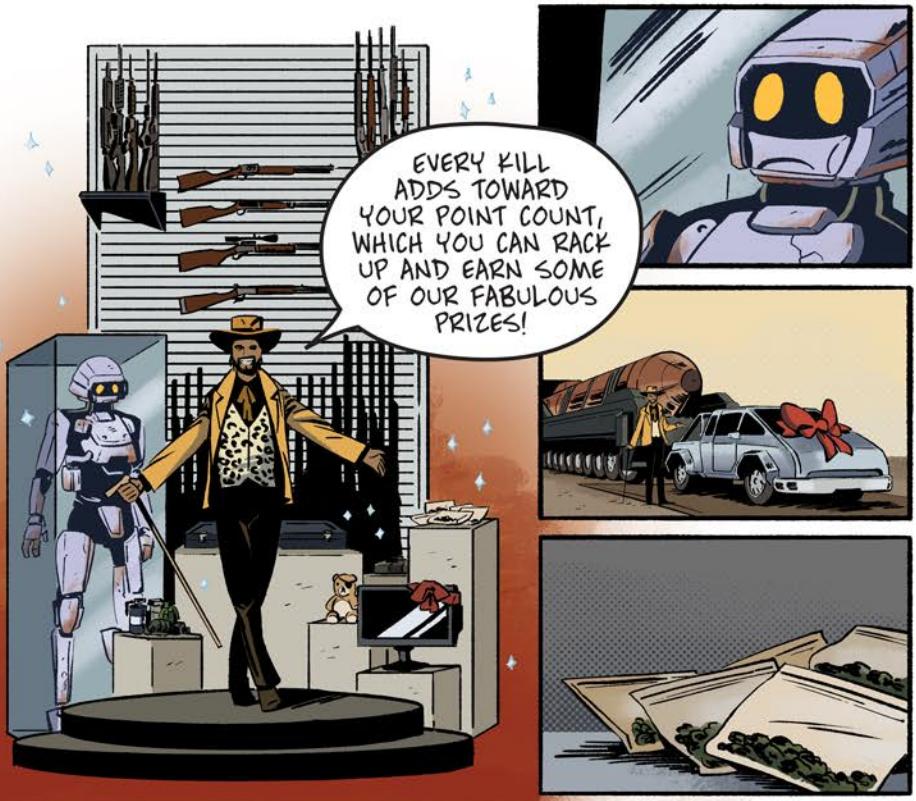


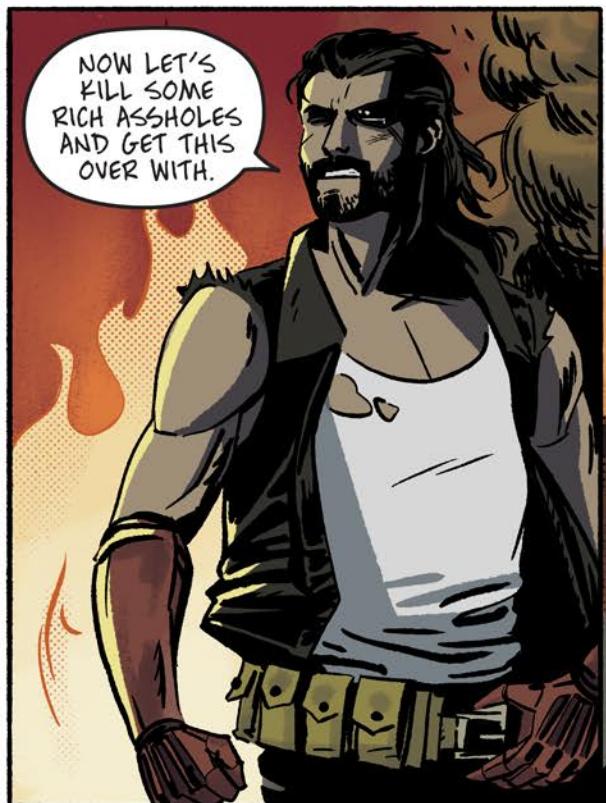


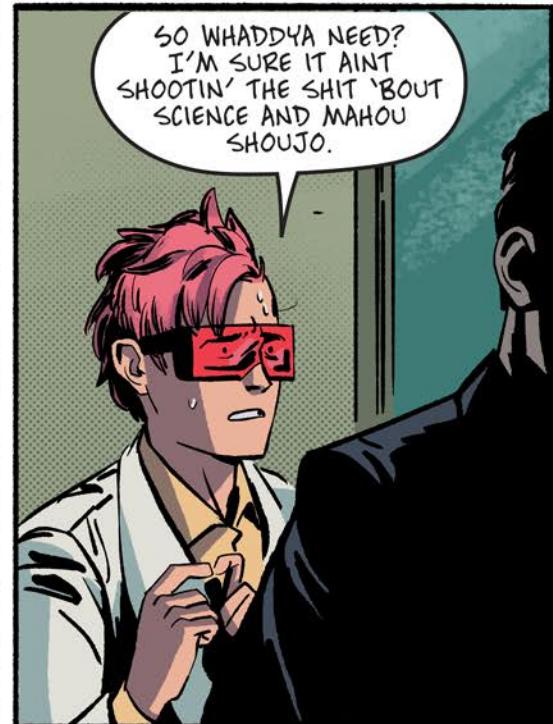


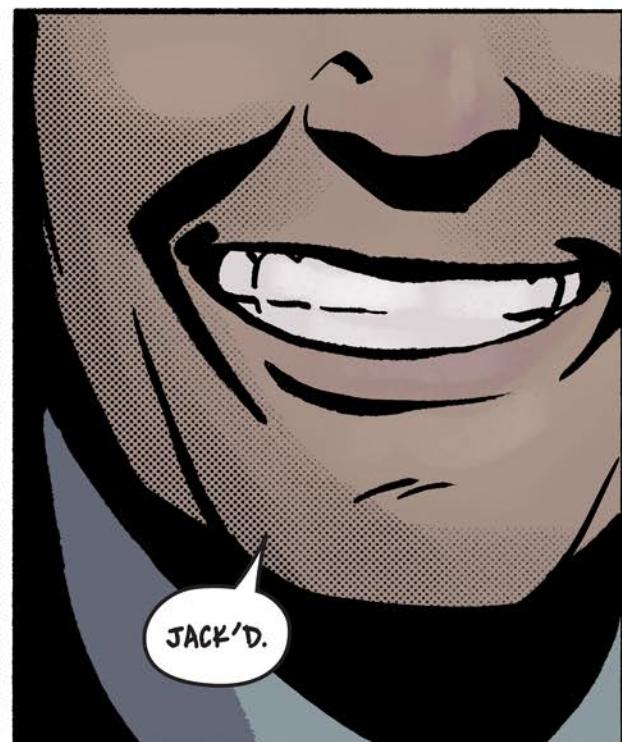












CHAPTER 4 : ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME

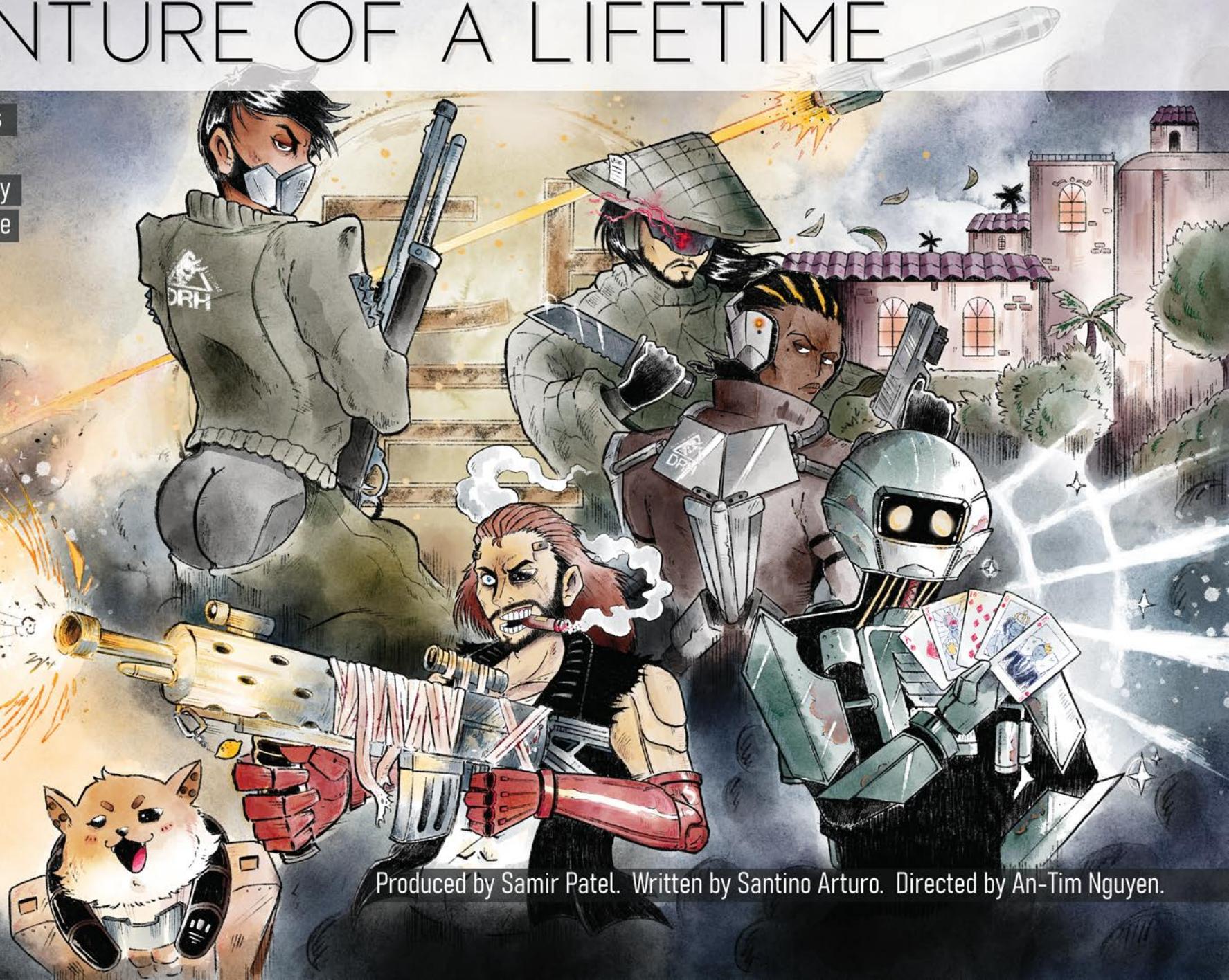
Cover Art by Ridge Lowis

Line Art by Ridge Lowis

Colors by Lesley Atlanksy

Letters by Bernardo Brice

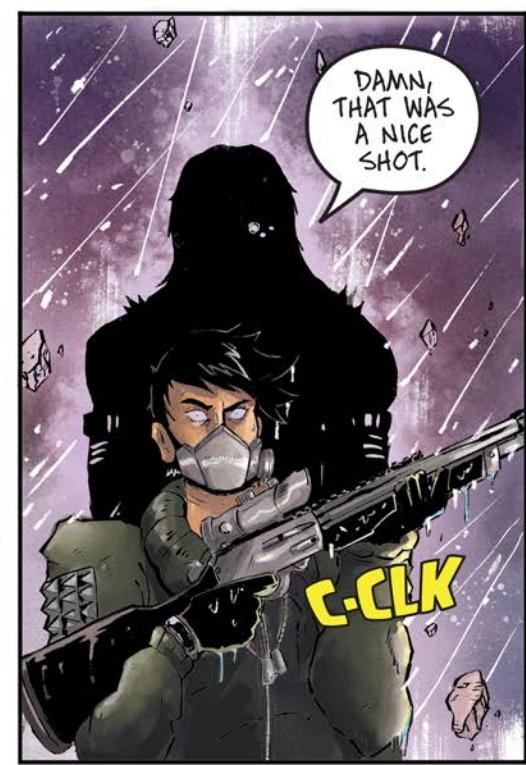
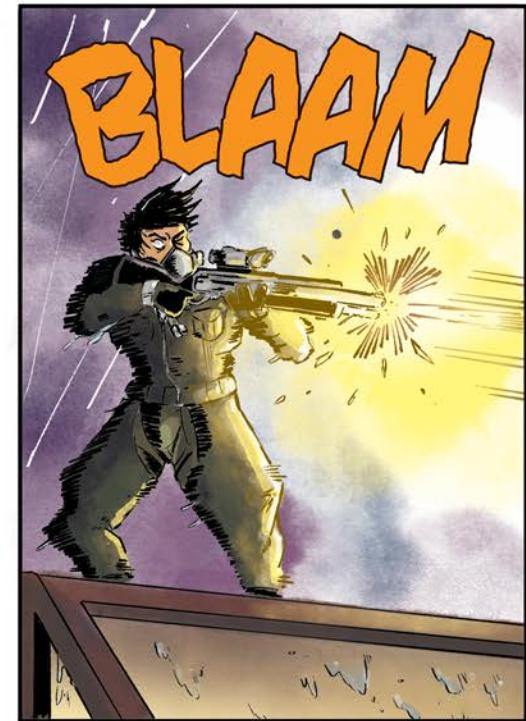
Layouts by Sal V Cloak



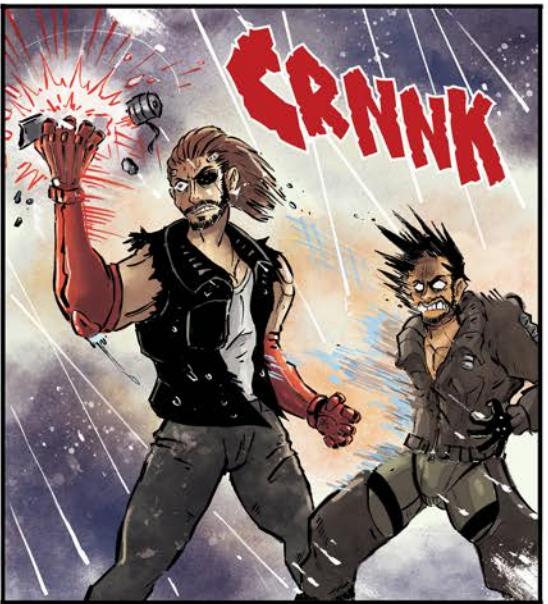
Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.



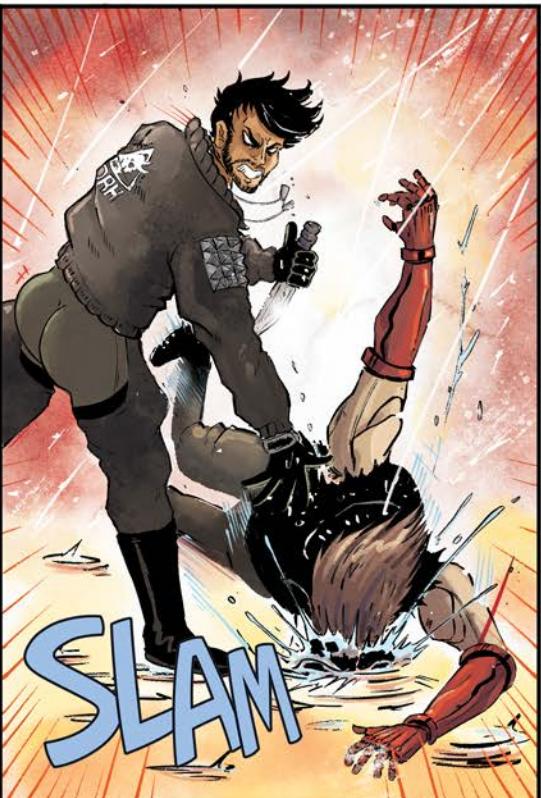


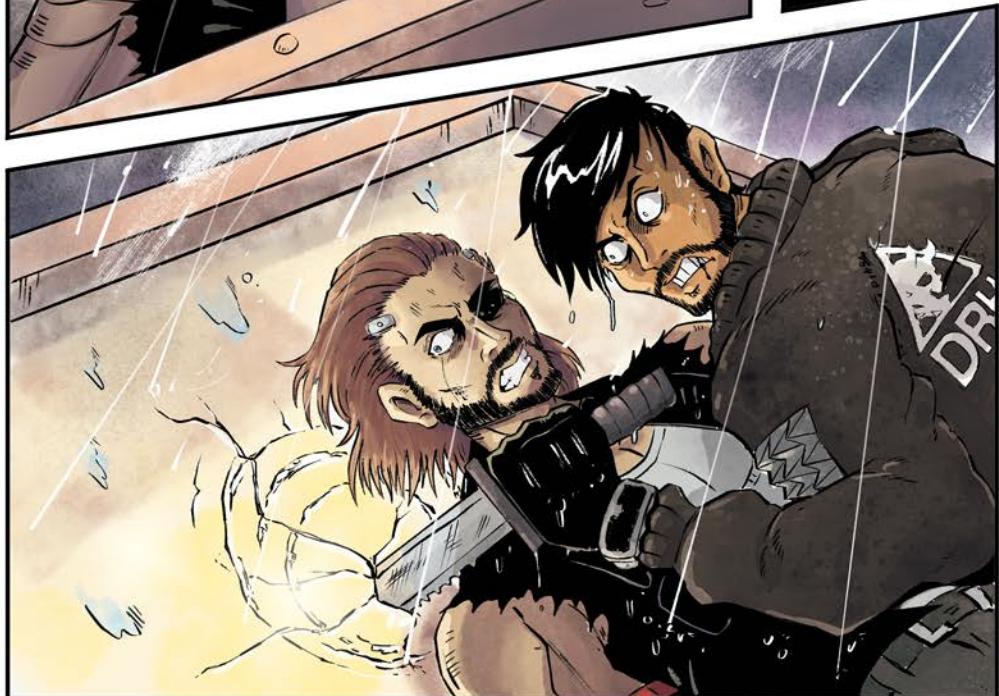












CRARRKK



KRRCK

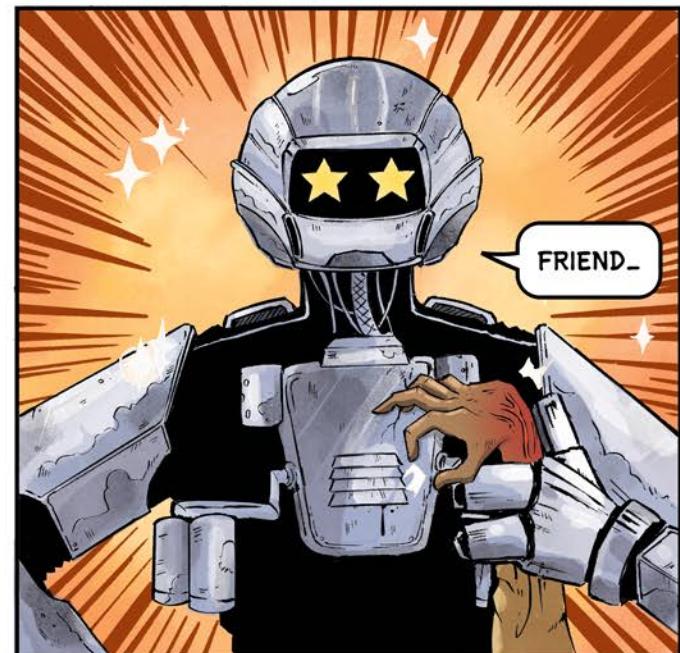
CRKK

KRASSH



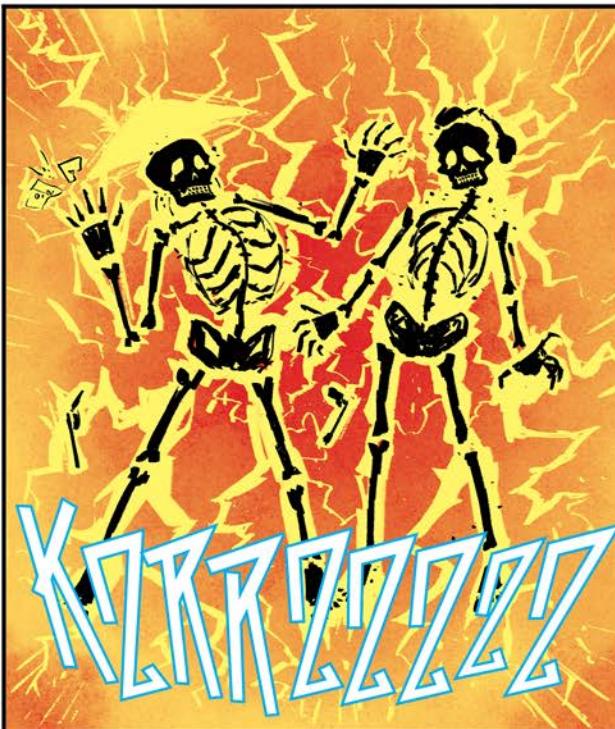


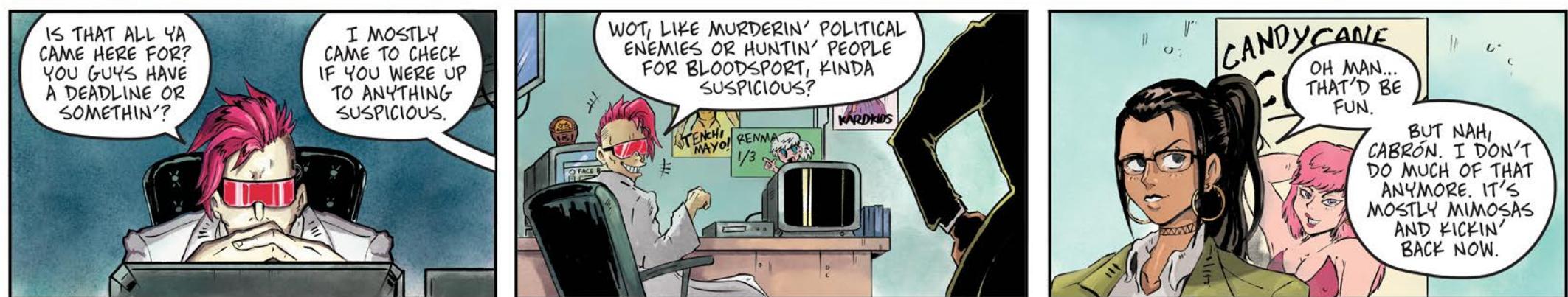


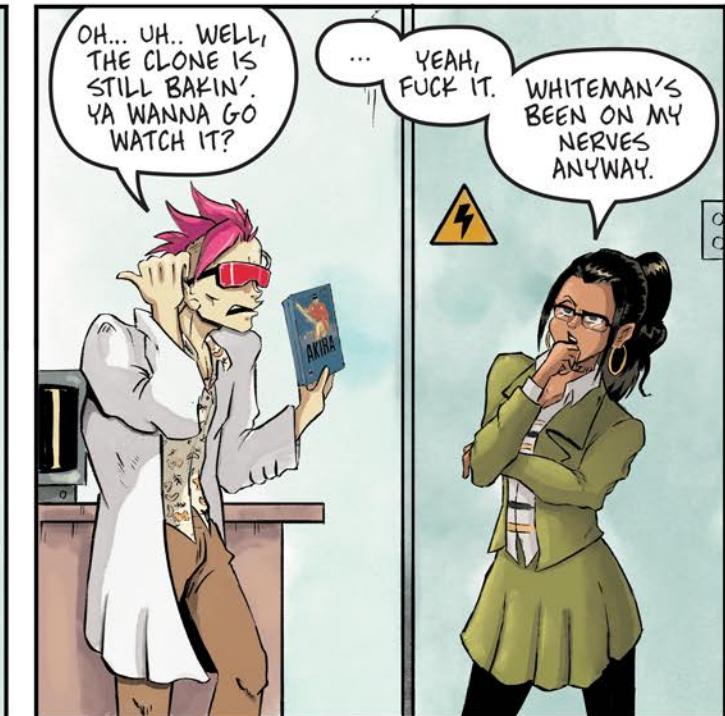
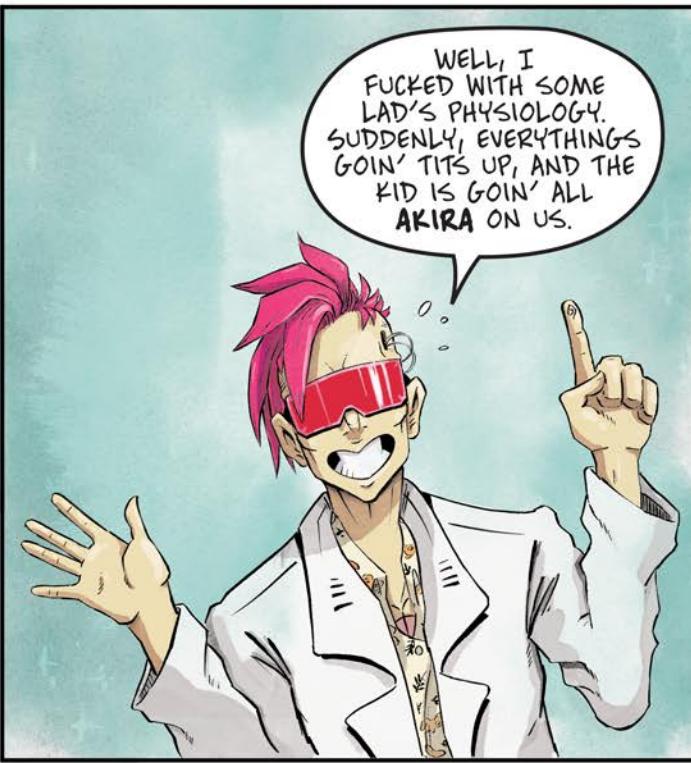
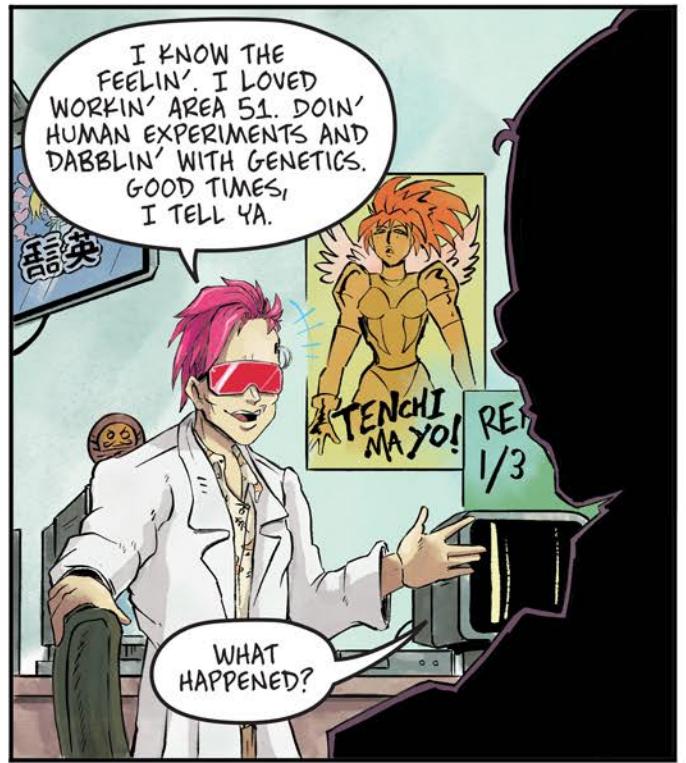


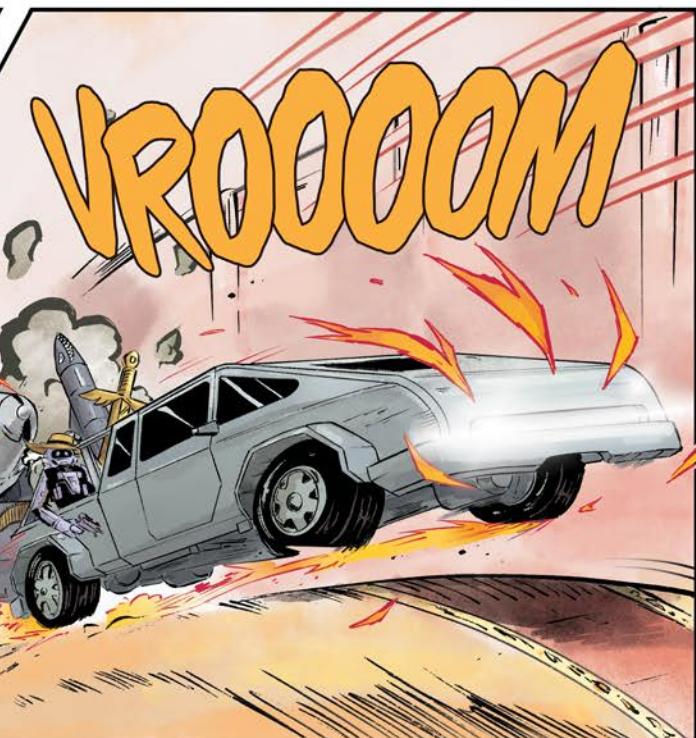
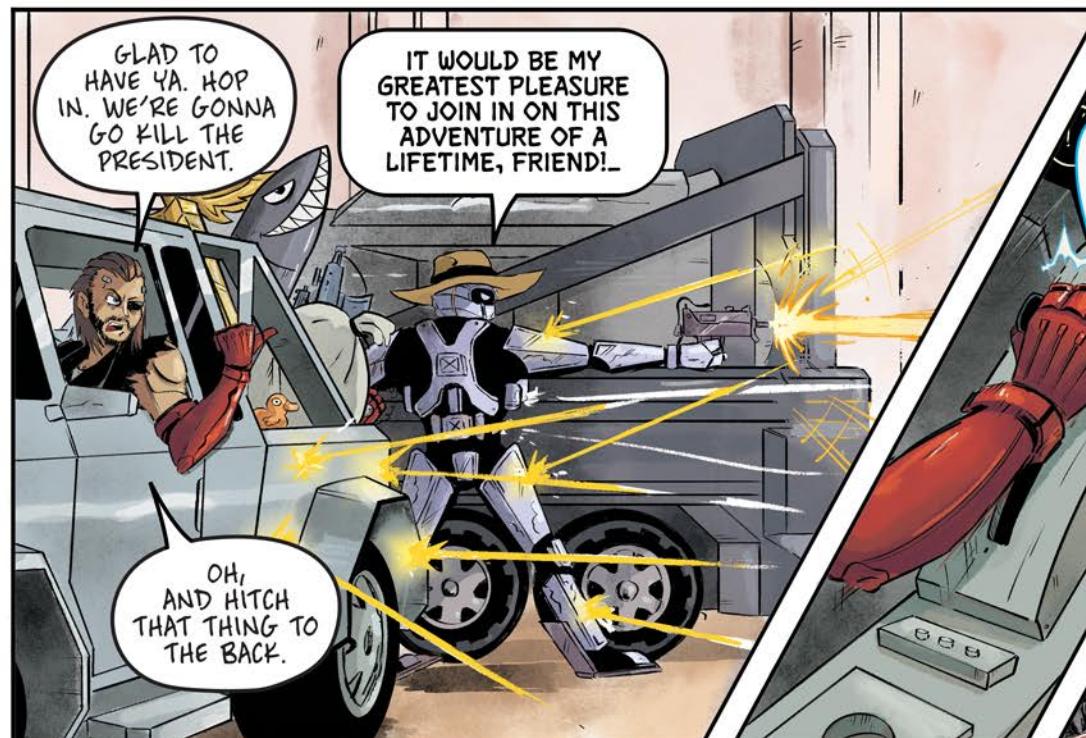
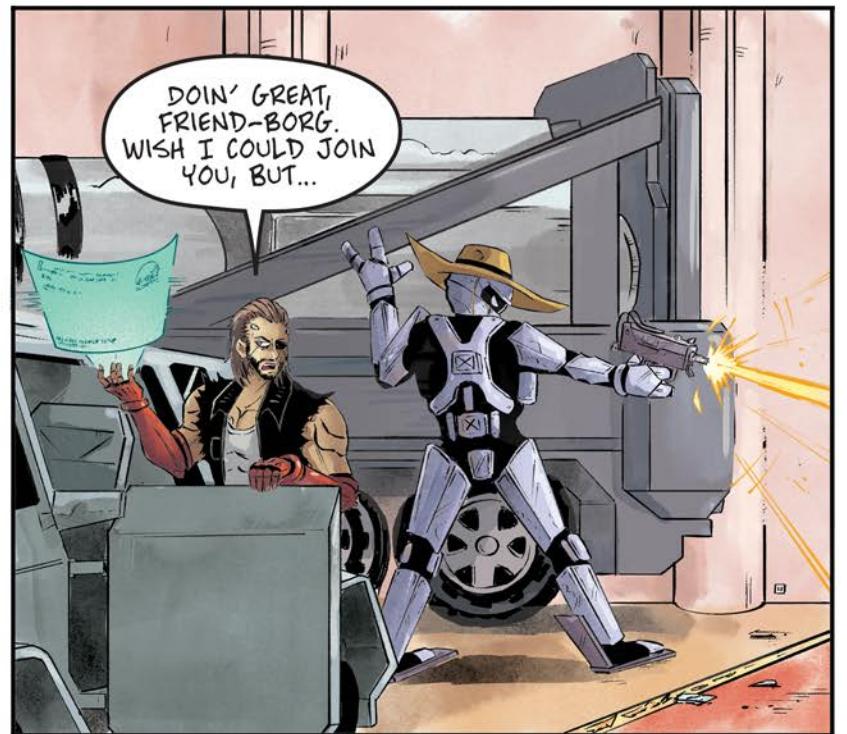






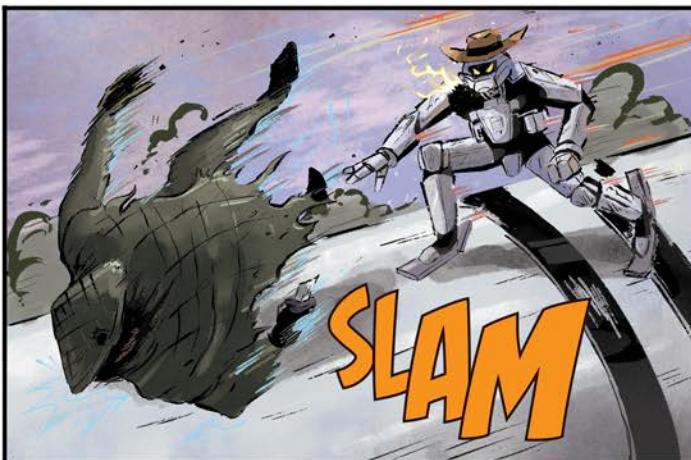
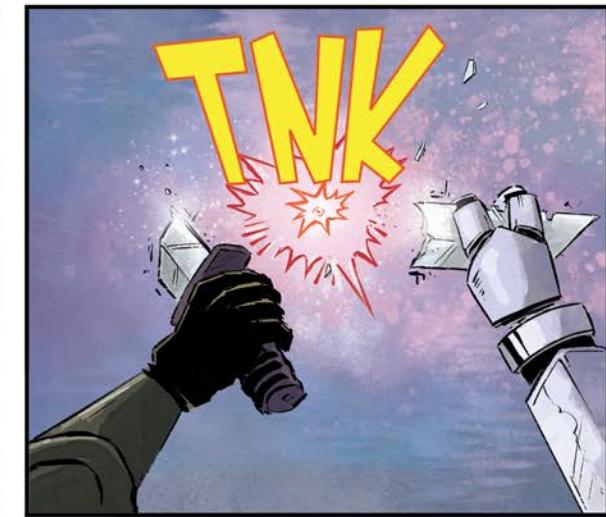


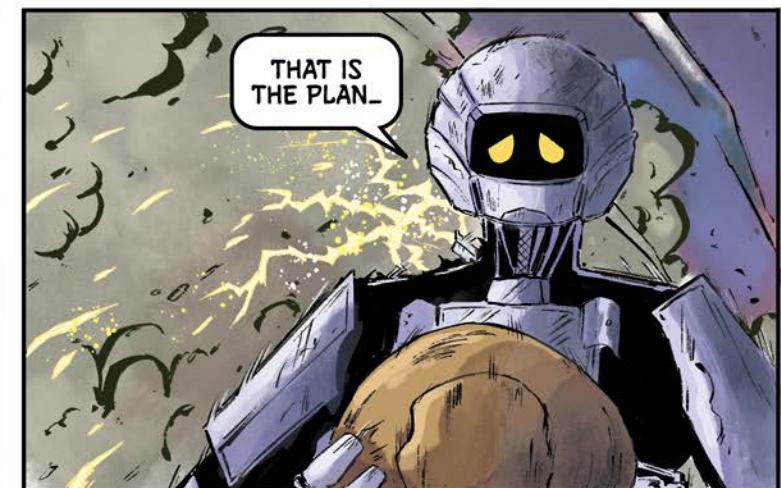
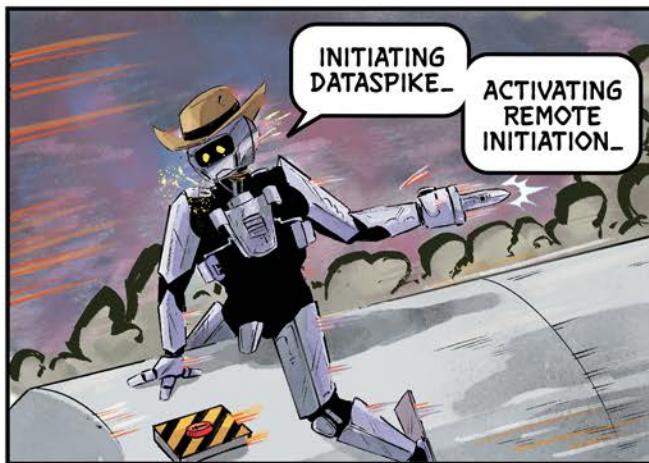


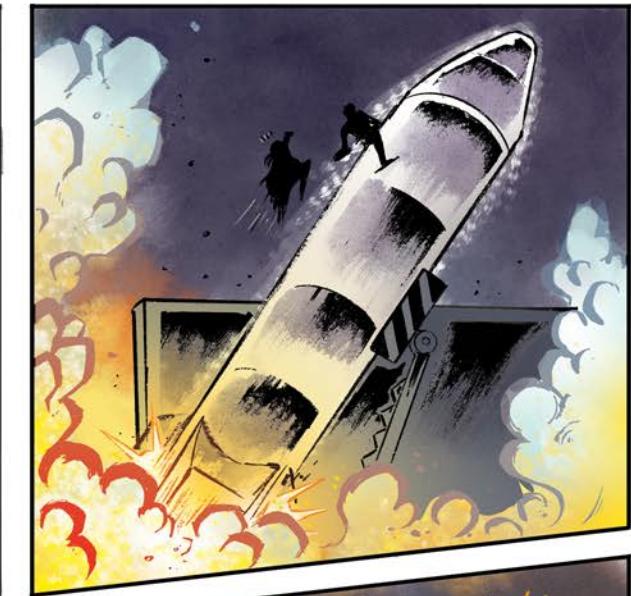
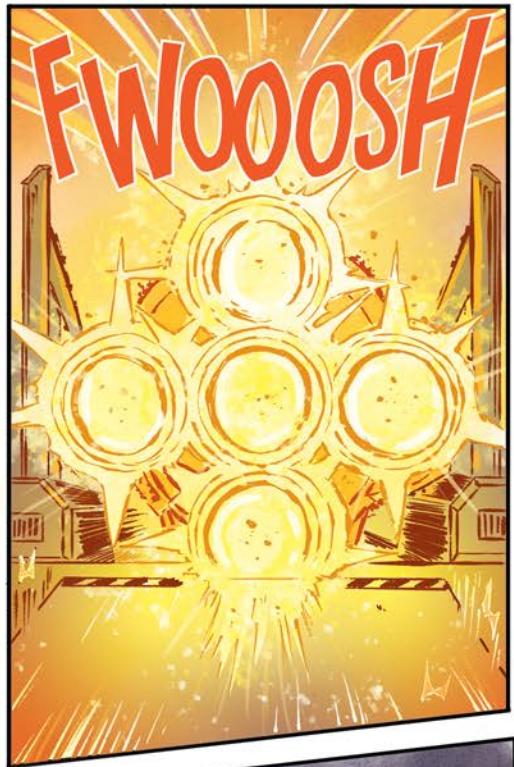


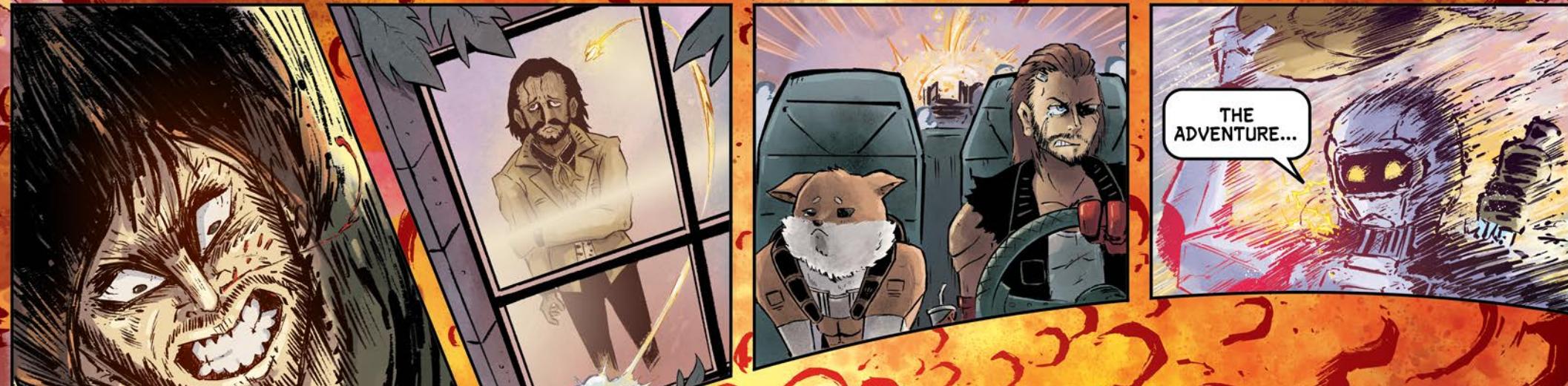












"... OF A
LIFETIME..."



CHAPTER 5 : LOS POLLOS DE BASTARDOS

Cover Art by Aaron Ancheta

Line Art by Aaron Ancheta

Colors by Lesley Atlansky

Letters by Bernardo Brice

Layouts by Sal V Cloak



Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.

AT THE WHITE
HOUSE. AGAIN.

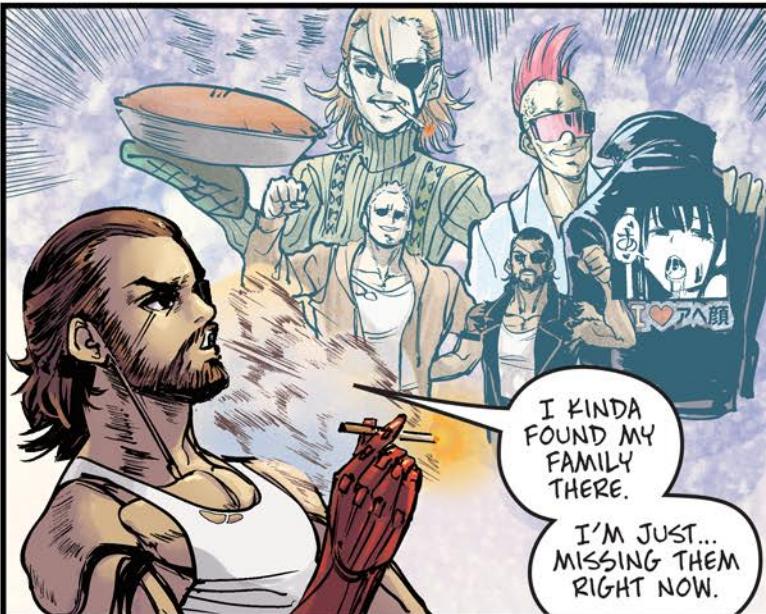
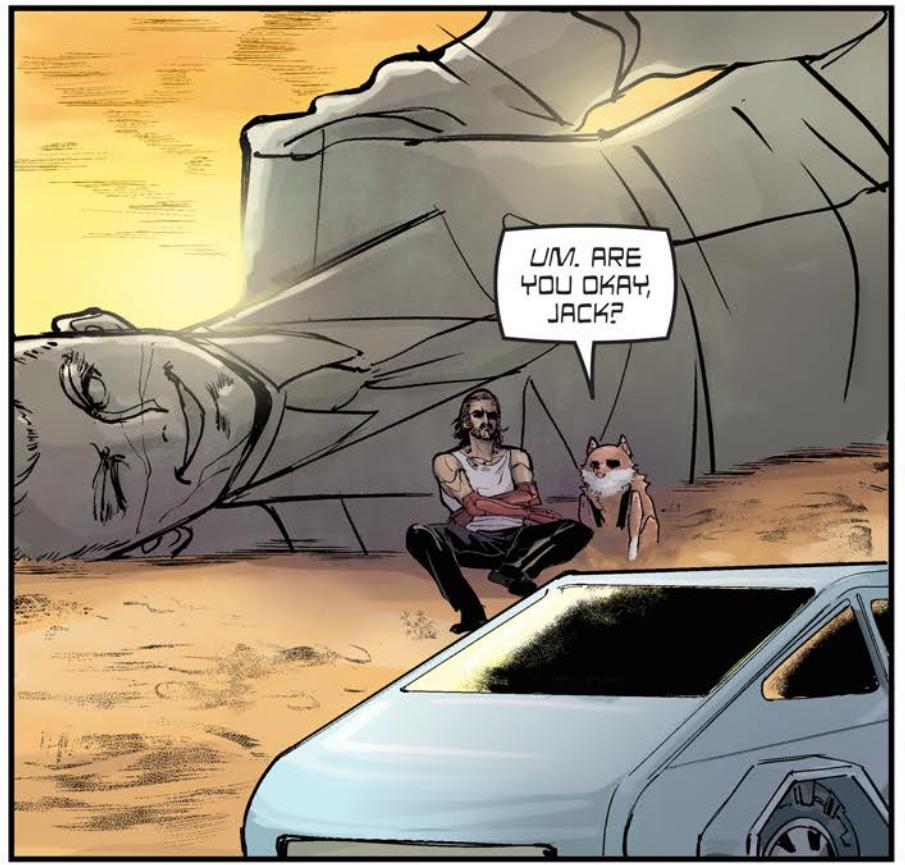
GREETINGS!
MISS MARTINEZ.
DOCTOR. GOOD TO SEE
YOU TWO GETTING
ALONG.

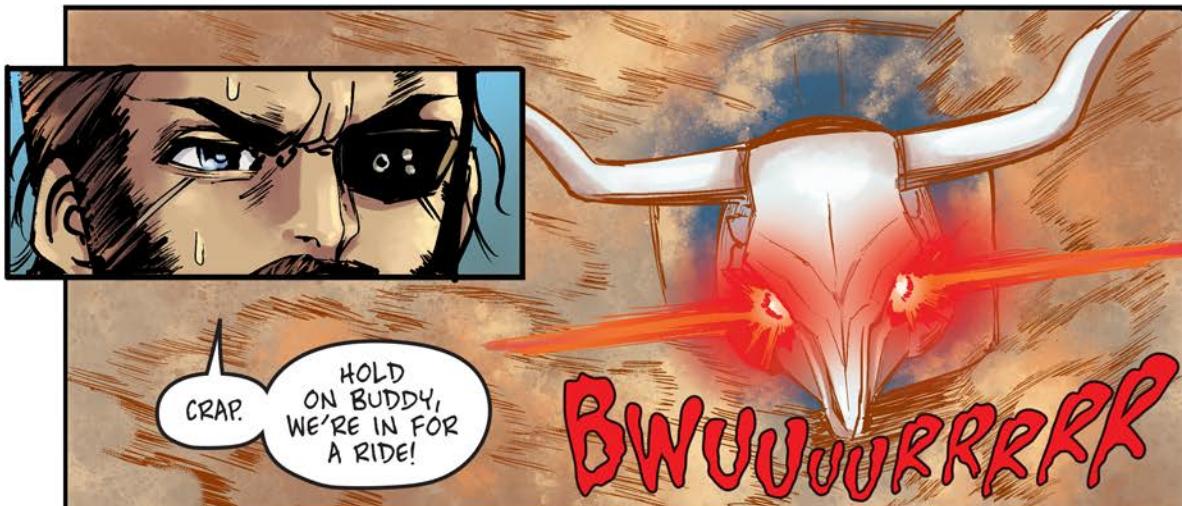
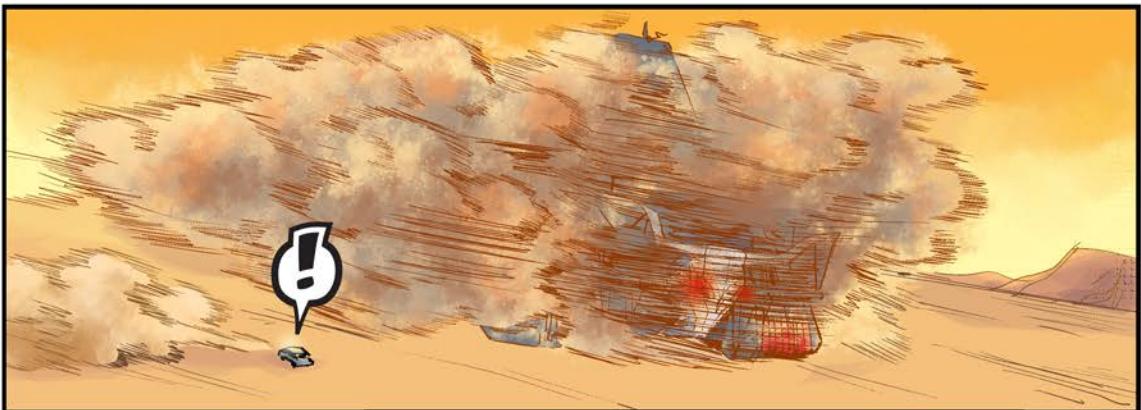
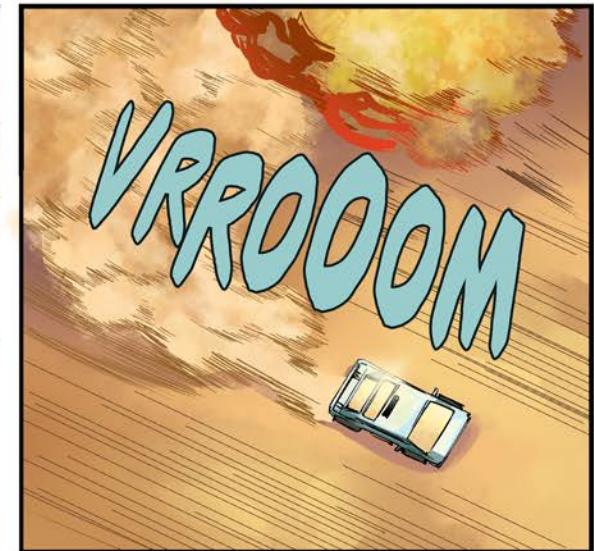
HOW'S
MY
NEW BODY
COMING?

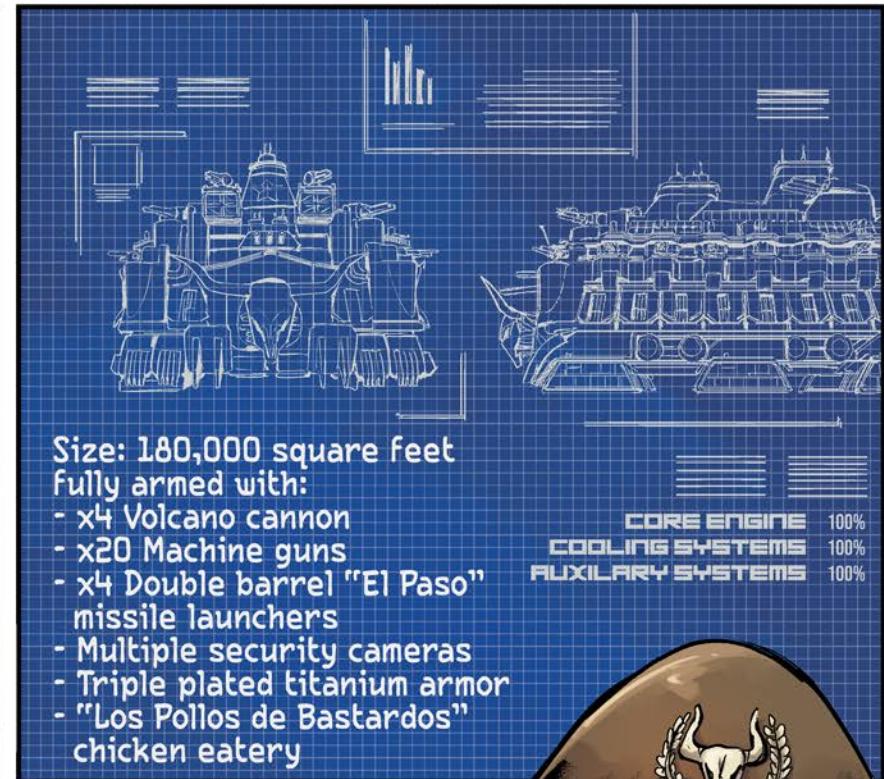
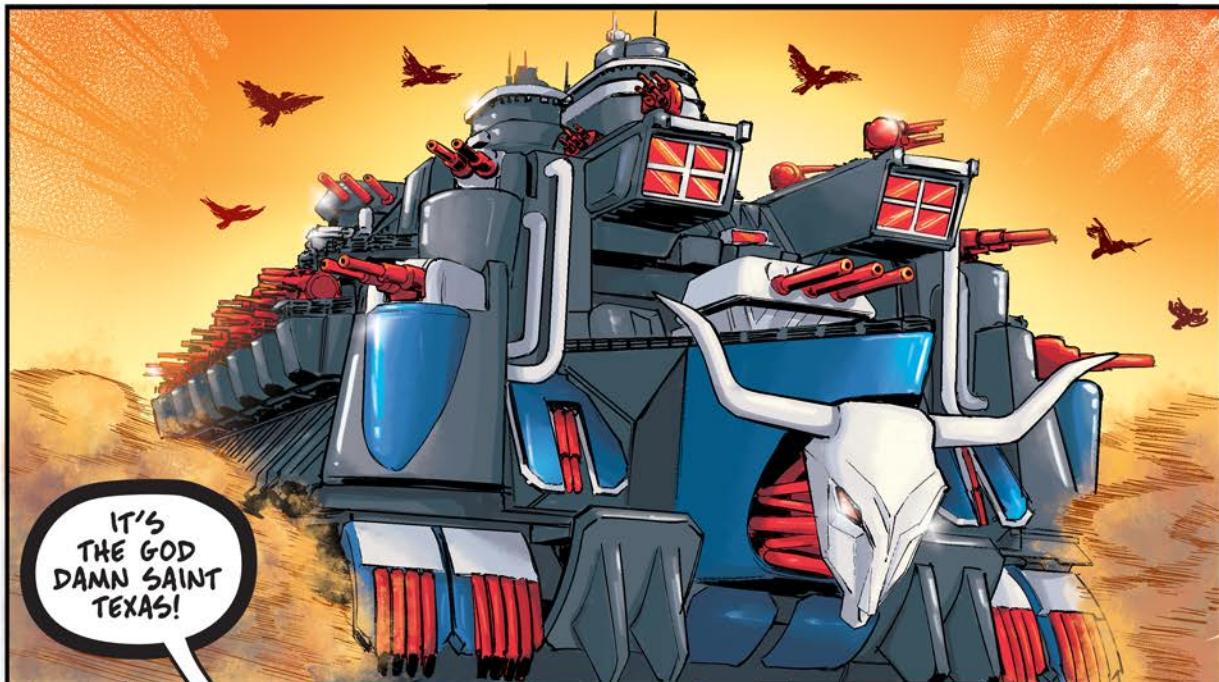
G-GOIN' GREAT, MR.
PRESIDENT. THE NANITES
HAVE ASSIMILATED AND
WE'RE READY FOR STEP
THREE. A-ANY SPECIAL
REQUESTS?

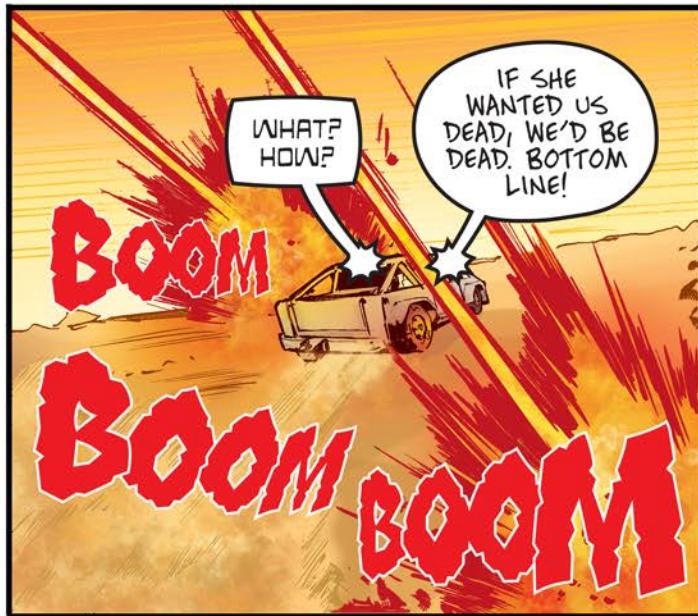
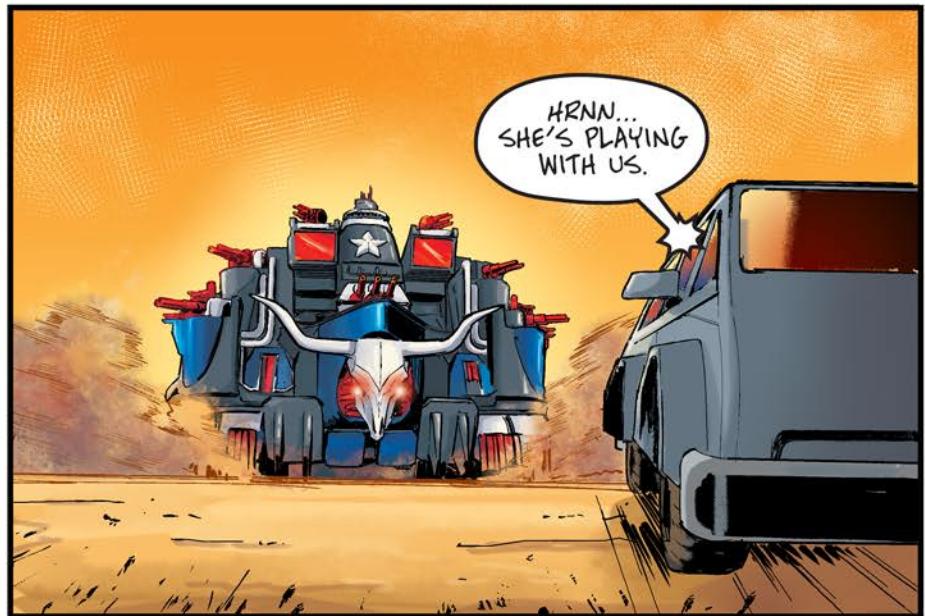


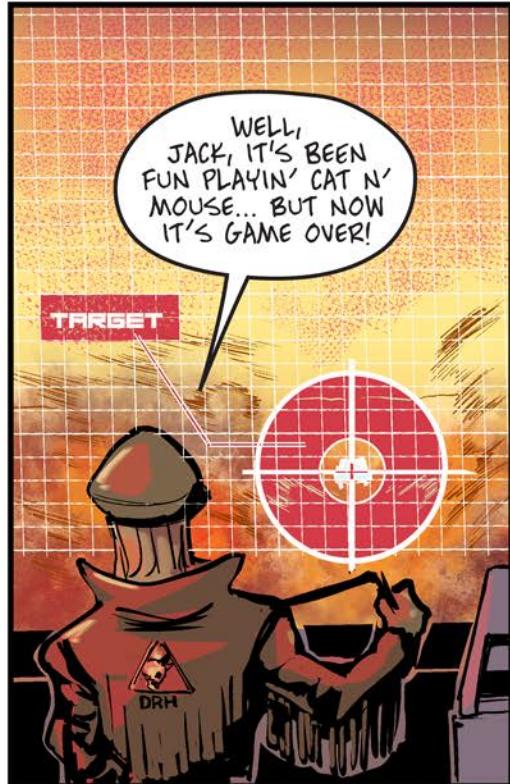


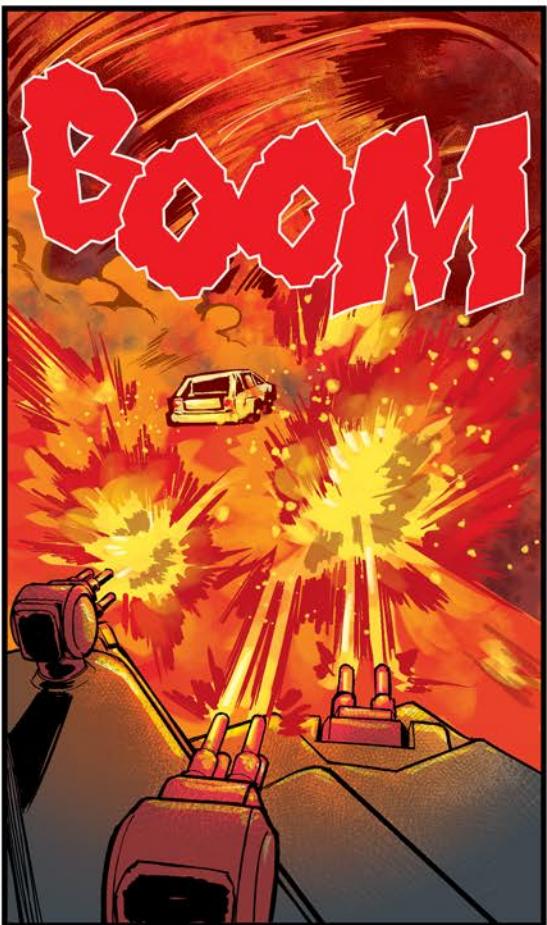






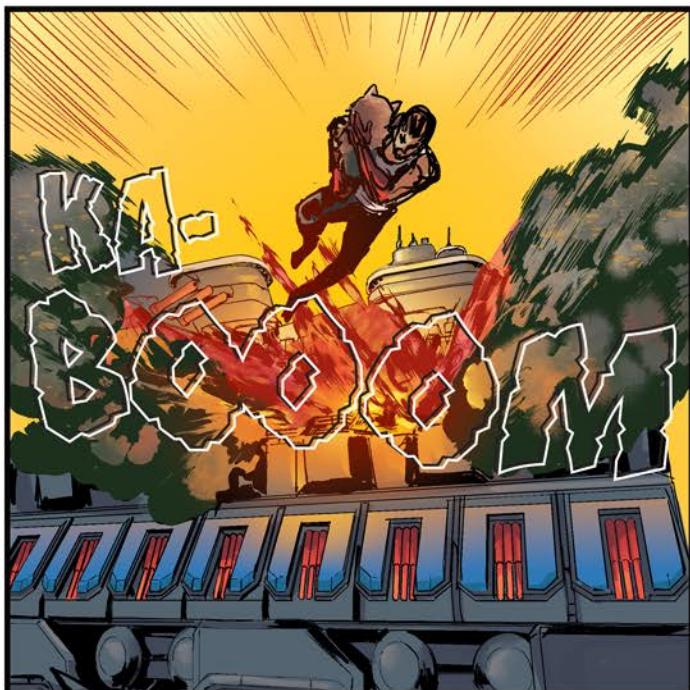




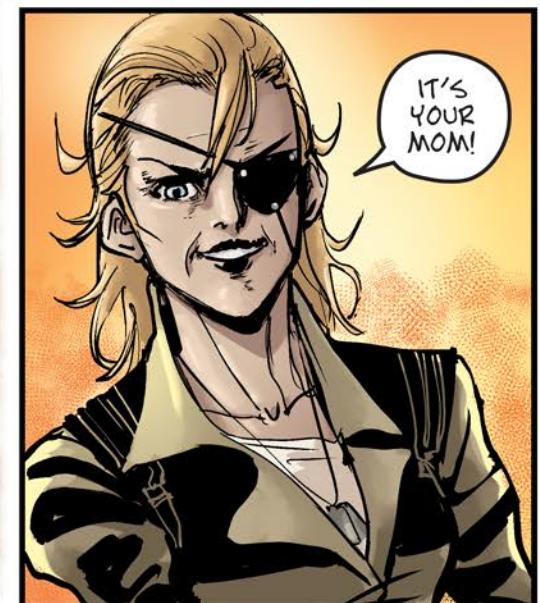




**15
MINUTES
LATER**







CHAPTER 6 : TO KILL A PRESIDENT

Cover Art by Esther Wu

Line Art by Constance Houang

Colors by Sal Monaco

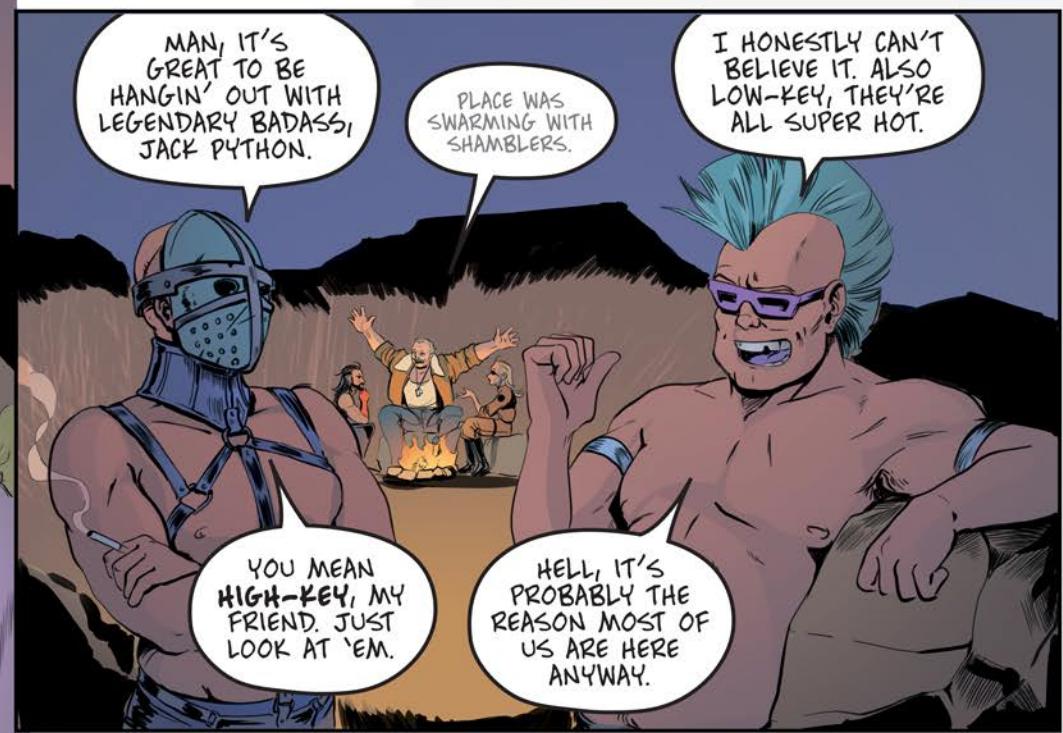
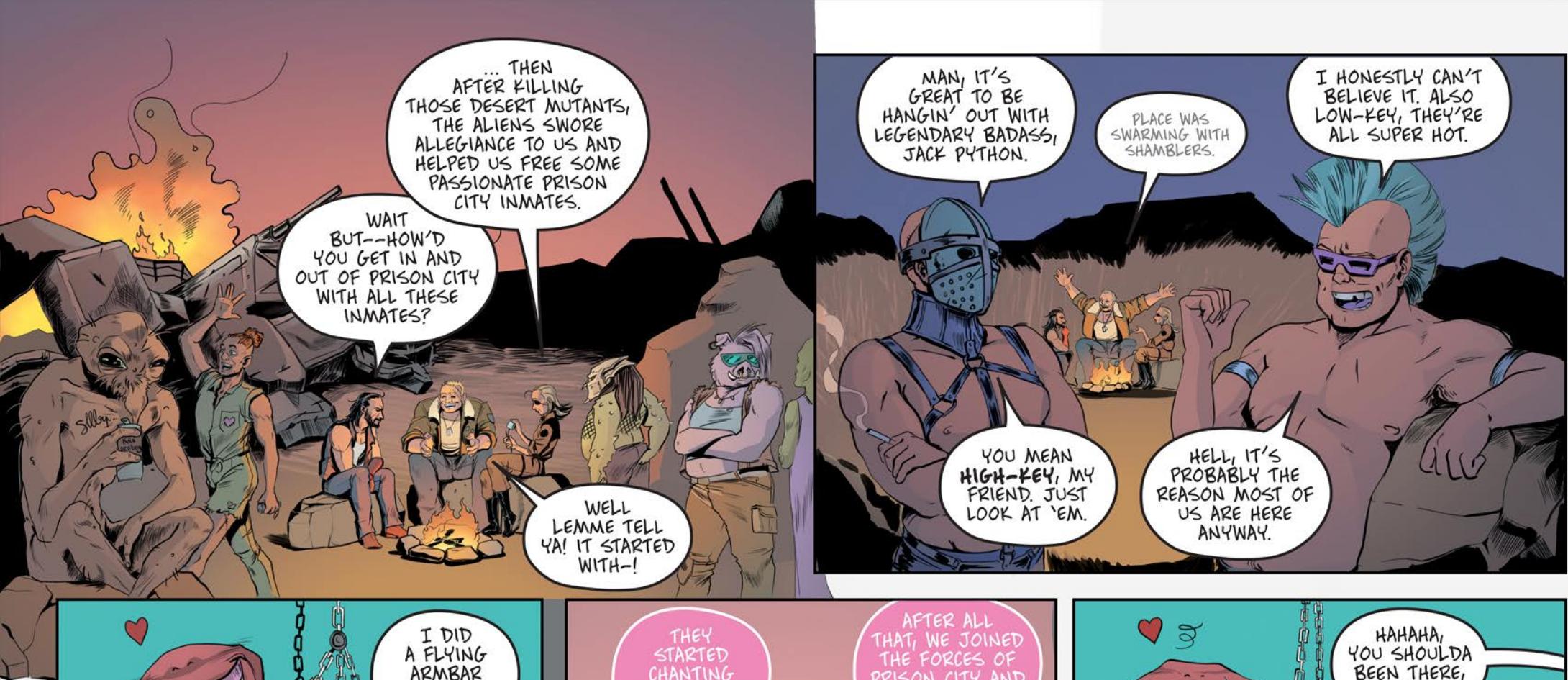
Flats by Evan Evans

Letters by Bernardo Brice

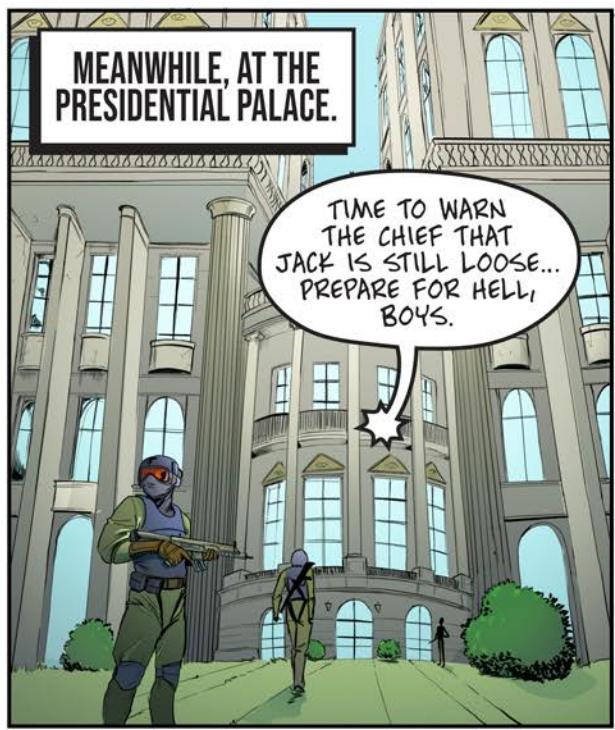
Layouts by Sal V Cloak

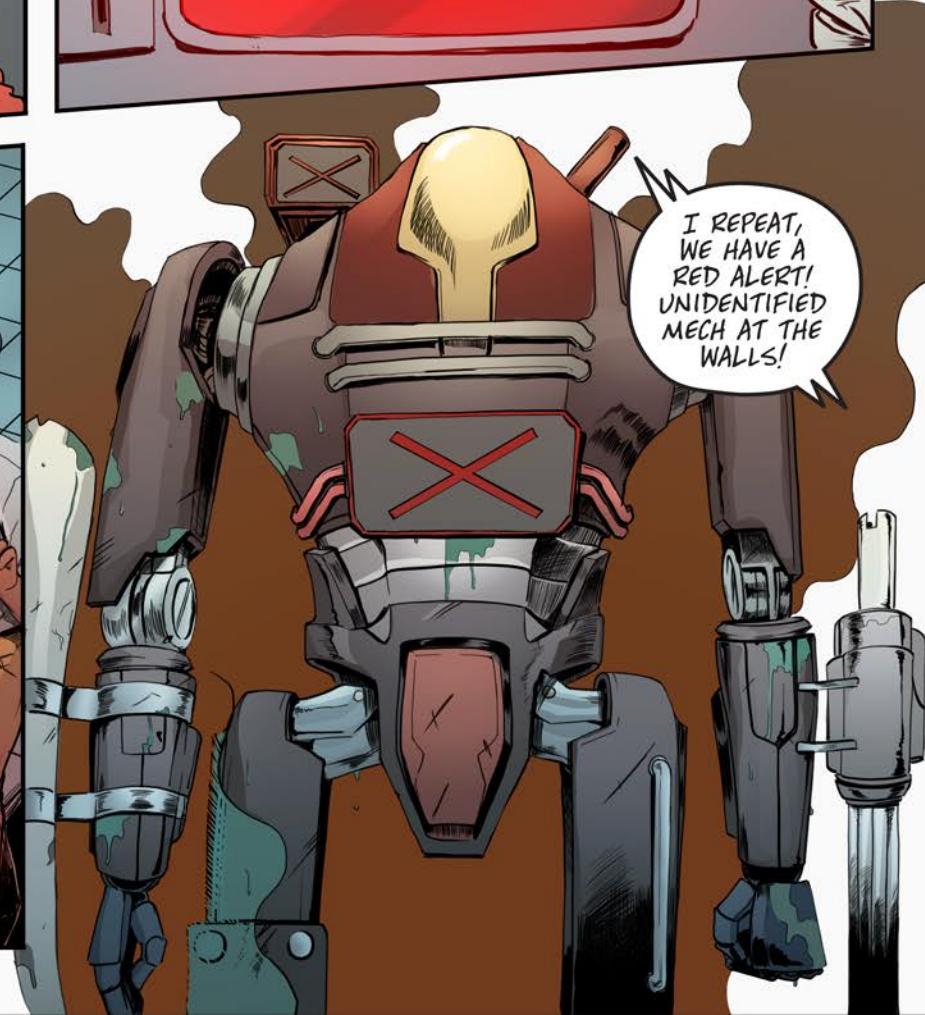
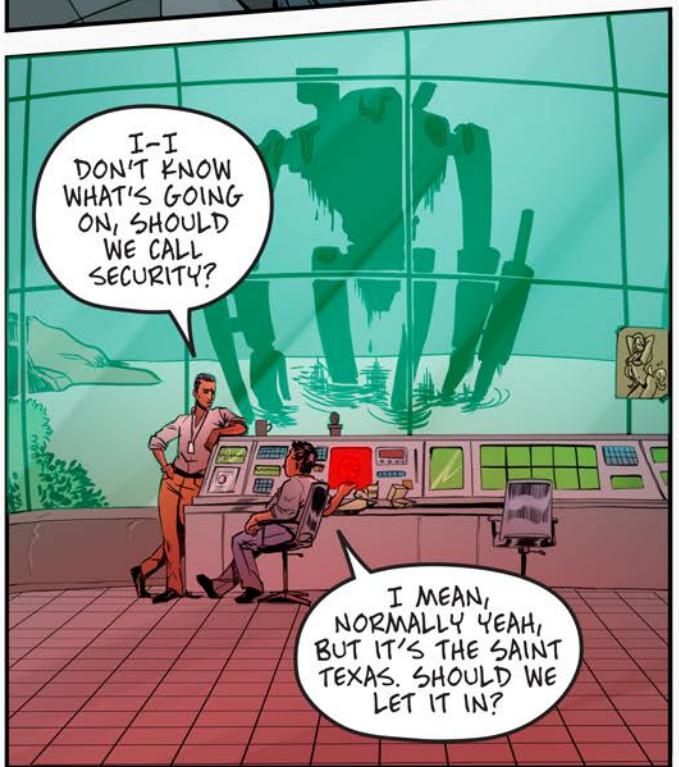


Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.





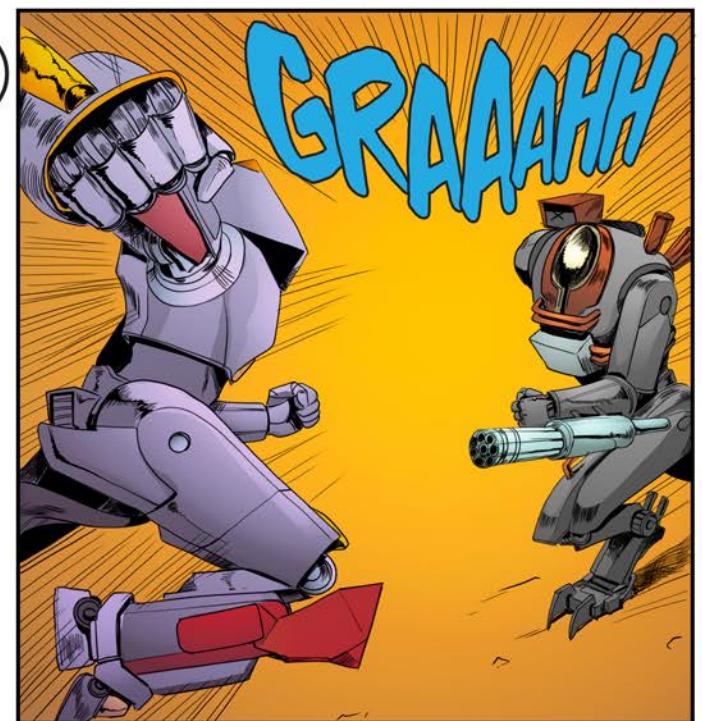
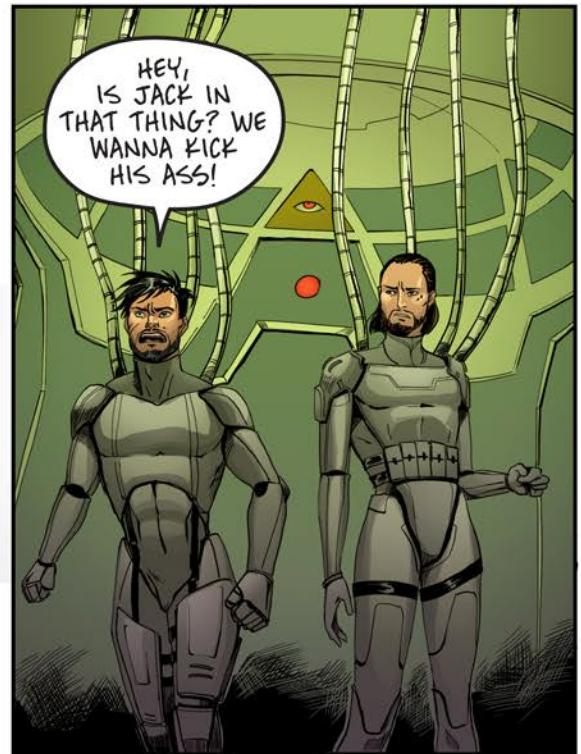
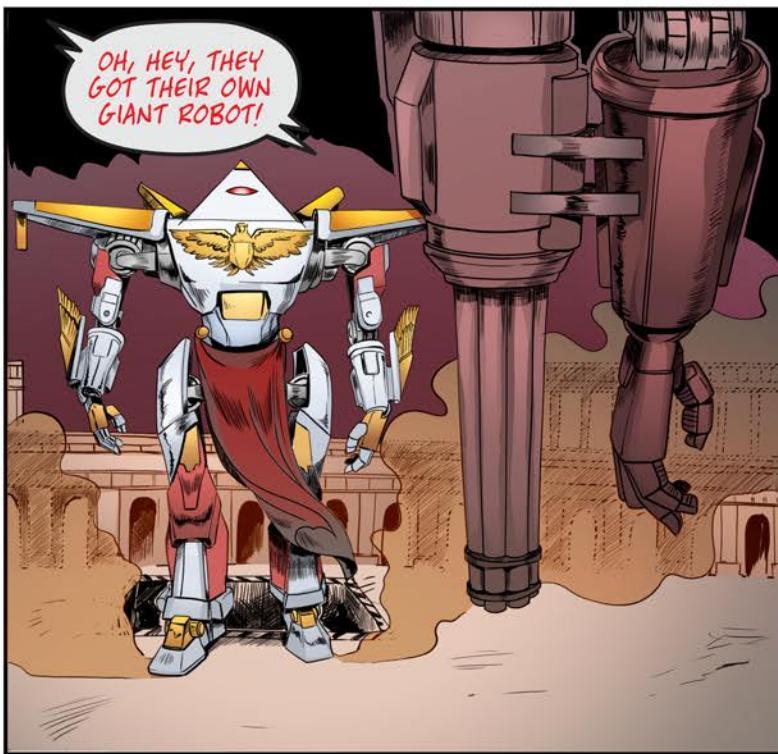
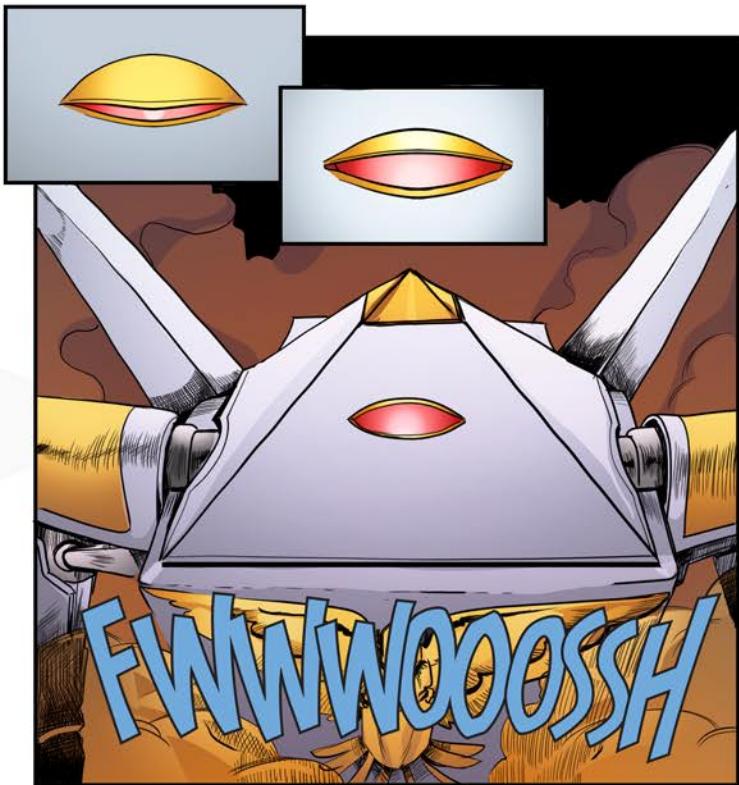
















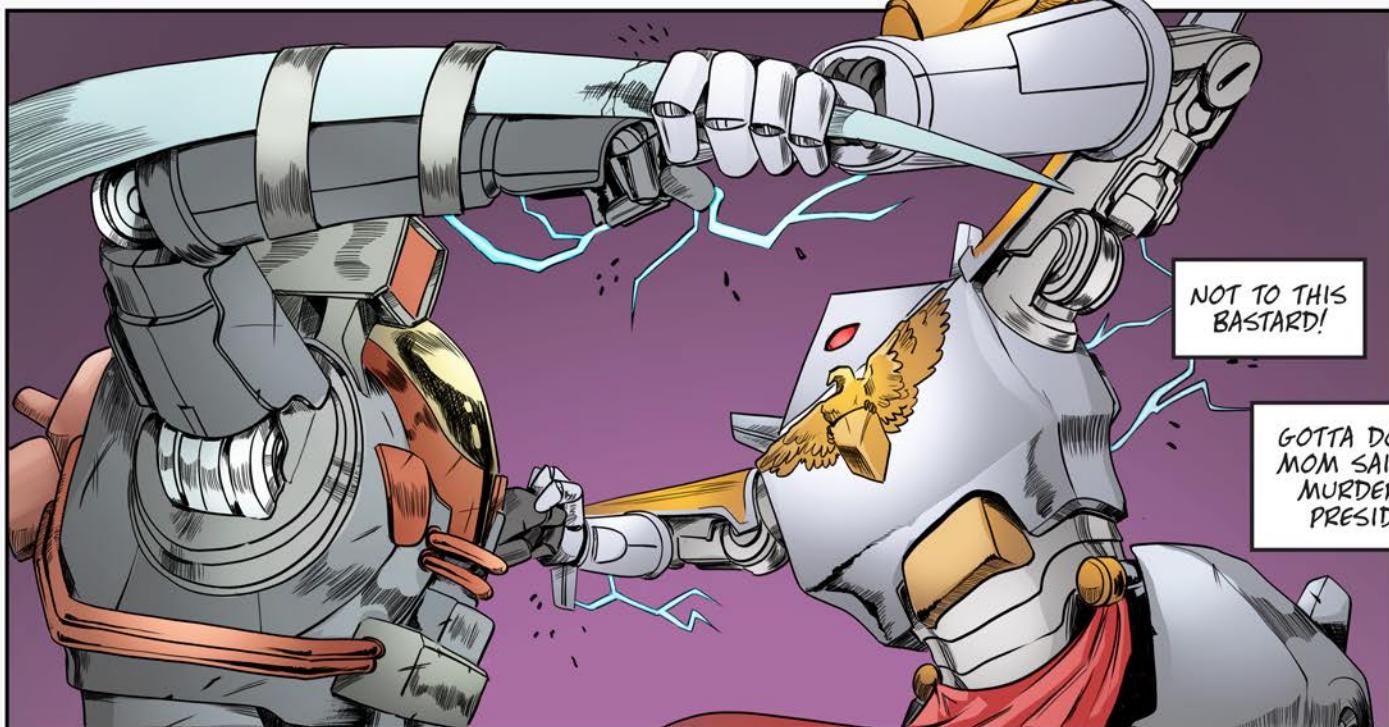








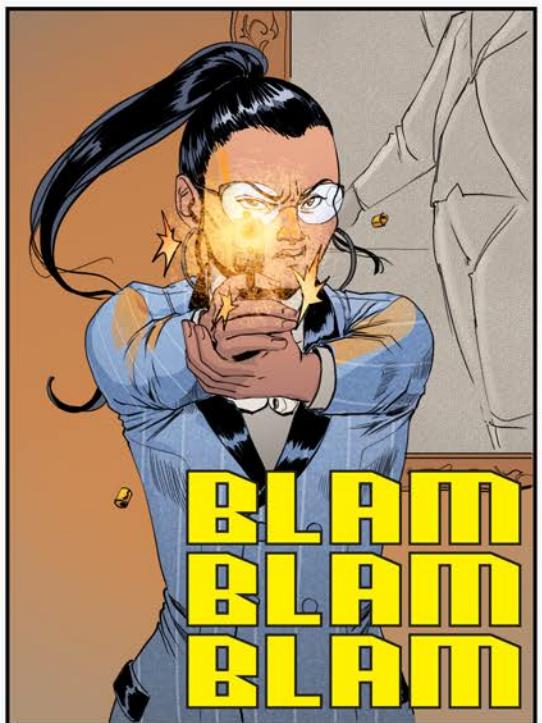






B
R
A
C
H















CHAPTER 7 : EPILOGUE

Cover Art by Bradley Clayton

Page Art by Alecia Doyley

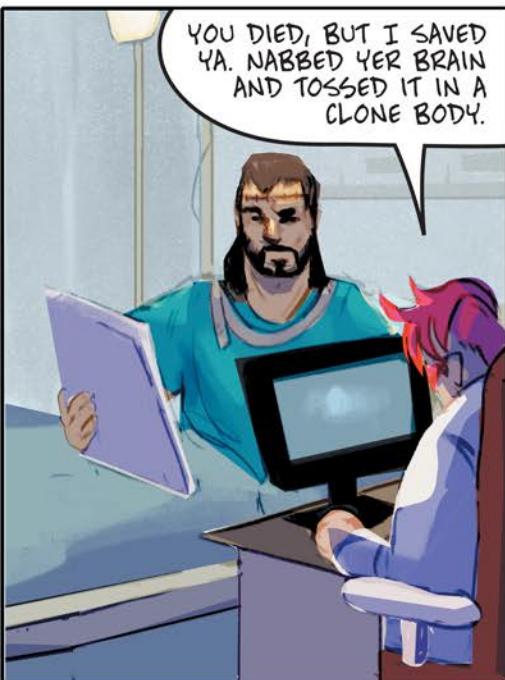
Final Page by Sam Gushue

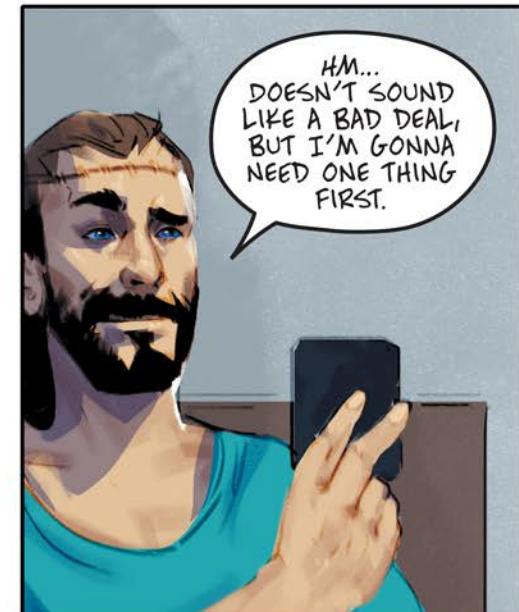
Letters by Bernardo Brice

Layouts by Sal V Cloak

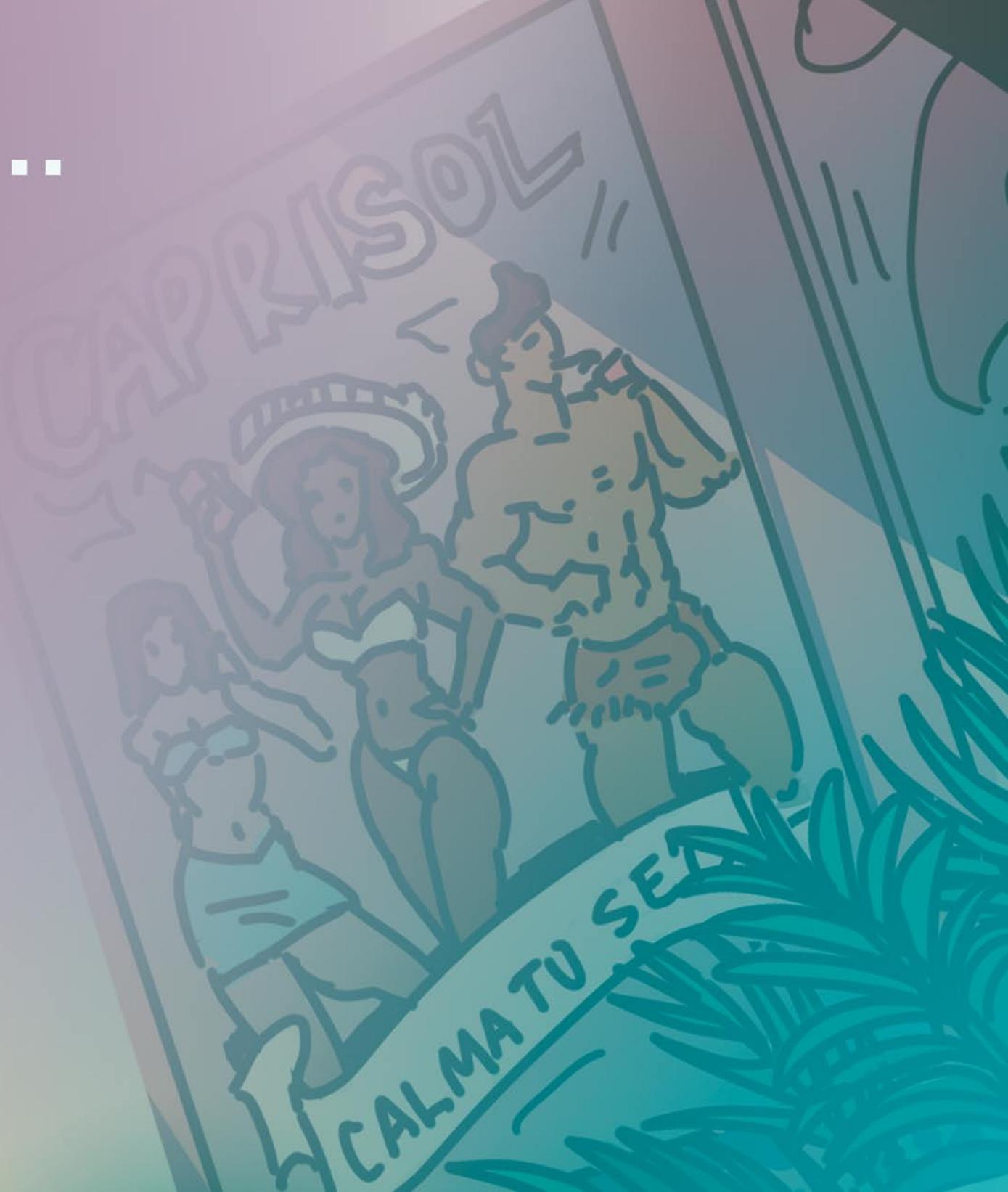


Produced by Samir Patel. Written by Santino Arturo. Directed by An-Tim Nguyen.





EVENTUALLY...



"FIRST PRIORITY MISSION:
DRINK MIMOSAS AND TAKE
A THREE MONTH VACATION."

¡Eso es todo,
carnales!

