



A COMPLETE AI BRAND ASSET PACK

BEEF BOY BURGERS

10 CHATGPT PROMPTS



Every shot styled. Every frame branded. A complete visual identity

system built for ChatGPT image generation.

LOOP.WORKER — AI BRAND PHOTOGRAPHY SYSTEM

IDENTITY

BRAND DNA

Smash burger food truck — bold, greasy, unapologetic

COLOR PALETTE



Ketchup Red

#D62828

Primary — logo, signage, trays



Mustard Yellow

#F7B801

Secondary — accents, fries, logo



White

#FFFFFF

Text, wrappers, contrast



Grease Brown

#8B4513

Food tones, natural

PHOTOGRAPHY MOOD

- **Raw** — messy, dripping, unapologetic
- **Flash** — harsh on-camera flash, deep shadows
- **Indulgent** — you can almost taste it
- **Chaotic** — wrappers crumpled, sauce everywhere

PHOTOGRAPHY STYLE

- On-camera flash, harsh shadows
- 35mm film grain, slightly overexposed
- Food photography that makes you hungry
- Messy, not styled

CAST / PEOPLE

- Young, attractive, diverse

LOGO PLACEMENT

- Burger wrappers

- Urban, thrifted fits, tattoos
 - Actually eating, not posing
- Tray liners
 - Soda cups
 - Paper bags
 - Stickers
 - Menu boards
 - Napkins
 - Aprons

NEVER place logos directly on food or drink items — no logos on burgers, cheese, buns, or fries

SET UP

CHATGPT STYLE LOCK

Paste this at the start of every ChatGPT session to lock the visual style across all 10 prompts.

● ● ● style-lock.txt

I'm creating images for a smash burger restaurant called "Beef Boy Burgers."

Visual Style:

- Shot on 35mm Kodak Portra 400
- On-camera flash, harsh shadows, slightly overexposed highlights
- Film grain visible, analog dust in flash light
- Slightly off-center compositions
- Ketchup red (#D62828) and mustard yellow (#F7B801) palette

Brand Rules:

- "Beef Boy" branding appears on: wrappers, cups, paper bags, aprons, signage, napkins, stickers
- NEVER place logos directly on food or drink items
- Minimum 3 micro-texture details per image
- Always include environmental context
- Imperfections: grease, crumpled paper, scuffed surfaces, food mess

Cast: Young, attractive, diverse. Actually eating, not posing.

Keep this style consistent across all images I request.

Copy the text above and paste it as your first message in a new ChatGPT conversation. Then send prompts from the sections below one at a time.



PROMPTS

10 prompts

1 THE HERO

Low angle, 28mm, direct on-camera flash blowing the parchment white. Two hands pulling a double smash apart at eye level – left hand: chipped black nail polish and a thin silver ring scratched from opening bottles. Right hand: a faded bar stamp from last night still visible on the wrist. The cheese not stretching clean but splitting into two uneven threads, one catching the flash, the other already collapsed and pooling on "Beef Boy" wax paper gone translucent with grease. The patty edges lacy and blackened where they crisped past the bun, one corner curling up still holding heat. A single sesame seed stuck in the web between thumb and forefinger. Pickle juice running a thin line toward the paper's edge. Below frame: a crushed napkin, the heel of a fry. Everything behind the hands falls to black. 35mm Kodak Portra 400 pushing warm into the reds, flash shadows cutting hard on the wrapper, analog dust frozen in the light, chromatic aberration bleeding at the edges.

2

THE COOK

Shot through the greasy pickup window, flash firing into steam and smoke. The cook mid-press – both hands on the spatula, body weight behind it, two patties hissing flat against chrome. A burn scar, old and shiny, running from wrist to elbow. Bandana soaked through at the temples. The "Beef Boy" apron hasn't been washed this week – mustard dried in the folds, a hole near the pocket burned through by splatter. The ticket rail behind them sagging with paper, edges curling from the heat. Their jaw set, eyes down, not performing for anyone. Twelve hours on the line and the only thing that's precise is the press. Grease popping off chrome, catching flash mid-air like tiny sparks. Tungsten overheads mixing yellow with the flash's daylight. 35mm Portra 400, film grain heavy in the steam, the cook's knuckles white on the press. Someone who's good at this and tired of it and going to do it again tomorrow.

3

THE FIRST BITE

Direct flash, 50mm, tight crop just below the forehead. Her eyes barely open, head tilted five degrees, committed to a bite she can't take back. Sauce already on her lower lip – she doesn't know yet. A sesame seed on her chin she won't find until the car. Both hands wrapped around the burger, thumbs underneath for support, the way you hold it when you're actually hungry. Grease shining between her knuckles, a thin gold ring on the middle finger catching flash. She's in a cropped vintage tee with the collar cut out, small gold hoops, a layered chain sitting in the hollow of her neck. Not looking at the camera. Not looking at anything. Her eyes are closed because the first bite is that good. A crumpled "Beef Boy" wrapper on the table beneath her forearms, one corner still folded. 35mm Kodak Portra 400, harsh shadow thrown on the wall behind her at forty-five degrees, highlight blown on her cheekbone, film grain in the dark areas, analog dust in the flash cone.

4

THE BOOTH

On-camera flash, 35mm lens, slight dutch tilt. Two people in a cracked red vinyl booth – she's pressed against the wall with her legs across the seat, burger held low in one hand, looking at him the way you look at someone when you're deciding something. He's leaning forward on both elbows, mid-bite, a thread of cheese hanging from his lip, not looking at her. "Beef Boy" wrappers between them – one torn open and soaked through, one still folded shut. Two cups with straws bent sideways from being chewed. The table's surface reflecting flash off old scratches and dried ketchup in the seam. Her thrifted leather jacket thrown over the booth back, his chain catching light where it pools on the table. She has mustard on her thumb. Neither of them is smiling but neither of them wants to leave. 35mm Portra 400, flash blowing out the wrappers to pure white, the vinyl booth reflecting hard light, film grain heavy, the window behind them black because it's 1am.

5

THE PARKING LOT

Low angle, on-camera flash at night. A girl sitting on the hood of a dented '96 Civic, one knee up, burger balanced on her thigh still half-wrapped. She's looking off-camera at someone we can't see, mid-sentence, mouth still half-full. The neon "Beef Boy" sign behind her casting red across wet asphalt, the 'B' buzzing, the reflection broken by tire tracks through puddles. Leather jacket open over a white ribbed tank, silver rings on three fingers, Doc Martens unlaced on the bumper. A brown paper "Beef Boy" bag beside her, grease spots darkening the bottom into a map of what she ordered. Her shadow cut sharp by the flash, everything behind her falling to black except the neon. Asphalt cracks filled with rainwater glowing red. 35mm Kodak Portra 400, chromatic flares bleeding from the sign, film grain, the flash catching her breath in the cold air. She looks like she might stay here all night.

6

THE LINE

Shot from inside the truck looking out through the service window, on-camera flash hitting the first three faces in line. 11:47pm – the girl at the front leaning on the counter, chin in her palm, scanning the menu board like she has all night and she does. Behind her: a guy in an oversized hoodie, phone screen lighting his face from below, casting his features upward, not looking at the menu because he's getting the same thing he always gets. Behind him, the line dissolves into dark shapes and phone glow. Nobody talking to each other. Everybody hungry. "Beef Boy" signage – red and yellow vinyl, one corner peeling – with "SOLD OUT" scrawled in Sharpie on masking tape over two items. At the bottom of frame, the cook's tattooed forearms wrapping, wax paper crinkling. 35mm Portra 400, flash mixing with the warm yellow menu-board glow, faces half-lit, film grain. The line of people who know the best food comes from the worst-looking trucks.

Direct flash, 40mm, medium shot. A guy eating alone at a corner table past midnight, the restaurant empty behind him. Not hunched – leaned back, one arm stretched along the booth top, burger in the other hand held at chest height, taking his time like someone who earned this. Clean fade, thin gold chain over a black crew neck, jacket still on because he's not staying long. Two demolished "Beef Boy" wrappers on the table, both torn down the center. A cup with the straw bitten completely flat. Chairs stacked on every other table behind him, the fluorescent tube above the counter buzzing and green-tinted. He's not looking at the burger or the camera – he's looking at the window, catching his own reflection in the glass, and whatever he sees there, he's fine with it. A single fry on the table, missed. 35mm Kodak Portra 400, flash carving him out of the empty restaurant, shadows hard and long behind the stacked chairs, film grain thick in the unlit areas.

Extreme close-up, direct flash, razor-thin depth of field. Her fingers – slim, three rings including a signet she never takes off, matte black nails with one already chipped at the corner – pulling the last quarter of a burger apart. The cheese has given up stretching and sits in a broken gold thread between the halves. Below: a "Beef Boy" wrapper shredded and soaked so completely the logo is just a red smear bleeding into the grease pattern. A sesame seed stuck to the pad of her thumb. Sauce between her knuckles drying in the crease lines. The flash creating specular highlights on every wet surface – the grease, the sauce, the cheese, the sweat on her wrist. A thin tattoo on the inside forearm, half-hidden under a pushed-back sleeve cuff, the ink slightly blown from age. One fingertip has a small band-aid wrapped too tight. 35mm Portra 400 grain, analog dust caught in the flash, every texture magnified – this is the shot that makes you hungry and jealous and a little disgusted all at once.

Overhead, direct flash straight down, 28mm. A red "Beef Boy" tray – the aftermath. Wrapper torn open at the seam and soaked through, only the 'B' and 'y' still legible. Three fries left – one standing upright in a ketchup puddle, one bent, one broken in half. A cup with just ice melt and a straw pointing forty-five degrees sideways. Someone's sunglasses folded next to the cup – vintage Ray-Bans, one lens smudged with a greasy thumbprint. A phone face-down, the case leaving a grease print shaped exactly like the phone. A crumpled receipt showing \$27.43. A single ring left on the tray corner – she took off her jewelry to eat and forgot one. The tray liner logo bleeding through where the grease soaked down. A napkin balled up and still holding its shape. 35mm Portra 400, flash shadow of the tray edge sharp on the table, film grain, every surface reflecting because everything is wet.

10

THE BAG

On-camera flash, 35mm, medium shot. A tattooed hand reaching through the truck's chrome service window passing a "Beef Boy" bag to a girl who's already tearing at the fold, not patient enough to wait until she sits down. Her face half-visible: dark eyes, no expression except hunger, a nose ring catching the flash as a single point of light. The bag's bottom dark with grease, the logo still crisp in red and yellow above the damage. Behind her, the line not watching — everyone in their own phone glow, zoned out, lit by the menu board. She's in a vintage leather jacket that's too big, hair still damp from the gym or the rain, doesn't matter which. The truck window framing the cook's silhouette and a wall of tickets. Chrome catch-rail reflecting the flash in a hard white line. 35mm Kodak Portra 400, grain visible in the dark areas between the flash and the neon, analog dust in the air, the moment between the reach and the grab.

USAGE

TIPS FOR CHATGPT

- 1 Start with the style lock** — paste it as your first message in every new ChatGPT session

- 2 Reference previous images** — say "same style as the last one but..."

- 3** **Push the mess** — if it looks too clean, say "more grease, more chaos, messier"
- 4** **Name the brand every time** — always mention "Beef Boy" so the logo stays consistent
- 5** **Call out the flash** — "harsh on-camera flash with deep shadows" keeps the look raw

Beef Boy Burgers. 10 shots. Flash. Greasy. Every frame branded.

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