

A COMPLETE AI BRAND ASSET PACK

DRIP CAFE

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

Specialty coffee cafe — warm, intimate, neighborhood gathering

COLOR PALETTE



Burnt Orange

#E85D04

Primary — logo, signage, accents



Cream

#FDF6E3

Secondary — ceramics, napkins, warmth



Black

#1A1A1A

Text, contrast, depth



Warm Brown

#8B6914

Coffee tones, wood, natural

PHOTOGRAPHY MOOD

- **Warm** — golden morning light, Portra tones
- **Intimate** — the small moments of morning
- **Lived-in** — worn wood, coffee rings, imperfect latte art
- **Community** — the neighborhood gathering

PHOTOGRAPHY STYLE

- Warm 35mm Kodak Portra 400
- Shallow depth of field
- Soft golden window light only — NEVER flash
- Warm highlights with crushed blacks

CAST / PEOPLE

LOGO PLACEMENT

- Young, attractive, diverse
- Relaxed, oversized sweaters, gold jewelry
- Not performative — just being

- Cream ceramic cups

- Napkins

- Barista aprons

- Window signage

- Coffee bags

- A-frame chalkboard

NEVER place logos directly on food or drink liquid — branding is on the vessel, not the content

SETUP

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 specialty coffee cafe called "Drip."

Visual Style:

- Shot on 35mm Kodak Portra 400 with warm color cast
- Soft golden morning window light only — NEVER flash
- Film grain visible, shallow depth of field

- Warm highlights with crushed blacks in shadows

Brand Rules:

- "Drip" branding appears on: cream ceramic cups, napkins, aprons, window signage, coffee bags, A-frame chalkboard
- NEVER place logos directly on food or drink items
- Burnt orange (#E85D04) and cream (#FDF6E3) palette
- Cream ceramic cups preferred (never paper cups)
- Lived-in cafe with worn wood surfaces

Cast: Young, attractive, diverse. Relaxed, not performative.

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 CUP

Shallow depth of field, 85mm, f/1.8, warm Kodak Portra 400. A hand resting on a worn wooden table beside an iced coffee in a heavy clear glass – "Drip" in burnt orange printed on the side, condensation running down in slow uneven tracks, pooling at the base into a wet ring on the wood. The coffee two-toned: cold brew dark at the bottom, oat milk still swirling in a slow cloud at the top, not yet stirred. Her hand relaxed beside it, one gold band on the ring finger worn thin from years, short clean nails, a faint coffee stain on the thumb pad. A dog-eared paperback face-down beside the glass, the spine cracked white, a torn receipt as a bookmark poking out page 143. The table surface scratched and stained with a decade of cup rings, one deep gouge where someone dragged something heavy. A cream "Drip" napkin under the glass, already damp and imprinted with the base circle. Morning light pouring through the window behind, wrapping the glass in gold, the ice cubes casting tiny prismatic shadows on the wood. The cafe beyond her soft, figures and warm light melting into bokeh. Film grain visible in the warm shadows under the table, blacks crushed olive-green the way Portra goes when underexposed.

Medium shot, 50mm, f/2, 35mm Portra 400 with warm window light falling in horizontal bars across their face through half-open blinds. The barista – sharp cheekbones, a small septum ring, sleeves pushed past the elbows showing a single-needle botanical tattoo on the inner forearm – mid-pour, eyes locked on the rosetta forming in a cream ceramic "Drip" mug. Not looking up. Won't look up until it's done. Their "Drip" apron burnt orange with espresso stains that won't come out, a pen behind one ear they forgot about two hours ago. The espresso machine behind them scarred and chrome, the drip tray overflowing slightly, dried milk splatter on the steam wand they haven't wiped since the morning rush. A stack of ceramic mugs – all slightly different sizes because they were collected, not ordered. Their hands steady, the milk pitcher tilted at exactly the angle that separates good from great. Behind everything: the warm smear of the cafe in shallow focus, someone reading, a dog under a table, a coat over a chair. Film grain, the window light making the steam from the mug glow, crushed blacks in the corners where the light doesn't reach. Someone choosing this over everything else they could be doing.

35mm Kodak Portra 400, 85mm, warm window light catching her profile in a hard gold edge. She's holding a "Drip" iced coffee loosely in one hand, the glass resting on her knee, not drinking – just holding it like she forgot it's there. Staring out the window at something across the street we'll never see. Condensation has dripped down the glass and soaked a dark circle into her jeans at the knee. Gold hoops, an oversized knit that's sliding off one shoulder showing a thin bra strap, a canvas tote on the bench beside her with a vinyl sleeve and a water bottle and keys visible at the top. Her face half-lit from the window, half in warm shadow, a single eyelash caught on her cheek she hasn't noticed. A croissant on a small plate beside her – one bite taken twenty minutes ago, the pastry flaking onto the table. Her phone face-down. The window behind her slightly fogged at the bottom from the temperature difference. A strand of hair stuck to her lip gloss. Shallow depth of field, the street outside just warm shapes and light. Film grain heavier in the shadow side of her face, lens flare from the window wrapping around her shoulder.

Wide, 35mm lens, warm Portra 400, early morning golden hour. Two people at the iron table outside Drip – one drawing in a small Moleskine, head down, wrist smudged with graphite. The other with sunglasses pushed into messy hair, coffee at their lips, eyes half-closed in the sun, thinking about nothing. Neither talking. Comfortable in silence the way only old friends or new lovers are. Cream ceramic "Drip" mugs between them – one empty with a foam residue line and a lipstick trace on the rim, one still steaming. A grey whippet sleeping under the table, leash wrapped twice around the chair leg, ribs expanding and contracting slowly. "Drip" hand-painted in burnt orange on the window behind them, the morning sun turning the paint molten. An A-frame chalkboard on the sidewalk – today's special in someone's messy handwriting, the 'S' written twice because the first one was wrong and they just wrote over it. A bicycle leaning against the wall, basket stuffed with a canvas bag. They look like they arrived when the cafe opened and have no plan to move. Lens flare bleeding from the window edge, film grain golden, the whole frame warm enough to feel.

35mm Portra 400, 50mm, shallow depth of field, golden window light from the left casting long warm bars across the table. Two people at a small table pushed against the wall – she's leaning forward with both hands wrapped around a cream "Drip" mug, talking low about something that matters, her eyes not leaving his. He's listening, chin resting on his knuckles, the start of a smile he's trying to hold back. Three hours in. Cups refilled twice – the barista stopped asking what they want. A "Drip" napkin balled and torn from fidgeting. A lipstick mark on one cup rim fading where she kept drinking over it. The table surface worn smooth to a different color where decades of elbows have rested. Morning light making the steam from her mug visible for about two inches before it disappears. His jacket over the back of the chair, one sleeve dragging the floor. She has a freckle on her collarbone she's never noticed in photos. The cafe behind them – a figure at the counter, the espresso machine, hanging plants – all warm bokeh. Film grain, Portra pulling the skin tones warm and true, the crushed blacks where the cafe falls away soft.

Wide shot, 28mm, 35mm Kodak Portra 400, warm color cast, morning light flooding through floor-to-ceiling windows and making everything it touches glow. The Drip interior from just inside the doorway – worn honey-colored wood floors with a path worn lighter where everyone walks. Mismatched chairs and tables, the kind of room assembled from Craigslist finds over fifteen years. A barista behind the machine mid-pull, the group head steaming. A regular at the bar – same seat as yesterday, elbow on the counter, reading glasses on, newspaper folded to the crossword. Someone in the corner booth with over-ear headphones, eyes closed, mug going cold. No one performing for anyone else. "Drip" hand-painted in faded orange on the exposed brick wall, the paint thinner where someone tried to touch it up and the colors don't quite match. Dust suspended in a beam of window light, spinning slow. A dog sleeping under the window table, tail twitching. The whole room warm and golden and alive with the sound of steam and ceramic on wood. Film grain throughout, the light from the windows so warm it tints the white walls peach.

Shot from behind the counter, 35mm Portra 400, shallow depth of field focused on the faces. Five people in line, morning light flooding in behind them through the glass door, creating warm halos around their hair and shoulders, lens flare bleeding across the top of frame. The person at the front – composed, patient, wearing a coat that fits perfectly – already knows their order, has been coming here since it opened. The one behind them reading the chalkboard menu with a tilted head, lips moving slightly while they decide. Third in line: someone with a hardcover tucked under their arm, the dust jacket torn at one corner, flipping through their phone without looking at it. The rest of the line loose and relaxed – nobody's in a rush because the coffee is worth the wait and they all know it. "Drip" in orange on the chalkboard above, some prices rubbed off and rewritten at different heights, a small drawing of a cup someone added that the owner never erased. The barista already reaching for a regular's mug – the one with the chip on the handle. Warm highlights wrapping every figure, their clothes all accidentally beautiful. Film grain, crushed blacks beneath the counter.

Street-level, 35mm Kodak Portra 400, warm morning light from behind creating a full silhouette halo. Someone pushing out the front door backward, hip on the push bar, both hands around a steaming "Drip" cup, steam curling from the lid in the cold air. Coat buttoned wrong – one side higher than the other – scarf thrown on in the doorway, sunglasses already on despite it being 7:30am because the light's that strong. The "Drip" logo on the glass door splitting and stretching as the door swings wide. The cafe interior behind them overexposed into a warm gold blur of movement and steam and someone waving. The sidewalk ahead still wet from last night's rain, reflecting sky and the bottom of the building across the street. One shoelace untied. They look like they have somewhere critical to be but this cup was non-negotiable and they'd be late again before they'd skip it. Film grain heavy, lens flare catching the door's edge and fracturing into a warm streak, the whole frame leaning into the warmth.

Shot from across the street, 85mm, 35mm Portra 400, warm golden morning. Drip – a corner storefront glowing from inside, the kind of place you'd cross four lanes of traffic to reach. "Drip" hand-painted in burnt orange across the window, the lettering slightly uneven because the owner's friend did it on a Saturday, the paint fading at the bottom where afternoon sun hits it every day. Through the glass: warm figures in soft focus, steam rising from somewhere, the barista's silhouette behind the machine. A bicycle locked to the parking meter outside, a canvas bag in the basket with a baguette poking out like it's a movie but it's not, it's just Tuesday. Morning light hitting only the building's upper half, the storefront still in cool blue shadow, warm gold leaking out from inside. Someone walking past on the sidewalk with their "Drip" cup, not looking at the camera or the building, already somewhere else in their head. The A-frame out front: "WE'RE OPEN" and below it, in smaller chalk: "obviously." Shallow depth of field on the window signage, the street beyond just warm shapes. Film grain, the warmth radiating from the interior through the glass like visible heat.

Overhead close-up, 35mm Portra 400, warm tungsten from a brass pendant lamp making everything below it golden. A cream canvas "Drip" bag of beans — top rolled down and clipped with a wooden clothespin, the orange logo facing up, a small oil stain where one bean leaked. Someone's hand in frame mid-scoop, a wooden spoon trailing three escaped beans across a scarred butcher block counter. A ceramic V60 pour-over mid-brew behind it, dark coffee spiraling through the paper filter in a slow clock pattern, dripping into a cream mug below. Fine grounds scattered across the wood like evidence of someone who weighs by feel, not by scale. A handwritten tasting note on a scrap of brown paper tucked into the bag: "Stone fruit, honey, June harvest." The counter surface showing years — knife marks, a burn ring from a hot pan, coffee stains that have become the wood's pattern. A scale pushed to the side, still reading 18.2g. Everything warm, everything worn, everything in use. Soft window light from the left mixing with the pendant lamp. Film grain, golden tones, Portra turning the shadows into amber.

USAGE

TIPS FOR CHATGPT

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

2 Keep it warm — if the image feels cold, say "warmer tones, more golden morning light"

3 Never use flash — Drip is all soft window light. Remind ChatGPT if it adds flash

4 Name the brand — always mention "Drip" on cups, napkins, signage to keep branding consistent

5 Embrace imperfection — coffee rings, worn wood, imperfect latte art makes it feel real

Drip Cafe. 10 shots. Warm light. Worn wood. Every frame branded.

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