

Walking Home Discussion Guide

Before or after screening [the film](#), get a sense of your **audience's experience** with street harassment. Ask the audience members to raise their hand if they have ever:

- been followed on the street by a stranger
- been shouted out, cat-called
- been grabbed or slapped
- seen any of these things happen to someone else

Make note of how many folks have raised their hands. Ask if anyone wants to share their story.

Optional Student Engagement Activity (before or after watching the film)

Allow students to generate and role-play three different reactions to the same street harassment scenario (i.e. catcalling, shouting, etc.) Each scenario should have at least one walker, talker and by-stander. After the role-play, discuss the perspectives, choices and consequences involved.

Suggestions for general questions to spark discussion after the film:

1. How do you define street harassment?
2. If you could respond to one character in the film, who would it be and what would you say?
3. What part of the film made the strongest impression on you?
4. What are different ways that people react to street harassment? Where do these reactions come from?
5. Why do you think street harassment happens?
6. One of the opening shots in *Walking Home* (00:12) shows a woman walking past a magazine stand where women's bodies gloss the covers. Why do you think the filmmaker chose that shot?



7. How do you feel when you witness street harassment? Is it a good idea to intervene when witnessing street harassment? Are there certain factors worth considering before intervening?
8. Who is responsible for ending street harassment? What different roles can people play to create safer streets for everyone?

WALKING HOME Transcript

You see me

A woman on the street

Brown silky legs, small breasts, long curly hair

In a sun dress,

Jeans and sweatshirt, doesn't matter.

You don't remember me- you don't even *know* me

But I know you--

And I know what's next.

You grab my arm,

you turn around and stare

You say, "Ay Shawty"

"Psst!" (Ugh)

"Smile!" (sigh)

"Damn sexy you got a fat a**" (Leave me alone man, just leave me alone!)

"Where u going? I see you're on the phone but can I interrupt you for a minute?"

"I'd f*** the shit out of that."

"Oh you don't speak? Well f*** u then!" (I'm sorry nana, yeah, I'm still here)

Yesterday I think you remembered me 'cuz you called me sister when I was wearing my dashiki

But today you call me sexy and wait for me to respond with a blush.

You expect me to feel honored by your recognition.

But sexy is not my name.

So then you ask, what's your name?

Like it matters.

After all a body doesn't need a *name*... does it?

My name is Lucy and it means light.

My name is Tarik. It means history in Tagrina. See I was born in a time of war. Eritrea was fighting for its independence.



My name is Jazmine, with a "z" not an s.

My name is Kendall and it means ruler of the bright sun valley.

My name is Malaika and it means messenger of God.

My name is Nuala. Its Gaelic. My mom named me to mark the Irish in me she said. Dad approved. He called me the New Wailer. "Cause you were born after Bob died."

Where am I going?

To class. Stayed up all night writing this paper, grading these exams. So hard to grade exams when you don't believe in what grades stand for-- and often omit.

Where am I going?

To a better place.

A place where I can walk down the street and smile,
not to please you or to invite you.

But because I'm happy.

Just because I'm happy.

I'll walk,

silky brown legs, small breasts,

hair down my back,

and a heart beating to zydeco and Cape Verdean beats.

And a heart beating tagrina namira bairia beats, comfortable.

Comfortable.

Comfortable.

This response in my head is not what you come to hear and

not what I care to share so

I silently shake my head walk by you,

half smiling,

half polite, half enraged,

you see neither.

You see a brown body, silky legs,



ignoring you.

B****.

A bottle crashes and the damage is done, but the brown body walks on

and I'm somewhere else-

In a better place.

Leaving you behind.

The air whispers:

this is your home too

I know your name. Walk on.

So I do.

