

# Night of the Devil

## The Untold Story of Thomas Trantino and the Angel Lounge Killings

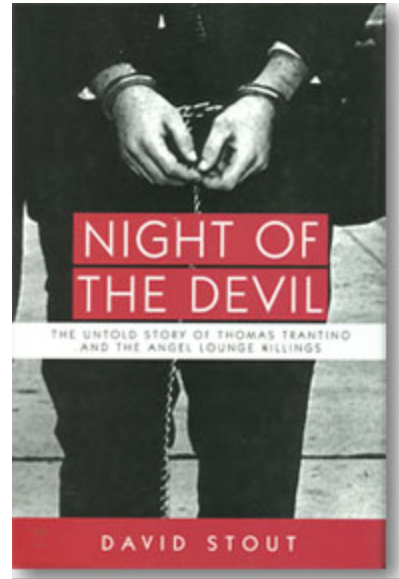
David Stout

### From Chapter 9, "A Celebration Turns Deadly"

Assuming that they sized up the clientele on their first visit, Pete Voto and Gary Tedesco noticed some girls acting older than their ages and some guys who looked like they spent a lot of time in bars. Nothing unusual about that. Witnesses would recall that Voto talked to Nicholas Kayal, asking for a little less noise. Then the cops went back on routine patrol, probably driving by some of the same places they had looked at before, maybe going over some of the same conversation as they patrolled the dark, sleepy streets of Lodi. Maybe Peter Voto was starting to think about taking his son fishing.

They went back to the Angel Lounge later for more of the same: another noise complaint. And when they were summoned to the Angel Lounge a third time, they were probably annoyed. Didn't those assholes at the bar have anything better to do with their time? Probably not, or they wouldn't be spending Sunday night there. No, not Sunday night. It was well into Monday by now, past 2:30 in the morning. For sure, this would be the last time they would go to the Angel Lounge. Closing time was three, after all. And just an hour after that, their shift was up.

Inside, they found three men and four women still celebrating in the dim light. There was the lone bartender, Nick Kayal. The three male customers seemed to be drunk. One of the men was dancing unsteadily with a woman



on the tiny dance floor, trying futilely to follow the rhythm of the blaring jukebox....

Pete Voto spoke to Nick Kayal. Then Voto told Gary Tedesco to go outside and radio for another patrol car. It was time to clear out the joint....

"Send another car to the Angel," Gary Tedesco said over the radio. The call was logged in at 2:50 in the morning. No one at headquarters heard any urgency in his voice. He decided to go back inside. Just as he approached the door, one of the women was coming out. Gary Tedesco looked past her, then pulled her out the door and stepped inside the Angel Lounge. The door closed behind him. He could hear cursing. In the gloom, he could make out Peter Voto coming toward him.

Something wasn't right. A man was walking behind Voto, twisting the sergeant's arm up behind his back. Did his mother's parting words echo in a distant reach of Gary's memory? "Oh, my God," Gary Tedesco said.