Zeke = 1st POV, limited perspective
Mr. Jones = 3rd POV, limited perspective

* An unusual combination in one story (a combo that usually \*doesn’t\* work) but I think you’ve pulled it off in OTSTW because it \*serves\* the story

"like glycerin soap on a Teflon counter" = superb imagery, and an image that tidily sums up the theme of this story: "perception is reality" (take care, though, to make sure you're not simply writing a knockoff of "The Matrix")

Mr. Jones = The Author?

What's the title? The Man in the High Castle. I've heard of that one.
Netflix original programming has been incredible of late. Oh!! Amazon, Netflix, AMC, MTV, they're all giving the networks a run for their money.

Did you see my notes above?

I almost don't want you to tell me, but IS Mr. Jones The Author?
Is there a possibility Mr. Jones has his own agenda?

Ira rewrites people's stories -- FOR A PRICE!
neural piracy = ORI
Total Recall - you are obviously a HUGE fan of Phillip K Dick
A "Who Watches the Watchers?" scenario
"Off to Meet the Wizard" therefore is "Total Recall" meets "The Matrix" meets "Blade Runner" with some "Wizard of Oz" thrown in -- Yes? No?
There is nothing at all wrong with "inspiration" (which is the typical euphermism)
I absolutely LOVE what you've done here. I love the character of Mr. Jones. He's very mysterious, yet he feels very integral to the story.
I think he definitely introduces the element of tension the story needs.

The young woman woke with a gasp.
Struggling to remove the bandages from her eyes, she had no idea where she was.  She fought the frantic urge to panic, and stifled a small scream.  Drawing a ragged breath, she clawed at the linen wrap around her temples, unravelling the cloth as fast as her hands could move.
The last strip fell, and her confusion turned to horror.  A solitary lamp flickered above her, casting the strange surroundings in an intermittent light.  She was in a trailer, a single-wide space that was empty save for the bed she now lay in.  She attempted to pull her legs from under the thin sheet covering her, discovering her legs were strapped to rails on either side.  She was in a hospital gurney, and she had no idea why.
Fumbling in the semi-darkness, she loosened the straps and freed her legs.  Her feet hit the floor, and she discovered she was barefoot.  A chill in the concrete crept into her legs, and a draft blew up the short hospital robe she was wearing.  She could feel the shock settling as her mind began to numb. The space pressed in around her, and she stumbled into a (is something missing here?)
Her lips moved wordlessly as she started blankly at the reflection in the mirror.  She didn't recognize that face - her face - and the thought was more terrifying to her than the small prison she'd awoken in.
The barely contained fear finally ripped a hole in her chest, releasing a torrent of uncontrollable sobs.  Then, she began to scream, hoping desperately that someone could hear her.

Intriguing! Is she a "client" of ORI?